

I FELT AS THOUGH I HAD COME BACK TO LIFE.

South Farmington, N.S.,
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A. J. WHITE, Limited, Montreal.

When a person has got home safe after 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 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."

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 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 Soothing Ointment gives instant relief to burns and scalds.

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