

Pain Past Endurance.

G. W. Coon Hopelessly Crippled With Rheumatism.

Could Not Raise Either Hand or Foot and Had to be Fed and Dressed—The Doctors Told Him a Cure Was Impossible. Yet he Attends to His Business To-Day.

From the Milbrook Reporter.

Rheumatism has claimed many victims and has probably caused more pain than any other ill affecting mankind. Among those who have been its victims few have suffered more than Mr. G. W. Coon, now proprietor of a flourishing bakery in Hampton, but for a number of years a resident of Pontypool, when his severe illness occurred. To a reporter who interviewed him Mr. Coon gave the following particulars of his suffering and ultimate cure:—"Some seven or eight years ago," said Mr. Coon, "I felt a touch of rheumatism. At first I did not pay much attention to it, but as it was steadily growing worse I began to doctor for it, but to no effect. The trouble went from bad to worse, until three years after the first symptoms had manifested themselves I became utterly helpless, and could do no more for myself than a young child. I could not lift my hands from my side, and my wife was obliged to cut my food and feed me when I felt like eating, which was not often considering the torture I was undergoing. My hands were swollen out of shape, and for weeks were tightly bandaged. My legs and feet were also swollen, and I could not lift my foot two inches from the floor. I could not change my clothes and my wife had to dress and wash me. I grew so thin that I looked more like a skeleton than anything else. The pain I suffered was almost past endurance and I got no rest either day or night. I doctored with many doctors, but they did me no good, and some of them told me it was not possible for me to get better. I believe I took besides almost everything that was recommended for rheumatism, but instead of getting better I was constantly getting worse, and I wished many a time that death would end my sufferings. One day Mr. Perrin, storekeeper at Pontypool gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I did so somewhat reluctantly as I did not think any medicine could help me. However, I used the pills, then I got another box and before they were gone I felt a trifling relief. Before a third box was finished there was no longer any doubt of the improvement they were making in my condition, and by the time I had used three boxes more I began to feel, in view of my former condition, that I was growing quite strong, and the pain was rapidly subsiding. From that out, there was a steady improvement, and for the first time in long weary years I was free from pain, and once more able to take my place among the world's workers. I have not now the slightest pain, and I feel better than I felt for seven years previous to taking the pills. I thank God that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came

in my way as I believe they saved my life, and there is no doubt whatever that they rescued me from years of torture.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

BURIED IN SANDSTONE.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF FOUR BODIES IN A MINNESOTA QUARRY.

At Sandstone, Minn., human beings turned to stone and now forming a part of the rock have been found in the big sandstone quarries, as well as copper utensils of a bygone age, showing that that section was once inhabited by a people antedating the Indians. The top layer of white sandstone was blasted away, and a big bed of softer stone was exposed. Embedded in this was a form which had once been human. It was almost the same color as the sandstone, perhaps a trifle darker, but was not a petrified body in the general acceptance of the term. Cautiously the men dug into the soft stone, and in an hour they had found three more bodies. In each case the figure was stretched at full length, with the hands crossed on the breast. The heads were well formed, the cheek bones high, and the shoulders of great breadth. The tallest had been nearly seven feet in height, and the shortest more than four.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A fool and his father's money are soon parted.

The one redeeming feature of a pawnshop is the ticket.

The hog may be a squealer but he never gives anything away.

The painstaking man doesn't always suffer the most pain.

There is no insurance against the flames kindled by a woman's eyes.

Most people neglect doing tomorrow what they have put off doing today.

People like to listen to advice only when it confirms their own opinions.

Instructors in elocution may teach a man how to talk, but unfortunately not what to say.

A good word might be said in favour of congress gaiters, but shoes with tongues should be able speak for themselves.

Woman barbers will never become popular with men. They can't forget the scrape that Samson got into by going to a woman for a haircut.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A dear little boy who was hard at play
Sat down on the ice one day, one day,
Sat down on the ice in a sudden way.
His hands flew up, and his feet flew out,
And he felt very sad I haven't a doubt;
But he swallowed hard, and he winked quite fast,
Till as much as a minute or two had passed,
And never a tear did he shed—not he—
For he was a boy, with a big, big B,
For he was a boy, you see.
Then a dear little girl went down, kee-thump!
And came upon the ground with a funny jump
And gave her forehead a wee little bump.
Then, oh, the wailings that filled the air!
And auntie and mamma were hurrying there;
And as many as six big tears came out
To find what the noise was all about!
And she ran to be cuddled and kissed, did she,
For she was a girl, with a small, small g,
For she was a girl, you see!
—Cara Waterman Bronson, in 'Youth's Companion.'

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