

been rescued from death, he could recommend it with an eloquence that could not be resisted.

Briggs was then living in the little village of Shawforth, near Rochdale, and every prominent man in the place is cognizant of the facts herein related. He felt hopeful for the future, except from the fact that his sphere was too limited, and his means not equal to the grand enterprise which he felt sure was now open, if he only had capital or credit to avail himself of it. He determined, however, to make an effort to grasp it; so he wrote up to London and requested a credit of a hundred pounds. Although the American had been willing to trust poor people with small boxes of the medicine at a time, amounting to one or two pounds, he felt a little staggered to receive Briggs' request for one hundred pounds' worth on credit, especially when it was accompanied with the statement that he was not worth a penny in the world. Mr. White, the American alluded to, thought enough of the matter, however, to jump on the train and go and see his unknown customer, who had done such a properous business, who had been so "faithful in a few things," and moreover spoke in such glowing terms of the medicine.

Mr. White took Briggs quite un-
awares, calling on him unexpectedly at

his humble home in Shawforth. Briggs' eyes filled with tears on seeing Mr. White, and he began to apologise for the desolate appearance of his little house. A few remarks from Mr. White, however, put Briggs at ease, and he went all over his sad story of suffering and want, which was enough to melt a heart of stone. When he was describing the wonderful effects of the medicine his eloquence would have graced any public occasion. When, for the purpose of drawing him out, Mr. White suggested that perhaps he, being ignorant of medical science, might have been wrought upon through his imagination, and not by the medicine, Briggs burst out with an eloquence that was irresistible, saying, in substance: I admit I am not an educated man. I even learned to read by studying the letters on tradesmen's signs, but I can tell when I am pricked with a pin. It produces the same feeling in me as in a learned man, and I know what that feeling is. And furthermore, said he, I know when the aching stops, when relief comes, as well as the most profound man in the realm. The argument was conclusive that education is not necessary for realising a sense of pain.

The result of Mr. White's visit was in extending to Briggs the desired amount of credit, and who thereupon

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