

ing sensation, as though I should fall. My bowels were very much bound, my eyes took on a yellowish colour, and occasionally my skin became dry and hot; then the hands and feet would be cold and clammy. At last I was actually afraid to partake of any food whatever, and for months I existed on nothing but a little tea or coffee and bread daily. Even on this simple diet the agony I endured after eating ever so little was something I cannot begin to describe. I tried many of the best known 'remedies,' but found no relief from them whatever. I tried some of the best doctors in the various large cities, by whom I was 'doctored' and blistered till there was very little of me left, and at last I laid down in despair. My wife just then suggested that I should try one more 'remedy,' namely, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She procured a bottle for me, and strange to say, within twenty-four hours I obtained relief, in about three days I was able to take a little meat, and before I had finished the second bottle I was able to eat and enjoy my meals regularly. That is about eight months ago, and I am still able, thank God, to eat heartily of anything that comes in my way, without being anything the worse. I had intended, before leaving Ireland in March last, to inform you of what your medicine had done for me, but thought I would wait a while and see if it was really a cure or only temporary relief. I have no hesitation now, however, in declaring it to be the best cure I ever heard of. I feel sure that only for it I would have been in my grave long ago."

WE SHOULD READ THE PAPERS.

**Thrilling Letter from a Nova Scotia Lady,
When in Great Trouble She Finds Help
Through the Family Journal.**

South Farmington, N.S.,

May 9, 1888.

A. J. WHITE & Co., Montreal.

When a person has got home safe from a long and dangerous journey, his friends like to hear him tell what he has seen and the perils a kind Providence has delivered him from. And I think it is the same with sickness. So I am sure there must be many who will read what I have to tell and perhaps learn something from it that may be for their good. Writing is not easy for me, and I shall only go so far as to put down

what is most important, asking you to let me do it in my own way.

I had been troubled with liver complaint for several years. What first brought it on I cannot say, but I well remember how I felt. My mouth had a bad taste, my head ached a good deal; a dull, heavy pain it was, with a sleepy sensation as though I had a poor night's rest; then my skin began to look yellow, and my hands and feet would feel cold as though the blood did not circulate through them. With this the bowels got to be very irregular, and I was much troubled with costiveness. This would be relieved for a day or two by an opening medicine, but afterwards it was as bad as before. Sometimes a spell of dizziness came on so suddenly I was obliged to sit or lie down till it passed over. Then I would have sickness at the stomach, and occasionally the only relief I could get would be in vomiting. No one who has ever suffered in this manner need be told how weakening and depressing this was. Then, besides, I was troubled with heartburn and a rising up of a sort of hot wind or gas into my throat and mouth.

When I spoke of this to others, as I often did, they would say, with the idea of comforting me, "Oh, there is nothing very bad the matter, you are no worse than you have been; there is no danger." But I was worse for all they said, and in the fall of 1884 I broke down completely. I had a sharp, cutting pain around my heart, and once in a while it would almost stop beating, and I had a feeling like as if I must smother, it was such hard work to get my breath. Then I had a pain over the liver, and such a distress and weakness low down in the small of the back over the kidneys. With this I noticed the urine looked very dark colored, and it came away often, but only a little at a time. Yet it was not always so, for there would be times when it was free and plenty and clear as spring water. But there was always more or less heat with it, and it made me very anxious and worried.

Indeed I was so frightened at things that we sent for the doctor and I was put under his care. He said besides the liver trouble my system was all out of order with nervous dyspepsia and prostration, and that the first cause of it was the indigestion that I had been afflicted with so many years. "You have let it run so long," he said, "that it will be an up-hill job to get you well again. All we can do is to try and hope for the best."

Continued on page 16.

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