

**ANDY THOMS**  
OR  
**The Tale of an Urn.**  
BY  
**Thos. C. Andrews.**  
PART TWO.

The great Scientist stood in a nonchalant attitude with his back to the door holding the urn in his right hand, which he balanced upon his hip, and gazing in a triumphantly expectant manner partly at Andy, and partly through the shop window at the street beyond. The painter awaited his fate, of rather that of the urn with some evidence of anxiety; suddenly he gave a slight start, a shadow as of dread or surprise, passed over his face, which for a moment assumed a pallid hue. The Professor slightly shifted his position and something dropped with a click to the floor. All looked down but seeing nothing, again assumed their former positions. Then Andy remembered the lucky stone he had left in the jar; again casting down his eyes, he saw it and placed his foot on top of it; the lawyer at the same time giving a loud preliminary ahem, and getting up from his chair, he passed each hand alternatively up the opposite sleeve of his coat, as if mechanically adjusting an imaginary gown, and then proceeded to deliver his judgment as nearly as possible in the following words:

This is one of the most singular combinations of circumstances which ever came under my notice professionally or other. But as you both agree to be bound by my decision, I shall endeavour to render a verdict as near in accord with the legal aspect of the case as my knowledge of the law will admit.

You must be both aware that possession in all cases of doubtful claim is always a very important matter, in fact so much so, that it is often said to be nine points of the law. Now, Mr. Thoms has held undisputed possession of this urn for upwards of ten years, this fact is I believe admitted by both sides? Both gave a nod of acquiescence. But again, he continued there is an axiom in common law which declares a man's rights to his own property, wherever he may find it, so really the question hinges upon who is the proprietor. Both parties claim to have "found" the urn, but my learned friend of the brush admits that he did not use proper diligence, or in other words made no effort at all, after he had found it, to discover the rightful owner, there was no impossibility, and in fact little difficulty in his having done so, therefore he is guilty of neglect. Now, this neglect renders any claim he may make to the property worthless; when the true owner turns up.

At this point Andy cast a furtive glance at the little door and the same uneasy expression crossed his face which was noticed before.

But then again, the man of fate continued, we raise the question of true ownership. Mr. Patroclus, who my learned friend has just said, has been dead upwards of Three Thousand Years is supposed to have been the original possessor, but we have no evidence of the fact. If we had, unless he left a will such knowledge would be valueless, for being dead he ceases to own anything, and his property belongs to his heirs. Now, it is another common axiom that the law requires impossibilities of no man, and it would obviously be impossible to hunt up the heirs of the deceased at this remote day. Which being the case, the property must have long since reverted to the government of the country in which both he and it were interred; therefore, when Mr. Trywell obtained permission from that government, permitting him to delve for treasures, he practically secured a right to property exhumed either by himself or his servants under that permit.

But again, the property was in both cases found in a foreign land, and as there has been no thought of theft, even suggested by either side, I think as I said before, that he who is in possession can retain that possession without much fear of being legally deprived of the property in dispute. In fact my view is, that as my learned friend the professor is now in actual possession, and that as he is the larger man, and seems determined to keep the urn, it would be better for any other friend to accept such pecuniary recompense as he may be able to obtain; and I would remind my very learned friend that had it not been for the very opportune intervention of my other friend, this extraordinary relic which must have so narrowly escaped the ravaging flames which left in ruins ancient Troy, would have perished miserably, in one of the every day railroad disasters which dis-

grace the management of those great public highways in the United States. With these words the man of law resumed his seat; while a triumphant smile spread itself over the face of the portly professor, who raising his left hand with a graceful flourish, and bringing it down on the table with emphasis, remarked he turned the hand still resting upon his hip still further round behind him:

"Yes, indeed, my legal friend, possession is in law the chief advantage, and in such a case as this, especially; I think this man, this painter, has behaved in a very dishonest manner, and though the article in dispute is now of very little intrinsic value, as a matter of public duty, I do not consider such loose ideas with regard to the laws of meum and teum should be in anyway encouraged; so, though I should not recede from my offer of twenty-five dollars for the charmers book accounts, I shall certainly pay him nothing for the urn, which I shall take away conscientiously claiming it for my own, if by no other right by that of might, and possession. The portly presence and powerful frame of the great man on the utterance of these words, gave a sudden jerk, and wheeling round with his back towards Andy and his face to the door he had just time to catch a glimpse of what appeared to be the shadow of a female form flit through the portal, the click of a lock as the key turned from without sounding simultaneously. So instantaneously was the thing done that the Professor looked like an effigy of petrified surprise, as the sprightly figure of Mrs. Thoms revealed itself through the glass door holding the urn up to him in a taunting manner and calling out in laughing tones. Possession is nine points of the law. Is it? well I intend to hold possession of this jar till our very learned friend gets an order from Mr. Pat Throttles, that I am to hand it over to him. Good morning gentlemen. The back door slammed, and she was gone.

For the moment the great man felt very angry, but a long experience in small bargainings with shifty Greeks and rascally Arabs gave him the self control necessary to master his emotions, but he could not forbear to remark as he left the shop in company with his friend, that he would yet obtain the coveted object if he spent a thousand dollars in doing so.

Andy stooped and picked up the lucky stone which all this time had been covered by his foot, placing it in the pocket of his vest while a smile crossed his features deprecatory of the superstition growing upon him, that the stone contained some innate power by which success would be obtained in every enterprise entered into by he who held it in possession for the time being.

Full of anxiety and dread at what might be the Professor's next move in his evident determination to recover his relic, he hastened home where he found his wife in high glee at the success of her manoeuvre. While he, not even now daring to tell her of the anxiety he felt less the matter should come into Court, greatly puzzled her by not appearing pleased by what she had done.

(To be continued.)

**A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.**  
HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EX-  
CLUDED FROM HOSPITALS  
AS INCURABLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant as Investigated by an Albany (N. Y.) Journal Reporter—A Story of Surpassing Interest.

Albany, N. Y., Journal, March 4th.  
SARATOGA, March 4.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the streets without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so, he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of

about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon enquiry the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speaking well of him and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant resided at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings and of the ineffectual treatment he had had; and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least gave him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124). In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment, for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing; my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health.

I thought I would try them and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs, I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$4.00—see I can walk with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I

walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick J. Schultz, who suffered from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease. The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further enquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further enquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

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