

HOW HE WON.

The sun shone, but a raw, nipping wind blew in from the river. There was no sign of thaw, save upon the southerly edges of the deep ruts in the street before the courthouse. The door of it, too, was deserted, albeit it was the first Monday in January, with sheriff's sales to come off, in which a large part of the county felt the liveliest interest.

The eager onlookers had lounged inside. Now they stood in gossiping groups about the big, red-hot stove. It wanted still half an hour of 12, the time set for sales to begin. Until the hour had struck it was unlikely that those most intimately concerned would show their faces; so there was no restraint in the speech that ran about the room.

"Hit's er plumb shame, neither mo' ner less. I'd say that ef I wuz goin to be shot for it, a tall, thin bearded man said for the third time, giving the stove door a kick as he spoke.

"I dunno erbout that," returned his neighbor meditatively. "He was round to unctuousness, with a big hook nose standing out over a huge double chin. 'Seems ter me, he went on, 'mo' like er judgment. Ye can't deny ef Easton Clark had 'a, paid 's much 'tention ter his farm as he done that that fiddle he'd not 'a' been wuz he in terday."

"You're right, Brother Beniah. He wouldn't now, shore," said a third, a lank, sour visaged man with a tract in his hand and a pair of open saddlebags slung across his arm. "As you say, hit's er clear case o' judgment. To think o' Easton Clark, bring up as he wuz in the norture an' ad monition o' the Lord fiddin these 50 years fer every dance in ten miles round an not for no money neither—jes ter pyore leve o' the sound!"

"H-m-m! I reckon ye think it wouldn't 'a' been no sin ef Major Clark had took money for it and give the money ter he'y an yer tracts, Brother Barker," said a tall young fellow who stood a little aside with his hands in his pockets, his bat tipped back on his head, his springy, well booted feet set ostentatiously in the first dancing position.

A minute Brother Barker eyed him in frowning silence, then broke out in his cracked, high keyed pulpit voice:

"Robert Lumpkin, ye speak as one not havin er retainin, one yit in the gall o' bitterness, the bonds o' iniquity—the truth is the truth—it has made me mad ter see Easton Clark a-letin ye sinners dance without payin the fiddler when he could jest as easy got \$3 a night to he'p spread abroad the old myer wuz liberal enough. So long as he had money he give \$2 a year ter every church in hear-in o' 'im, though he didn't belong ter none o' 'em," young Lumpkin said with spirit.

Before the minister could reply the tall man who had spoken first broke in: "Well, I'm sorry ter the myer, though maybe hit's his own fault. Don't seem like no man in his senses would 'a' done what he did—borrowed \$5,000 on mortgage ter put inter er patent fer making soap out'n nothin—but the feller that got hit—that thar Cowik k of Georgy—he wuz er slick one ter talk, I tell ye. He took that myer in slick as er gouge. Major's so honest hisself he never dreamt er another man that spoke fair wuz pretty behaved could be er liar an er cheat."

"Ye better say he's sech er gambler he wuz willin ter take all sorts er chances. It wuz jes' that—notin mo'. Didn't he never tell ye how he come by Marg'ret—that thar fiddle that he talks to, same's it wuz er human critter?" Brother Barker said acridly, his eyes squinting toward Brother Beniah, who nodded approval in such fashion as to set all his big person shaking.

"No, I never quite got the straight of it. Tell us how it was, won't ye?" Lumpkin asked, drumming on the wall as he spoke. Brother Beniah nodded in a satisfied way and began in his heaviest drone:

"I've heard Easton tell the tale a-many a time. Ye know, his gran'r raised him, same as he's raised 'Lizabeth. Seems like the Clark stock has ter ship every other generation. When Easton come ter be 20, the ole man he give 'im all the crap they'd made that year on the plantation an built er flatboat ter carry hit down to Orleans a tradin. As ter what Easton done with it, noddody didn't never rightly know. He tells that he got ter think he wa'n't never likely ter be in that town no mo' in his lifetime, so he set in ter seel much of it as he could. Ye may judge that cost like smoke. 'I wa'n't so mighty long befo he found he had jest er hundred dollars left in his pocket an told hisself he'd better walk home, so as ter have that much ter show his gran'r."

"As luck would have it, though, that very night he stepped inside on er them gamblin' houses, an thar he saw er little yaller old Frenchman a-playin roulette like he wuz possessed. Every time he laid on the black an ter erwhile he jes' raked in the money. But his luck couldn't last. Soon he'd lost all he'd won an all he had besides. Then he jumps up like er crazy man an says ter Easton that had been standin behind whar he sot: 'Sir, ye look pitiful an honest. Lend me now, I do beg of ye, \$100. I make ye all sure of it now, three times over."

"Den, when I have it, why, I break dis-bank, dat else will ruin me!"

"Well, Easton he tried ter reason with the man an offered ter give him \$50 ef he'd promise ter quit playin, but that wuz no go, an the upshot o' it all wuz that he went with the French feller ter 'is rooms—they wuz close by—an thar he let 'im have the \$100, takin Marg'ret ter security. He didn't want no security, but the other would have it that a-way."

"It was right pitiful, though, Easton said, ter see him hug an kiss the fiddle as call it his child. He swore ter it he didn't mean ter part with it an asked its pardon ter whut he'd had ter do. He would have hit back again, shore's he lived, fer he loved it more'n all the world besides. Then he begged Easton ter go back with him an carry the fiddle, so as ter bring him luck."

"Easton he went an shore 'nough the Frenchman won the first turn. As the second begun it looked like the eyes wuz glued ter the ball. Toward the last it begun ter roll slow, so slow ye jes' barly see it move. Seemed like it wanted ter stop on his color an couldn't somehow manage ter do it. He wuz bettin still on the black. When the ball crope over on hit so slow an easy ye saw it couldn't git off, he flung up his hands an fell back, dead as er door nail."

"The doctor come, he said the Frenchman's heart wuz weak, an the strain had been too much fer him."

"Then Easton he took what the fellow had won an whut he'd borrowed o' him an had him buried decent, er thar didn't 'pear to be nobuddy else ter see whut become o' him. When that wuz done, he come tromping home with the fiddle under his arm, the only mortal thing he had ter show er all he'd took away."

"Po' ole feller! He woun't have that much, eben, after terday," the thin bearded man said, winking his eyes hard. Then leaning across to the sheriff: "Say, Bixby, give us one more look at Marg'ret, woun't ye?" She's a fiddle, an no mistake. I'd know the sound o' hit ef she wuz playin with 20 others. 'Tain't so loud, but meller as harvest apples, an carries so ye kin hear it at the yard gate mighty nigh as well as ye kin on the pazzo. I use'er always could tell when I rode past thar how things wuz goin with the myer by the way he played. Ef he wuz tellin jolly, had he'd his terbacker fer enough ter set him squar with the warehouse an the sto' keepin, Lord how he'd rattle off 'The Arkansas Traveler' an 'Tom Meriwether,' an 'Henry Phillips' an 'Black Satan,' an sech like tunes. But ef he wuz best o' things, hadn't paid taxes, er the corn wuz out an no money ter buy mo', er maybe he'd seen 'Lizabeth turnin an' patchin her ole frocks, thar wuz jes' fit fer the ragbag."

"Why, then, I tell ye, Marg'ret jes' waited out 'Billy in the Low Ground' er some er them ole time camp meetin tunes that sounds like a lost child cryin fer its mammy."

"Many times this summer I've rid by thar at er gallop, jes' ter keep from hearin the ole gal. Major's gran'r er white head, but I tell ye he keeper mighty lumber bow yit. I lay he's got mo' satisfaction out er the hundred dollars he give ter Marg'ret than out er any other money that ever he spent. That's what makes me wonder so that even he'd give 'Bige Potter' a lien on her. I'd 'a' thought he'd most as soon give him one o' 'Lizabeth'."

"Bige thought hit' mounted ter 'bout the same—that's why he wuz so keen after it, I reckon," said a lounging fellow in a suit of patched jeans who had hitherto been silent. "He had been small eyes under a thatch of grizzled hair an skin tanned almost to the brownness of his garments."

"Ye see, I wuz thar when when all this yere wuz a-happenin," he went on. "At the myer's, I mean, thar with that feller from up north, that come down yere a-bird huntin, an got me ter sorter show him round. We boarded at the myer's—mighty good board, too, it wuz. 'Lizabeth's er number one housekeeper, an stirrin—oh, my, ef she jes' could 'a' happen ter 'a' been born a boy, well, thar wouldn't be no talk er this yere sale terday. She'd work out the debt, she would, an never bat her eye."

"She wouldn't git the chance. 'Bige Potter's closer'n the bark to er tree. But go on with yer tale, Shock. It was gittin mighty interestin!" Bob Lumpkin interrupted. Shocky Waters, the hunter, eyed him keenly for half a minute, then went on:

"As I wuz tellin when that thar oaf put in his mouth, I seen an heard the whole thing. One day in November that wuz started. An who should I stumble on out thar but 'Lizabeth, a gertthin the last er the winter apples, an 'Bige Potter' a-settin on his hawses an lookin at her like he'd give his ears ter catch her up. As I come up I heard him say:

"Miss 'Lizabeth, my mind is made up. Tell me, now, whut do ye think o' my chances?"

"Oh," ses 'Lizabeth, colorin up, but settin her teeth together, 'I reckon you can do it, ef you'll go fur enough 'way from home. Thar's women a-plenty that would marry Old Scratch hisself ef he asked 'em fer the sake of havin 'Mrs.' on their tombstones."

"His face got pokeberry red, but 'fore he could open his mouth I come through the high weeds, an ses I: 'Hello, 'Bige! I'll trouble ye fer that thar letter I see a-stickin in out o' yer side no pocket. I've searched an searched ter it, I'll 'im nih about hip shot."

"That was pyore bluff. I hadn't no reason in the world ter think he had whut I wanted. But it wuzed. He gimme the document with no two words an rid off, sayin he must go ter find the fiddle."

"That night the old man tole me how 'Bige had come er dingdongin at him 'bout intrus' money an wouldn't let him eroute ter he'd give him this yere lien on Marg'ret."

"Wonder ef 'Bige thinks she's with any part of it. \$300? Reckon he's safe, though. The land oughter fetch considerable more'n the debt. But I dunno, either. Money's skase, an there ain't nobuddy much likely ter want sech er big place," the thin bearded man said meditatively, twiddling his thumbs. Shocky Waters glared at him through narrowed lids, then said darkly:

"Gentlemen, hear my racket, now while you've got time. 'Bige Potter knows he can't have 'Lizabeth. He thinks, though, he'll take his spite out gittin Marg'ret. Now, there's some on us he woun't mind sechin him felled. When the sale begins, he'll bid lividly—no doubt o' that in the world. Now whutever he cries, ye all help me ter cry against him. Never mind ef it's in the thousands—raise him. I know whut I'm doin an ye know whut Shocky Waters ain't never yit left er another feller the bag ter hold."

"That ye ain't, Shocky. I'll stan' by ye, no matter whar she goes," Bob Lumpkin said heartily.

"Boll I," said the thin bearded man, bgrs, growling aloud Brother Beniah gave a sly chuckle, saying aside to the sheriff:

"Bixby, 'pears like they want make mo' work fer ye."

"Sh! Thar they come!" the officer said, unlocking the fiddle case and thrusting his hand inside. He meant the touch to be soundless, but in some fashion it drew forth a sort of muffled resonance indescribably soft an sweet.

At the sound Major Clark tottered an caught heavily at 'Lizabeth's arm. He was a hale old man, with apple cheeks an a firm step. Until the last few months he had kept the untroubled gaze of childhood

When the doctor come, he said the Frenchman's heart wuz weak, an the strain had been too much fer him."

"Then Easton he took what the fellow had won an whut he'd borrowed o' him an had him buried decent, er thar didn't 'pear to be nobuddy else ter see whut become o' him. When that wuz done, he come tromping home with the fiddle under his arm, the only mortal thing he had ter show er all he'd took away."

"Po' ole feller! He woun't have that much, eben, after terday," the thin bearded man said, winking his eyes hard. Then leaning across to the sheriff: "Say, Bixby, give us one more look at Marg'ret, woun't ye?" She's a fiddle, an no mistake. I'd know the sound o' hit ef she wuz playin with 20 others. 'Tain't so loud, but meller as harvest apples, an carries so ye kin hear it at the yard gate mighty nigh as well as ye kin on the pazzo. I use'er always could tell when I rode past thar how things wuz goin with the myer by the way he played. Ef he wuz tellin jolly, had he'd his terbacker fer enough ter set him squar with the warehouse an the sto' keepin, Lord how he'd rattle off 'The Arkansas Traveler' an 'Tom Meriwether,' an 'Henry Phillips' an 'Black Satan,' an sech like tunes. But ef he wuz best o' things, hadn't paid taxes, er the corn wuz out an no money ter buy mo', er maybe he'd seen 'Lizabeth turnin an' patchin her ole frocks, thar wuz jes' fit fer the ragbag."

"Why, then, I tell ye, Marg'ret jes' waited out 'Billy in the Low Ground' er some er them ole time camp meetin tunes that sounds like a lost child cryin fer its mammy."

"Many times this summer I've rid by thar at er gallop, jes' ter keep from hearin the ole gal. Major's gran'r er white head, but I tell ye he keeper mighty lumber bow yit. I lay he's got mo' satisfaction out er the hundred dollars he give ter Marg'ret than out er any other money that ever he spent. That's what makes me wonder so that even he'd give 'Bige Potter' a lien on her. I'd 'a' thought he'd most as soon give him one o' 'Lizabeth'."

"Bige thought hit' mounted ter 'bout the same—that's why he wuz so keen after it, I reckon," said a lounging fellow in a suit of patched jeans who had hitherto been silent. "He had been small eyes under a thatch of grizzled hair an skin tanned almost to the brownness of his garments."

"Ye see, I wuz thar when when all this yere wuz a-happenin," he went on. "At the myer's, I mean, thar with that feller from up north, that come down yere a-bird huntin, an got me ter sorter show him round. We boarded at the myer's—mighty good board, too, it wuz. 'Lizabeth's er number one housekeeper, an stirrin—oh, my, ef she jes' could 'a' happen ter 'a' been born a boy, well, thar wouldn't be no talk er this yere sale terday. She'd work out the debt, she would, an never bat her eye."

"She wouldn't git the chance. 'Bige Potter's closer'n the bark to er tree. But go on with yer tale, Shock. It was gittin mighty interestin!" Bob Lumpkin interrupted. Shocky Waters, the hunter, eyed him keenly for half a minute, then went on:

"As I wuz tellin when that thar oaf put in his mouth, I seen an heard the whole thing. One day in November that wuz started. An who should I stumble on out thar but 'Lizabeth, a gertthin the last er the winter apples, an 'Bige Potter' a-settin on his hawses an lookin at her like he'd give his ears ter catch her up. As I come up I heard him say:

"Miss 'Lizabeth, my mind is made up. Tell me, now, whut do ye think o' my chances?"

"Oh," ses 'Lizabeth, colorin up, but settin her teeth together, 'I reckon you can do it, ef you'll go fur enough 'way from home. Thar's women a-plenty that would marry Old Scratch hisself ef he asked 'em fer the sake of havin 'Mrs.' on their tombstones."

"His face got pokeberry red, but 'fore he could open his mouth I come through the high weeds, an ses I: 'Hello, 'Bige! I'll trouble ye fer that thar letter I see a-stickin in out o' yer side no pocket. I've searched an searched ter it, I'll 'im nih about hip shot."

"That was pyore bluff. I hadn't no reason in the world ter think he had whut I wanted. But it wuzed. He gimme the document with no two words an rid off, sayin he must go ter find the fiddle."

"That night the old man tole me how 'Bige had come er dingdongin at him 'bout intrus' money an wouldn't let him eroute ter he'd give him this yere lien on Marg'ret."

"Wonder ef 'Bige thinks she's with any part of it. \$300? Reckon he's safe, though. The land oughter fetch considerable more'n the debt. But I dunno, either. Money's skase, an there ain't nobuddy much likely ter want sech er big place," the thin bearded man said meditatively, twiddling his thumbs. Shocky Waters glared at him through narrowed lids, then said darkly:

"Gentlemen, hear my racket, now while you've got time. 'Bige Potter knows he can't have 'Lizabeth. He thinks, though, he'll take his spite out gittin Marg'ret. Now, there's some on us he woun't mind sechin him felled. When the sale begins, he'll bid lividly—no doubt o' that in the world. Now whutever he cries, ye all help me ter cry against him. Never mind ef it's in the thousands—raise him. I know whut I'm doin an ye know whut Shocky Waters ain't never yit left er another feller the bag ter hold."

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Now there was a suggestion of rheum in the eye corners, besides new, tense lines all around the mouth. He stopped too. 'Lizabeth looked the taller of the pair. She was a tall girl anyway, with square shoulders, a long neck and small hands, thoroughbred in line despite the roughening of hard work. She had small, proud, stepping feet, too, and carried her head high. Dark brown eyes looked at her from under straight, level brows. Her skin was rich olive, stained with the most vitalized of the cheeks and lips.

Even the huddle of shawls she wore could not wholly mask the liveness of her figure. As she came through the door each man there involuntarily bared his shoulders, a long neck and small hands, thoroughbred in line despite the roughening of hard work. She had small, proud, stepping feet, too, and carried her head high. Dark brown eyes looked at her from under straight, level brows. Her skin was rich olive, stained with the most vitalized of the cheeks and lips.

He took it tenderly and laid his cheek to it, whispering: 'Marg'ret, Marg'ret, how could I put ye in pawn. Ye that I named for my Marg'ret, dead and gone. I wish I had died first. Now ye must be sold at 12 o'clock—the laws say I do it myself, Marg'ret. I ain't got no right even ter ask ye up and save ye from that."

"Goodbye, my girl, goodbye! I—I woun't last long without ye."

'Lizabeth at his elbow alone heard what he said. A touch made her turn to face 'Bige Potter, lean, oily, earthily clothed, smiling at her a cadaverous triumph, but ye had any feeling for anybody but yourself, you put a lien on this," he said under his breath, nodding toward the old man.

'Lizabeth's lip curled.

"I am all you have left him. Don't try to take that away, too," she said in his own key. He wheeled sharply about, gnawing his under lip. The clock was striking. The sheriff had laid hands on Marg'ret, and was trying, with a wild attempt at jocularity: "Gentlemen, ladies, niggs and the rest of mankind, here's a fiddle—a fine fiddle—a reg'lar Jim Crack Corn fiddle—thar'll come money an'er playin' itself. How much fer it? Bid lively, no!"

Warranted not ter wear, tear, rip, ravel run down at the heel, nor cut in the eye! How much do I hear? Five dollars? Ten? Oh, shoosh! Gentlemen, no time ter foolin. Bid somethin respectable. This yere instrument costs er hundred dollars, remember! Bid fer old acquaintance sake. The last one o' ye has danced ter her music! Ask ye pardon, Brother Barker. I forgot you yuz here. Who bids? Who bids? Who bids? Ten, ten; now gimme the twenty! Twenty-five! I bid, I bid. Thanky, Shocky. That's sort o' like it."

"A hundred here! No use in makin two bites of a cherry," 'Bige Potter said shortly. "Make it two hundred," said Shocky. "Three hundred," called Potter.

"Five hundred," Bob Lumpkin shouted, setting his hat so far back that it tipped off and fell. But nobody laughed at the diverting spectacle, for Potter was shouting, his face apoplectic. "A thousand! A thousand!"

"Five hundred," sang out the thin bearded man. Shocky had just whispered in his ear.

"Make it three!" Potter shouted furiously.

"Make it four!" retorted Shocky. Bob Lumpkin began the double shuffle as some slight expression of his joy.

"Five hundred! My debt, an—an—intrus'!" Potter cried in white rage.

"No good. Six won't git ye, Marg'ret," Shocky half chanted, half cheered, hopping from one foot to the other. The sheriff stared wildly about. The bidders, it seemed to him, surely lost their minds. He became more than over certain that when 'Bige Potter shouted: "Seven thousand! I must—I will have that fiddle!"

"Ye can't have her, 'Bige man! Here's eight thousand over here," Shocky said tanglingly.

Potter choked and gasped, "Eight thousand five hundred!"

"Nine!" shouted Bob Lumpkin, while the others held their breath. All eyes turned on Potter. Once, twice, thrice, he opened his lips, closed them with no sound and fell sullenly back as the sheriff cried:

"Nine thousand! Go in at \$9,000! Nine thousand once! Twice! Three times—an out. Sold to Bob Lumpkin! bid! What the money's ter come from maybe the Lord knows. I don't ter certain."

"Don't ye be oneasy over that," Mr. Sheriff. I'm here; don't ye forget that," Shocky called out as Potter slunk away. "Money talks, most as pruttly as Marg'ret here. I've got the cash fer ye. So gimme the old gal. Jes' one minnit, major; then she's your'n ter have an ter hold—witness these presents."

Major Clark stood up very straight. 'Lizabeth was sobbing on his shoulder. She had faced ruin with a laugh. Rescue broke down all her fine courage. The old gentleman lifted his hand and asked in a voice whose tremor he tried in vain to mask: "Shocky, whut is all this about? Whut does it mean? I—I—is it possible that I have got back my land?"

"Ye, major; a fiddle, too, bless God! Shocky said, and as he spoke all heads reverently bowed. "Now, all on ye, looky thar," holding the fiddle to the light. "See thar letters inside o' Marg'ret—'Fecit Stradivarius, Cremona,' they say. I don't know whut they mean; I thoyt they was er tongue ter me. But this much I dunno—Mr. Rayne took notice on 'em while he wuz here last fall an writ back ter one o' his chums: 'hat he'd found er fiddle down in these r'ral precincts that wuz wuth er mint o' no money. 'Twas that letter he lost an I found 't re hit wuz sent. Shocky's be'prised ef somebody else read his while hit wuz lost."

"Anyway, he told me he'd try ter buy Marg'ret, only it 'pears ter him er sinful shame ter think er partin her an the major. So, when I come ter find out how things wuz goin—well! Mr. Rayne soon knowed as much as me. The upshot of it is whut ye see now. 'Bige Potter ain't got Marg'ret, neither 'Lizabeth, an the major is free ter fiddle fer an on his own sweet fiddle jes' as long as he lives."

A great shout went up from the listeners. 'Lizabeth held out both hands to Shocky, saying through her tears:

"I could kiss you, Shocky, but I know you'd rather I did not do it."

"No; that ain't my line," Shocky admitted frankly. "All the same, 'Lizabeth, I feelin first rate. Las' fall ye seen fit ter cast er mighty heap er pies an things on the water o' my appetite. Now I sorter feel like some on 'em is coming back ter ye before many days."—New York Recorder.

AN INCURABLE CURED.

AFTER TREATMENT IN CANADA'S BEST HOSPITAL HAD FAILED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record—Ten Years of Intense Suffering From Acute Rheumatism—The Whole Body Contracted and Out of Shape in Every Limb—Again Restored to Active Life. From the Newmarket Advertiser.

We suppose there is not a resident of Newmarket who does not know Mr. J. A. Moffatt, who does not know of his years of suffering and who has not heard of his release from a life of helplessness and pain through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed we doubt if in the annals of medicine there is a more remarkable restoration than has been accomplished in Mr. Moffatt's case, and he deems it his duty to mankind to make the facts known through the columns of the advertiser.

Ten years ago Mr. Moffatt was working in the Newmarket Hat factory. Through the influence of the damp room, and possibly some carelessness in regard to his health, he was attacked with a severe cold which eventually settled in his limbs. For some years he was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatic pains and spent much money in treatment for the trouble, but with no result beyond an occasional temporary release from pain. Finally to make matters worse he was attacked with malaria and rheumatic fever. He was then forced to go to the Toronto general hospital when

it was found that he was afflicted with terrible erysipelas. During the first six months in the hospital he was under the treatment of the staff electrician, but the powers of electricity entirely failed, and after a consultation of physicians it was deemed advisable to perform an operation. Six weeks later a second operation was performed. The operations proved successful only in so far as they afforded temporary relief. He remained in the hospital from November, 1880, till January, 1892, and from all the modern remedies and appliances known to the staff of that well equipped institution no permanent relief could be obtained. He was then advised to go home, partly in the hope that the change might prove beneficial, but instead he continued grow worse, and in March, 1892, was again forced to take to his bed, and those who knew of his condition did not believe he had long to live. At this time every joint in his body was swollen and distorted, and he suffered the most excruciating agony. If a person walked across his bedroom it intensified the pain as though he was being pierced and torn with knives, and if it touched he would scream aloud with agony. In this state of hopeless suffering he remained bedfast for eighteen months, all the while using all manner of medicines from which relief might be hoped for. Then he was put under the treatment of a celebrated Toronto specialist, but with no better result. After this last experiment failed, he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time discontinuing all other treatment. At the end of three months there was a very noticeable improvement in his condition, and so much so that his mother thought he could be lifted outside. He was still so weak, however, that he was only able to remain up a few minutes as before. When taken back to bed he felt a sudden tingling sensation going up from his toes and through his joints and spine. The next morning when he awoke the pain had left the body and lodged in the arms, and then for some weeks the pain shifted from place to place in the arms and then disappeared, and he has not had a particle of pain since. All this time he was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and slowly but surely gaining his strength. Then an invalid's chair was procured, and he was wheeled out, eventually he was able to wheel himself about. The continued use of the Pink Pills constantly added to his strength, and then the crutches for a case, and at this time (Sept. 1895) Mr. Moffatt had so far recovered that he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Advertiser and procuring a horse and buggy he was engaged as local reporter for the paper. The once utterly helpless invalid is now able to go about, and to get in and out of his buggy without any assistance, and is at his post of duty whenever called upon.

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'



It was found that he was afflicted with terrible erysipelas. During the first six months in the hospital he was under the treatment of the staff electrician, but the powers of electricity entirely failed, and after a consultation of physicians it was deemed advisable to perform an operation. Six weeks later a second operation was performed. The operations proved successful only in so far as they afforded temporary relief. He remained in the hospital from November, 1880, till January, 1892, and from all the modern remedies and appliances known to the staff of that well equipped institution no permanent relief could be obtained. He was then advised to go home, partly in the hope that the change might prove beneficial, but instead he continued grow worse, and in March, 1892, was again forced to take to his bed, and those who knew of his condition did not believe he had long to live. At this time every joint in his body was swollen and distorted, and he suffered the most excruciating agony. If a person walked across his bedroom it intensified the pain as though he was being pierced and torn with knives, and if it touched he would scream aloud with agony. In this state of hopeless suffering he remained bedfast for eighteen months, all the while using all manner of medicines from which relief might be hoped for. Then he was put under the treatment of a celebrated Toronto specialist, but with no better result. After this last experiment failed, he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time discontinuing all other treatment. At the end of three months there was a very noticeable improvement in his condition, and so much so that his mother thought he could be lifted outside. He was still so weak, however, that he was only able to remain up a few minutes as before. When taken back to bed he felt a sudden tingling sensation going up from his toes and through his joints and spine. The next morning when he awoke the pain had left the body and lodged in the arms, and then for some weeks the pain shifted from place to place in the arms and then disappeared, and he has not had a particle of pain since. All this time he was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and slowly but surely gaining his strength. Then an invalid's chair was procured, and he was wheeled out, eventually he was able to wheel himself about. The continued use of the Pink Pills constantly added to his strength, and then the crutches for a case, and at this time (Sept. 1895) Mr. Moffatt had so far recovered that he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Advertiser and procuring a horse and buggy he was engaged as local reporter for the paper. The once utterly helpless invalid is now able to go about, and to get in and out of his buggy without any assistance, and is at his post of duty whenever called upon.

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it 'cures when other medicines fail.'

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its