

Hamilton, Ont., Nov 17 1890

Bank of Montreal
John Marshall
 Beneficiary Fund
 for Total Disability

\$2,338

DOMINION COUNCILOR.
 DOMINION SECRETARY.

THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a
Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases
on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians
Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers
—Facsimile of the Cheque for \$1,000
Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance
for Total Disability—Hundreds of Vis-
itors.

TORONTO DAILY GLOBE, July 25.—This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefited fight shy of it, saying "it was 'cure,' so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow-citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a *Globe* reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, off Barton street, in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse and in August, four years ago, became stricken with that dread disease, locomotor ataxia—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waist downwards without feeling, and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house, and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and even knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of United Empire Council, No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000, allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made, but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the Order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Councilor of the Royal Templars a cheque for \$1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases it cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man re-read the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,

although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but on April 14th—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed, and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved, and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The *Globe* representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles' constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with smile-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said, "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good-sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall, "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy, healthy-looking man of middle age, with glowing black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man, suffering from ataxia. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work, but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received the Royal Templars' \$1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphine pills and the crutches I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water, and I went on getting better and stronger, and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order, Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager, and one

of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said: "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well-known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill, and his case was brought before the Order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care who is unable to follow their usual vocation, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty, it is true. He was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upwards of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians was made and our Dominion Medical referee, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a cheque on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the Order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion Secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he had taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in his life.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by the numerous cures. It may be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an over-taxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexion, loss of memory, that tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well-known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he had received the first instalment he had sold several hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, MacNab street, after suffering from ataxia for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main streets, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken three boxes of the pills, and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient, who had been cured by the pills of the effects of a gripe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others he spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

The Bright Side.
 Young husband—You've made a fool of me. Mrs. Young husband—That will be handy for you now, my dear. You can do silly things and keep the baby amused.

About 4,500 species of wild bees are known, and of wasps 1,100.

THE COOPER CUT OUT.

Casks may now be made direct from the tree. Those who are familiar with the lathe will know that a very long turning can be taken from a piece of wood or metal. In this way casks are now being produced from the log—that is, without the wood having to be cut up into numerous staves, the cask being formed of a single stave. In this system the tree stem is first sawn into lengths to suit the length of cask to be made, and these lengths are boiled for about three hours in a closed vessel, which renders the wood soft. A current of electricity is passed through the water during the boiling process. The log is taken from the boiler to the cutting machine, in which it is fixed as in a lathe and brought up against a long, broad cutting blade. The log is revolved, the knife automatically approaches it, and the sheet of wood passes out of the rear of the machine through an opening in the frame just at the edge of the blade, as in a plane. The sheet of wood is drawn from the machine on to a table by the attendants, and is then cut into lengths suitable for the diameter of barrel required. The lengths are then taken to a grooving machine, where they are grooved near the edges for receiving the head and bottom of the cask. The wood is then put into another machine which cuts long, narrow V pieces or gussets out of the edges at intervals, which gives the necessary double taper to the cask. The sheets of wood are then formed up into a cylinder, and the first two hoops are driven on by the machine. There is thus only one joint in the cask and, consequently, only one joint.

Lord Northesk Dead.

Lord Northesk's death has been received with great sorrow and regret in Scotland. He had always from his youth been delicate and suffered when young from pulmonary weakness, and his only sister died of consumption. His death was sudden at the end, for he ruptured a blood vessel only a few hours before his death, when he appeared in perfect health. He was a man of very wide scientific and antiquarian pursuits and had a very fine collection of fossils and antiquities, which only a short time ago he presented to the Edinburgh Museum. His place in Scotland near Arbuthnot was one of the oldest and most picturesque of Scotch houses, and he had recently restored it. Lord Northesk left instructions that his body be cremated.

Too Careless With the English Language.

A clothing dealer, in Boston, advertised all-wool pantaloons for \$2, advising the public to make haste and secure the great bargain, saying: "They will not last long." Probably they would not. Neither will your health last long if you don't take care of it. Keep Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in your house. They are indispensable to every family, as they positively cure biliousness, with its endless train of distressing ailments—sick headache, irritability, constipation, dizziness and indigestion; a marvelous specific for liver and kidney troubles, and a pure vegetable compound. They are sugar-coated, the smallest pills made, and the best, because they do all they promise. All druggists sell them, and the proprietors guarantee them, and refund the price if they fail.

Gladstone and George.

Detroit News: Gladstone must have been influenced by Henry George's writings. He is now advocating the imposition of a land value tax exempting improvements, and an income tax including bondholders. The latter tax, however, he does not press in deference to the views of others, but he insists upon the land value tax. How far he goes in this direction we do not know; but it is not probable that he would absorb the total rental value of land, as Mr. George would. Indeed, England is making haste slowly.

What a pity it is that his face is all pimples; he'd be very fine looking if 'twasn't for that. Aid pretty Miss Vere, with a smile at the dimples. Reflected from under the nobby spring hat—As she looked at herself in the glass, softly sighing. That she had for the young man a tender regard.

There wasn't the least need of denying—for everyone knew it. "His beauty is marred by the frightful red blotches all over his face. I wonder if he couldn't take something to cleanse his blood, and drive them away?" He heard what she said about his looks. It hurt his feelings, but he couldn't deny she told the truth. He remembered a friend whose face used to be as bad as his. It had become smooth and clear. He went to him and asked how the change had been brought about. "Simply by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," was the reply. "Take that, and I'll warrant you to get rid of your pimples."

His face became healthy and clear, and next week he'll be married to pretty Miss Vere.

Hens Are Not Shod.

"Shoo, shoo!" said Mrs. Black to her neighbor's hen. "No, thanks; I don't need any shoes," was the reply, as the hen settled herself to work in the garden again.

The Emperor of Russia's new yacht, the Polar Star, is certainly the most magnificently decorated and furnished vessel afloat. She carries two priests, a physician and a surgeon in addition to the suite. She has maintained a speed of 19½ knots.

The Sandwich Islands alphabet has 12 letters; the Burmese, 19; Italian, 20; Bengalese, 21; Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldee and Samaritan, 22 each; French, 23; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; German, Dutch and English, 26 each; Spanish and Slavonic, 27 each; Arabic, 28; Persian and Coptic, 29 each; Georgian, 35; Armenian, 38; Russian, 41; Muscovite, 43; Sanscrit and Japanese, 50; Ethiopic and Tartarian have 202 each.

THE VELVET COLLAR.

It is Not Put on Overcoats by Tailors Any More. The velvet collar on men's overcoats was as inevitable a feature, a few years ago, of dress as the buttons on the back of a cravat coat. But in the last two or three years that fashion has gone out to a remarkable degree. The comparatively old-fashioned velvet collar of a decade is quite extinct now. This was an entirely velvet collar, and when the collar was turned up nothing but the velvet touched the skin. Now where the velvet has been used recently it has been in the form of a half-collar, and the lower half of the turn was ornamented in this. It was very rare a few years ago to see a melton overcoat without a velvet collar, but last year the coats were made almost entirely of this cloth, and the exceptional case was that of the use of velvet. The reason of this change is as much one of cleanliness as anything else. The turned-up collar came into contact with the hair of the head, as everybody's hair has some natural oil, and nearly everybody uses some sort of prepared hair lubricant, the velvet became greasy and lost its texture. And about the dirtiest thing in the world is greasy velvet.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Wool—The Chicago World's Fair Commissioners made arrangements for some mighty interesting things during their recent visit to New England. Van Pelt—What did they secure? Wool—the hand of Providence and the foot of the Banker Hill monument. —Rome has twenty-five Protestant churches.

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