SAW MR. CLEVELAND.

Scenes at the White House During the Rush of Callers.

GOING WITH THEIR "MEMBER"

A Typical Day at the Executive Mansion—Congressmen Who Get In—A Western Delegation and Its Interview With the President.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO come to the White House on a busy morning, when the President is besieged by Congressmen and office seekers, enter with the crowd and see how Mr. Cleveland handles three or four hundred people, hearing their pleas, listening to their platitudes and sending each man away satisfied that his own case is to be given particular attention by the executive?

This is a good place to study human nature and you can see some queer outcroppings. Selfishness, of course, is found in large streaks, with numerous cross veins of "gall" and cheek; servility and obsequiousness are not missing, while on the other hand there are indications of paying quantities of independence and sterling integrity.

GOING IN WITH THEIR "MEMBER."

Let's follow this group of men now ascending the main stairway to the President's office on the second floor. They have come from the west to advocate their own or their friends' claims to office and are being escorted into the presidential presence by their "member." The "member" walks at their head and pushes boldly into the cabinet room, which is used as an ante chamber to the President's office during the morning receptions. The gentlemen from the west show signs of embarrassment as they draw near to the sacred precincts of the chief magistrate's room. They marvel much at the coolness and apparent unconcern of the "member," who does not seem to be impressed by any particular feeling of awe. On the contrary he appears quite at his ease, leaning carelessly against the cabinet table and puffing away at his cigar. The gentlemen from the west had previously extinguished theirs upon entering the White House grounds.

IN THE ANTE-ROOM.

The gentlemen from the west range themselves up alongside their member and gaze curiously yet reverently around them while awaiting their turn to be ushered into the President's room. There are probably forty-five or fifty people in the room standing in little groups, while they chat and keep a bright lookout upon Capt. Loeffler, who is ushering people in and out of the audience room.

SPEAKER CRISP.

Over there by the window is Speaker Crisp with a party of Georgians. There is something in the makeup of these men, the long black coats, the soft wide-brimmed hats they carry under their arm, the cut of the beard and the twirl of the mustache that bespeaks them to be southerners. Speaker Crisp comes up nearly every day with a new party of Georgians. Sometimes they look anxious and eager, but he never seems disturbed and he is the same courtly, genial fellow to all, ever willing to lend a helping hand to what they think are their chances—whether they have any chances or not. Now he is telling a joke to Congressman Catchings and directly he will steer his Georgians into the President's presence, say something pleasant about each of them and then go away to come back tomorrow with more Georgians, maybap.

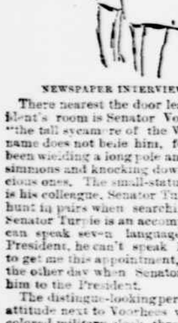
NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWERS AT WORK.

There nearest the door leading into the President's room is Senator Voorhees of Indiana, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash." His nickname does not belie him, for he has recently been wielding a long pole among the official persimmons and knocking down several fat and luscious ones. The small-statured man beside him is his colleague, Senator Turpie. They usually hunt in pairs when searching for official game. Senator Turpie is an accomplished linguist and can speak seven languages. "And yet, Mr. President, he can't speak English well enough to get me this appointment," said an Indianian the other day when Senator Turpie introduced him to the President.

The distingue-looking person standing in easy attitude next to Voorhees with the short, high-colored military cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder is Senator "Joe" Blackburn of Kentucky. He is a frequent visitor at the White House and is usually accompanied by several Kentuckians, all six-footers, with designs on the internal revenue branch of the government.

"BUCK" KILGORE.

Anybody can recognize that stalwart white-haired man there with the white mustache and goatee as Col. "Buck" Kilgore of Texas. He is up here nearly every day, for he is the best-natured fellow in the world about introducing anxious office seekers who desire a word with the President. He simply presents them, "respectfully submitted without comment" is the recommendation he gives them and then leaves them to hoe their own row with the President.



A "GO" AT MR. THURBER.

"I don't want any office now myself," said Col. Kilgore the other day, "and up to date there has been but one man in my district who applied for outside office, and I am against him."

There comes Congressman Springer—the tall man with the carnation in his buttonhole—with his delegation of Illinois aspirants. It is, indeed, an off day when Mr. Springer doesn't drop in some time before sundown. Two to one he will get into the President's room before we will—not that he will do anything unseemly, for he is the most courteous of men, but he has that enterprising way which enables him to get there while other men are still debating within themselves whether it is yet time to move. The newspaper men swear by Mr. Springer, for, while he is a wary man and prudent, yet he knows news when he sees it and does not hesitate to "give up" when it is proper to do so, which is a great deal more than many other public men do.

The short, thick-set man strolling in with his touch hat pulled down slantwise over the left side of his face is Senator Vest of Missouri. He does not have much to say to the people who recognize and bow to him, but gravely returns their salutation and passes on to get close to the door. He is playing a lone hand in the Missouri patronage game and has a pretty good hand to draw to, for he holds the balance of power between the rabid free silver men and the anti-silverites on the Senate finance committee, and he isn't letting any tricks get away, either.

There's Senator Smith of New Jersey, Congressmen McCreary, Enloe, Richardson, Caruth, McMillin, Stone of Kentucky, the two Virginia Senators, Daniel and Hunton, and a dozen other notables, all pretty regular attendants at the White House in the interests of their constituents, who will not give them peace, neither rest nor comfort, while this patronage shuffle is on.

IN THE PRESENCE.

But Capt. Loeffler has beckoned to the western party to enter. The door swings open and they are in the presence of the chief executive. Some of the party look as if they would like to bolt and run, but they soon find that the President is not a dragon. He is not a bit austere, but stands up beside his desk and greets his

A PERSONAL APPEAL.

visitors with a smile and in the most democratic manner. The "member" introduces each of the party and the President cordially shakes hands with them. By this time the ice is broken and the men begin to feel a little more at ease while the member tells the President what Col. Blank wants, how well he is recommended for it, and what a fine fellow he is, anyway. Then the President suggests that Col. Blank file his papers at the proper department and assures him that his application will receive due consideration. With this they pass on while another party steps up and goes through the same program. The westerners halt a few paces off and take a last, long look at the President. This has been a great day for them. They will go back home and for the rest of the spring and summer and far into the fall will regale successive coteries of their neighbors with what they said to the President and what the President said to them, and that conversation will grow with repetition until after awhile it would seem that they had put in a whole day talking to the President about Col. Blank's office.

They retire by the way they entered, struggle through the waiting crowd, likely as not drop some caustic observations about "this disgraceful scramble for office" and then go their ways.

WHEN THE CROWD GATHERS.

The crowd begins to gather in the morning by 9:30 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock sharp the attack upon the President is begun. On Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the hours from 10 to 12 are devoted to the reception of Congressmen and the friends they may bring with them. From 12 to 1 private citizens who have business with the President are admitted. On cabinet days, Tuesdays and Fridays, the Congressmen have only one hour in which to present their claims and the general public does not get in at all.

Capt. Loeffler, who has been on duty at the White House ever since the close of the war, is the President's usher and announces all official callers, arranging their entry into the President's room so that there will not be too great a crowd around him at one time.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Having seen the President through the medium of the Congressman let's take a look at his right-hand man, Private Secretary Thurber. He occupies a room in the southeast corner of the mansion adjoining the President's office. Mr. Thurber is the President's breakwater to fend off the tidal waves of callers that would otherwise deluge him. There are usually from fifteen to thirty people seated in the lobby outside his door in the morning awaiting an interview. These are people who have or think they have business with the President, but cannot command the luxury of a congressional introduction.

Mr. Thurber is an active, wiry man, with a keen eye and a way of bringing people right to the point. Every one gets respectful audience and a decisive answer to their requests. They usually come to see the President, but Mr. Thurber generally succeeds in convincing them that they did not really want to see him after all. A great many office seekers come to Washington to plead their own cause, and they strike Mr. Thurber the first thing and leave their papers or are directed where to take them for filing.

After the day is over and the President and the private secretary have already done two days' work in handling the callers the President sits down to attend to the routine business which comes before him daily from the departments. This duty often occupies him until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and another day has almost fairly begun before Mr. Thurber turns into his room at the Arlington and the light is extinguished in the President's office.

The Negroes Are Going to Stay.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

I must be allowed to thank you for the editorial which appeared in your paper last Thursday in relation to the colonization of negroes. I know the men who have in hand this wild scheme. Col. John M. Brown is the county clerk of Shawnee county, Kan., and, though the principal encourager of this "exodus," could not himself be induced to go to Brazil and remain there. It is reported that in my town, Kansas City, Kan., "a large number of negroes have decided to leave for Brazil." The statement is entirely erroneous. I know every intelligent and anywhat prosperous colored family in Kansas City, Kan., and can truthfully say that there is not one that will dispose of his property to go to Brazil or any other country where a new climate, a new language and a new mode of living must be confronted. If all colonization movements have no more behind them than the one reported from Kansas City, Kan., and said to be headed by John M. Brown, future developments will prove that not 1,000 negroes will leave this country in the next 100 years. The negroes in this country are "to the manor born;" they are going to stay here and help to decide the white problem. Instead of asking, "What shall we do with the negro?" they are going to ask, "What shall we do with the white folks?" By and by the true sons of America will thank God that negroes are here to free them from the attacks of those who would destroy the government. Stop the anarchist and wild-eyed walking delegates from coming through Castle Garden and the country is safe. Prominent negroes who are sensible do not expect the Congress of the United States to appropriate money to send negroes, Germans, French or any other nationality out of this country. We know that no such a law could stand the test of a judicial inquiry. I am glad that you punctured the bag of nonsense. Congress will hardly make an appropriation to send voters out of the country, especially when they are to be substituted or replaced by the kind of mortals lately coming here. Every negro who rushes into print must not be regarded as speaking for the entire race. Very often he speaks only for himself and is ashamed of what he has said when he sees it in cold type. The negro deplores the fact that he is the object of special attention on the lines that injure and is seldom noticed on the lines that benefit. We would be glad if treated as are ordinary mortals. While enjoying the splendid distinction which the color of his skin and the condition of his hair gives him, still he desires no extra attention on account of it. The fault that all persons do not enjoy this distinction must not be laid at his door. Give the negro simple justice, this is all he asks. Take him along with the crowd, don't put him in front, don't put him behind, but treat him as a full-fledged citizen.

C. H. J. TAYLOR.

Larger Than an Ostrich.

From the London Daily News.

At the last meeting of the Ornithological Society in Berlin Dr. Reichenow communicated some particulars of the finding of remarkable remains of gigantic birds in Argentina double the height of the ostrich, which represent our living cassowaries and ostriches. In modern times many kinds of birds are becoming extremely rare, especially the dinorius races of New Zealand, which are beginning to die out. The lecturer presented a specimen of one of these birds, a very rare and costly apteryx hasselti, which inhabits the northern island of New Zealand, and, while resembling an ostrich, is very much larger. The government of New Zealand has determined to cut off some of the smaller islands from all civilization, in order, after destroying all the wild cats, pigs and other animals introduced there, to preserve as far as possible the native birds.

MONDAY'S ELECTIONS IN OHIO.

Great Interest in the Contests in Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, March 31, 1893.

The hopes of democratic editors in Ohio who are candidates for appointment under President Cleveland have been perceptibly revived since two of the three Ohio appointments so far made—the postmasters at Coshocton and Logan—placed newspaper editors in office. The effect is to put a stop to a murmur all over the state that arose upon the announcement that the President had severely criticised President Harrison for what he characterized as a palpable attempt to subsidize the press by the appointment of editors to office, and stated that it would be his policy not to appoint newspaper men. Every one here is now convinced that the report was untrue; but however it be, peace reigns once more among the democratic editors of Ohio.

The municipal elections in this state occur next Monday, April 3. Being kept apart in time from the state and county elections, which occur always in the fall, they are usually kept free from politics, and local issues and the character of the candidates largely determine the results. The nominations are made, however, by the regular parties and an attempt is made with more or less success to maintain party lines, so that politicians draw inferences as to the growth or loss of party power from these spring elections, especially in the large cities. Much interest centers in the elections in Cincinnati and Cleveland. In Cincinnati, a reliably republican city, a faction of that party, known as the Foraker element, has long controlled the nominations and has made the ticket this time. Against this the rest of the party has protested each year with increasing vigor. The *Commercial Gazette* has always been the Foraker organ. This is the principal raison d'etre of the Cincinnati *Tribune*, a new morning daily, which is not yet six months old.

Another fact will make the people of all Ohio look at the election returns from Cincinnati with unusual interest. Sam F. Hunt, who is a candidate there on the democratic ticket for re-election to the superior court bench, is being talked of more and more as a candidate for governor. Of course if he should give evidence in this race of great popularity—certainly if he should be elected in that republican city—it would be a great feather in his cap as candidate for the gubernatorial nomination.

There is one quality in Judge Hunt as a candidate for this nomination that has not been brought out by the state press. It is this: He was a classmate of Senator Brice at Miami College, and they are now colleagues on the board of trustees of that institution, and very close and intimate friends. Judge Hunt was a firm supporter of Mr. Brice when the latter was a candidate for the United States Senate and was opposed in his candidacy by many prominent democrats of the state. If Senator Brice really has a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination this year, as has been reported with apparent reliability, in the person of Walter B. Richie of Lima, nothing could be better calculated to induce him to retire Richie for this time than the "booming" of Judge Hunt. Senator Brice could not afford to oppose Judge Hunt, and really the nomination of Richie does not now seem to be a remote possibility, whether Judge Hunt is a candidate or not.

POLITICAL STATUS OF CLEVELAND.

Cuyahoga county—Cleveland—gave a democratic majority at last fall's election, which was a surprising thing to most politicians. Some democratic leaders profess to believe that this change is not a temporary matter, but a reliable indication of what may be expected from Cleveland in the future, it having been brought about by a large influx of democratic voters. Some of the republican leaders evidently fear there may be some truth in this, and will watch the municipal election for some indication of the real facts in the case. Cleveland is growing more rapidly than any other city in the state, and it is absolutely certain that the close of the century will see it ahead of Cincinnati in point of population and the metropolis of Ohio. The question whether the most populous city in the state shall be a republican or democratic city is a matter of no small concern to the party leaders.

WAGENHOLS EXTINGUISHED.

Gov. McKinley has issued from the Foster-Wagenhals trouble with flying colors. In Tuesday's papers Dr. Wagenhols published a card explaining why he had not brought a mandamus suit, as he threatened, to compel the governor to remove ex-Secretary Foster from the Toledo Insane Asylum board. In his card he embodied a statement from his attorneys, Merrick and Tompkins, in which they gave it as their opinion that there was no law under which the governor could be forced to act under the statute giving him power to remove trustees. The use of this power was entirely discretionary.

He closed his card with a remark to the effect that the people of Ohio would probably be "gratified to know that they have a governor without the moral courage to enforce the law."

A few minutes after this card appeared on the streets in the evening papers the governor sent ex-Secretary Foster's name to the senate for reappointment to the asylum board, his first term having expired. The appointment was not referred to a committee, but at once and by a unanimous vote confirmed; democrats and republicans uniting in thus rendering a distinguished honor to this distinguished son of Ohio. It was generally remarked upon as a crushing "or Dr. Wagenhols in his fight upon Mr. Foster, and over his shoulders upon Governor McKinley.

THE SANITARY LEAGUE.

Its Purposes and Plans—How One Can Become a Member.

The objects of the Sanitary League of the District of Columbia have already been set forth in THE STAR. The need for such an organization was demonstrated in the lecture recently delivered here by Dr. J. S. Billings. The general issues of the league are stated in a circular recently prepared by the league, as follows:

"The belief that many deaths and much sickness are annually caused in Washington, as in other cities, by conditions that might be remedied by intelligent effort, and that these conditions would become the source of great danger to human life in the event of the appearance of cholera or other epidemic, has led to the organization of the Sanitary League of the District of Columbia, of which you are urged to become a member. The aims of the league are to secure, by the voluntary co-operation of residents, such a sanitary surveillance of the city as is beyond the power of the municipal authorities with the means at present at their disposal; to make a thorough house-to-house inspection; to procure the removal of conditions that are dangerous or threaten to become so; to prevent, if possible, contaminations of the water supply; to effect such improvements as may be found desirable in the system of sewage disposal; to disseminate useful knowledge of sanitary matters and domestic hygiene among the residents of the city, and to accomplish whatever other good it can in the way of saving the people from the dangers ever threatening them by reason of the existence of unsanitary conditions."

The officers of the league are R. Ross Perry, president; Dr. J. S. Billings and Theodore W. Noyes, vice presidents; John Joy Edson, secretary, and E. Francis Riggs, treasurer. It is desired for obvious reasons to secure as many members as possible. At present no dues are required of members. All that is asked of them is an active interest in carrying out the plans of the organization and co-operation in the work of the various local committees.

If you desire to become a member of the league please fill out the accompanying coupon and send it to the secretary of the league, Mr. John Joy Edson, 1003 F street northwest:

Washington, D. C., _____ 1893.

You are hereby authorized to present my name for membership in the Sanitary League of the District of Columbia.

Name _____

Address _____

Insubordinate Policemen Dismissed.

A special session was held by the Camden police commissioners Thursday, and Policemen Ripley, Bond and Anderson were dismissed from the force. The discharged officers had been accused of insubordination.

Weary of Being a Helpless Invalid.

James F. Morsell, aged sixty-seven, who had been a helpless invalid for years, killed himself by shooting some time during Thursday night in the St. Denis Hotel, New York, where he had lived for years.

NEURALGIC headache promptly cured by Bromo Seltzer. Trial bottle 10c.

THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

The Facts Fully Verified—One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record—A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—Facsimile of the Check for $1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

TORONTO DAILY GLOBE, July 25.—This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefited fight shy of it, saying, "it was 'cure, cure,' so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvelous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a *Globe* reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with the dread disease, locomotor ataxy—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waist downwards without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and even knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of the United Empire Council, No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of $1,000 allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made, but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Councillor of the Royal Templars a check for $1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man reread the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but on April 14—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a $1,000 check, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water, and I went on getting better and stronger and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvelous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvelous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager, and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question, he said: "Oh yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well-known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care, who is unable to follow their usual avocation, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty, it is true; he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upward of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled—until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians was made and our Dominion Medical referee, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a check on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building, just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion Secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in all his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by numerous cures.

John A. Barr, a well-known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, after suffering from ataxy for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken the pills, and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient, who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

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 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 unfailing 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 complexions, 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, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. and Brockville, Ontario, 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.

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