

IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

HOW THEY ARE OBJECT LESSONS
AND TEACHERS OF HISTORY.The Quaint Old Shops and Sleepy Inns—
Churches that Have Their Story—Places
Where Restfulness Can Be Found by the
Weary Traveller.

LONDON, April 3.—Come with me then
vaguantly, into a few of the lovely old home-
spots of rural England. Not far to the
north of damp and grimy Liverpool is pretty
Ormskirk. It is half village and half town,
for the spindles are humming here as almost
everywhere in Lancashire and Yorkshire.
Two huge, white roads leading from green
fields, which were impassable mosses in
olden times, rising to a gentle eminence in-
tersect the place, and the verdure growth
of four hundred years almost hides from
view the nestling, ancient homes, the quaint
old shops, the sleepy, restful inns, and the
historic church itself.

The old church looming above the red
tiles of the cottage roofs is curiously sur-
mounted by separate tower and steeple;
the pile so gray, mellow and ivy-massed as
to involuntarily suggest a gigantic tree lop-
ped off in its lower trunk, where the huge
battlemented tower stops, out of whose
edge, where the steeple rises, has sprouted
a second slender tree. The tradition goes
that two capricious maiden sisters, desirous
of raising some sacred memorial, agreed
upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and
steeple, yet, disagreeing as to uniting and
connecting their work, they finally expended
all their wealth and energies upon both,
each independent of the other. The earliest
of the renowned Derbys and Stanleys are
buried here. Mossy, lichened, slumberous,
grave, the entire place is a wondrous pic-
ture of tender repose, and is but one of
scores of winsome Lancashire villages
blending, low-lying and hushed, in the
pleasant landscape between the thunderous
towns of mills.

What precious old bits of gray and sun-
shine and green are the half deserted vil-
lages of Cocker-mouth and Hawkshead up
here in the English lake region, the former
in Cumberland, and the latter just inside
Lancashire where that county pushes a rug-
ged arm up among the scars, fells and
pikes of the English Alps! Cocker-mouth
itself where Wordsworth was born, is but
one of the many quaint old Cumbrian vil-
lages, which seem as ancient and mossy as
the rocks out of which they were hewn. It
is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old
spot, for the Derwent river sweeps melo-
diously by, and the Cocker river, from which
the village derives its name, is emptied into
the Derwent at the village side.

Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth,
was an attorney here, and law agent to Sir
James Lowther, afterwards the Earl of
Lonsdale. The house where the poet was
born is a long, two-storied, hipped-roof
structure, standing at a corner of Main
street and a recessed alley, and must have
been regarded as a stately affair in its time.
A tier of nine windows in the second and
eight in the first story face the street, which
is shut off by a massive stone wall with wide
coping and monumental projections at regu-
lar intervals and at the corners. In the
area between the street wall and the house
are several pretty trimmed shade trees, and
the ample garden in the rear extends to the
banks of the lovely Derwent.

Hawkshead lies midway between the
queen of the English lakes, Windermere,
and Coniston water, near which may be
found the home of John Ruskin, and nestles
prettily beside the beautiful Estwaite
Water. It is by far the most antique vil-
lage in the lake country. The old
schoolhouse is standing just as Wordsworth
left it. It is no more than a tiny stone
dungeon, with wide, low windows, a single
broad low door, and a whitewashed school-
room interior, where a tall man would be
in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with
his head.

The schoolboy, Wordsworth, cut his
name into his desk, and the scarred old
plank is accordingly prized as a precious
relic. Every one will remember the good
old dame, with whom Wordsworth lived,
and who was so much a mother to him dur-
ing his boyhood's days at Hawkshead.
Her cottage is still standing; and

"The snow white church upon the hill,"
made famous in the "Prelude," stands as
then in a near field. Around it the sheep
and lambs are grazing. But the old life
went out of Hawkshead with the handlooms;
you will never find more than a score of
worshippers at service within it; and the
incumbency is so reduced that the village
rectory himself rings the chime of bells
which calls the dim old folk that remain to
this all but deserted shrine.

Here again are types of villages, one in
the north and another in the west Riding
of Yorkshire; neither like the scores of
sunny hamlets in tender Yorkshire vales,
but standing grimly and stoutly against the
shuddering moors, defiant of change and
the tempests of centuries. Come with me
over dreary Stanemoor's wilds, and look
down there upon dead old Bowes.

There lies the sinuous shell of the ancient
village—a winding, cobbled, grass-grown
street of half a mile in length, flanked by
ruined houses, half of whose thatched roofs
have fallen in. Far to the east the eye
catches a glimpse of the classic domain of
Rokeby. To the north, the dells and fells
where flows the river Tees. To the south,
the glen of Greta, where that river tumbles
and sings. That huge, lone, stone struc-

ture, the first at Bowes from the Greta
Bridge way, weird and ghostly under huge
sycamores, was formerly another Dothe-
boys Hall. Richard Cobden once owned
it and made it his home.

Then the Unicorn inn, with its acres of
out buildings, empty and moss-grown.
Opposite, another silent inn, the Rose and
Crown. Then, facing westward, a little
Norman church. Near it, the ruins of a
Norman castle. Behind these ruins, the
ancient Roman station of Savatrac, where
are remains of baths and an aqueduct.
Then, roofed and unroofed hovels on either
side to the westward, where you will see,
still standing just as Dickens described a
veritable Dotheboys Hall in his Nicholas
Nickleby, "a long, cold-looking house,
one story high, with a few straggling out-
buildings behind, and a barn and stable
adjoining."

The other is Haworth. Seen at a dis-
tance it seems a half-defined line of ragged
gray, cut in another line of gray above
which is the lofty, dreary Haworth moor.
There is but a single street; closes some-
times extend for a house-length to the right
and left. The yard-wide pavements are
series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath
the latter, are shadowy shops and
living rooms. All stand open. But few
inhabitants are to be seen. Up, up, up,
for a half mile, you plod, and at last reach
a tiny open space. The houses are set
around it closely. Quaint shops and
ancient inns crowd it at all sorts of curious
angles. This is the head of the village,
topographically, in habitations and in
aristocracy.

Not for its attractiveness, but because it
seems an outlet to somewhere, you pass
into a little court behind the Black Bull
Inn. It is a maze of angles and wynds.
Suddenly another tiny open space con-
fronts you. Here are an old, oblong, two-
storied stone house, with a few yards of
grass-plot at its side; a little stone church,
attached to, rather than blended with, a
grim Norman tower; a grave-yard cluttered
with crumbling stone; the whole barely
covering an acre of ground. These were
Haworth parsonage, church and church-
yard; the earthly, and final, home of the
Brontës; and their living eyes ever rested
on Haworth moor which rises immediately
above the church-yard like a wall of round
ed stone.

Come to such as these in the summer
time only. Then fleecy clouds straggle
over and between the hills as if shadowy
hosts were marshalling behind the horizon.
Here and there splashes of color lie against
old walls and housefronts. The heather
blushes from the undulating green of the
moors. And one can then easily imagine
bits of Apulian pastoral scenery here in the
shepherds and their flocks, like cameo re-
liefs on beds of dazzling emerald, with a
perspective of billowy lines and misty
clouds.

Over here in Northamptonshire, just at
the edge of the garden shire of Warwick,
is ancient moss-grown Crick, sleeping under
its thatches beside Watling street, most
famous of Roman roads. There are, both
rest and delight in old, old Crick; rest, be-
cause it is one of those English villages
which stands just as it always stood; where
the roar of the workaday world's activities
never comes; where the old parish church,
the graveyard the decayed manor-houses,
the huge stone dovecotes which house 500
families of doves, the thatched farm laborers'
cottages, the ivies and mossy walls, and the
simple village folk, all invite to quiet the
repose.

Not ten miles away you suddenly come
upon the daintiest and most flower spangled
village in England. It is a tiny collection
of dependencies upon the manor of Ashby
St. Ledgers; but there can nowhere else
be found such flower embowered homes.
Just at the northern edge of this, the whole
forming a striking background to the side
broodery of one of the finest wide, high
overhanging of ancient ash trees I have
ever seen, first appears a huge wall, high,
thick, ivy hung and mossy. Surmounting
this is a wonderfully picturesque old gate-
house with two stories of chambers and an
attic—the veritable meeting room of the
conspirators in the noted Guy Fawkes Gun-
powder Plot of 1605—over a capacious
archway, which formed the ancient sole
entrance to the domain. Behind this are
other venerable outbuildings, half a thou-
sand years old and in perfect maze. To the
right and higher, shows a grim, square
Norman tower and the mossy roof of the
parish church. Behind and above all, are
the many massive gables of this most splen-
didly fantastic manor house within the En-
glish midland shires. How glorious and
historic romance could be wrought within
Ashby St. Ledgers' grin and ghostly old
walls!

In the western and western midland
shires of England are scores of ancient
villages of restfulness and beauty, hidden
coy from the globe-trotters loggnettes in the
sunny hollows of the verdant hills. Old
Broadway—"Bradweia" it once was
from the shepherds' "cottes on the mounted
wolds down to the most fruitful vales of
Evesham" is a lovely type of them all. All
its houses are picturesque. Indeed, here
is one of the few ancient stone built villages
of olden England, left precisely as its
makers built it all the way from 300 to 500
years ago. On every side are high pitched,
gabled roofs, with wonderful stone and iron
finials, mullioned windows and bays, leaded
casements, containing the original glass, and
huge, tall, stone chimney stacks—all weath-
ered to most beautiful colors.

Low stone walls in front enclose little
old world gardens with clipped and fancifully
shaped yew trees. Its quaintest of
hostelries are hidden in bits of detail, old oak
doors and hinges, old glass and casement
fastenings and most curious pieces, plaster
ceilings and paneled rooms. Every house
has flat-headed, mullioned windows, with
massive wood lintels inside and huge baulks
of oak, roughly squared and molded over
the angles and fire-places. In these snug
old inns and in half the huge stone farm-
houses roundabout, tradition will tell you,
Charles I. or Elizabeth passed a night.
How wise of them to do so if they had the
footing, time and will.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A NIAGARA MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF
A RESIDENT OF THE HISTORIC
OLD TOWN.Utterly Helpless and Bed-Ridden for Five
Years—His Case Baffled the Skill of Physi-
cians—It is the Absorbing Topic for Miles
Around—The Details and Causes of his
Remarkable Recovery.

(Niagara Falls Review.)

It has been frequently declared that the
age of miracles has long since passed.
However, newspaper men and correspond-
ents have occasionally published accounts
of remarkable escapes from death by acci-
dent or disease, which have clearly proved
that an ever-ruling Providence still governs
human affairs, and is interested in human
lives. These accounts of extraordinary
deliverances from positions of danger in
this age, when everybody is of such practi-
cal turn of mind, have demanded evidence
of an unimpeachable character before they
would be accepted by the thoughtful and
intelligent reader, and sometimes a most
searching inquiry into the facts has tur-
nished positive proof, completely substan-
tiating what has been claimed in some
cases. While we have recognized the pos-
sibility of such wonderful occurrences, it
has seldom been our privilege to investi-
gate them, and by careful examination and
enquiry into the facts arrive at a conclu-
sion agreeing with the declarations of those
presumably acquainted with the incident.

Today, however, we are enabled to pub-
lish in the Review an account of one of the
most wonderful and miraculous deliver-
ances of a fellow creature from a life of
pain and suffering. We can vouch for the
absolute truth of every statement in this
article in regard to this remarkable restora-
tion, having examined for ourselves both
the man on whom the miracle was per-
formed and many who knew him only as a
bed-ridden sufferer, and who now meet him
in the daily routine of life. It is now some
time since the rumor reached us that Mr.
Isaac Addison, of historic Niagara-on-the-
Lake, had been cured of a long standing
chronic rheumatism. These rumors being
both repeated and denied, we decided to
investigate the case for our own personal
satisfaction.

Accordingly some days ago we drove
over to the historic town on our tour of in-
vestigation. While yet some miles from
Niagara we met a farmer who was engaged
in loading wood, and asked him if he could
tell us where Mr. Addison lived. At first
he seemed puzzled, but when we said the
gentleman we were seeking had been sick
but was recovered, he said, "Oh yes, I
know him well; that man's restoration was
quite a miracle, and it was Pink Pills that
did it. He lives right up in the town. It
is four miles away." We thanked him and
mentally noted the first bit of evidence of
truthfulness of the report. If this gentle-
man, living four miles away, knew it so he
could speak so positively about it we con-
cluded there must be some truth in the
rumor.

Reaching the town, we put up at Long's
Hotel, and while in conversation with the
genial host we soon found that our mission
was to be a success. "Know Mr. Addison?"
said mine host. "I have known him a long
time. His indeed was a remarkable recov-
ery. All the doctors about here did their
utmost, but he only grew worse, and for
years he was bed-ridden. Now he is as
smart as anyone of his age. His recovery
is a real miracle."

We were then directed to Mr. Addison's
residence and found a well-built gentleman
with clear eye, steady nerve and remark-
ably quick action. Almost doubting whether
this gentleman could be the object of our
search we acquainted him with the purpose
of our visit and requested him to tell the
story of his illness and recovery.

Without hesitation he commenced:
"About eight years ago I had peculiar
feelings when I walked, as though bits of
wood or gravel were in my boots, or a
wrinkle in my socks. These feelings were
followed by sensations of pain flying all
over the body, but settling in the back and
every joint. I have thought these symp-
toms were like creeping paralysis. In
about 18 months I was so stiffened with
rheumatism that I could not work and very
shortly afterwards I was unable to walk, or
use my hands or arms to feed myself. I
lay upon my bed and if I desired to turn
over I had to be rolled like a log. The
pains I suffered were terrible, and I often
wished myself dead. My kidneys com-
menced to trouble me, causing me to urinate
eight or nine times during the night. In
order to rise, my wife would first draw my
feet over the side of the bed, then going to
my head would lift me to my feet. I was
as stiff as a stick and could not help myself.
To walk was impossible, but my wife sup-
porting me I could drag or shuffle myself
along a smooth floor. I was in that help-
less condition for above five years, suffer-
ing the most intense and agonizing pains.
I was a poor man, but whenever I could
get enough money I would purchase some
of the so called cures for rheumatism. It
was useless however, for they did not help
me. The physicians visited me. Dr.
Anderson said it was chronic rheumatism,
and that I could not be cured. However,
he did what he could, with bandages of red
flannel and rubbing on alternate days with
iodine and neat's foot oil. It was severe
treatment and produced unbearable sensa-
tions, but did me no good. Dr. Watts
said, 'Isaac, if I knew a single thing to
do you good I would give it to you, but I
don't.' So I gave myself up to hopeless
and patiently waited for death to end my
sufferings. At times I was even tempted
to end my own life.

"But one day my family told me of a
newspaper account of the wonderful cure of
Mr. Marshall, of Hamilton, and I was in-
duced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I
only purchased one box, and although that
box did not seem to do me any good I de-
termined to persevere, and got six more.
Before I had taken the six boxes I found
relief from my pains; continuing the use of
the Pink Pills I have been gradually re-
covering, and am now entirely free from
pain, and can walk a mile comfortably. At
first I used crutches, then only one, but
now I have no use for them at all. I have
gone alone to Toronto, Niagara Falls and
to Lockport, N. Y., and have felt no in-
convenience.

The people wondered when they saw me
on the street, after having been bedridden
for five years. They asked me what I was
doing for my rheumatism, and when I told
them I was taking Pink Pills some of them
laughed. But I have never taken anything
else since I began to use Pink Pills, and I

am now better. That's the proof. Why,"
said he, "just see how I can walk," and he
took a turn about the room, stepping with
a firmness that many a man twenty-five
years younger might envy.

Continuing, he said, "For two years I
could not move my left hand and arm an
inch, but now I can put it anywhere with-
out pain," accompanying the statement with
a movement of the arm, and rubbing the
back of his head with his arm. On being
asked if he felt any disagreeable sensations
on taking Pink Pills, he laughed and said
"no, that was the beauty of it. With other
medicines there were nasty and unpleasant
feelings, but I just swallowed the pills and
never felt them except in the beneficial ef-
fects."

As we saw the hearty old gentleman so
happy in his recovered health and heard him
so graphically describe his sufferings, we
agreed with him that a great miracle
had been wrought through the agency of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We sought out
a number of residents of the town, and in
conversation with them learned that the ac-
count Mr. Addison had given us of his con-
dition was in every particular correct. His
recovery, has naturally been the talk of the
town and in social circles, and many others
are using Pink Pills for various ailments
with good results.

A CHAT WITH THE MAYOR.

We called on H. Pafford, Esq., Mayor
of the town, and proprietor of a tasty and
prosperous drug business. He verified
what Mr. Addison had said as to his suffer-
ings and helpless condition, and said he
never expected to see him around again.
He said he considered Mr. Addison's res-
toration truly remarkable, and that the
knowledge of the benefit to him had made
an extensive demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so much that their sales are
away ahead of any other proprietary medi-
cine in the market. He remarked that al-
though so extensively advertised, if their
use were not followed by beneficial results
the sale would rapidly decrease, but the
firm hold they have taken on the public
proves their worth and that they have come
to stay.

THE DIVISION COURT CLERK.

We called upon J. B. Secord, Esq.,
Clerk of the Division Court, who said he
had known Mr. Addison for many years,
and that he bore a high reputation for
truthfulness. He knew that in the earlier
stages of his trouble he had tried several
physicians in vain, and at last became in-
capable of moving himself. "As a last
chance he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for
Pale People, and these at first seemed to
make him worse and the pains increased,
but continuing them, they acted like magic,
and resulted in a complete cure. His cure
is looked upon by the people as something
wonderful, and no one doubts that the
agency employed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,
was the means under Divine Providence of
effecting the cure."

Having most carefully and conscientiously
examined into the miraculous recovery of
Mr. Addison, and dispassionately reviewed
the whole evidence, we came home fully
convinced of the truthfulness of the report.
It is a pleasure for us to publish this full
and authentic account of the marvellous
recovery of Mr. Isaac Addison and, so far
as we can, lend the help of our columns to
make known far and wide this wonderful
and efficacious medicine which in so many
instances has produced startling and un-
hoped for relief from pain and illness.

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 prostration and the
tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of
the grippe, diseases depending on humors in
the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysip-
elas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to
pale, sallow complexions and are a specific
for the troubles peculiar to the female sys-
tem, 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 of Brock-
ville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and
are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's
trade-mark (printed in red ink) and wrap-
pers, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for
\$2.50. Bearing 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 makes a course of treatment compar-
atively inexpensive as compared with other
remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The fastest time on record for the de-
livery of American mails in England was
made recently with the mails arriving from
New York by the Teutonic. The Teutonic
made a passage of six days four hours to
Queenstown, and the mail was delivered in
London in exactly six days and twenty-two
hours from the time the ship had left New
York.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Bre-
ton people may largely be attributed to a
wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of
which forms the basis of —Puttner's Emulsion.

Some authors say they write just to get
things off their minds. And after reading
their books you cannot blame them.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will
cure every case of Diphtheria.

Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will
promote growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is
the best household remedy on earth.

Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

The bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son
of Philip II., once took him a pair of boots
which were too small to be comfortable,
and by order of the angry prince they were
cut in pieces, boiled, and forced down the
wretched fellow's throat, so that he was
well nigh killed.

Full

of Steam.



It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house
full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.



A TEAKETTLE

of HOT WATER

and

SURPRISE SOAP

used according to the directions
on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion.
The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed
the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect sat-
isfaction. Why don't you?

SURPRISE is good for all uses.
Every cake is stamped **Surprise**.

A POINTER.



Don't
be behind the
times. That tired feel-
ing you experience on wash day
cannot be cured by any kind of Sarsaparilla.
The only way to cure it is to send
your clothes to UNGAR'S to be rough
dried. He returns them to you pure
and white, ready for iron-
ing. No muss,
no dirt,

no trouble.

Try it one week.

Price 25 cents per dozen pieces.

BE SURE and send your parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works,
St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70
Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

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new subscribers with a years subscription is \$6.50.