

RISKS RUN BY REPORTERS.

Instances of Men Who Have Lost their Lives Doing their Duty.

The death in Asia by cholera of Theodore Child, the famous newspaper and magazine correspondent, calls attention to a phase of newspaper work that people do not often think of—its danger, says the *N. Y. Press*. The wonder is that the list is not longer. The perils of the soldier in the line of battle are not greater than those which a reporter on any New York paper is likely to be called upon to face any minute. He goes where news is. He can't stop to wonder if there is danger there, too. If he did you would go without the day's sensation at your breakfast table next morning. Among criminals, at fires, where subtle disease lurks, on land or water, under the earth or in the air, it does not matter, there is the reporter if anything interesting is likely to occur there.

A complete list of the reporters who have during the last ten years died because they did their duty, would be a long one. The latest instance was Fred Hamilton of the *Advertiser*, who contracted typhus fever during last winter's outbreak of the disease here and died of it on North Brother Island. (Hamilton was formerly on the *St. John Telegraph*.)

In 1884 a *Sun* reporter named Donnelly was busy engaged in taking notes on a Broadway fire when a ladder fell from a crumbling wall and killed him.

During the blizzard of 1888 a man named Reilly, who was employed on the editorial staff of the *Star*, started to Coney Island to write up the effects of the storm there. He froze to death on the way.

One of the most appalling accidents to newspaper men on record startled Chicago about a year ago. Four reporters were on a railroad locomotive to write up a fast run. The engine was wrecked and all four were killed.

Another Chicago reporter went up in a balloon with an aeronaut. His body was found weeks afterwards on the shores of Lake Michigan.

The reporter who is writing this article barely escaped violent death several times within a year in an interior city. He was shot twice in one night by a gambler whose dive he had exposed; was almost killed by anarchists who assaulted him on seven different occasions, and had his head cracked with a blackjack in the hands of a confidence man whose methods he had laid bare.

Instances of heroism among newspaper men are common. Every epidemic brings many of them. Henry Guy Carleton, now the playwright, braved a long siege of yellow fever for his paper when he was a newspaper correspondent in the South. Every war develops plucky writers who would rather ride before the blazing muzzles of a dozen cannon than "get left" on a good piece of news.

FRENCH WOMEN OF BUSINESS.

How They Successfully Manage Some Big Undertakings.

The French woman unlike her English sister, has as a rule, a very good business education, says an Exchange. In the common schools she has been taught household bookkeeping, and has been given lessons in purchasing and useful expenditure. As a wife she is expected generally to help her husband in his business, and sometimes she manages it entirely for him. In the small stores she acts as clerk for him, and in the larger ones she is an equal partner. The Bon Marche was made famous by Mme. Boucicaut who helped her husband found and maintain the establishment, and after his death she took entire charge of it. Her system was one of so much kindness and consideration toward her employees that they called her "the lady of the Bon Marche," and looked upon her as almost a saint. She was very prosperous in the business, and associated with herself, as stockholders, the chiefs of the various departments who had been faithful in their service, that they might share in the profits. Then she wished to include as many of the other employees as possible, so she ceded a part of her shares to a common fund subject to their purchase. In her will she left the rest of her shares to the stockholders. Also she gave \$1,000,000 of her own private fortune for a pension fund for those of the employees who from age or illness were unable longer to work. There are many other large establishments in Paris managed by women. Mme. Coquelin, it is said, invests all of her husband's money for him, and many of the wives of the artists manage the selling and exhibition of their husbands' works and attend to the collecting and paying of debts, obtain orders and call upon the newspaper men, doing all of the necessary work to make their husbands' artistic efforts profitable.

May Be Somebody Found Them.

A naturalist who is absent minded to a degree, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Just as the first guest arrived, one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who was all ready, and came into the parlor. The daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest, she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty. The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his knees in an attempt to gather up something.

"Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked.

"Spilled anything?" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone; "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt!"

The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over.—S. F. Argonaut.

A Valuable Hindoo God.

The famous Hindoo God Lingam is now owned by an English gentleman of culture, who paid a sum equal to \$13,000 for it at an auction sale of East Indian relics in 1888. This sacred image stands but 12½ inches high, but, small as it is, it is well worth its weight in first water diamonds. The base of the figure is of pure hammered gold, and around it are set nine gems—a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyl, cat's eye, coral, pearl, hyacinthine, garnet, emerald and moonstone. The apex on the figure, which is in the shape of a pyramid, is encircled with a plinth set with small but very fine diamonds.

A DUFFERIN COUNTY MIRACLE.

ERNEST DUKE'S GREAT PERIL AND WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

How His Life Was Saved After His Condition Had Been Declared Hopeless by Three Doctors.—An Interesting Narrative Given to a Post Reporter by the Boy's Mother and Other Witnesses.

[Dufferin Post, Orangeville.]

The great Edmund Burke once exclaimed in a moment of sadness and despair that the age of chivalry was gone forever, and on every side of us we hear it remarked that the days of miracles are a part of the dim, superstitious and romantic past. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the merits of either statement. Much of the chivalry that we read of had a great deal of the wild and grotesque about it, while not a little that was attributed to miraculous agencies was the work of men of talent and genius, wiser and greater than their generation, who had explored and comprehended the treasures of Mother Nature within whose bosom it is said to be locked a panacea for every ill of fallen flesh. A newspaper's chief mission is to faithfully and attractively record interesting current events and to make such comments and suggestions as it deems advisable, and it is this role The Post is desiring to fill in this article. The neighboring township of Mono furnishes an instance of a marvellous cure, which in less enlightened times would undoubtedly have been credited to supernatural influences, and which has even in this stern and practical era created a genuine sensation. In a recent issue we gave the particulars of the restoration to physical strength and activity of George Hewitt, of Mono Mills, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are now household words on this continent. Many who read the article on Mr. Hewitt might be disposed to doubt, but the least credulous were silenced and convinced by the striking evidence of the patient himself, evidence which was corroborated by several reliable persons who had an intimate knowledge of the facts. The fine banner township of Mono supplies equally striking and conclusive testimony of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as an effectual remedy where the physician's skill and knowledge have been utterly baffled. Men may be disposed to be sceptical, and to fancy that much that is said in praise of these pills is mere hyperbole, but it is hard to confront the logic of facts, and in this respect an enduring monument is fast being built in support of the merits and claims of this greatest medical preparation of the century. Mr. Wm. Duke, lot 1, concession 6, Mono, is one of the best known and respected pioneers of this section. A few weeks ago we heard that his little 12 year old boy had been snatched from the very jaws of death by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to fully investigate the reported cure. Mr. Duke resides about six miles from Orangeville, and is one of the most prosperous farmers of the banner township. When the representative of The Post called at his quiet and comfortable home, Mr. Duke was at a neighboring threshing, but the reporter was courteously received by Mrs. Duke. We enquired as to the condition of Ernest, the little boy who was reported to have been cured, and were somewhat non-plussed when told that he was at school. From our information as to his state of health last spring, we did not expect to find him able to leave the house, and were not prepared for the news that he was once more strong enough to mix with the gabbling schoolboy throng. "Is Ernest the little boy that was so sick last winter and spring?" was our next interrogative. "He is, indeed," replied Mr. Duke, "and to tell you the truth, we had at one time no hope that he would ever again be able to leave his bed."

"To what do you attribute the boy's recovery?" the reporter asked. "Oh! to nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," was the ready and emphatic response of Mrs. Duke, who is a very intelligent lady, and who then gave the interviewer the following interesting and well-nigh incredible narrative: "Last winter Ernest had the grippé, and he never seemed to fully recover from the effects of it. In February last, some time after he had the grippé, he was so unwell that we took him to Dr. Bonnar, of Mono Mills, who examined him, and said that what was troubling him was a decaying tooth which required to be extracted. He pulled the tooth and said to take the boy home and he would be all right shortly. Instead of getting better, however, Ernest got far worse, and was soon confined entirely to his bed. He failed in strength and appetite, and was becoming more nervous every day. Sometimes he would get twitching and nervous fits, and shake so hard that he would frighten you. The shaking was so strong that the whole bed shook with him. We became alarmed and sent for a second doctor, who prescribed for the boy, and who gave it as his opinion that his recovery was impossible. At this time Ernest had lost the power of both legs and arms and they had to be tied down to ease the sufferer by lessening the nervous agitation. The second physician called in attended the boy some time, but the case was getting so bad, every day becoming more helpless, that a third was sent for to consult. This last one said that there was no chance for poor Ernest, and that all the trouble seemed to be in his nerves. I need not tell you how grieved we felt over the prospect of losing our boy, and would have tried anything to save his life. We had been reading in The Post about the wonderful cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and often thought of trying them as we were told they would do no harm if they did not do any good. Nearly every week we read about miracles wrought by the Pills, and one day I determined to ask the doctor if we might try them. "Well," said he, "the boy can't get better, and the pills are not likely to hasten his end. You can do as you like." Shortly after we bought a box of the Pills. This was in May last. Little Ernest had not been taking them two weeks when we noticed a wonderful change. We quit the doctors medicine altogether, and kept using the pills only. The boy improved so rapidly that in a short time he was able to be out of bed. One can hardly believe a story like this but every word of it is true. I tell you there is a wonderful change in our boy and we ought to be thankful to the Pink Pills. Ernest is growing stout and strong,

and this is his first day at school. The doctor said he would be dead before the last Toronto exhibition, but my little fellow was so well that he was able to be around, and even went with his father to the exhibition. We have been buying the pills from Mr. Stevenson, one of the Orangeville druggists, and Ernest is still using them although not so often as at first. It would not be much out of your way to call at the school, and there you will find Ernest who will be able to speak for himself."

Just as Mrs. Duke was concluding her interesting narrative the teacher of the school, Mr. Thomas E. Langford, who boards at Mr. Duke's, entered the house. It was the dinner hour, and the reporter expected that Ernest would turn up, and save him a visit to the school. He was informed, however, that the boy had taken his lunch with him in the morning and would spend the dinner hour at play. Mr. Langford accompanied the reporter to the road and on the way the teacher said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could not be too widely known. "I have been boarding all along at Mr. Duke's," said he, "and I tell you little Ernest was in a bad state last spring. No one ever thought he would get better, and it seems so strange that he was cured by such a simple remedy. Why, three doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and yet he is at school to-day! He is a bright little boy, and the Pink Pills saved his life."

The reporter was full of thought as he hastened to the school to interview the little fellow who may have been said to have heard the summons of death, and to have been saved from an early grave by Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills which the teacher had truly described as a simple remedy. When we reached the school several children were playing in the yard, and in answer to our call for Ernest Duke a bright little boy started out from the romping throng. We asked him if he was the boy who had been sick, and he answered with a mild and clear "yes." "Are you well now?" "O, yes, I'm as well as ever again." "What cured you?" "Pink Pills!" was the ready and smiling response. The little fellow did certainly appear to be in the full enjoyment of health, and no one who did not know the facts would think that he had so recently been in such a feeble and precarious condition as to be despaired of by three local physicians of standing and experience. We shook hands with the boy and started for Orangeville fully convinced that there was a good deal in the stories we had been reading of miracles wrought through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The reporter also interviewed several of Mr. Duke's neighbors, and found them all of one opinion. This was that his son would now be sleeping in the silent churchyard had it not been for the timely use of Pink Pills. He also learned that many others were using the pills with gratifying results, while many more had made up their minds since the miraculous saving of young Duke's life to try the great remedy for lesser ailments with which they were troubled. We had anticipated that our mission would be disappointing in some respects, never expecting to have the strange story which we had heard of Ernest Duke's recovery to fully substantiated, but here we were returning to Orangeville with everything that was flying rumor before conclusively established upon investigation.

WHAT THE DRUGGISTS SAY. On arriving at Orangeville we determined to interview the local druggists as to the popularity of the remedy that is working such wonders and causing such genuine sensations in many parts of the country. Mr. Thomas Stevenson was the first druggist interviewed. "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" we asked Mr. Stevenson. "I should think we did," was his prompt reply. "There is no remedy in my store for which there is such a demand, and while the number we sell is very large, the sale is certainly increasing." "How do you account for this large sale?" we asked. "I believe it due entirely to the merits of the preparation. Those who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills report the best results. The remedy is certainly a wonderful one."

When Mr. A. Turner was questioned he said the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a surprise to himself. In his experience as a druggist no remedy had made such a reputation or produced such wonderful results. Scarcely a day passed that he did not hear of parties who were benefited by the use of Pink Pills.

Mr. J. R. Dodds was equally enthusiastic. "If you call Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a patent medicine," said he, "they are the most popular and best selling patent medicine in my store to-day. The sale is undoubtedly on the increase, and I can say that scores who have bought from me are loud in their praises of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for them. They are certainly a great remedy, and my experience is that they effect all that is claimed for them."

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, diseases depending on humors 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, over-work 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 pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' 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 Biggest Doctors' Fee

The largest fee ever paid to a physician, \$100,000, was received by the late Dr. Willard Parker for the successful removal of an excrescence from the face and neck of the son and heir of one of the wealthiest families in the vicinity of New York. Should he succeed in curing a St. Louis heiress of a slight mental trouble that has bothered her from childhood, Dr. William Bradley of that city, is to receive a cash fee of \$56,000. There is only one New York doctor who began life poor, and is now a millionaire. This is Dr. John P. Munn, physician to Jay Gould, Russell Sage and other very rich men, and chief examiner for a leading life insurance company. Dr. Munn's fortune has not come to him directly from the practice of his profession, although he receives \$25,000 a year from Mr. Gould alone, but it is mainly the result of lucky speculations in which his grateful patrons have given him the opportunity to participate.

The Seven Wise Sayings.

The seven wise sayings are the famous mottoes inscribed in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, which was once the fountain-head of all religion and government. Kings and rulers sent to the temple to ask of the Oracle what their policy should be, and what their fate or the result of their wars. The seven wise sayings recorded on the walls of this famous temple were: "Know thyself," by Solon of Athens; "Consider the end," by Chilo of Sparta; "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin," by Thales of Miletus; "Most men are bad," by Bias of Priene; "Avoid excess," by Cleobulus of Lindus; "Know thy opportunity," by Pittacus of Mitylene; "Nothing is impossible to industry," by Periander of Corinth.

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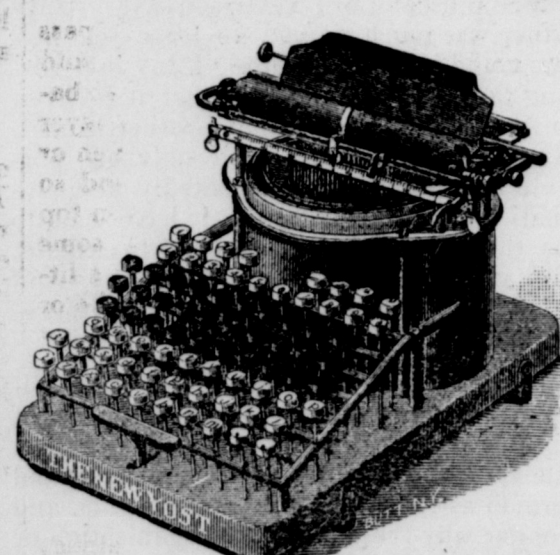
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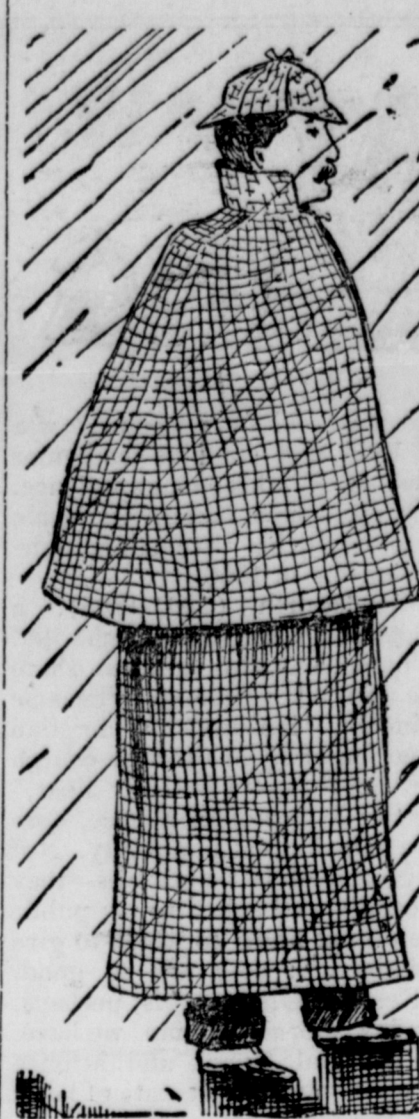
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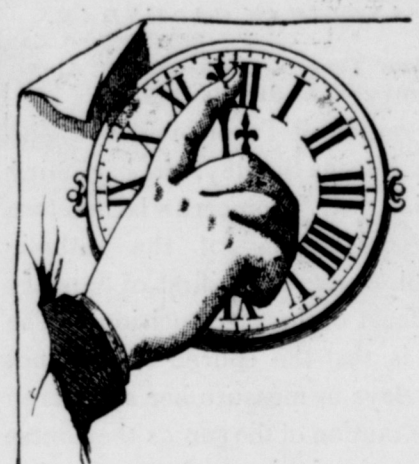
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