

THE MIRACLE CITY.

A New Name Suggested for Hamilton.

Another Remarkable Case Which Would Indicate That the Name Would be Quite Appropriate.

Wm. Webster's Case.
The account of Mr. John Marshall's wonderful cure, after suffering for years with locomotor ataxia naturally brought to light several other cases of almost equally miraculous cures in this city. Among the many citizens who profited by Mr. Marshall's experience and who have been troubled for years with the same affliction was Mr. William Webster. For a long time he was the flour and feed business in the Market square, and for over ten years while in his office he was compelled to remain in a reclining position on a couch, covered with heavy buffalo robes winter and summer. It was with difficulty that he could make his way, even with the aid of crutches, to his residence, but a short distance from the store. He attributes his trouble to constant exposure at the open door of his store, carrying heavy bags of grain in and out, and when over-heated and perspiring sitting under an open cellar-way in order to cool off. About a year and a half ago he found it necessary to give up his business, owing to the fact that he was becoming utterly helpless from his terrible disease. In June last, on hearing of Mr. Marshall's case, he began to take that well-known remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and has been greatly benefited thereby.

Mr. Webster was seen by a *Times* reporter at his residence, MacNab street north, Saturday afternoon, and was not at all loath to speak of his case. "With the exception of this trouble with my legs," he said, "I have never been sick a day since I was 17 years old, and I am now 55. This locomotor ataxia is a terrible disease. For years my legs have seemed as though they belonged to somebody else. As I have lain asleep on a winter night, one leg has fallen out of the bed and when I would awaken with the cold I would have to feel around with my hand before I could tell which leg was out of the bed. If I were to try to place my foot on a spot on the carpet within easy reach I could no more do it than fly. The pain at times has been terrible. I have lain awake night after night, week after week, alternately grasping each foot in my agony as the sharp pains like knife stabs shot through various parts of my anatomy. When I was first attacked with pains in my feet some 12 years ago I tried several physicians, but could get no relief. Paralysis then set in and I immediately consulted a well-known specialist in Buffalo, and he told me that I was suffering from locomotor ataxia and could not get better. I came home again and on the advice of friends tried several hot springs, but with no effect, except, perhaps, to aggravate my complaint. I finally became discouraged, after two years' doctoring, and underwent an operation. I was placed under chloroform, a gas two inches and a half in depth made in the side of each leg near the hip, and the doctors put their fingers in the gash and stretched the sciatic nerves in the vain hope that such would give me relief. Since then, now over ten years ago, until June last, I took no medicine whatever, and, retiring from business, became so helpless that I could not walk a step without my crutches, and sometimes the pain was something awful. About June, however, I got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using the first box felt such a beneficial effect from them that I continued to use them ever since with the result that the terrible pains I used to suffer from have vanished, and with the exception of a gentle little dart at rare intervals, I might never know I had ever suffered with them. Since using the pills I get to sleep early and sleep soundly and peacefully as a baby all night through. I can also walk a dozen steps or so without my crutches." And to illustrate, the old gentleman got up and walked across the room and back again to his seat alongside the reporter. "Now I couldn't do that at all before last June," continued he, "and the pills are certainly the pleasantest medicine to take, that I ever tried. I would advise any one who is troubled with an affliction any way similar to mine, or who is suffering from any nervous disease, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

They Sell Rapidly.
Mr. A. J. Barr, the well-known Hamilton druggist, says that the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing. Last winter he purchased one dozen boxes. This was his first order. Since then he has sold 2,880 boxes of the pills, and every day the demand is increasing. He sells at least two dozen boxes per day. The same story comes from other druggists in Hamilton.

The other day Mrs. Martin, of Ferguson avenue, Hamilton, Ont., called at Mr. John A. Barr's drug establishment in the city and asked for a box of Pink Pills. She had a little girl with her in a perambulator, and while the mother was in the store the child climbed out over the side of the carriage. The mother laughed over the incident and remarked: "If it were not for Pink Pills my baby would never have been able to do that." To those in the drug store Mrs. Martin narrated the wonderful cure which had been effected by Pink Pills in the case of her infant. When about a year old the baby became paralyzed, and the anxious parents consulted the best doctors in the city, but their treatment was of no avail. The little one was not able to move hand or foot, and for a time the case was considered a hopeless one. Seeing an advertisement in the Hamilton *Times* of the wonderful cure being effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Martin procured a box and before the youngster had taken all it contained, a marked improvement in her condition was noticed. The paralysis disappeared, and the little one's appetite returned. The parents' hearts were delighted with the result. It was while buying the second box that the child scrambled out of the carriage on to the sidewalk. The mother told Mr. Barr that the paralysis had resulted from teething. A representative of the *Times* who investigated the case discovered that the little girl is now walking around in the best of health.

No girl in Norway is allowed to have a bun until she can bake bread.

TOMATOES IN ENGLAND.

The Enormous Quantity Consumed by the People.

Last year (1890) 800 tons of tomatoes of the value of £40,000 were shipped from the Channel Islands to various ports in the kingdom. Of this quantity, by far the largest part went to London, though Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull and Newcastle also received considerable consignments. The natives of the Channel Islands have found the tomato a splendid source of wealth, of which they have not been slow to take advantage. They give the greatest care to the production of the fruit, selecting the varieties they grow with much thought and after many trials. Their climate is congenial to the tomato; but they have some heavy drawbacks to contend against. All their produce must be shipped off by steamers, and consequently it requires to be more carefully packed than in the case of consignments forwarded by rail. But they have surmounted this difficulty, and succeed in packing tomatoes, grapes and other soft fruits so that they arrive at their destination in almost perfect condition. Their mode of packing tomatoes, though effective is very simple. They use light yet strong wicker baskets which hold from 20 to 30 pounds each. The bottoms, sides and ends of these baskets are covered with large sheets of paper, and the fruits are put carefully in until the baskets are nearly full to the rim. One or two sheets of strong paper are then placed over the top and laced firmly with twine, and the basket is ready for shipment.

The Azores and Canary Islands also send large lots to London. From the north of France also come considerable quantities, which are nicely packed with fancy-colored paper shavings. This manner of packing helps to attract buyers to the lots and enhance their value. For one or two seasons quantities have come from the United States, where the tomato is more extensively grown than in any other country in the world. The distance however, is against this trade, as the fruit is of a very perishable nature. — *Chambers' Journal*.

Romanian's Pretty Custom.

A pretty custom, similar to that observed in England, Scotland and the United States on St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February, is in vogue in Roumania on the 1st of March, says *Youth's Companion*. This is the day indicated in the State and Church calendar as the official date for the beginning of spring. The masculine portion of the population is not favored, as with valentines in this country, but the daughter, friend, sweetheart or bride may be quite sure of receiving her token of affectionate remembrance on that day. These little gifts are called martsiroies and are made of bronze, silver or some cheaper material, in the shape of hearts, stars and medallions. These little amulets bear the date March 1, accompanied by that of the year, and any motto or inscription which may occur to the giver as appropriate. The recipient of the martsiroie wears it, held by a small chain, on her arm, or hung around her neck, until in her walks abroad she sees a rose in bloom or hears the song of the nightingale. Then she takes it off and hangs it on the green bush to which she comes, as an offering to Mother Nature, for whom Romanians have a great love. Whether these little medallions are allowed to hang on the bushes and swing in the breezes all summer, or whether after a certain time they are stealthily gathered by a martsiroie collector, to be melted for another season's use, is not stated by the great German paper which tells of this pretty, if rather sentimental custom. — *Washington Herald*.

Ontario Prison Commission.

Boston Sunday Herald: From these few points, taken almost at random out of the commission's report, it will be seen that our Canadian neighbor has started out in an earnest effort to solve the great problem of the day, and to solve it on the basis of the best thought of its most persistent students. It would be easy to say with some scientific men that the reform of criminals is impossible, because nature has foreordained them to crime by their imperfect moral endowment. But Gen. Booth, in his "Darkest England"—and in other records indorsed by high authority in England, of the Salvation Army's work—proves that kindness and religion have achieved a wonderful influence upon persons who may fairly have been regarded as hopelessly depraved. It has often succeeded in making of these proselytes most efficient aids in ameliorating the condition of their class. To accomplish anything in philanthropy we must certainly be hopeful, and to try to eradicate all the evils of the world seems not more chimerical than the idea of Dr. R. M. Bucke, medical superintendent of the Ontario Insane Asylum, whose plan to restrict crime is by "preventing criminals from perpetuating their degraded race."

Newspaper Mistakes.

How thankful we ought to be (writes a *Jaded Journalist* to the *St. James's Gazette*) for the competitive news-providers. Last night all Fleet street was excited by a cablegram that one of the greatest "liners" (named) belonging to one of the greatest steamship companies (named) had been wrecked at a certain point (named) off the Newfoundland coast. In a few moments we had out all our books of reference, our gazetteers and maps and charts; and were hunting up the history of the lost vessel and recording the previous disasters of the company. No sooner had we knocked together a couple of readable columns than we were greeted by later intelligence. The vessel lost is not the City of— It was a cattle-boat. This was a relief to our feelings, though it meant the loss of our labours. In another hour we got the latest news—"No vessel lost. The whole story has been traced to an insane seaman." And yet our readers wonder and complain that sometimes the newspapers publish statements which turn out not to be authentic.

Queen Amelie, of Portugal, is a tall and stately young woman, with more of the queen in her bearing than many royal ladies possess. She is 26 years old and a daughter of the Comte de Paris.

A doctor's prescription to women as conducive to health—and that means good looks—is simple and easy to follow: "Sleep eight hours out of the 24, eat three meals a day and walk on the sunny side of the way."

HE WASN'T GREEN!

A Farmer's Alliance Advocate in a Newark Hotel.

He was a Farmers' Alliance advocate right out of the first furrow from the fence corner, and it showed on him badly, but he did not think so at all. He came to the hotel late in the evening and had retired to his room at once, says the *Newark Standard*. Half an hour later his bell rang and a boy answered it, and he called for the clerk. When that accommodating necessity of hotel life appeared the guest inquired with great composure of manner:

"What kind of a hotel do you call this, anyhow?"

"We call it a good one, sir," answered the clerk, showing off a bit.

"Why not? What's the matter with it?"

"I'll show you in a minute. Look there," pointing to the hand grenades in the rack on the wall. "Why ain't there a corkscrew with them bottles? Do you s'pose a gentleman opens a bottle with his pen-knife or a nail when he wants a drink?"

"You're quite right," assented the clerk, meekly. "It was an oversight, and I'll go right down and send one up. I hope you'll excuse us for putting you to so much trouble."

"That's all right, young man," he said patronizingly, as the clerk started to go out; "us people from the country may be green about some things, but we do know just a little about how a hotel ought to be run. By the way," he went on as the clerk was trying to get away, "I guess you'd better send up a pair of snuffers for this gas too. I notice you've got a sign up not to blow it out, and I ain't been able to find a pair of snuffers high or low."

Then the clerk, promising many things, went downstairs, sent up the corkscrew and the snuffers and left the office in charge of a large, muscular night watchman with maps and diagrams of the situation up to No. 13.

FROM HIM THAT HATH, ETC.

The Parable Strikingly Illustrated in a Modern Sunday School.

The Sunday school needed money, and Mr. Smith, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half a dollar; at the end of the month the principal, together with what it had earned, was to be returned to him.

The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smith had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss accounts, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?"

"My half dollar has earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good," said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a month requires no common talent. One can tell but what we have a budding Wanamaker among us, Johnnie, you have done well. And now, Thomas, how much has your half dollar earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What! Not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost?" said Mr. Smith.

"How was that?"

"I matched with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won." — *Life*.

Royal Incomes in England.

"The amount of the Queen's civil list (£385,000)," says Labouchere, editor of the *London Truth*, in the October "Forum," in no way represents the cost of royalty. The maintenance of palaces is a most costly item, for it includes not only the palaces inhabited by the sovereign, but a vast number of houses in which she lodges her relatives and friends. One of these houses has actually been given to the Duc de Nemours, a son of Louis Philippe, and one of the wealthiest of the Orleans family. Besides this, there is the building and keeping in repair of royal yachts, and various other such costly items. Incomes, too, are voted to the sons and daughters of the sovereign and to other of her relatives. In addition to the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, amounting to about £60,000 per annum, an income of £50,000 per annum has been voted to the Prince of Wales, and of £10,000 per annum to the Princess of Wales. The younger sons of the Queen have been voted incomes of £25,000 per annum, a portion of which devolves upon their wives if they survive them. The daughters of Her Majesty have each an income of £8,000 per annum, and in addition to this the Empress Frederick of Germany received a sum of £100,000 on her marriage. The Duke of Cambridge, as a cousin of the Queen, has £12,000 per annum, and his sisters have severally an income of £5,000 and £3,000 per annum."

The Prince of Wales' Debts.

"The exact financial position of the Prince of Wales," says Labouchere, editor of the *London Truth*, in an article on "English Royalty," which he contributes to the October *Forum*, "is not known. There have been rumors that he is greatly in debt; but I question their correctness. When the Prince came of age he became possessed of the accumulations realized during his minority from the Duchy of Cornwall. A portion of them was expended in the purchase of the Sandringham estate, and the remainder became his. With this nest-egg, with an income of £110,000 per annum, one of £10,000 for his wife, a separate provision for his children, and with Marlborough House kept up for him at the public cost, there seems to be no reason why his expenditures should outrun his means. His hospitalities are not greater than those of the French President, who, with less than half his income, does not get into debt."

Young Osbourne—Miss Tomax has a great mind. Van Jay—She has, indeed; and she is very liberal with it. She is always giving somebody a piece of it.

During a visit to Stratford-on-Avon this summer, William Winter, the New York dramatic critic, discovered a jug and cane which belonged originally to Shakespeare. They belong to one of the dramatist's descendants, a Mrs. Fletcher, of Gloucester, who has documents establishing their authenticity.

MEET AN OPTIMIST.

A Farmer who Looked at the Bright Side of Life.

"Isn't it odd," asked Spats, "that one never meets an optimistic farmer?"

"I met one while I was spending a few weeks in the western part of New York last summer," replied Bloumbumper.

"Oh, come now! You surely don't expect that to be believed?"

"Indeed I do. I stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water. A man sat on the porch who seemed communicative and I got into conversation with him. 'Crops are very good this year,' I remarked.

"Yes," he said, "we have a fine yield of everything."

"But I suppose," I added, "as is usually the case when everybody has lots of grain and other products to sell, the price is so low that it almost discourages farmers from trying to raise much more than they need themselves." "Well, it might discourage some," said he, but he found that he could always sell whatever he could raise at prices which amply repaid him.

"There is a great apple yield this year," I ventured. "Yes, immense." But, with everybody gathering full crops of apples, you surely cannot get enough for them to pay for the picking." Perhaps not from the apples themselves, replied the farmer, "but we can get excellent prices for the cider we can make."

"It was that way everything I suggested. He put the best side on every possible contingency, and seemed to be quite contented. As I left the place I remarked to a man who was approaching, 'I don't think I ever met a man who took a brighter view of things than the old gentleman on the porch.'" "Ah," replied the newcomer, as he shook his head, "that's old Mr. Bowers. He was discharged from the insane asylum two or three months ago as cured, but I guess he will have to go back." — *Greenburg Sparks*.

ONE GOOD HUSBAND.

Theodore Parker's Ten Rules of Marital Conduct.

When Theodore Parker was married he entered in his journal, on his wedding day, the following resolutions:

First—Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will.
Second—To discharge all duties for her sake freely.
Third—Never to scold.
Fourth—Never to look cross at her.
Fifth—Never to worry her with commands.
Sixth—To promote her piety.
Seventh—To bear her burdens.
Eighth—To overlook her foibles.
Ninth—To save, cherish and forever defend her.
Tenth—To remember her always in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed. — *Household*.

Cooked Kidneys.

Chose five large kidneys, skin them, and cut each the round way into thin slices; each kidney should yield from 10 to 12 slices. Have ready a tablespoonful of flour highly seasoned with pepper and salt, and well-mixed together; dip each piece of kidney in it. Cut some neat thin squares of streaked bacon, fry them very slowly in a little butter; when done, put them on the dish for serving, and keep hot while you saute the kidneys, which put into the fat the bacon was cooked in. In about a minute the gravy will begin to rise on the upper side, then turn the kidneys, and let them finish slowly; when they are done, as they will be in three to four minutes, the gravy will again begin to rise on the side which is uppermost. Put kidneys on the dish with the bacon, and pour over them a spoonful or two of plain beef gravy, or water thickened with a little flour, boiled and mixed with the fat and gravy from the kidneys in the frying-pan. If there is too much fat in the pan, pour it away before boiling the kidneys. Serve the kidney on a hot-water dish.

How to Hang a Picture.

Never put a sombre-colored picture in the shade. Put it where the light will fall upon it, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Between two windows place pictures with light backgrounds that will stand out the more prominent by reason of their dark surroundings. Hang the big pictures first, in suitable positions, and group with smaller ones in two rows in between. Be careful that the pictures do not conflict in color. Use your own taste in this. It is impossible to give any brief rule on the subject: Hang the pictures on a level with the eyes, unless they be, as some are, pictures which should be looked up to. Place small pictures in corners and alcoves. Over doors place large and unimportant canvases, anything that looks well. Water-colors may be hung on the same wall with oils when framed in white. White margins on etchings and engravings don't go well with oils. The main light should be on the picture.

Colors of Funnels.

The funnels of different steamships are characteristically painted to enable people of modest nautical knowledge to distinguish them. A Canadian has brilliant red funnels, with broad black bands around the top. The Havre line is the same, but has two narrow black bands in addition. North German Lloyd vessels have stacks of a lovely unbacked biscuit ware tint, very daintily and summarily to look at, and the distinguishing mark of the White Star line in yellow with a black band. The Guion and Inman lines both have black funnels, the former banded with red and the latter with white. A very few minutes will familiarize any one with these differences and add a special interest to the passing vessel met on an ocean voyage or viewed from a bathing beach.

Shoe Sizes.

A third of an inch gives us a full size in length of shoe; a sixth furnishes the intermediate point between two sizes, the saving of which is desirable, if practicable; a small fraction of breadth goes a good way in securing comfort, and in girth of ball or instep an infinitesimal part of an inch is sometimes an all of freedom; a quarter of an inch is a good deal of letting-down or elevating at the heel, and the difference of a sixteenth is readily perceptible at the sole. For these reasons, sudden and extreme changes in size or weight of shoes are injudicious. — *Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

In the United Kingdom 70,000 girls are employed in public houses and bars.

UNEXPLORED CANADA.

A Vastly Greater Area Still Unexplored.

In a paper recently read before the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, by Dr. G. Dawson, it was stated that the unexplored and unoccupied regions of Canada present an aggregate area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles. A great many of the districts included, however, lie to the north of profitable agriculture, which Dr. Dawson defines as the isothermal line, 60 deg. Fahrenheit in the month of July. The following are the tracts which await the explorer: The country between Alaska, the Porcupine River and the Arctic Ocean, 9,500 square miles; between the Lewis and Yukon Rivers and Alaska, 32,000 square miles; between the above rivers, the Stikkeen and the coast ranges, 27,000 square miles; the territory between the Polly and Mackenzie Rivers, 100,000 square miles; between the Great Bear Lake and the Arctic Ocean, 50,000 square miles; between the Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes and the Mackenzie River, 35,000 square miles; a tract of 81,000 square miles, bounded by the Rivers Stikkeen and Laird on the north, and the Skena and Peace on the south; 75,000 square miles between the Peace, Athabasca and Loon Rivers; 35,000 square miles to the south of Athabasca Lake; an area of 7,500 square miles between Bathurst Inlet and the Coppermine River; and a territory of 31,000 square miles between Black River and the Arctic Ocean. There is also a vast region made up as follows: An area of 178,000 square miles between the lakes already mentioned and the western shore of Hudson Bay; an extent of 32,000 square miles between Hudson Bay and the Rivers Severn and Attawapiskat; an area of 15,000 square miles between Lakes Trout and Seal and Albany River; and about 35,000 square miles south and east of James' Bay. Finally, almost the whole of the interior of Labrador, estimated at 289,000 square miles, is unexplored country.

Happy Thoughts from Helme.

Poverty sits by the cradle of great men and rocks them up to manhood, and is their faithful companion through life.

The modesty of a woman is a protection to her virtue, more secure than all the robes in the world, however little they may be cut down at the neck. — *Leland's Helme*.

Women have 30,000 different modes of rendering us miserable to only one way to make us happy.

Only through some manifestation of passion can men gain fame on earth.

Generous nature never entirely disinherits any of her creations.

It is an error to suppose that when woman deceives us they have also ceased to love us.

Women and the Ballot.

Rochester Herald: What can equal the absurdity of confining the privilege of the ballot exclusively to the male sex? The argument is wholly, totally against it and only usage and prejudice continue the practice. But women themselves are to blame if they do not get the ballot. The time was when men would not have granted it. That time is over. As soon as a general movement is started among women in favor of demanding what is as clearly their right as it is the right of men they will get the ballot. The enlightened portion of the male sex recognizes the folly of disfranchising women and is prepared to remove the disability as soon as women shall generally agree in asking for the ballot.

Go West, Young Man and Marry.

Milwaukee Sentinel: In Buchanan, Mich., the presence of a matrimonial expert has been made public. Twenty years ago Miss Mary Mitchell married Mr. Sweeringer, was divorced, married Mr. Thompson, was divorced again, and has just remarried her first husband, Mr. Sweeringer. She has been divorced three times and married five times, and is still only 36 years old.

Saltine Canadian Thistles.

A farmer who tried for ten years to exterminate the Canada thistles on his farm by cutting them with a scythe in August found that they increased steadily all the time. He then concluded to try salting stock on them, especially sheep. In one patch of half an acre, where the thistles were very thick, he sowed the salt thinly; on others dropped a pinch, beginning as soon in May as the plants appeared. They were eaten readily, the sheep gnawing into the ground. As fast as fresh shoots sprang up they were salted, and so on through the summer. In one year enough could not be found in 100 acres to salt the sheep on.

Dr. Richardson Says:

"In the presence of alcohol there can be no true nervous action. There may be a certain wild pleasure in the first stage, but there can be nothing more, and I suppose the most bigoted alcoholic would not assume that it was ever good to pass beyond the first stage. Many would like to go through the first stage but no further, but that is an impossibility, because to excite the heart day by day and hour by hour is to bring on that automatic action which leads finally to the destruction of nervous balance."

It is rumored in London that the Duke of Connaught will succeed Sir Frederick Roberts as commander-in-chief of the army of India.

Chili has an area of 217,000 square miles, being almost a fifth smaller than Texas, and a population of about 3,000,000, or half that of the State of New York. Valparaiso, its chief port, is about the size of Syracuse, and Santiago, the capital, has about the same number of people as Rochester. Her regular army numbers nearly 6,000 officers and men, with a militia force of 50,000. She has two iron-clads, a monitor, eight torpedo boats and a couple of corvettes left.

President Harrison has received a unique present from S. Elwood May, of New York. It is an elephant's forefoot, beautifully dressed and mounted in ebony. The interior is hollowed out and lined with perfumed native woods and filled with the choicest native tea. The foot is from the Island of Ceylon and is intended to represent native industries.

It is not the man who thumps the bar the hardest that has the most money to pay the rick.