

you, old fellow; I'm glad to be back, and I hope all friends are well."

So saying, he put one foot on the wheel and gave Gordon a warm grasp of the hand. Then gazing at Bostwick, who had not yet spoken, Fisher asked, with a degree of hesitation, "And can this be John Bostwick? It is; and yet how altered! Why, John, if I had not met you within a mile of your own doorsill, I shouldn't have known you."

Bostwick rather reluctantly admitted his own identity, and then, with Gordon's help, told Fisher how he came to be in so sad a plight.

Fisher heard the story through without a word, and then remarked: "Bostwick, it's a sorry business, but I know what will cure you. The year after I arrived in Australia, I went through such an illness, and never expected to see Old England again. Every symptom you have described I had. I was then working in Melbourne. In about six months after the first attack I gave up doing anything, and in six months more I made up my mind that I should find a grave where I had come to find a fortune. The doctors told me I had a profound seizure of indigestion and dyspepsia, complicated with liver and kidney trouble. They did what they could, but they didn't go to the bottom of it. When I was about as bad off as I could be, an old acquaintance from London happened to call, and smiled when I prophesied my own funeral. Thinking I was not a proper object of ridicule, I resented his levity, and he said: 'Fisher, where have you been all your life not to know that the successful remedy for the disease you suffer from is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup?' I said I had heard of it a hundred times, but had no faith in it. 'That's because you haven't used it,' says he. Then he went on to tell me what he knew about it in similar cases, and ended up in these words: 'Try it, or let it alone, just as you like, Sam. If you try it, you'll see England again; if you let it alone, you'll be buried in Australia.' I did try it, and the result is I am here telling you to do the same thing."

When Fisher ceased speaking, Bostwick thanked him, and on the return drive bought a bottle of the syrup and took it home with him.

From that day the fight between John and his enemy began afresh. For some weeks the issue was still doubtful. His wife helped and encouraged him at every step. The first sign of the coming victory was that he began to sleep better. Then the cough became quieter and he raised less. Then he was able to take and digest tender beef and other nutritious food. An increase of strength followed, of course. Now and then there was a slight relapse, but on the whole, the process of improvement went on.

Susan's heart ran over with gladness when John came to the table for the first time in several weeks, ate with something like an appetite, and finished with kissing the children and herself.

When he had gone to his room for a short nap, the mother gathered the little ones around her and said, in tones full of pleasure: "My darlings, we'll keep papa yet."

And "keep papa" they did, for in four months from that day John Bostwick was back to business, blessing the day that Sam Fisher returned from Australia and almost compelled him to use Mother Seigel's Syrup.

The above is the history of an actual occurrence, and with changes of names and circumstances it is a type of multitudes of similar cases in almost every town and city in this populous country. Bostwick's misfortune consisted in having so long neglected the remedy. Yet we must pardon him, for he used it as soon as he believed in it. Knowing his story, you, dear reader—if you experience the symptoms of his disease—need not wait. Indigestion and dyspepsia, the scourge of civilization, must be checked at once. What one bottle of Seigel's Syrup will do in the early stages, it will take half a dozen to do when the trouble affects the liver, and five times as many when the blood is thoroughly poisoned and every organ of the body has been attacked.

Taken according to directions, the wonderful preparation of Mother Seigel, the good old German nurse, will effect a cure.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all chemists and medicine vendors, price 60c. per bottle, and by the proprietors, A. J. White & Co. (Limited), Herald Building, 6 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal, P. Q.

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