pital, and my wife asked him what he thought of my condition. He answered, 'Your husband has got death in his face, with care and watching he may last three days.' I looked in the glass and saw my face was like a lantern.

"From this time on I suffered like a martyr. I took morphine every day to dull the pain just as I did when in the hospital. I couldn't sleep, and often got up in the middle of the night and made a cup of tea as best I could. To allay my pain hot flannels and everything else that could be thought of were used. I atelittle or nothing, for even a little food made me swell up so I couldn't move. All this time I kept on taking morphine; as to cod liver oil I took that till further orders."

"What do you mean by further orders, Captain?" asked his hearer. "I mean 'at I took it straight along without setting a time to stop taking it."

[Comment by the writer: The mistake in this was that it is nonsense to give cod liver oil when the stomach is not in condition to digest it, as was the case here. No use piling on coals when the fire is out.]

"Well, to shorten my story, sir," said Captain Wadhams, "I did not die in three days after arriving at home, as the doctor thought I should, but it is certain that living was no comfort to me. I just lingered along; and a turn for the worse, with a fatal end, would not have surprised my family and friends at any time.

"While I was in this state my son Edwin said to me one day, 'Father, why don't you take a dose of this?" He held out a bottle and said it was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. He had been taking it for indigestion, and said it had done him a deal of good. Now, sir, I never believed in patent medicines, and didn't believe in this Syrup. But I've changed my mind since, with good reason. I took a few doses and felt a relief that nothing else had ever given me.

"You must not forget that I was very low, and had lost four stone weight. But after I had used four bottles of the Syrup I was so much better I was sure it would finally cure me. And it did, sir, as you see by merely looking at me. I've got back my strength, and my proper weight, and attend to my business as well as I ever did. There are lots of people who can testify to the truth of what I have told you. I was born in Rochester, and have lived there all my life except when I was away to sea. I am 53 years old, and have been a voter in Rochester over 30 years.

"When I was first getting about and told Mr. Haggard, the manager at Gibbs' Wharf, London, what had cured me, he said, 'That's the right thing; it saved my wife.' I also told one of the doctors in Guy's Hospital that Seigel's Syrup had cured me after all the medical men had failed, and he laughed."

[Comment: We can't pretend to say what this doctor found to laugh at; but if his laugh was one of incredulity and sarcasm, we beg to assure him that it is the published opinion of one of the best known physicians in London that medicines like Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup have often cured cases in which the regular course of medical treatment has proved utterly unavailing. The physician alluded to is no friend of advertised remedies, but is honest enough to admit facts as he sees them, no matter what comes of it. We should like to add-sweetly and without malice-that no profession enjoys a monopoly of truth, and that there are eyes to see and brains to think in plenty of heads whose owners never took a degree. There are many true and able men practising medicine-including the faculty of Guy's Hospital-who admit this. There is no telling who will pick up a lost diamond or discover a new island. The history of any science should teach its professors the value of modesty and humility (Continued on page 12.)

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