

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT HOBART.

THE PATIENT SENT OVER TO SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

ADVICE to had convey the news of a terrible accident having befallen a well-known and highly-esteemed resident of Hobart. The unfortunate sufferer was, as the result of her mishap, been afflicted with locomotor ataxia, an affliction that has in the past baffled the skill of the ablest physicians, and been pronounced by them as incurable. Mrs Nellie Denver, who now resides at Countess Cottage, Double Bay (Sydney), was kind enough to grant an interview to our reporter, who called to investigate her case, and narrated her experience as follows:—

'About six years ago, when residing in Hobart, Tasmania, I had the misfortune to meet with a serious accident, which I subsequently discovered had seriously injured my spine, although, strange to say, I felt no ill effects for about two years after. I then commenced to suffer from great weakness and dizziness and an intolerable feeling of exhaustion. I did not seek medical attendance at first, but when I at last became aware of the serious condition I was persuaded by my friends to go to the Sydney Hospital, where I remained two months without receiving any permanent benefit. On leaving the hospital I again rather neglected my state of health, and on applying for re-admission was informed that my case was perfectly hopeless. I obtained admission to the Newington Asylum, where I remained seven months; yet still I got no better, being unable to swallow any nourishing food. I then took two courses of electric baths, for which I paid six guineas, and with the exception of some alleviation of my suffering I cannot say that they did me much good; in fact I could not even walk, so I imagined that there was no cure in store for me. One day, on reading the daily paper, I noticed an account of a marvelous recovery effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and considering that this case (the one of Boiler-maker Jarvis, suffering from locomotor ataxia), closely resembled mine, I determined to make a trial of them. I experienced relief after the first box, and have steadily improved ever since; my appetite returned, and I ceased to suffer from that terrible feeling of nervousness. I am now in my seventh box, and can confidently assert that I am most decidedly improved in health. My friends also noticed a marked improvement in my condition, and this I entirely attribute to the health-giving properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; in fact, it must be solely due to them, for I have tried no other remedy. The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are at perfect liberty to make whatever use they may think fit of this statement, for I feel deeply grateful for the benefit I have derived from them.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork or excesses. They are sold by all chemists and storekeepers generally, or the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., will forward on receipt of stamps or P.O. order, one box for 3s, or half-a-dozen for 15s 0d, postage paid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are only genuine when put up in round wood boxes about the size of a shilling, with name in full. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on the wrapper. They are never sold in bulk or by the hundred.

SOULS' UNION.

'As I looked up I felt comforted to think that the same sky and stars looked on us both.'

UNDER the selfsame sky, dear love,
Up to the starry dome
You gaze, and so do I, sweetheart,
Though far apart we roam.

Your thoughts take fancy's flight, dear love,
And hither southward fly;
The spangled face of night, sweetheart,
I watch of your north sky.

The common ground of thought, dear love,
To which both spirits soar,
The space apart is nought, sweetheart,
Our gaze can not leap o'er.

Under that velvet night, dear love,
We feel and understand
That in those points of light, sweetheart,
Our souls join hand in hand.

Thine very stars I know, dear love,
To which you turn your eyes,
From yours reflect their glow, sweetheart,
To mine which watch your skies.

And thus our thoughts unite, dear love,
In that pure vault above,
With diamonds richly dight, sweetheart,
That speak our mutual love.

And there in close embrace, dear love,
Our souls shall nightly meet,
And in that spangled space, sweetheart,
Hold silent converse sweet.

Y. KING.

NOT EVEN IF IT COST TWENTY SHILLINGS.

A NOTABLE percentage—about one-third, I think—of the power of a steam engine is used up in overcoming the friction of its own parts. Hence inventors are constantly seeking to reduce the friction. Yet they can never overcome it; and the resistance created by it represents power (and hence expense also) absolutely lost.

Now the human body is a machine propelled by heat, exactly as an engine is; and anything that retards it may be considered as friction. Very good, then.

You have noticed great differences in your own vigour. Some days you work easily, and on others with difficulty. This is so whether you are chiefly a muscle-worker or a brain-worker; or a mixture of both—as most people are. Occasionally you are able to do more work in a day than at other times you can do in three. It is the odds between walking on smooth, hard level ground and dragging yourself uphill through wet clay. What wouldn't lawyers, authors, clergymen, and all other brain-workers give for something having the power to keep their minds clear and strong? Or body-workers for something that would prevent aching, weakness, and aches? Do I know what will do it? No, don't. If I did I could retail the secret for more money than I should care to have in the bank of England. But I do know one thing, and will tell it you in a minute—or no time.

First, however, we will talk of Mr J. B. Goss and the friction he tried so long to overcome. Mr Goss is a large farmer living at Stradsett, near Downham Market, Norfolk, and is well known in his district. When the farmers meet on market days he often speaks of his experience and how he came out of it.

In order to cover it all he has to go back fifteen years—to about 1878. At that time he began to feel the signs of some disease which he could neither account for nor understand. At first he merely realised that he was out of condition. His work became less and less a pleasure and more and more a task. From his business his thoughts turned upon himself, and no man can work well in that form. Then he and his victuals began to disagree, which is a state of things to make a man ask what can the reason be?

He had a well-provided table, of course; and you'd often sat down to his meals and wouldn't touch a morsel. Mr Goss knew that this would never do. If a man expects to live, he must eat. There are no two ways about that. So he ate more or less—although not much—without the stimulus of an appetite; he forced it down, as you may say. But this wouldn't do either. When the stomach goes on strike it can't be whipped into working before the question at issue is properly settled.

Thus it ended in his having great pain and tightness at his sides and chest. 'I was constantly belching up a sour fluid,' he says, which ran out of my mouth like vinegar. I had a horrible sensation at the stomach for which I was not able to find any relief. For nights together I could get no sleep; and in this general condition I continued for five years, no medicine or medical treatment doing more than to abate some of the worst symptoms for the time being.

In the early part of 1883 I heard of a medicine which was said to do good in cases like mine. Whether it would help me of course I had no idea. After so many things have failed, one naturally has no faith in a new one. Yet I got a supply and began with it. In a short time it was plain that I had come upon the real remedy at last. My food agreed with me, and soon all pain and distress gradually left me. Since then (now ten years ago) I have kept in the best of health. If I, or any of my family all anything, a dose of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—the medicine that cured me—soon sets us right. We have no need of a doctor. (Signed) J. B. GOSS, March 24th, 1893.

Mr Goss once said that if Seigel's Syrup cost 20s a bottle he would not be without it in his house. We can easily believe him. Considering what it did for him—and does for others—it would be cheap at any price. Yet, like plenty of things of the highest practical value, it costs but little. The reader can imagine under what difficulty and friction Mr Goss must have done what work he did during those five years' suffering with indigestion and dyspepsia.

This, then, we know, that life's friction and loss of power comes chiefly from that single disease, and that case arises from the use of Mother Seigel's great discovery.

'Women,' he said oracularly to her, 'are rarely good listeners.' And the proser mother-in-law at the keyhole smiled grimly.

Her Invisible Charm—'Be your own judge, Chumley, but can you show me one thing about Miss Richly that makes her attractive?' 'No, it's in the bank.'

LORD ROSEBERY'S WITTIICISM.

DURING Lord Rosebery's term as Foreign Secretary in Mr Gladstone's last administration, he was often annoyed by an elderly friend who paid him daily visits to get his opinion on matters of no importance to him whatever. Finally, becoming exasperated at the woman, he gave the doorkeepers orders not to admit her under any circumstances. However, not a day passed that she did not make an effort to gain a hearing, and on an unusually late visit happened to meet the secretary just as he was about to enter his carriage.

'Lord Rosebery,' said she, breathlessly, 'I must see you on a most important subject, and at once.'

'Very well, madam,' said the urbane Secretary of State, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, 'I beg of you to get in.'

Delighted to be invited to drive with so important a personage, the talkative lady jumped into the carriage, Rosebery gently closing the door on her, and before she could expostulate, she heard him saying to the coachman,

'Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then home.'

Looking out of the window, the now late occupant saw her late victim stepping into a cab.

RHEUMATIC GOUT—A MASTER MARINER'S ESCAPE.

(Shields Daily News.)

CASE of Captain Holland, master mariner, Dockway Bank, East Hobster, South Shields. Exposure to the weather had so crippled him that he was totally incapacitated for active exertion by rheumatism and rheumatic gout, from which he had suffered for nearly nine years. Three doctors had treated him without effect. He suffered daily the most agonising pains in limbs and body. There was considerable swelling of the joints, and altogether he had a most miserable time. Happening to come across an article in a newspaper describing the cure of a similar case by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he resorted to the same means as a last hope of recovery. Asked the result of his proceeding, he said, 'I took one box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and felt great relief; I persevered, taking three pills after each meal, and now I am healthy and strong again. I have only been visited with the pain once since taking the pills, and this was a slight attack which a few pills very speedily dispelled. I feel myself a young man again.'

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