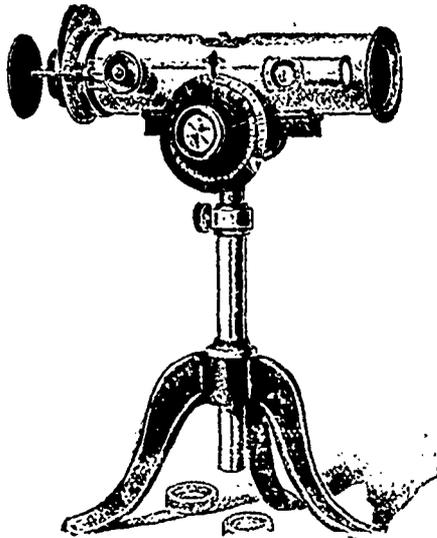


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A VERY DIFFERENT THING.

When a man has an attack of toothache, or sprains his ankle, or gashes his finger with a knife, he understands what ails him as well as the most eminent medical authority in the country would understand it. He may not be able to *treat* his trouble, but he knows *what it is*; and consequently suffers no mental anxiety arising from doubt and mystery.

But when he is overtaken by an illness which it is difficult or impossible to locate, which seems to affect half a dozen different parts of his body at once, so that he cannot say, "It is here," or "It is there," he is justified in apprehending something profound and serious. No wonder that under these circumstances Mr. Boorman could not tell what had come over him.

"In March, 1891," so runs his short account of it, "my health began to fail. I felt low, weak, and had no strength or energy. *What had come over me I could not tell.*

"I had a foul, horrid taste in my mouth, and no appetite. As soon as I had eaten, the food lay on my chest like lead. I was constantly spitting up a gaseous, sour fluid, and something would rise into my throat enough to choke me.

"I was much troubled with palpitation; my heart would thump and throb until I could scarcely bear it, and I had often to sit up in bed to ease the pain. I gradually got worse and worse until I was in a shocking state of weakness."

[If a person under such circumstances were to make up his mind he had what is called "heart disease," who could point the finger of ridicule at him for thinking so? If he were worried with apprehensions of sudden death from that cause, are you the man to say he was afraid of nothing? Not you, nor anybody else. And yet—, but let's have the rest of the letter.]

"I could hardly drag one leg before the other," continues Mr. Boorman, "and was so nervous that the least thing would startle me."

"I consulted a doctor, but his medicines did me no good, and in October (1891) I went to Bartholomew's Hospital, but was no better for their treatment. I afterwards went to the Bethnal Green Hospital, but with the same result. I had now got so low and weak that I despaired of ever getting better, and thought I was in a consumption.

"In January, 1892, I read of cases like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Lucas, chemist, Talbot Road, and after taking it I found relief. I continued taking it, and in a month felt quite a different man.

"I could eat, and the food gave me no pain; and slowly I gained strength. By-and-by I was well and strong as ever, and have since kept in good health. Mother Seigel's Syrup has saved my life, and I wish others to know of it. You can publish this statement and refer any one to me. (Signed) William Boorman, 61 Perry Street, Northampton, October 23rd, 1895."

What, then, was it that came over Mr. Boorman? In the light of the result, and the manner of the cure, I answer without hesitation—it was the dark foreshadow of the most common and the most dangerous disease known—indigestion, dyspepsia; the collapse of the body's power to keep itself up; the slipping from under him of the very foundation stones of his vitality. That was what had come over him.

Then why didn't he recognise it? Why didn't the doctors seem to recognise it? Why couldn't they "tell" what it was? Because it is the Prince of Deception, the counterfeit of all diseases *outwardly*, and the reality of all diseases *inwardly*. Because, having one nature, it has a hundred shifting symptoms. Its roots are in the stomach, and its branches run from head to heel.

When you feel the vague trouble that came over Mr. Boorman, recall these words and take Mother Seigel's Syrup, without waiting to wonder what ails you.