

A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A TALE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Orangeville Post.

For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to those reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quilldriver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman of between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room was no other than the famous John Hewitt. The surprise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well-educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually, but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty eight years ago I came to Canada, and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me, and on this I rested my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to

get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed, utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind-hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced taking with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel that slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now, I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last 12th of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man, with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medical Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expression of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I who first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Everyone in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On The Post's return to Orangeville, Mr. Richard Allen, ex-warden of Dufferin County, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprising to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. 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 unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotive ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the alter effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the 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 the females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their 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 dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can 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.

HEARTS WITH THEIR TREASURE.

How Two Improvident Young Men Kept Money Over Saturday Night.

Two young men well known about town, who occasionally take a whirl with the animals, were feeling their oats pretty pleasantly last Saturday, and concluded they would go over to Jackson City and indulge in gentle dalliance with the striped beast of the jungle who has several lairs in that particular portion of the Old Dominion. They chartered a cab, and with commendable foresight, inspired by previous experience with the goddess Fortune, as represented in a taro layout, they dickered for the return trip as well as the journey over, and this preliminary being arranged, off they started.

It seems luck was with them, and at the end of an hour's play, in which any real gamblers having such unusually favored treatment would have broken the bank, found themselves \$50 ahead. They cashed in their checks with much jubilation and returned to Washington. When the cab was dismissed at Willard's one of the gentlemen remembered the races were due on Monday and a thought struck him.

"Say, Tom," he remarked to his companion, "I've a good scheme. We've got enough to have a good time on tonight without breaking our fifty, and we'll blow it in sure if we carry it with us or leave it anywhere we can get at it. We'll want money bad when the races come next week. I tell you what let's do. Let's put twenty-five apiece in two envelopes and mail 'em to ourselves, and then we'll be O. K. on Monday."

Tom embraced the suggestion with avidity. The money was enclosed, the envelopes directed, stamps attached, and into a letter box the precious missives were dropped.

About 2 o'clock in the morning two weary looking young men lurching back and forth against that letter box. One of them wished audibly for a hammer or a stone. Detective Weeden, prowling around, overheard them.

"What are you doing there?" he sharply inquired.

Then with lugubrious voices, interspersed with hiccoughs, they told of their treasure inside of the box, and how badly they wanted it. He sent them home. When the carriers' window opened Sunday morning, to young men with hypertrophied heads on them stood first in line.—Washington Post.

When He Should Wind His Watch.

The French critic, musician, and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop where he thought he was not known, and perplex the shopmen by his questions and remarks.

One evening he had taken a good deal of wine, when he went into a little watchmaker's shop, and, assuming the accent and air of a countryman, said: "Sir, what do you call those little machines hanging there?"

"Watches," replied the shopkeeper. "What are they for?" "To indicate the time."

"Really? I have heard of them. How much do they cost?"

"Here is one for two hundred francs, and one for a hundred francs; and here are some for fifty and twenty-five francs."

"Are there printed directions about making them go?"

"No; they have to be wound up every day with a key."

"Will you show me how, sir?"

"This way. You see it is not difficult."

"And must one wind it in the evening or in the morning?"

"You must wind yours in the morning."

"Why in the morning?"

"Because in the evening you are drunk, M. Romieu, and might break it."—English Paper.

Intelligence of Lower Animals.

Close observers have noticed that flies will gather upon a half-drunken, sleepy sot, while a dozen sober men in the same room are not molested by them, says an exchange. The flies will buzz around their subject with great delight, frequently alighting upon his perspiring face. Off they go and return again and again, quaffing the alcoholic nectar issuing from his pores. After a while their flight becomes uncertain and eccentric, and sometimes they come in collision. Recently a drunken man raised his hand and brushed them from his face. Some fell to the floor and lay paralyzed. After awhile they got on their feet and wearily fly off, half dazed. Perhaps they have a head on. Many animals yield to the seduction of rum drinking, especially elephants, horses, cows and swine. Poultry, especially turkeys, will absorb the tempting drink till they tumble over in a leaden sleep, lying around as if dead, and utterly ignoring their accustomed roots. On awaking they stagger for a few moments and soon recover, but it is hours before they renew their cheerful cackling.

The One Venomous Bird.

But one species of venomous bird is known to the student of ornithological oddities—the Rpir N'Doob, or "Bird of Death," a feathered paradox of New Guinea. It is not a large or formidable looking creature, as one would naturally expect, being scarcely as large as a common pigeon, but longer and of a more slender build. It is of a gray, glossy color, without any special markings, except the tail,

which ends with a blood-red tip. The bird is comparatively helpless, being able to fly but a few feet, and can be caught without difficulty; however, it is unnecessary to say that its poisonous bite causes the native Papuans to let it severely alone. Persons bitten by the creature are seized by maddening pains, which rapidly extend to every part of the body. Loss of sight, convulsions, and lockjaw are the other symptoms which follow in rapid succession. The natives say there is not a case on record of a survival of the bite, there being no antidote, death always ensuing within the short space of two hours.—St. Louis Republic.

Luminous Photographs.

It is found that a photograph can easily be made luminous in the dark by taking a white mount, and, after coating it with starch paste, sprinkle over it luminous powder, and press it down firmly to make it adhere. All that is now necessary is to make the unmounted silver print as transparent as possible by coating it on the back with castor oil, and wiping away the surplus oil. By placing this over the prepared mounting card and exposing it to daylight a luminous positive is obtained.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"What is wisdom?" asked the teacher of a class of small girls in a primary school. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information on the brain."

PELEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whiskey of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

The summer is ended; 'tis no longer hot. The leaves are falling, but coal is not.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

JAS. McKEE.

Linwood, Ont.

Be kind to your friends, that you may keep them; be kind to your enemies, that they may become your friends.—Thales.

The Early Spring tries Weak Lungs, which should then be fortified by a Liberal use of Putner's Emulsion—only 50 cents a bottle, at all Druggists.

"Know thyself" is good advice, but "know about your neighbors" is the general practice.

Nervousness.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion.

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Flannels Shrink.

Stop It.

Every one knows they do; But WHY?

An authority says:—Boiling water or washing soda, or poor soap spoils the color and ruins the fibre of the wool; and rubbing causes the fibres of the wool to cling closer and closer together; hence shrinking.

Don't rub your flannels so hard, nor boil or scald them.

But how can they be washed?

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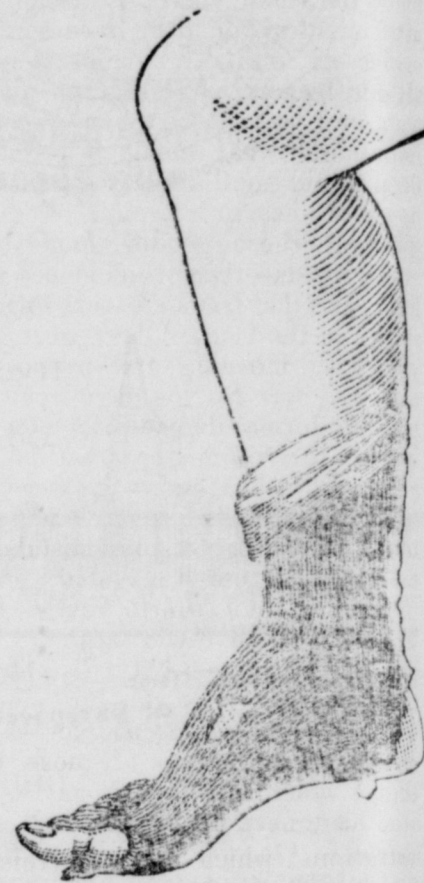
The directions on the wrapper tell you how; simply follow them out—you will get the right results.

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THINGS will get out, even toes come through the stocking. Ungar mends stockings that come with the wash. He mends other garments when they need it too.

We don't say much about our Rough-Dry way, but it gets out; and everybody seems to know about it. We're always getting inquiries about it. It takes well and the Rough-Dry way is spread by the people who've tried it.

Ask us over the telephone 58 to call for your wash on Monday. Give it a trial

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