

DOMES, BUBBLES AND EGGSHELLS.

Seen from a distance on a fine day the dome of St. Paul's looks as light as a soap bubble; and if it could talk, it would tell you it feels as light, for the mighty strength of the great church carries it as a man carries a baby on his shoulder. Yet it weighs—how much, do you fancy?

A woman stood in the doorway awaiting the return of her husband. He had left home with a heavy load of anxiety on his mind. Presently she saw him coming. Matters had been satisfactorily adjusted; she knew it by his face. Walking quickly up to her, he said—not loudly, but gently, with pauses between his words: "*Wife, if you should heap a bushel of eggs in that door I feel I could run over them and not break one.*"

"This is in the line of universal experience. Weight—so far as it concerns the human body at least—is not determined by the scales, but by sensation.

We beg to introduce Mr. John Stafford, who says, "*I felt as if a heavy load had been lifted off me.*"

"For over twenty years," he adds, "I had suffered from obstinate indigestion and constipation. For more than a week at a time I would never have my bowels moved."

The reader is an intelligent person, doubtless. Consider Mr. Stafford's statement, then, for a moment, let us put the fact in plain English. His intestines were full of festering rottenness; they were like a stagnant morass, breeding disease and death. The poisons engendered by so vile an accumulation are absorbed by the tissues, pass into the blood, and infest every organ and part of the system. If not relieved, the victim will die—poisoned by the products of his own machinery. It is as horrible as the Black Hole at Calcutta, and common as weeds in a neglected garden.

We are, therefore, prepared to hear him say, "I always had a bad taste in the mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with a sticky, slimy matter. I was constantly belching up a foul gas or fluid that tasted sour as vinegar. After eating I had great pain and tightness in

the chest, back, and between the shoulders, with a choking feeling in the throat. As time went on I grew weaker and weaker through loss of appetite and lack of nourishment, until I could hardly follow my work. I tried all sorts of medicines I could hear tell of, but none of them did me any good.

"In June (1893) I was so run done and feeble I feared I should have to give up altogether. I was under a doctor for several weeks, but his medicines did me no good; I kept getting worse and worse. At last, in July of the same year, my mates at the Marsh Iron Works, where I was employed, told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and urged me to give it a trial. I got a bottle, and after I had taken it a few days I felt a great improvement. My bowels acted naturally, as they had not previously done for twenty years, my food agreed with me, and I felt as if a heavy load had been lifted off me. Continuing to take the Syrup I gained strength rapidly, and have been in the best of health ever since. You will believe me when I say that I now recommend this remedy to everybody who suffers from the same complaint. You are welcome to publish my statement. Yours truly, (Signed) John Stafford, 15 Spa Terrace, Marsh Lane, Preston, October 11th, 1893."

Indigestion is primarily a disease of the stomach and constipation is one of its results. On account of the torpidity of the liver (an accompaniment of indigestion), little or no bile is poured into the bowels, and the fluids of the intestines being dried up by the feverish action there, the partly digested stuff from the stomach becomes hard and solid in the lower bowel, and clogs it. Then it putrefies, producing all the evils from which our friend suffered. Seigel's Syrup cured him by setting things right at the source of the trouble. We congratulate Mr. Stafford on his escape; it was narrow enough for the strongest and boldest.

The scales will tell him he weighs more than he has in twenty years; his feelings tell him that he could stand on an egg and not break it.



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