

The Saratoga Miracle.

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN EXPRESS REPORTER.

The facts Already Stated Fully Confirmed—Interviews With Leading Physicians Who Treated Quant—The Most Marvellous Case in the History of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y., Journal, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Journal's article. The facts as elicited by the Express reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:—

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and in compliance with instructions, an Express reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant, of Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., as first told in "The Journal," has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers, and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in "The Albany Journal," and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the Express reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the Express are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the state of New York—the Roosevelt hospital in New York city, and St. Peter's hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable, and, because the case was deemed incurable the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany Journal is as follows:—

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds, and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly, and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze an ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pains in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case

locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down, and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and, upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my suffering. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some fifteen boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the Express reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

(SERIES B)
ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.
 OUT-PATIENT.
 No. 14037. Admitted Sept. 16, 89.
 Chas. Quant.
 Age 34 Birthplace N.Y.
 Civil Condition Married
 Occupation Organ-maker
 Residence 17 Park Ave. Hoboken.
 Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
 (OVER.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, No. 22 West Twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to inquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some, but that he was chiefly treated and under the more special care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:—

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New

York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought. If you have any record of locomotor ataxia by name of Quant, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hosp.

Yours,
 STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:—

"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken."
 "History of the case:—Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strabismus of left eye and dilatation of the left eye.) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache but some dizziness; alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.
 "Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured and Quant, who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable.

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised," he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about six months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"
 "That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia? "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter, Saturday April 2nd, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's hospital, and when told the object of his visit, said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow he couldn't be cured and had to go home in a terrible condition of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's hospital, said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the hospital March 14th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted Dr. Van Derveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in the general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an infallible specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



Miss Lettie Huntley

Is the sister of Mr. W. S. Huntley of Cortland, N. Y., a well known carpenter and builder. Her frank statement below gives only the absolute truth concerning her illness and marvelous recovery by the aid of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She says:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
 "Dear Sir: Twelve years ago I began to have hemorrhages and four years ago became so low that the physicians told me

There Was No Hope
 and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were napkins continually reddened with blood from my mouth. I could eat nothing and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the cause was ulcers in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make one more trial, and asked if I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told her it would be

A Waste of Money
 but finding it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the bloating began to subside. I seemed to feel a little stronger, but thought it only fancy. I was so weak I could only take ten drops of Sarsaparilla at first. In two weeks I was able to sit up a few minutes every day. In a month I could walk across the room. One day I asked what they were to have for dinner, and said I wanted something hearty. My mother was so happy she cried. It was the

First Time I had Felt Hungry for Two Years
 I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and in six months was as well as ever in my life. It is now four years since I recovered, and I have not had a day's sickness since, nor any hemorrhage. If ever a human being thanked the good Lord on knotted knees it was I. I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, and that alone, unquestionably saved my life."

Messrs. Sager & Jennings, the well known druggists of Cortland, say that Miss Huntley "is a highly respected lady; her statement of what

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Has done for her is worthy the highest confidence."
 Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills.

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 1200 packages General Shelf Goods. 46 bales Net and Fishing Twines.

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