

ALL MEAN THE SAME THING.

You have probably heard some people say, "I have such strange pains going about my body that I don't know what to make of them. Sometimes it will be a pain in the forehead, not like an ordinary headache, and then it will go to the breast over the heart, then to the left side, then to the lower part of the back. The pain may stay a whole day or part of a day in one place, and then move—after the fashion of a travelling exhibition or circus."

Now a pain is objectionable because it is a pain, and often because it worries us in trying to account for it. If it stays too long in one place we begin to think it is the sign of some serious local trouble there. And we always fancy that trouble to be the worst one we ever heard of or read about in the books. The writer has on his left eyelid a little encysted tumor, not half so big as a pea. It has been there more than forty years, and I have ceased long ago to take any notice of it. Yet once I suffered intense mental anxiety because various doctors told me it was bound to develop into a malignant cancer. I'd like to be in a condition to pay them back some time for all the mental suffering their errors caused me.

What I want you to understand from this talk is that these shifting spots of pain spoken of do not mean as many distinct local diseases. You have seen a single thunder cloud in summer dart its electric streaks all over the sky; and there is one ailment, which I will name presently, that has the power to imitate that operation in the body. First we will lend an ear to what Mr. Frank Windle has to say, and then try to sum up the subject in such a way, I hope, as to make it interesting and instructive.

"In November of 1890," he says, "I fell into a low, weak state of health. I felt languid, tired and weary, having no energy. My appetite was poor, and after what little I ate I had pain at the chest and side. I gradually got so weak that I could scarcely get about, and was wretchedly nervous. I had also palpitation and pain around the heart.

"I consulted a local doctor, but getting no better, went to a specialist at Derby, who said that my heart was weak. I took all kinds of medicine, but nothing did me any good.

"I continued to suffer for over a year, when a friend recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this med-

icine from Boot's drug stores, Chesterfield, and after taking it a short time I felt it was doing me good.

"My appetite improved, and the food agreed with me. I continued with the medicine and got stronger and stronger, the pain leaving me altogether. By taking an occasional dose when needed, I keep in good health. You can publish his statement as you like. (Signed) Frank Windle, Newbold, Chesterfield, April 1st, 1897."

Mr. Windle mentions having had pain in the chest, side, and around the heart. Probably, if he had expected you and I would have taken an interest in the subject he could have extended this short list and told us of pains, more or less frequent and intense, in other parts of his body. For indigestion or dyspepsia (the disease he suffered from) nearly always stirs up these scattered disturbances, often making the sufferer think he is afflicted with not less than a dozen different kinds of complaints.

This it does by first weakening, and then poisoning, the nerves. And as it takes but an instant for an electric flash to leap clear across the heavens from east to west, so the baneful influence created in the torpid and diseased stomach will sometimes send a thrill of pain from head to foot. Dyspepsia may make the sufferer fancy he has organic heart trouble, as in Mr. Windle's case; organic kidney trouble, as in many instances; local diseases of the nerves of the brain; organic ailments of the lungs and so on, when, as a matter of fact, all these pains and disorders are merely results and symptoms of the inflammation in the stomach and the general upset of the associated digestive machinery.

When the loaded and livid thunder cloud has shot away all its arrows, and unburdened itself of its surplus water, the atmosphere clears and nature becomes balanced and serene. Even so when Mother Seigel's Syrup has sweetened and strengthened the stomach the seemingly unaccountable and alarming pains in various parts of the body die away and vanish, and that wonderful arrangement the human system, works in harmony with itself as nature meant it should. For, as a mighty ship is controlled by a very small helm, so is that mightier construction called man operated to success or failure by his body's own management of what he eats and drinks.



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