

AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

A Helpless Cripple For Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of his Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case.

Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told."

When the Empire representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age."

of tonics. In the fall of 1880 and spring of 1880 I again suffered severe attacks, and at last my medical attendants, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20th, 1880, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition.

able one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and tired feeling, disease depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover.

In order to still further verify the statement made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

MEET IN FAIRBURY.

Nebraska State Sunday School Association Meet Next June.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of The Nebraska State Sunday School association to be held in the beautiful picturesque city of Fairbury on the line to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and the St. Joseph & Grand Island roads, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday June, 6, 7, and 8, 1893.

TUESDAY P. M. JUNE 6. 2:30, Assembly of delegates greeting. 3:00, Song service, praise, prayer. 4:00, President's address, informal conference. Evening—7:30, Song service. 7:45, Welcome address. 8:00, Response. 8:15, Address—Wm. Reynolds. Closing remarks, Announcements. WEDNESDAY A. M. 6:00, Early prayer meeting, one hour. 8:30, Conference of workers. 9:00, What has our convention done for Nebraska. 9:30, Reports from counties. 10:30, Reports of committees.

11:00, Normal class work. WEDNESDAY, P. M. 2:00, Song service. 2:30, Primary class work. 3:30, Temperance in the Sunday school. 4:00, Address—Wm. Reynolds. 5:00, Question drawer. WEDNESDAY EVENING. 7:30, Praise service. 8:15, The book we study. 8:45, The teacher's work—Wm. Reynolds.

THURSDAY A. M. 6:00, Early prayer and praise service. 8:30, Conference reports, election of officers and plans for the coming year. 10:30, New schools where needed. 10:45, Hand to hand work in our country districts. 11:00, Work before us. THURSDAY P. M. 2:00, Praise service. 2:30, Souls won. 3:00, Souls nurtured. 3:15, Discussion on the above. 4:00, Prayer service. THURSDAY EVENING. 8:00, Song service. 8:00, Address—Wm. Reynolds. Conference and closing remarks.

Thirteen speakers of state and national reputation are already secured for the meeting. Their names will appear later when the complete program is printed and sent out. E. A. RUSSELL, Chairman Board Trustees. Ord. Jan. 31, 1893. A Great Seed Establishment. We received a Seed Catalogue for 1893, published by E. B. Mill, seedman, Rose Hill, N. Y.

With every order amounting to \$1.00 or more he allows the customer to select 50 cents' worth in package free, their own choice, thus you see everyone gets \$1.50 for their \$1.00. Among the many premiums offered for cabbage, onions, potatoes and pansies, we might mention the early tomatoes, \$50 is offered to any person growing a ripe one in 75 days or less from day seed is sown, also \$400 to person growing a ripe tomato in least number of days from date seed is sown, \$125 for next and \$75 for next.

He offers one of the finest lines of vegetable and flower seeds that can be found, and prices are very reasonable. He offers \$1,500 to club raisers for largest club order and largest number of customers secured by any one person. Last year he paid Mrs. T. B. Young Rock City, Ill., \$500 for the largest order. His catalogue is very interesting and no one who plants seeds can afford to be without it.

His seeds are becoming known everywhere for their excellent quality and Mr. Mills guarantees to please all his customers. After looking this catalogue through we would advise our readers to write for one at once, for it is free to any one applying, and try some of his seeds this spring. BATH ROOMS IN WHITE. Some of the prettiest bath rooms are fitted out in pure white, with no touch of color except the pale blue and white tiles which cover the side walls above the high colonial wainscoting of white enamel.

The patient who is troubled with excess of wax in the ears, accompanied with pain, should wash often and deeply. The pain will soon disappear. In cases of nasal catarrh, inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache, Dr. Naegeli orders the patient as often as possible during each day to yawn from six to seven times successively, and afterward to swallow. The result will be surprising, but it can easily be understood upon the theory that yawning is nature's message for certain organs.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"The trouble about America," remarked Duffkins, "is that it lacks aristocracy. There is no privileged class here." "No privileged class?" exclaimed Chumper. "Did you ever live in a Harlem flat with an imported janitor? You wouldn't bewail the absence of aristocracy if you had."—New York Herald.

The heads of persons beheaded for state offenses were formerly exposed to view on long poles upon London bridge. The last head exhibited was that of Venner, the fifth monarchy zealot, beheaded in the reign of Charles II. M. Charpentier de Cossigny, of Paris, a retired general of division of artillery, escaped all the dangers of battle only to be killed by a fall down stairs in his own residence. The rubber tree of Brazil (Siphonia elastica, a near relative of the Ficus elastica of the East Indies and the Ureola elastica of Asia) is really a giant species of milkweed. Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.—Napoleon.

Lessman, the humorous writer, like Burton, put an end to himself in a fit of melancholy. Married at the Head of a Coffin. Mourners who gathered at a funeral in Elmhurst saw a remarkable sight. In the coffin in the parlor lay the body of Mrs. Lucy D. Clay. Friends and relatives were seated about. The Rev. T. J. Collins, of Serrano, was there to preach the funeral sermon. Just before the time set for the services to begin A. B. Clay, a son of the dead woman, walked into the room leading Mrs. Lillian Snyder. These two were lovers, and they there requested the Rev. Collins to marry them. When young Clay produced the required certificate the preacher consented to perform the ceremony. The bride and groom took their places near the head of the coffin and, with the mourners for witnesses, they were pronounced husband and wife. Then the funeral services went on.—Cor Philadelphia Record.

AN OLD FASHIONED LOVE SONG

Tell me what within her eyes Makes the forgotten spring arise, And all the day, if kind she looks, Flow to a tune like tinkling music: Tell me why, if but her voice Falls on men's ears, their souls rejoice. Tell me why, if only she Beak come into the room again, All spirits straight enkindled are, As if a sun had lit up star.

Tell me why the foolish wind Is to her tresses ever tied, And only blows them in such wise As leads her beauty some surprise: Tell me why no changing year Can dim her from spring, if she appear: Tell me why to see her face Equals in all folk else a grace: That makes them fair, as love of her Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go Alone across the fields of snow, All fancies of the spring-time old Within a lover's breast grow bold: Tell me why, when he sees her, Within his stress an April breeze: And all that in his secret heart Most secretly was set apart, And most was hidden, then awakes, At the sweet joy her coming makes. Tell me what is writ above, And I will tell you why I love. —New York Tribune.

Housekeeping Clubs.

Mrs. Wilkinson, president of the Columbian Association of Housekeepers, says that it is easier to start Dante class or a Browning class to study no-dieval art, or even Sanscrit, among women than to establish housekeepers' clubs in any city. Possibly the reason may be that the housekeepers have too much business on hand at home to spend their time at clubs. You can take your Rossetti under your arm and traipse off to a club to talk it all over with a lot of other women, but you can't very well take your salad for luncheon or your parlor dusting with you. Discussions won't do the morning marketing, and dinners are obstinate problems which every woman must figure out for herself, according to the particular taste of the man who eats them.—New York Sun.

A Human Frog.

Inspector New, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is reported to have made a remarkable discovery at West Hartlepool. While investigating a case of alleged child desertion, he met with a youth apparently about eighteen years of age, who had the appearance of a large frog. He was entirely naked, and was hopping about the stone floor of his father's house with the movements of a frog. The inspector left the house to communicate the matter and take action if necessary, but on returning found that the human frog had been sold for a sovereign to a person who intended to exhibit him.—Central (England) News.

The Fox and the Grapes.

A writer, who is much talked about, has a burning desire to obtain a seat in the French academy, though he professes to be very nice in his preferences. Talking to an immortal on the Pont des Arts the other day he said: "I should have no objection to putting myself forward as a candidate, only the costume of an academician does not suit me—green is not a very lucky color." "It is the green of the grapes in the fable, my good friend!" archly replied the immortal.—Intransigent Illustrate.

Yawning Causes Pain.

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Sarah Bernhardt Is Disturbed.

Sarah Bernhardt is in a great state of mind just at present. Her reckless son, Maurice, has squandered all of his own fortune and not a little of hers at buccarut, and as his independent little wife refuses to support him any longer they have quarreled and separated. Their business has not been exactly successful of late with the actress. Several of her ventures have not been rich in results. Finally they have burlesqued her Cleopatra, and represent the divine as mildly dancing and singing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," and Sarah doesn't like it a bit. One can fancy the choice but untranslatable variety of French profanity with which the great tragedienne discusses this succession of misfortunes.—Exchange.

About the Spelling of Words.

The Springfield Republican has adopted the disagreeable trick of spelling certain familiar words ending in "que" without their full complement of letters. In reviewing a new book a few days ago it says, for instance, "The author excels in bright and amusing dialog," etc. It always fatigues us to see such vulgar liberties taken with our native tongue, and we think it as much of a crime for a literary man to cut off the end of a word as for a roger to cut off the end of a pig's tail, for instance. Form is to all printed language what brog is to the speech of the Irishman, and a plag, we say, be on the man who would deprive either of its natural charms.—Charleston News and Courier.

Dentistry and Diplomacy.

We notice that the United States legation is doing duty as a dentist's office and consular general's court. This no doubt is another good stroke of business which kills two birds with one stone. But what if the White House were let out in part to a publican? The American legation is national property and ought not to be converted into drug stores or dentist's offices. A sense of the fitness of things or the dignity of the flag is evidently unknown at the American legation.—Siam Free Press.

Had Sympathy for the Court.

Charles Townes, who was found guilty of grand larceny in the county court at Canandaigua, is a rather original chap. When he was called on for sentence he made an eloquent plea for mercy and sympathized with the court "for having to sentence an innocent man."—Utica Observer.

Machines Cannot Think.

A dozen devices have been patented for puddling iron, but only one or two have met with even partial success, for the reason that puddling requires intellect as well as power, and no machine has yet been invented that can think as well as work. If the stirring process is discontinued a moment too soon, or continued a moment too long, an inferior quality of iron is the result, and so, until a machine has been devised that will exactly determine for itself when the iron is ready for removal, human brains and muscles must still be employed.—Exchange.

As to Scotch Jokes.

In Scotland there would still appear to be some ground for Sydney Smith's taunt that the Scotchman is wanting in appreciation of humor. The editor of a certain religious journal announced to his readers the other day that as the paper "has been received with so much favor and has so considerable a circulation it will in future be published once a month instead of once a week." It is possible, of course, that the editor may be a wag.—Exchange.

Intelligent Readers will notice that **Tutt's Pills** are not "overrated to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz: Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc. For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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