

There was a
little boy,
And he
had a
little bun,
And sweet

were the currants,
to said He pulled
them all out—'T was
foolish no doubt—And
popped them right into his head.

CHAPTER II.

And then the pretty little curly-headed boy said his prayers, and was put to his bed, bed, bed. And he dreamed he was treading on hideous, slimy snakes—hundreds of them. And he screamed out, and woke up with a throbbing headache and an aching stomach. And the doctor was called in. He was a sensible, experienced old physician, and a friend of the family. What did he do? I'll tell you first what he didn't do. He didn't say that Freddy had some disease with a long, high-sounding name, and make out a dollar prescription in Latin. No; he just said to the mother: "Have you any of Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters in the house?" Freddy's mother answered, "Certainly, doctor; you know we always keep it?" The doctor then said: "Just give him a dose or two, and he'll be all right in the morning." And he was.

CHAPTER III.

And what is the explanation of this? It is simply this:—Herbine Bitters is

the best known cure for dyspepsia and like diseases, arising from derangement of the stomach. In addition, it is a wonderful blood purifier. In cases of chronic headache, its effects are simply marvellous.

In a house where there is a cross, peevish man or woman it is the greatest boon on the earth. Nearly everyone knows that peevishness usually arises from bad digestion. Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters cures this, and the peevishness and bad temper fly. A dose or two of the bitters, and—Presto! they have gone. And with them go headache, blurred eyesight, languor, low spirits, nervousness, drowsiness, and the other symptoms. Their stomach and digestive organs are toned up, and they take on flesh. The diseased system becomes healthy. Instead of impure, sluggish blood, there is a quick moving, life-giving stream; and energy, clear headedness and hope succeed languor, dizziness and hopelessness.

Most of the so-called "laziness" of many is disease, a disease that is cured by Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters, which sells at twenty-five cents a bottle.

