

That is to say, it tries to do this, but does not always fully succeed. Very often the food is not properly chewed or masticated, and there are solid pieces which the stomach can neither dissolve nor push along through the valve into the bowels. This is indigestion of the stomach, a malady so common as to blind us to its serious and often fatal character. Some of its well known symp-

toms are: Distress after eating, sourness and acidity, headache, giddiness, bad breath, loss of appetite and sleep, depression of spirits, pressure upon the brain, nervous irritation, etc. And the success of Mother Seigel's Syrup in purifying and cleansing this well-spring of nearly all our physical sorrows, fully accounts for its world-wide reputation.

MEN UNDER THE HARROW.

"I chose the place where I was to be buried."

Now this is a very depressing, cheerless sort of thing for a man to do. Of course we have all got to die. We understand that. Still we don't like to talk about it, or to do anything about it. I did know a person once who ordered his coffin, and kept it in a room in his house, "on view," as we say of other goods. He wasn't ill either, which made it all the more queer and outlandish. And when his friends heard of it they cut him, and stopped calling on him. Served him right, I say. They said he was a "crank," a man who is off his mental balance, you see.

What I say is, that it's a bad practice for healthy people to adopt. But when a man is fairly used up by disease and pain, when each succeeding day that dawns only brings him another siege of it, when he has got so he can't suck a single drop of honey out of this world's comb, why then I don't argue that we have any business to blame him for wishing he was out of it.

I, who write these lines, talked that way once myself in the midst of what looked like a hopeless illness. One bright, warm day I crawled out into the neighboring churchyard and said to my wife, "My dear, I'm going to die presently, and when I do, dig a hole right here, and put me in it." It made her cry, and I should not have said it.

But the man under a harrow feels differently from the one who drives the horses which drag it. The good friend who used the words at the top of this article will pardon me for preaching a sermon on them, but I wanted him to know that I sympathise with him and understand him.

"All my life," he says, "I have suffered from constitutional weakness. When a boy my family thought I was in a decline. I was always weak, tired, and languid; and had a gnawing, sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. My mouth tasted badly, and I was constantly spitting up a bitter fluid, and vomiting thick phlegm. I had a poor appetite, pain after eating, and tightness at the chest and sides; also a dry, hacking cough, night sweats, and all the symptoms of consumption. I was so weak and emaciated that the least thing exhausted me, and it was all I could do to walk a few yards from the house. At twenty years of age, whilst living at Beeston, near Nottingham, I became so bad that I thought I was going to die, and so impressed was I with this feeling that I chose the place where I was to be buried. However, I took a turn for the better, and was able to get about again. In 1870 I had a severe attack of jaundice, which pulled me down very much. After this I was dreadfully weak, and had frequent attacks of giddiness, and used to fall suddenly down as if in a fit. My condition now

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