

# THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

## Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Resurrection.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—John v. 28.

Philosophic speculation has gone through heaven, and told us that there is no gold there; and through hell, and told us that there is no fire there; and through Christ, and told us that there is no God there; and through the grave, and told us that there is no resurrection; and has left hanging over all the future, one great, thick London fog.

If I were to call on you to give the names of the world's great conquerors, you would say, Caesar, Alexander, Philip, and the first Napoleon. You have missed the greatest. The conqueror is Death. He carries a black flag and takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with carcasses. Had not God kept creating new men, the world, fifty times over, would have swung lifeless through the air; not a foot stirring in the cities, not a heart beating; a depopulated world, a ship without a helmsman at the wheel, or a captain on deck, or a crew in the rigging. Herod of old slew only those of two years old and under, but this monster strikes all ages. Genghis Khan sent five millions in the dust; but this, hundreds of thousands of millions. Other kings, sometimes fall back and surrender territory once gained; but this king has kept all he won save Lazarus and Christ. The last one escaped by Omnipotent power, while Lazarus was again captured, and went into the dust. What a cruel conqueror! What a bloody king! His palace is a huge sepulchre; his flowers the faded garlands that lie on coffin lids; his music the cry of deserted households; the choice of his banquet, skulls; his pleasure, fountains of the flowing tears of a world.

### HEAVEN'S PHILOSOPHERS.

guessed at the immortality of the soul, but never dreamed that the body would get up and join it. This idea is exclusively scriptural, and beyond reasoning. Indeed all analogies fail. You say, as the wheat is put into the ground and comes up, so will our bodies. I reply: if the wheat entirely dies, as in the case of long protracted wet weather, there is no resurrection of it. So the analogy fails. You say that the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, and so our dead bodies may at last take on a splendid exaltation. I reply that there is no interregnum of life between the caterpillar and the butterfly; and, therefore, the analogy fails. You say that there is a perfect type of the resurrection in the trees in spring-time. I reply that the tree does not die in winter. It is simply dormant; and, therefore, the analogy fails. The body though cut up by dissecting knives, and burned in a furnace, shall come together.

The objector says: Suppose a man be eaten up by cannibals, how can his body be brought back? I answer, there is no proof that the earthly part of the human body ever can be absorbed in another body. I suppose God has power to keep these bodies everlastingly distinct. But suppose that a part of the body was absorbed in another body—could not God make a substitute for the part that had been absorbed in another body? The resurrected part of a good man would rather have a substituted portion of body given it than that part of the body which a cannibal had eaten and digested.

But come, let us get out of this. I stood on the top of the Catskills one bright morning. On the top of the mountain was a crown of flashing gold, while all beneath was rolling, writhing, contorted cloud. But after a while the arrows of light shot from heaven, began to make the gloom of the valley strike tent. The mists went skurrying up and down like horsemen in wild retreat. The fogs were lifted, and dashed, and whirled. Then the whole valley became one grand illumination; and there were horses of fire, and chariots of fire, and thrones of fire, and the flapping wings of angels of fire. Gradually, without sound of trumpet or roll of drum, they moved off. The green valleys looked up. Then the long flash of the Hudson unshathed itself, and there were the white flocks of villages lying amid the rich pastures, golden grain-fields, and the soft, radiant cradle of the valley, in which a young empire might sleep.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never

before been heard. It may not be so loud, but

### IT WILL BE PENETRATING.

There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder, or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! O grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." From New York to Liverpool, at every five miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude—that is where the Central America went down. And yonder multitude—that is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie—that is where a traveller perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings, and orators, and poets get up. Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Witherforce, the good; and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the Pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough ploughed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth, all the senators, all the great men, all the beggars, all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind.

But how will these bodies look? The bodies of the righteous, in the first place, will be glorious. The most perfectly formed body, indeed, is a mere skeleton so what it would have been had not sin come.

### GOD'S MODEL OF A FACE.

of a hand, of a foot, of a body, we know not. If after an exquisite statue has been finished, you should take a chisel and clip it, and clip it, and set the statue in an out-of-door exposure, its beauty would nearly all be gone. Yet the human body has been clipped, and blasted, and battered, for thousands of years. Physical defects have been handed down from generation to generation for six thousand years, and we have inherited all the bodily infelicities of all the past; but when God takes the righteous out of their graves, he will refashion, and improve, and adorn according to the original model, until the difference between a gymnast and the emaciated wretch in the lazaretto is not so great as that between our present, bodily structures and our glorious resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfected eye, out of which, by the waters of death, has been washed the last trace of tears and study. Then you will see the perfected hand—the knots on the knuckles of toil untied. No more sibilant of the shoulders from burden-bearing, and the weight of years; but all of us erect, elastic—the life of God in all the frame.

The body will be immortal. The physical system is perpetually wasting away. It is only because we keep putting in the fuel that the furnace does not go entirely out. Blood-vessels are only canals to carry breadstuffs to the different parts. If these supplies fail, we die. Sickness and death lurk around to see if they cannot give a pry under the tenement, and at a slight push we tumble off the embankment of the grave. But the righteous, arisen, shall have an immortal body. It will be incapable of disease. You will hear, no cough or groan. There will be no mitema or fever in the air. There will be no rough step down which to fall, no fracturing a limb. People cross the sea for their health; but that voyage over the sea of death will cure the last Christian invalid. There grows an herb on that hill that will cure the last snake-bite of earthly poison. No hospital there, no dispensary, no medicines, no ambulances, no invalid chair, no crutches, no enema, no spectacles for poor sight, no listing of windows to keep out the cold blasts, but health immortal for the resurrected bodies of the righteous.

### ONCE MORE.

What do you think? Charlie White and Mabel Perkins are engaged again after their engagement had been broken off and they had become nothing to each other.

Charlie surrendered again, did he? Yes.

A sort of re-captulation, or?

### APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

Maw, what's de difference between er politician and er statesman? Well, honey, a mushroom's good, ain't it? Yes, 'um. And a toadstool is pizen, ain't it? Yes, 'um. And dey bof look alike? Yes, 'um. Des same difference between a statesman to a politician.

meeting a wild beast, we must climb, run, dodge, or somehow get out of the way.

### EIGHT HOUR'S WORK

makes any man tired. But the resurrected body shall be mighty. God always will have great projects to carry on, and will want the righteous to help. We know not what journeys the resurrected may have to take, or what heavenly enterprises they may have to carry on. I suppose the heavenly city, is more busy than an earthly city and that Broadway at noonday is quiet compared with the business of heaven. Yea, it is noonday all the time, and all heaven is coming-and going. They rest not day nor night, in the lazy sense of resting. They have so many victories to celebrate so many songs to sing! so many high days to keep! They need no night, for their eyes are never weary. They need no sleep, for there is no call for physical renovation. If they sit down under the tree of life, it is not to rest, but with some resurrected soul of earth to talk over old times and rehearse the battles in which they fought shoulder to shoulder. Jacob wrestled with the angel, but was not thrown because the angel favored him, but Jacob once resurrected, an angel could not throw him. There would be no such thing as wrestling down the givings of heaven. They are strong, supple, unconquerable, immortal athletes.

That kind of a body I want. There is so much work to be done that I now begrudge the hours for sleep and necessary recreation. I sometimes have such views of the glorious work of preaching the Gospel that I wish that from the first day of January to the last day of December, without pausing for food, or sleep, or rest, I could tell men of Christ and heaven. Thanks be to God for the prospect of a resurrected body that shall never weary, and for a service of love and activity that shall never pause and never end.

But my text speaks of the resurrection of damnation. The Bible says but little about it; yet it is probable that as the wicked are, in the last day, to be opposite in character, so will they be, in many respects, opposite in body. Are the bodies of the righteous glorious—those of the wicked will be repelling. You know how bad passions flatten the skull and

### DISFIGURE THE BODY.

There he comes up out of the graveyard—the drunkard; the blotches on his body flaming out in worse disfigurement; and his tongue bitten by an all-consuming thirst for drink—which he cannot get, for there are no dramshops in hell. There comes up the lascivious and unclean wretch, reeking with filth that made him the horror of the city; hospital now wringing across the cemetery lots—the consternation of devils. Here are all the faces of the unpardoned dead. The last line of attractiveness is dashed out, and the eye is wild, malignant, fierce, infernal; the cheek aflame; the mouth distorted with blasphemies. If the glance of the faces of the righteous was like a new morning, the glance of the faces of the lost will be like another night falling on midnight. If, after the close of a night's debauch, a man gets up and sits on the side of the bed—sick, exhausted, and horrified with a review of his past, or rouses up in delirium tremens, and sees serpents crawling over him, or devils dancing about him—what will be the feeling of a man who gets up out of his bed on the last morning of earth, and reviews an unpardoned past, and instead of imaginary evils crawling over him and flitting before him, finds the real frights, and pains, and woes of the resurrection and damnation?

Between these two styles of rising, choose ye. I set before you, in God's name, two resurrected bodies. The one radiant, glorious, Christ-like; the other worn, blasted, infernal. I commend you to the Lord of the resurrection. Confiding in him, Death will be to you only the black servant that opens the door, and the grave will be to you only the toilet-room where you dress for glory.

May the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, through the blood of Everlasting Covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do his will!

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## CRONJE'S COTTAGE PRISON

### CAPTURED GENERAL SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME ON THE VERANDA.

Can Talk English Well, But Refuses to Do So at St. Helena—His Great Attachment to His Wife, Who Shares His Captivity.—Grateful for Efforts to Make Him Comfortable.

A correspondent who has visited the Boers in St. Helena reports their lot to be very comfortable. Cronje and his wife and three members of his staff are in Kent cottage, perched on top of a hill, just such a cottage as may be seen on the outskirts of many an English village. Imagine an unpretentious two-storied dwelling with slate roof and yellow-washed walls standing out clearly from a background of hillside. The window frames and shutters are painted the same shade of green that you may see any day at a Dutch farmhouse in the Paarl district of the Cape Colony. In front runs a veranda, and there is a slightly raised "steep." There is also some presence at a flower garden, but it is sadly neglected. The garden is enclosed by a black wooden paling, and still further in front is a little more cultivated land with bananas and a few other trees. The scene is simplicity itself, but for the bell tent in the right-hand front corner of the garden, and the steady tramp of khaki-clad sentries east, west, north and south.

On the steep and beneath the veranda for the best part of the day sits Gen. Cronje, dark of visage, somewhat long-bearded, and with hair turning gray. His eyes are deep set, dark and ferret-like, and his demeanor is one of

### EXTREME RESERVE.

Piet Cronje can speak English almost as well as any Transvaaler of Dutch extraction, but you may pry him in vain with questions, in English. He positively refuses to speak anything but his native taal, and even then his replies are little more than monosyllables. He has little to say about anything, and is difficult to draw. Of course he feels his position. You may see that written large upon his face; but, contrary to what so many people think, he appears to be very grateful for his captivity. It is shown him, and fully appreciates the efforts that are made to secure his comfort. Beyond this he is as the Sphinx.

"It is a strange character," this of Piet Cronje. Charges of terrible cruelty have been laid at his door, and somehow, when you carefully regard his face, you feel sure that the man is capable of violating the terms of an armistice or firing on the women and children's laager. Yet there are some redeeming features, as, for example, when the fire of patriotism lights his eye, and more particularly in the homage paid to his wife. All day long, Mrs. Cronje in rusty black dress and black Boer "kappie," is the defeated General's close companion. Others who are blood relations may emerge from the house and remain for a brief while beneath the veranda, but there is about them the restlessness and impetuosity of the younger Boer when under restraint. When, for instance, I was at Kent Cottage, there came within a hundred and fifty yards, just outside the cordon of sentries,

### TWO YOUNG SUBALTERNS.

with field glasses and snapshot cameras. Of course they were inquisitive. The General and his wife were screened by the closed end of the veranda; but a younger relative was extremely annoyed. He was a fine, tall young fellow in shirt-sleeves and the inevitable slouch hat. As he caught sight of the officers he gesticulated violently, flung his arms about and muttered in Dutch. Then he hurriedly entered the house, but only to emerge a minute later, if anything more restless than ever. Cronje, however, and his wife have acquired the art of sitting still. His attachment to her, is very great. Talk to him on any subject and he will immediately make reference to her views and acts. Cronje, the devoted husband, and Cronje of Potchefstroom, of Mafeking, and of Kimberley! You come away feeling that the conjunction is incongruous.

Quite a different man is Commandant Schiel. Here you have one who has received training in European military schools. There is much of the soldier of fortune about him; but there is much that is superficial and insincere. When I last saw Commandant Schiel he was a prisoner on board her Majesty's ship *Penelope* at Simon's Town. To-day he has recovered from his wound and occupies a tent standing alone and within sight of the house in which Napoleon lived and died. But it is the same Schiel. At Simon's Town, the sight of ladies in a boat approaching the prison, ship sent him into an ecstasy of delight, and he would chatter away with fervor about the dear ladies. Almost as soon as I stepped ashore at St. Helena there was placed in my hands a photograph of Schiel being driven along the way to main street on his way to Deadwood Camp. His eyes were raised, and you followed their direction to an open window on an upper

floor at which sat two girls. Yes, I thought,

### IT IS THE SAME SCHIEL.

Talk to him at Deadwood, and there is the same assumption—it is not real—of the old-devil-may-care spirit.

"Next time I fight," he says, "it shall be on the side of the British," but you feel instinctively that if he ever fights again it will be on the side that pays him best.

"Oh, the war will not last long," he tells you; "that is, if one thing happens. If you beat the Boers well at Kroomstad, it will all be over in three weeks."

"Then he will change his tune. The assumed gaiety passes away and almost pleadingly he will tell you that he is not at all well treated, and that he has made application to be allowed to roam the island on parole. Yet all the time this insincere creature knows that he has been guilty of more attempts to escape than any other of the prisoners.

"The Boer prisoners are being well treated. This I know as a fact, and as the result of personal inquiries and observation on the spot. But, of course, there will be some objectors. Schiel, for example, declares that the British prisoners at Pretoria are permitted to go out picnicking and so forth; and then he will make comparisons. But of this statement we have no confirmation. Other prisoners, however speak well of their treatment, and I do know as a fact that all of them are better fed and get more fresh meat than their guards."

"Unfortunately, sickness had broken out among the Boer prisoners, before they left the Cape. The sick, however, are extremely well cared for. As I write there are twenty in hospital out of the 500 on shore, and two have died. These were accorded military honors, and were buried over the hills just beyond Cronje's new home."

### INTERESTING ITEMS.

#### A Few Paragraphs Which Will Be Found Worth Reading.

Lord Roberts' weights a little more than 100lb.

Express trains pass each other at a velocity of ninety yards a second.

The English tobacco trade employs to-day 121 women to every 100 men.

The finest-looking people of Europe are the Tziganes, or gipsies, of Hungary.

To be perfectly proportioned, a man should weigh 23lb. for every foot of his height.

Instruction in the English language is now obligatory in Russian commercial schools.

Persia's army numbers seventy-seven battalions of infantry, forming a total force of 63,900.

Shipping tolls at the Suez Canal in January last yielded £272,800 against £283,200 in January 1899.

The fastest-flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in India. Its descent is 12,000 ft. in 180 miles.

In blowing out a candle, hold it aloft, and then blow upward. This will prevent scattering the grease.

In Russia it is not considered good form for a girl to dance a whole waltz or polka with one partner.

Cremona is becoming popular in London. In 1881 only three bodies were cremated; in 1889, 240.

One million eight hundred and fifty thousand square yards of looking-glass is manufactured in Europe annually.

Every Frenchman must daily pay the Government one shilling and a half penny before he is free to eat his daily bread.

Offhand shooting at 200 yards is considered by the American crack shots as the best trapping to develop marksmanship.

The coal areas of Canada are estimated at 97,200 square miles, not including areas known but as yet undeveloped in the far north.

The Czar of Russia is an inveterate reader, and his happiest moments are those passed in the large library at the Winter Palace.

In the streets of an average city there are about 3,000 bacteria to the cubic yard of air, and in the hospital at the front as many as 80,000.

One quarter of the people on the earth die before the age of six, one-half before the age of sixteen, and only one out of each hundred born lives to the age of sixty-five.

Telegraph-wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday, on account of their Sunday rest; and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent. to the conductivity of a wire.

If the number of people daily entering London were to be despatched from any given station by train, 1,977 trains, each conveying six hundred persons, would be required for the purpose.

The Sahara is not a barren waste, as is popularly supposed. Not long ago there were 9,000,000 sheep, 2,000,000 goats, and 260,000 camels in the Algerian Sahara alone, and the oases furnish 1,500,000 date palms.

### WELL TRAINED.

Cumso—They say that Gazzam's wife selects his neckties.

Cawker—That's nothing. She even selects his cigars.

## A WHITE FLAG INCIDENT.

### LUCKY ESCAPE OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

Although Surprised by the Attack, the British Cavalry Covered and Retreated from the Boer Farm House.

M. O. Donohue, a London Daily Chronicle correspondent, in a recent letter, described an incident in connection with a Boer farm house, which might have caused disaster to the Canadians. He said: "The Canadian Mounted Rifles, included in Alderson's Corps, located the enemy in a farm house, to the east of Leewoek. With that distinctive Boer character, acerbic of the Boer, a white flag had been hoisted on the chimney top. Since the general amnesty every farmer in the Free State who has laid down his arms perpetually flies a white flag or two instead of the Boer's. Suspecting nothing, the Canadians advanced towards the nearest two farm houses. Fortunately they had taken the precaution to dismount, and were moving forward in extended order. When within four hundred yards of their objective, a volley was poured into their front. A though somewhat surprised by the suddenness of the attack, they at once took cover and returned the fire. The fire directed upon them did not actually come from the farmhouse itself, but from an orchard-garden at the side.

### THE FIRST VOLLEY.

flew harmlessly by, but having got their quarry within easy shooting range, the enemy lurked in the garden abandoned volley firing for individual killing.

The Canadians were in a ticklish position. It was their baptism of fire, and they stood it well, as became the comrades of those who fought and fell at Paardeberg. Retire they could not, and to leave them where they were meant death or Pretoria. Colonel Alderson solved the difficulty by making a demonstration in rear of the farmhouse, thus enabling those in front to retire. Behind the farmhouse is a line of low kopjes, which connect Leewoek with a second line of hills to the eastward. A person's demonstration unearthed a second line of rifleman on the hills on his left. Unfortunately he was without big guns, so he opened with a pom-pom, the fire of which served to cover the withdrawal of the small force. He had sent forward to allow the Canadians to retire. The whole force withdrew to the west side of tall, rugged Leewoek.

The Boer force engaged effected a junction, and in the morning moved south-east towards Paardeberg, French's cavalry leading the way.

### THE FARMHOUSE.

whence the Canadians had been treacherously fired on was burnt, and the occupier was sent a prisoner to Bloemfontein. He had not, he said, been engaged in active hostilities. A commando had come down from the hills and compelled him to run up the white flag while they filled the garden with magazines and lined the garden wall. On Monday afternoon the enemy were met with again, this time in the kopjes westward of Paardeberg. The cavalry drew their fire and the artillery drove them on. It was here that Colonel Buller's Cough, of the 9th Bengal Lancers, in command of Robert's Horse, was shot, while leading his men into a trap. Major Nicholson, R. A. M. C., with a mounted stretcher party, went forward to bring him in, and was fired on, but the major accomplished his purpose. Two prisoners taken afterwards sought to justify this desecration by saying that the Boer Cross flag was borne in rear, and not in advance of the stretcher party, which was utterly untrue.

### HE SAID.

Some time ago a wealthy gentleman well known for his extreme generosity drove up hurriedly in his carriage to the door of a celebrated doctor in Sheffield. He was in a state of some discomfort and fear, from the fact that a piece of his bone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat.

The doctor quickly removed the bone and the gentleman breathed freely.

"Thank you, doctor," he exclaimed, "much relieved. I'll never get another again—never! And with what ease you removed it—were mine's operation, was it not? How much—what is your fee?"

Half a guinea, replied Dr. B.

Half a guinea? exclaimed the gentleman, "for half a minute's work! Impossible!"

But, consider, said the doctor, a salmon bone!

What has that got to do with it? Oh, a great deal, replied Dr. B. It is been habitually fresh bread, I should have charged less—perhaps 50 codfish or eels, 25 lb. would have been amply payment; mackerel, 25; wild a red herring, 10; but salmon would have removed free of charge; but salmon at this time of the year is very costly, one has to pay for these luxuries. And his patient paid.

## EPILEPTIC FITS.

Will cure Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance, Falling Sickness, etc. ALL CHARGE to any sufferer sending us their name to a cross and mentioning this paper.

Address: THE LIEBIG CO., 119 King St. W., Toronto.

## HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

### IN THE ORCHARD.

There is a general consensus of opinion among good fruit growers that there is profit in the business if conducted properly, but not more than every other man follows the business with a just conception of its nature. While local differences may modify rules and advice concerning crops and methods of culture inapplicable for a section, there is, nevertheless, a certain advice that will be of service over the country. To go into the points of success in detail it is necessary in the first place to give not only good tillage to the fruit trees, but bushes during the growing season, intelligent and methodical cultivation. Let the experience of one year teach something that will make the work of the next more satisfactory. Good cultivation, which can be done by planting forage crops in the late summer and covering them over in the spring. Such green crops help to keep the land warm in winter, and improve the mechanical conditions of it. Trees and tender vines and bushes

## YEARS OF AGONY.

### RESULTING FROM SCIATICA IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

Many Sufferers Could Not Live in Bed, and His Leg Was Frequently Swollen to Twice Its Natural Size.

From the Journal, St. Catharines.

Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding many forms of treatment, found no relief until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have released me from a form of sciatica that had afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress my loud aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and ointments, but got no relief. I consulted with several physicians, even being sent to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I receive more than temporary relief. I had read, told upon me in other papers, and I became almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its natural size. Then the pain, and swelling would shift to my left leg, and my agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have had hundreds of times had my leg elevated on a chair, and I could obtain slight ease from the pain. My legs looked as though they were being cut off in this way until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago I had a similar case. I had decided to try them. For some time I began their use. I could not see if they were helping me. I decided that I would give them a dozen boxes. There was a decided improvement in my case, and I had taken twelve boxes, when the agony was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel permanent that the cure has been effected.

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headache and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words can not express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me. I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by getting rid of the root of the disease. They strengthen and build up the blood, and discharge the nerves. Thus, the living force of the system is increased, and does not keep them. They will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.