

never had occasion to regret the choice, except he fears that the hot climate of Australia may have had an influence in terminating his faithful agent's life, as he died of apoplexy after an absence of two years. Mr. White feels that he owes much of his prosperity to this noble specimen of the labouring class in Great Britain. It is but just to Briggs' memory to state that his efforts in Australia alone created a business of upwards of 6,000 pounds a year.

The case of Thomas Briggs does not stand alone. In the village of Pontnewynydd, near Pontypool, Monmouthshire, Wales, James Francis Thomas, aged 23, collier, lives with his widowed mother. His experience with MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP was so remarkable that the principal chemist of that place called Mr. White's attention to it by letter, giving therein such particulars as the young man and his mother had given him, believing it a case so extraordinary that Mr. White should be advised of it, that he might institute a special inquiry into its truth, should he deem the matter important to himself or to others who might be suffering the agonies of a like disease. To this end Mr. White sent a special agent from London to thoroughly investigate the case and report the actual facts. He first called on the chemist, whom he found an eminent citizen and a conservative business man, not easily impressed by the enthusiasm of others, even though it might be about the merits of the goods in which he dealt. The

chemist sent one of his clerks to conduct the agent to the house of the widow Thomas and her son, about a mile distant from his chemist shop. Fortunately both were in at the moment of calling, and though in humble life and surroundings, they were more than ordinarily bright persons. The young man sat and respectfully listened to the narrative of his mother, whom he seemed to regard with tender affection as the being who had not only given him existence, but still watched over him with the same solicitude as when he lay in the cradle, confirming all she related with expressive emphasis, and only correcting her in the unimportant matter of dates.

They had lived in that village about eighteen years. Her son, she said, had been as healthy and had grown up like other children of the village, and had been to school and had learned as well as others, and would not to-day turn his hand to any of them for reading and writing. But there were other children, and the ambition of the boy and the family necessities hastened him too early into the coal mines, the principal industry of the neighbourhood. A few years of hard labour in the damp and gloomy underground resulted, as one might naturally expect, in physically prostrating her good and faithful boy. First, asthma developed itself (the result of indigestion, as the sequel will show) under which he suffered nine years, during which time he could never lie in bed, but slept in a stooping or reclining

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