

AFRAID OF HER DINNER.

"Only a coward," said General Sir Thomas Picton, "will boast that he was never afraid." These are remarkable words to come from a man like him. Whatever Sir Thomas' faults may have been, timidity was not among them, as he proved down to the moment when he fell at Waterloo. We have heard of great generals afraid to cross a narrow bridge. The famous Duke of Marlborough was afraid of his wife, and with good reason. Some folks are afraid of ghosts, and some of new ideas. Here is a lady who was afraid to eat. Most of us will face a good dinner with a fair amount of courage; but we, luckily, are not in the condition of Mrs. Lucy Booth, at the time of which she writes.

"In the spring of 1888," she says, "I began to feel weak and ailing. My appetite was poor, and after all I ate I had great pain at the chest and left side. My hands and feet were cold and clammy, and I was so pale that I seemed to have no blood left in me. As time went on I got worse and worse, and became afraid to eat owing to the pain. I got so weak that I could scarcely get about. I saw a doctor from time to time, who gave me medicine, but I got no better. I also went to Nantwich for change of air, but nothing did me any good. After suffering in this way for nearly a year, my father persuaded me to try a medicine that had cured him, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After I had taken one bottle of it I felt relief, and by continuing its use a short time all pain left me, and I gained back my old strength. My husband, who had suffered from indigestion for years, has been benefited by the same medicine. Whenever we ail from anything, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup soon sets us right. You may make what use you like of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Lucy Booth, 6 Union Street, Runcorn, Feb. 9th, 1894."

After reading this story, nobody, we are sure, will criticize Mrs. Booth because she was afraid to eat. One is not a coward because he refuses to swallow poison, and that's what food soon becomes when it

lies in the stomach without being digested. Cautious people frequently keep firearms in their bedrooms as a defence against intruders. Mrs. Booth is armed with Mother Seigel's Syrup against indigestion and dyspepsia, an enemy more to be dreaded than any midnight thief.

Now, lay to heart the simple thing I am going to tell you: Nature, the wise mother of us all, never makes it hard to do what is necessary to be done. Not a bit. On the contrary, she makes necessary things easy and pleasant to do. You breathe without thinking of it; your heart beats without any supervision or care on your part; when you are thirsty she makes it a pure delight to drink; when you are tired and weary she lays her soft hand upon your face, and whispers, "*Sleep, my child, sleep, and forget the world!*" When you need food she stirs up within you what we (lacking a better word) call an appetite, and eating becomes a supreme satisfaction.

Well, then, what are we to think of ourselves when we turn from food as a woman turns from her dead baby? Why, this to be sure: that something has outraged and thwarted nature. What has done it? The disease called indigestion or dyspepsia. "Oh," you say, "we know all about that; it never kills anybody?" Does't it? Does famine never kill anybody? What filled the air of Ireland with wailing and keening away back in 1848? What—but, pshaw!—the point is sharp enough to prick your fingers.

Whether a man is hungry and has no food, or has plenty of food, but is prevented by disease from eating and digesting it—he *starves just the same*. "In nine-tenths of all fatal cases of disease," says an eminent medical writer, "the final cause of death is starvation. The digestion fails, and death ensues sooner or later. The human body must succumb unless constantly sustained by food."

True, and dyspepsia is slow starvation—the source of most of the other diseases that fill us with pain and misery.

As a cure, I point to the record of Mother Seigel's Syrup.



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