THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR.

Mr. Levi Todd, the able and well-known consulting chemist, of 154 Moss Lane East, Manchester, kindly writes us the following most interesting letter, under date of July 9th, 1887. Mr. Todd's profession, which calls on him to prescribe in chronic and difficult cases, as well as his personal reputation, eminently qualify him to judge of the action of medicines, and render his statements intelligent and trustworthy. He says: "You will remember that I was one of the first to introduce Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the North of England. Years have gone by since then, and my interest in this remarkable medicine has increased as I have heard of the cures it has effected in all parts of the country. And I take particular pleasure in calling personally, when I can, on those who have been cured, and listening to their stories from their own lips. Some of these are so pathetic, and the anal result so happy, that I can hardly restrain my feelings as I sit and hear them. I cannot refrain from giving you one which was related to me this present week. I had heard that an estimable lady, who lived in the same town as myself, had been cured of chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, and that the details of the case had made much stir in the neighbourhood. I found her at home and very willing to tell me all about her illness and how Seigel's Syrup had made her strong and well again, and in repeating it to you I use almost her own words. She, however, urged me not to make her name public for the present, but consented that any one who should doubt her story or desire further information might write to me in her stead. On her making known to me, at least in part, her reasons for this desire, I felt, and do now feel, bound to respect them.

"'It is about twelve months ago, sir,' she

summer of last year. I think it was worry and mahle that brought it on, for I never ailed enything before. My husband and I nave five children to care for, and how to provide for the family often makes one anxious, you know, sir. The trouble commenced with a dull feeling at my side and under the shoulders. I thought at first it was only hard work, and being shut up in the house, and it would soon pass off. But it didn't, and soon I began to feel ill in other ways. After eating my meals I would have a sense of a load on my stomach, a bad taste in my mouth, headache, and a miserable low feeling as if something dreadful was going to happen. I felt that tired and listless that neither my work nor anything else was any pleasure to me. Why, sir, I have sat hour after hour and cried, so miserable and helpless did I feel. My food did me no good, and my appetite got so poor I could not relish scarcely anything. Sometimes something so sour would come up in my throat as to almost choke me, and a nasty wind or gas came up from my stomach that I can compare to nothing so much as addled eggs for taste and smell. It was so bad it made me sick from head to foot.'

"That came from the food lying undigested in the stomach, I suggested. It is really death and putrefaction inside the body.

"'I believe you, sir,' she answered, 'for I know thousands suffer in the same way and do not know what is the matter with them. Well, to make my story short, sir, nothing that I took or did gave me relief, much less had I the slightest hope of getting well. I saw no prospect before me but of growing worse and worse until my husband would be without a wife and our children without a mother. It wouldn't be true to say I could walk, I was so weak. Indeed, I could only just crawl about the house. Nothing would stop on my stomach.

" I have been for an hour at a time vomiting began, "that I was first taken: in the up a bitter yellow fluid, and after these terrible Continued on page 10. wash $(\mathbf{B}$ prise

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