

GOOD NEWS FROM GOOD MEN.

CLERGYMEN SPEAK STRONGLY IN FAVOR OF

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

A MEDICINE THAT CURES WHEN OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

SUFFERINGS FROM RHEUMATISM

From the Gazette, Galena, Illinois.

A gentleman connected with the Gazette was recently conversing with Rev. Joseph Sechler, who spoke of the above mentioned disease. Mr. Sechler is a clergyman of the Reformed church, and has been a prominent minister of that body for over thirty years, and has nearly all that time resided in Lena, Stephenson County, Ill.

He was active in founding the Northern Illinois College at Dakota, in that county, and was for eight years secretary of that institution and for two years its financial agent, which position he had to abandon from causes hereafter mentioned since which time he has taken charge of a congregation of his brethren in the town of Harlem, a few miles from his residence.

This worthy minister informed the reporter that for fifteen years he was the victim of that dread disease, rheumatism. The pain was so intense that he contemplated abandoning his calling.

Somewhat discouraged, but with a faint hope of recovery, he was led to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. After three months he was comparatively free from pain. He continued the use of the remedy at longer intervals, and at the end of six months he felt that the disease was entirely eradicated. Another great benefit came to him at this time.

During this fifteen years of suffering there was added to the malady the lesser one of piles, which itself would have been a terrible affliction but for the overshadowing one of rheumatism. In the effort to cure the greater the lesser one gave way. He can now fulfill the duties of his calling without being diverted by the agony that he suffered for so many years. He can with confidence conscientiously recommend these pills to all afflicted with the diseases mentioned.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE

Rev. B. F. Stratton, of Little Britain, is one of the best known ministers in the Bay of Quinte Conference of which body he is an ex-president. Wherever Mr. Stratton and his estimable wife have been stationed they have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. A few years ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Napanee Beaver was sent to Selby, where they then resided, to interview her.

In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said she was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefited. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partially paralysis) which, when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh.

For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued, and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night time. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health, and it was feared that complete paralysis would

ensue. Knowing a young lady in Trenton, where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using the pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust, and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement.

FATAL DISEASES

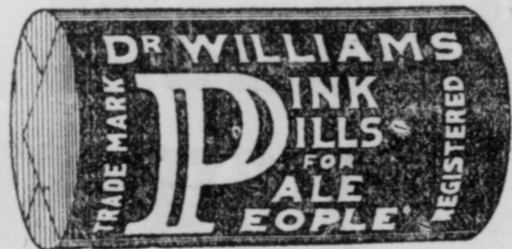
that have been cured by
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

**Constipation, Paralysis, Decline,
Heart Disease, Locomotor
Ataxia, Spinal Disease**

These Pills also cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, Erysipelas, Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, After Effects of LaGrippe, Anæmia, Ladies' Ailments, etc

**Refuse all Substitutes
as they are worthless**

The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are always put up in a package just like this.



The Wrapper Printed with Red Ink on White Paper

If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A MISSIONARY'S WORK.

One of the most melancholy features of our nineteenth century civilization is the large number of pale, listless young girls to be met with in every walk of life. Too frequently parents do not recognize that there is anything seriously wrong, until at last they are forced to admit that their child is in decline, and when treatment is taken up it is often too late, and a loved one is followed to an untimely grave. A pale or waxy complexion denotes anæmia—in other words poverty of the blood—which, if not corrected in time, by gradual stages leads to an early grave. Among the symptoms denoting poverty of the blood, are severe headaches, loss of appetite, dizziness, fainting spells, violent palpitation of the heart on exertion, etc. In this emergency Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are beyond all comparison the most valuable remedy known.

That the claims made on behalf of these Pills are not overstated is amply borne out by the following letter from the Rev. David Forbes, missionary, Poplar Dale, Algoma, Ont. Mr. Forbes writes:—"I feel that I would be remiss in my duty did I not write to let you know the wonderful benefit derived by a young lady here from the use of your Pink Pills. Miss May Marlain was taken sick two years ago, and all the medical treatment she underwent proved of no avail; Visiting the family in my capacity as missionary, I saw with sorrow that unless something was done to avert the progress of her trouble, she would not be long for this world. She was pale, almost bloodless, and subject to all the distressing symptoms which accompany anæmia and bring the victim to an early grave. I urged the parents to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They acted upon my advice, and I am rejoiced that they have fully and entirely restored her health, and in the rosy-cheeked girl of today you would not recognize the invalid of a short time before. The words of her grateful mother to me were these: "We have to thank you, Mr. Forbes, for recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have saved our daughter's life and we are more grateful than we can say, and freely give you permission to send this testimonial, in the hope that some one in similar circumstances may be benefited."

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

From the Simcoe Reformer.

In the early days of Methodism in Canada the gospel was spread abroad in the land by the active exertions of the circuit rider. It required a man of no ordinary health and strength, an iron constitution and an unflagging determination to fulfill the arduous duties incumbent on one who undertook to preach salvation to his fellowmen. Many fell by the wayside, while others struggled on and prospered and a few are today enjoying a ripe old age, happy in the knowledge that a lasting reward will soon be theirs.

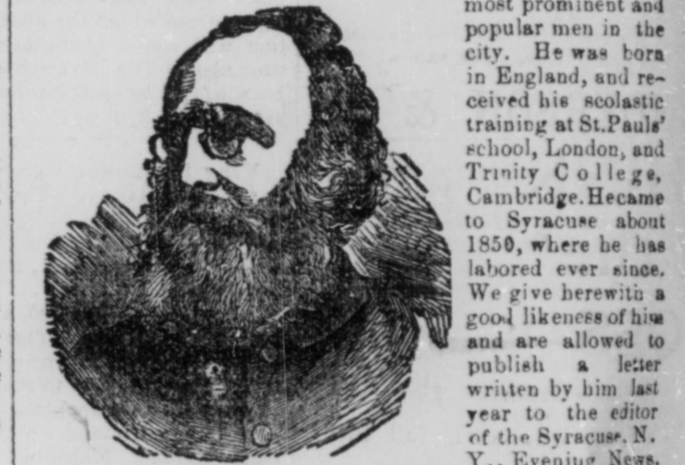
Rev. David Williams, who lives two miles southwest of Nixon, Ontario, Norfolk County, was one of these early days circuit riders. He was a man of vigorous health, and although without many advantages in the way of early education he succeeded by dint of hard and constant study in being admitted to the ministry. For many years he had been a sufferer from kidney diseases. He tried all kinds of remedies, and although sometimes temporarily relieved, he gradually grew worse until in October, 1885, he was stricken with paralysis. From this he partially

Suppose you try them. In the early days of Methodism in Canada the gospel was spread abroad in the land by the active exertions of the circuit rider. It required a man of no ordinary health and strength, an iron constitution and an unflagging determination to fulfill the arduous duties incumbent on one who undertook to preach salvation to his fellowmen. Many fell by the wayside, while others struggled on and prospered and a few are today enjoying a ripe old age, happy in the knowledge that a lasting reward will soon be theirs.

recovered his powers of speech, but it left his memory so poor that he could not remember the name of the person to whom he wished to speak without thinking intently for several minutes. In addition to this trouble he had intense bodily sufferings; pains in the head, across the forehead, in the temples and behind the ears, across the lower part of the skull and in the joint of the neck. He had great weakness and pains in the back, hips and legs. In fact, so much did he suffer that sleep was almost an impossibility, and he fell away in weight until he weighed only 145 pounds. By this time, December, 1895, he became despondent and felt that if he did not obtain relief, he would soon bid adieu to the things of this world. On the 20th December he read of a cure in the Reformer by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, being seized with a sudden inspiration at once wrote to Brookville for a supply of this marvellous remedy. Immediate good results followed their use and he has improved wonderfully during the past year. He has recovered his bodily health and strength, is comparatively free from pain, and his memory is nearly as good as it ever was. Mr. Williams says: "I can heartily endorse the many things said of these pills in the papers, and strongly recommend them to any one suffering as I was."

A BROADMINDED DIVINE.

The Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D. D., is the pastor of the May Memorial church in Syracuse, N. Y., and one of the most prominent and popular men in the city.



He was born in England, and received his scholastic training at St. Paul's school, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He came to Syracuse about 1850, where he has labored ever since. We give herewith a good likeness of him and are allowed to publish a letter written by him last year to the editor of the Syracuse, N. Y., Evening News. It follows:

Rev. Dr. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.
To the Editor of the Evening News:—

DEAR SIR.—More than 35 years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint. This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out entirely, and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About 15 years ago, the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket every where I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo, I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I reached Buffalo, my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, and I may add that my knee is now far stronger than it has been for 35 years.

I gladly give you this statement. Yours,
REV. S. R. CALTHROP.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

FLORA.

Oh, for that afternoon, that lane
Where I picked flowers! Never again
Will common wild flowers look so well,
So freshly blush the pimpernel,
And modest blue and simple white
Stand in the grass to such delight!
I picked my flowers for Flora's sake,
Happy to have a chance to make
A nosegay she might chance to see
And know that it was made by me.
I found a baby oak leaf too.
So I had green, white, red and blue.
—Henry Patmore in Spectator.

AN IMPERIAL CAPRICE.

How a Russian Empress Visited Her Wrath on One of Her Nobles.

The Empress Anna of Russia in the last year of her reign carried out one of the most "mighty and magnificent" caprices that ever entered into the head of even a supreme monarch.

In 1739 one of her nobles, Prince Galitzin, offended her, and she varied the usual programme—did not send him to Siberia, but instead made him court page and buffoon. He was a widower. The empress commanded him to marry again. The prince carried out her instructions in the spirit of his new profession and selected a girl of low degree.

Her majesty took on herself all the wedding arrangements. The winter of 1739-40 was extraordinarily severe. She ordered a house built entirely of ice. It consisted of two rooms, and all the furniture, even to the bedstead, was of ice also. In front of the house were placed four small cannons and two mortars, and these were of ice. They were fired, too, several times without bursting.

When the wedding day came, there was a procession of 300 persons, mostly nobles,

ants, from every part of Russia. The empress had commanded them to be sent to her by provincial governors. Each person wore the costume of his or her province, and some were drawn in sledges by reindeer, some by dogs, some by goats, some by oxen.

The bride and groom rode in the midst in a great iron cage placed on the back of an elephant. After marching through the principal streets of St. Petersburg they went to a building we hear of as the Duke of Courland's riding house, and there supper was served in many different fashions, for each guest sapped as he would have done at home, and the custom in different parts of Russia then differed greatly—more even than they do now. A ball followed, and the dancing was as varied as the cookery.

After the ball the unfortunate bridal pair were escorted to the icehouse, where they had to spend the night, for guards were placed before the door to see that they didn't get out.—Chicago Record.

Proud of His Record.

"I suppose there is a great deal of unrecognized genius in the world," remarked the literary young woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied her father as he looked up from the trade paper. "Lots and lots of it. People are a great deal more sensible these days than they used to be."

"You mean they are more sensible because they have so much unrecognized genius?" she queried in surprise.

"That's it precisely." Taking off his glasses and balancing them on his forefinger he went on: "I remember when I was a boy I had a great talent for music. I could remember almost any tune I ever heard and play it on a mouth harp. And

draw pictures? Many is the picture I have drawn. So hard is it to curb genius that lots of times I would find myself drawing pictures on my slate instead of doing my arithmetic."

"How unfortunate that you couldn't have cultivated your talents!"

"Not a bit of it; not a bit of it. I was peculiarly fortunate. The trouble with too many geniuses is that they don't have common sense. Now, I was different. I am profited by my opportunities. You can't get a common school education without finding out what is likely to happen to a man as soon as the world picks him out as a genius. Go right along through the list of them. They are always selling pictures or poems or musical compositions for less than the market value. People somehow expect it of them. And it's mighty seldom that one gets rich. As soon as I discovered that I had any symptoms of genius, I fought them down. I battled with myself and went into the Ivery stable business. By being cautious and attending to business I arrived at a position of comparative independence, so that I can look contentedly around me and feel that it wouldn't do any great harm now, even if I were recognized."—Washington Star.

Engaged Long Ago.

A charming young matron of the upper Sixth district is the mother of six lovely children, all girls. A few evenings ago, after dinner, while seated around the hearthstone, she and her husband became reminiscent, relating many happy episodes which occurred during that blissful period nearly all young people know when they are engaged. That the little group listened with lively attention was fully demonstrated the next day by a conversation between one of the younger children and

a new wood vender who had recently moved into the neighborhood and came around soliciting orders. The doorbell rang, and one of the children, Anita, not waiting for the servant to answer, went to the door herself, when the following dialogue took place:

Wood Vender—Good morning, little girl! Is your mother engaged?

Anita (with astonishment)—Engaged! Why, my mamma is married, and has six children!

Exit wood vender in confusion, amid roars of laughter from the older children, who were listening behind the door.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Lawyer's Objections.

"Now," remarked the attorney's wife, as she sat down upon his chest and gave him another twist, after the brief disagreement—"now I'd like to know who holds the reins in this house."

"Madam," said her husband faintly, but with true courage still, "I refuse to answer. That is a leading question."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

When it is necessary to break a glass jar or bottle evenly, the easiest way is to soak a piece of string in turpentine and tie it around the neck of the bottle or wherever it is to be broken and then set fire to the string. The glass will snap along the heated line.

When Goethe was first in love, he went into the forest, selected a beautiful tree, engraved thereon two hearts united by a scroll and received from the forester therefor a sound thrashing.

See Paton & Co's 25c window.
See Paton & Co's 25c window. if.

The Gripman's Foes.

There has always been one driver that the cable gripman has let have his own way, and that is the driver of the giant truck with the load of iron beams. The power in the engine that moves the cable is ample to brush away the great truck as it would a hand cart. But there would need to be adequate means of applying it, and this the cable car does not supply. Heavy as it is, it is not nearly so heavy as the big truck with the iron beams. In a collision with that the car would be wrecked and left behind, while the cable swung merrily on below. The gripman knows this, and so, while he hangs the gong, he doesn't really mean to go on until the driver of the great truck has turned out.

There is now another moving thing that the gripman does not try to brush off the face of the earth, and that is the ponderous road roller such as is used in the city in the making of asphalt pavements. These rollers go from one part of the city to another under their own steam, lumbering along slowly, but with irresistible power. Sometimes they cross the cable tracks or move along in the same street. With a road roller ahead the gripman slams the gong as usual, but it is a purely formal notice. There are now two men to whom the gripman concedes the right of way, the driver of the giant truck with the iron beams and the pilot of the steam road roller.—New York Sun.

Wakefulness In Sleep.

On going to bed a man recalled that he must rise the next day at 8, at the same time forgetting that his clock was half an hour fast. In the middle of the night he awoke, and on looking at his clock re-

membered that it was half an hour fast, and that consequently he must wake not when the clock struck 8, but half an hour later. He then fell into a sound slumber until he felt himself disturbed by some unknown cause. He started up with the dread that he had awakened too late, but looking at his clock he saw that it pointed exactly to half past 8. Thus, in spite of deep sleep, the sleeper's attention not only followed the arse of time, but even corrected the error of the clock, the man sleeping soundly while the clock struck 8 and awaking when the hand silently pointed to the half hour.—"Sleep, Its Physiology, Etc.," by Marie de Manacine.

No Source of Supply.

"Poets," said the man who writes in verse, "are born, not made."

"Possibly, possibly," returned the weary critic, "but of late I have been inclined to the belief that they are neither born nor made."—Chicago Tribune.

TO LET.

That large, three story brick warehouse on corner of Pownall and Dorchester Streets, lately occupied by Messrs. B. & M. Ratenbury. Rent moderate. Apply at the office of the Connolly estate, Queen Street.

A. A. McDONALD,
W. W. SULLIVAN,
ARTHUR PETERS,
Trustees of the late Owen Connolly
Feb 7/98