

Intense Suffering

From Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble Instantly Relieved and Permanently Cured by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.
A New Discovery, but Not a Patent Medicine.

Dr Redwell relates an interesting account of what he considers a remarkable case of acute stomach trouble and chronic dyspepsia by the use of the new discovery, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.



He says: "The patient was a man who had suffered, to my knowledge, for years with dyspepsia. Everything he ate seemed to sour and create gases in the stomach. He had pains like rheumatism in the back, shoulder blades and limbs, fullness and distress after eating, poor appetite and loss of flesh; the heart became affected, causing palpitation and sleeplessness at night.

"I gave him powerful nerve tonics and blood remedies, but to no purpose. As an experiment I finally bought a 50-cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at a drug store and gave them to him. Almost immediate relief was given and after he had used four boxes he was to all appearances fully cured.

"There was no more acidity or sour, watery risings, no bloating after meals, the appetite was vigorous, and he has gained between 10 and 12 pounds in weight of solid, healthy flesh.

"Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are advertised and sold in drug stores, yet I consider them a most valuable addition to any physician's line of remedies, as they are perfectly harmless, and can be given to children or invalids or in any condition of the stomach with perfect safety, being harmless and containing nothing but fruit and vegetable essences, pure pepsin and Golden Seal.

"Without any question they are the safest, most effective cure for indigestion, biliousness, constipation and all derangements of the stomach, however slight or severe."

her wear. I shall not attempt to tell you the joy of this good woman when she saw her husband enter the house, safe and sound from his long journey. The little one clapped her hands and laughed with glee when she saw the pretty toys that her father had brought her. Nor did the good man himself soon grow weary of relating the incidents of his journey and telling of the marvels of the great city. "For you," he said to his wife, "I have brought something never before seen in all this region. It is called a mirror. Look in it and tell me what you see." Saying this he gave her a little, flat, lacquered box, in which lay a round metal plate. One side of this was covered with frosted silver with relief decorations of birds and flowers. The other side was as brilliant and polished as crystal. As the delighted and astonished wife looked at this side she saw a beautiful face with rosy lips, pearl-white teeth, and sparkling black eyes, smiling up into her own. "What do you see?" asked her husband, enjoying the look of amazement that overspread his wife's features, very satisfied, also, to be able to show that he had learned something during his travels. "I see," said his wife, a handsome woman looking at me. She moves her lips as if she were speaking, and, strangest thing of all, she wears a blue gown exactly like my own!" "Little simpleton!" cried the man, delighted to know something that his wife did not know. "It is your own face that you see. That plate of metal is called a mirror. In the city everybody has one." For several days the wife would sit frequently before the mirror watching the reflection of her own fair face. Then the mirror was carefully laid away, among the few treasures of that peasant home. Years passed by and husband and wife lived happily together, the chief joy of their lives centering in their daughter, who was growing up into young womanhood, the very picture of her mother in form and features, and with all the artlessness and simplicity of character that had been her mother's before the mirror revealed to her the beauty of which she had so long been the unknowing possessor. But there finally came a day of sad misfortune to this happy home. The good and loving mother fell sick, and, although the daughter watched over her with tender affection and solicitous devotion, the invalid grew worse continually until there was no hope for her recovery. When the wife and mother realized that she must soon die she called her daughter to her side and said: "Dear daughter, you see, how sick I am, and that I must soon leave you and your father. Promise me that when I am gone you will take out the mirror that has lain hidden away for so many years. Promise me that you will look in it the first thing



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you do every morning and the last thing that you do every night. In the mirror you will see me, and you will know that I am always near you, watching over you." When she had said this the sick woman pointed out the place where she had concealed the mirror, and with tears the girl promised to do what her dying mother requested. Tranquil and resigned, the latter soon passed away. The dutiful daughter was not forgetful of her mother's last request. Every morning and every evening she took the mirror from its place of concealment, and for a long time would gaze upon it intently, never once in her artless simplicity of mind thinking that it was her own face that she was looking upon. To her it was the face of her dearly loved and lost mother, radiant and smiling, that met her gaze. Not her mother as she was in the days of her last illness, wasted and pallid, but as she remembered her, far back in the years of her childhood, when her father had left them alone to go on a journey to the far-off city, and had brought back with him this very mirror and had given it to her young and beautiful mother. It was upon the face of this mother of her childhood that the daughter now looked. To her at night she confided the trials and weariness of the past day, and from her she sought every morning strength and encouragement to meet the duties of a new day. In this manner the young girl lived, watched over, as she fondly believed, by her mother, endeavouring in all things to please her just as if she were living with her, and careful always to do nothing that might grieve her. Her greatest joy was to look into the mirror in the evening and be able to say, "Mother, I have been to-day all that you wanted me to be." At last the father learned that his daughter was looking into the mirror every morning and every evening, and that she seemed to hold conversation with it. He questioned her on the subject of this strange conduct. The girl said: "Father, I look every day into the mirror to see my dear mother and to talk with her." She then told him of the last request of her dying mother, and how she had never, for a single day since her death, failed to observe it. Deeply touched by such simplicity, and lov-

ing obedience, the father's eyes filled with tears and he tenderly drew his daughter to his breast. And, as long as he lived, never did he have the heart to tell her that what she saw in the mirror was only the reflection of her own sweet face, which the molding power of her filial affection and devotion was day by day making more and more like that of her dead mother.

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