

ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE.

AN ODDFELLOWS LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Utterly Helpless for three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught With Hope For Others.

London Advertiser.

Canadian Order of Oddfellows.
Manchester Unity.

Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118.
London, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company:
Gentlemen: I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine Pink Pills, has done for our brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three and a half years was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now, we are happy to say, by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

ED. GILLETT, Secretary.

521 Phillip street, London, Ont.

This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an Advertiser reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell, of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 103 William st. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favourably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about five o'clock in the morning as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to me paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly and not very audibly my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything, my arm would usually stray apparently of its own volition, in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish colour came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my hopelessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbour one day sent me in a label off a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and felt more than delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. I felt more delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can image a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLETT'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing.

We had paid out over \$400 to our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secretaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows:

Dr. Pingel, Office, 354 Dundas street,
London, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett:

Dear Sir,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance C. O. O. F., M. U., who has been unable to perform any labour for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvement has taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally,

A. R. Pingel.

"After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He is better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for years. He was always until his last illness a strong, healthy man; and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so. He had a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to one on the table); well, if he tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries made week after week for three years and over of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers as sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

Dr. Pingel was next visited at his office. He remembered the case of Mr. Carrothers well, and had heard that he was better.

"You considered him beyond help, doctor?"

"Yes; any physician, under the circumstances, would have pronounced the same opinion. His recovery is certainly remarkable."

"Do you attribute it to the Pink Pills?"

"I do not doubt that they were the means of his cure, since Mr. Carrothers says it was by using them he became well again. Yes; there seems to be virtue in the medicine, judging by this case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecun-

lary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The attention of labour in England is chiefly concerned at present in providing for the lack of employment which is beginning to be seriously felt in many industries. The municipalities and local governing bodies will probably lend a much more sympathetic ear to the proposals to provide work for the out-of-work than they have done in previous years. The Durham miners, by seven to three on a mass vote, have declared against a legal eight hours' day. The Railway Amalgamated Association, by more than two to one, have rejected an eight hours' proposal and declared in favour of a ten hours' day and a six days' week. The Church Congress discussed the Labour Question, but no Church, Established or non-Established, has responded to the challenge of the president of the Trades Congress on the subject of unnecessary Sunday labour. The hopes of the workmen are turning more and more toward the municipalization of everything that pays. The London County Council, by a decisive majority, has voted in favour of taking over nineteen and a half miles of street railway, which at present pays 8 1-2 per cent. They intend not merely to own but to operate the line; and Mr. Burns calmly announced that they hoped to establish before long a universal penny fare, and at the same time secure their employees humane conditions of labour. It will be a great experiment—this of carrying passengers, as the post office carries letters, for a penny a piece, regardless of distance.—From the "Progress of the World," December Review of Reviews.

DR. WINDTHORST.

In the course of his long career Prince Bismarck found sturdy opponents, worthy of his steel, in two men, both of whom, if small in body, were big in brain. The one was Adolphe Thiers, the other Ludwig Windthorst. For exactly twenty years did the late leader of the Centre or Ultramontane party uphold the cause of the Catholic Church in the German Parliament. He never wavered in his opposition to the Falk Laws of 1873 and 1874, and, the last victory he gained was won only the other day when he succeeded in rejecting the compromise offered by Herr von Gossler in the matter of the Sperrgelder—the ecclesiastical pensions confiscated during the Kulturkampf—a defeat which has resulted in the Minister's resignation. Writing in Harper some few years back, Mr. Herbert Tattle thus described Dr. Windthorst: "Puny in size, almost deformed, ugly as Socrates, he is an antagonist before whose wit the boldest Deputies tremble, and under whose assaults even the great chancellor loses his coolness and self-command." The man who, in 1869, took part in the Berlin Lay Council, the majority of which drew up an address to the German bishops, opposing the doctrine of Papal infallibility, thoroughly understood the art of driving parliamentary bargains. As a tactician he was unsurpassed. "He who tries to dupe me must rise very early in the morning," the little man once told the House, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and the members laughed at Prince Bismarck's discomfiture. Success, it may be said, has crowned the career of the "Pearl of Meppen." The closing days of his long life were cheered by the consciousness that the struggle which he had waged so persistently and so dexterously—waged, too, in the beginning, against heavy odds, with the great Premier in the plenitude of his power—is on the eve of settlement. Starting as the chief of a small and prescribed faction, Herr Windthorst leaves the Centre the largest individual party in the Reichstag. It is now 117 strong, and its influence has been greatly increased by the resistance which, under the able leadership of its late chief, it has successfully opposed to the May Laws.—Manchester Examiner.

IN TRAINING.

There are a good many in active training for aquatic sports who will do well to read the opinion of Mr. Wm. Beach, a champion oarsman of Australia, who says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil of greatest service in training. For stiffness, cramps, muscular pains and soreness, it is invaluable. I always keep a bottle with me. It cures rheumatism." This is a standard authority for athletes.