

Then the doctor—and I have no fault to find with him—treated me in his way for three months. But it was no use, I grew worse and worse. My appetite had been wretched for a great while but it was now gone entirely. How I kept alive on the little I forced down was a wonder. I almost hated the thought of eating, yet I needed nourishment as a person starving needs it. I wanted the strength it would give me more than words can tell. There was food enough, Heaven knows, but none for me! How horrible is the thought that food is poison to the poor dyspeptic! Whether he eats or not he wastes away and dies all the same.

At this time I was so excitable, and my nerves so strung up and sensitive, that I was as much afraid of the least noise or sound as a child is of the firing of a gun. Even common talk nearly set me crazy. I had been plump and of good weight, but now my flesh was gone like the dew when it is dried up by the hot sun. It seemed to me I couldn't stand it much longer, and what if I couldn't? Who in my condition would want to go on living, with every day harder and more weary to get through from morning to night.

Seeing that no benefit had come to me, but rather the contrary, we employed another doctor who did his best for four months. *And here I want you to understand that in all those four months I never slept once without taking some medicine to make me sleep!* Few patients in hospitals I think have ever had a more miserable experience than that.

Once in a while, however, I could read a little, and one day as I was looking through the paper my eye fell upon an article about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Thought I "that is just what I need," and oh! how I hoped that what was said about its having cured just such cases as mine might really be true, for you must know it is wicked and wrong to deceive poor sufferers merely to get them to buy what will not benefit them. There was no one in our place who kept Mother Seigel's Syrup, so I sent to St. John's and got a bottle, and by the time I had taken it I could sleep without any medicine to help me, and my appetite was much improved. How surprised and glad I was to find myself actually a little hungry, and natural hunger, too, for the first time in so long. I could eat and the food stayed on my stomach and was digested without giving me anything like the distress I used to have.

Then we went to Halifax and bought six bottles more, and I took it through the whole winter of 1884-5. I have no skill to tell you how I kept on getting better week after week. My bowels became regular and all the bad symptoms and pains left me—not at once, but one after another as the Syrup purified the blood. *I felt as though I had come back to life after having lain, so to speak, for months in an open grave.*

By the time spring fairly set in I was able to do my work and manage all my household affairs, and have done it ever since without a single day's help from anyone; and I am now a woman of sixty-three years of age. I am as fleshy as before I was taken sick, and for the past three years I have enjoyed life even more than when I was young, for I know what it is to be weak and miserable and then to be strong, happy and well. My present good health I owe to Mother Seigel's Syrup and I shall be grateful to her as long as I live.

People here are acquainted with my case and the Syrup is now widely known and used in this part of the country. If you think there is anything in what I have said that others would like to read you may print or publish it, although it is not as good as I would have written if I had more time and ability.

Yours very sincerely,  
MRS. WILLIAM CROOKER.

### THE GREAT WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

You have read the testimonial letters printed in this little book. If you are ill yourself, or have a dear relative or friend who is suffering from pain and disease, you are anxious to find relief and cure. It may be you have already tried many things without seeing any benefit come of so doing. Naturally enough, you make up your mind that all advertised remedies are just the same as those by which you have been deceived and deluded. You are, therefore, disheartened and discouraged. But is that a fair conclusion? Does it follow that because one makes a dozen failures in his efforts to do a certain work, he will, therefore, never succeed at all? Every sensible and honest man knows better than to reason in such a foolish way. We "try, try again," and at

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