

in astonishment. "Why, if you were in New York you could get three dollars for them."

The boy looked critically at the officer for a moment and then said scornfully:

"Yas, suh; en I reckon if I had a bucket of water in hell I could get a million for it."

SETTLING THE SCOTCHMAN.

When the agrarian agitation in Ireland was at its height great inducements were offered to Scottish farmers to settle on the land from which other tenants had been evicted. Against these all manner of cunning on the part of the natives was resorted to with the object of preventing the Caledonian invasion. One canny denizen of the "Land of Cakes" who had crossed the Channel with the intention of prospecting was most hospitably received by the caretaker in the absence of the landlord. A first-class repast was provided and duly enjoyed by all, down to the very dog attached to the premises. The animal, finding his appetite fully appeased, seized a large bone and scampered away.

"Wheres the dog off tae?" said the Scot.

"Och," was the reply, "he's swallied all he can, an' now he's off to bury the bone!"

"To bury the bane," rejoined the other; "but, my man, hes aboon a mile awa' noo, an' still he's gaun as hard as ever!"

"Ye-es," replied the wily Hibernian, "but thin the fact is the sile hereabouts is rather rocky, and the intillegent baste knows well that he has at least tin or eleven miles to go afore he finds earth enough to cover the bone, and sure he'll be wantin to git back afore dark!"

The would-be settler girded up his loins and sought his native shore without more ado.

HIS PLAN.

This is a curious story. It is of a man who wanted to tell his neighbor what he thought of him without laying himself open to libel action—

He hit on the plan of sending him each day a post-card with only one word written on it in a large hand, in addition to the date obscurely tucked away in a corner. The person receiving the cards recognized the handwriting, and, suspecting something, kept them until they ceased coming, when he read them consecutively in the order of their reception. What he read was—"Ridiculous old Bill Brown is the meanest man and the biggest thief in H—." He at once instituted a suit for slander against the sender. The latter's lawyer, however, called attention to the fact that the postal card containing "ridiculous," though sent first, was dated the day after the date of the card having the word "H—." Moreover, a careful inspection would show that after the word "ridiculous" was an exclamation point, and after the word "H—" was an interrogation mark, so that the series of postal cards might be made to read, "Old Bill Brown is the meanest man and the biggest thief in H—? Ridiculous!" He claimed therefore that, instead of slandering the plaintiff, his client had defended him from slander, and this plea was sustained by the court. But all the same the majority of people thought that the first reading of the cards was the correct one.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

Uncle Henry Wilkins was going on a vacation with his two young nephews. The day was hot; Uncle Henry stood wiping his brow and watching the driver strap the trunks to the back of the cab. Finally the door of the vehicle closed with a crash, Aunt Minerva had waved the last good-by, Uncle Henry had looked at his watch and said, "Plenty of time to catch our train," and the boys were squirming about luxuriously and delightedly on the green cushions when the sound of a brass band assailed their ears.

As they drove on, the sound seemed to come nearer and nearer, and at last they were brought to a stop in a side street by a great crowd of people held back by two policemen. Uncle Henry thrust his head out of the window. "Why, it's a parade, boys," said he,

"and we've plenty of time to see it."

"It's a parade of all the old firemen, sir," explained the driver, as they got out. Already the lines of red coats had come into view.

A look of solemnity came into Uncle Henry's face. "Boys," he said, "step up where you can see all these gallant old fire-fighters. See that man on the end of the line. Perhaps he once rescued a human life from the cruel flames! Perhaps—"

"Did you see him do it?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"No," explained Mr. Wilkins, somewhat irritated at the interruption, "I did not see him. But look, boys, at those grizzled old veterans. Their vocation is a noble one!"

"What's a vocation?" cried Billy. "Is that one of those hats they wear?"

"No, it's their calling."

"With speaking-trumpets?" Billy asked.

Uncle Henry frowned, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and assumed an air of indifference to those about him.

"To be a fireman, a protector of property from the flames, to have the privilege of saving life—that indeed is no mean record," he went on. "We should applaud these men who have risen so many times on cold nights to go out and fight back the enemy. It is the kind of heroism we should appreciate."

Billy and Ned looked at their uncle, awed and uncomfortable. The band that had passed now had for them a sad and far-away sound.

"Well boys," said Uncle Henry, finally, "it is time to start again toward the station. We have only ten minutes left. We'll drive right on."

"Yon can't cross here, sir," said a policeman, with a tone of finality.

"Then we'll wait a minute," said Uncle Henry, sliding his watch back into his pocket.

"I guess you'll wait about fifteen," said the policeman. "This parade is a mile long."

"What's that?" cried Uncle Henry. Both the boys jumped at the sound of his voice. "This is an outrage! We shall miss our train! Have we got to wait here till all these doddering old dolts get past, all on account of a conceited sentimental belief in their own importance? The law ought to forbid the blocking of the public streets in this way. The whole thing is against the rights of the public. Firemen! Why don't they have a parade of chimney-sweeps or a procession of janitors?"

"But, Uncle Henry," protested Ned, "you said they got out of bed on cold nights—"

"Yes, and got well paid for it, too. Driver, take us back home!"

"You aren't angry with us?" asked Billy, anxiously. But Uncle Henry did not answer.

PUT ME OFF AT SYRACUSE.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly. "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard, for I've been dining to-night and will probably feel rocky. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off at Syracuse."

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian, ramming the bright coin into his trousers pocket. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester! Thirty minutes for refreshments!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where is that black coon?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers he went in search of the object of his wrath and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Been in an accident? Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated the porter, jumping to his feet, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gen-man what guf ter me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well den, befoah de Lawd, who was de gen-man I put off at Syracuse?"

THE HORROR OF IT.

Vigorous, healthy folks simply cannot imagine what a horror, what a death-in-life Indigestion really is. They speak lightly of it and say, "poor Mrs. So-and-So has some trouble with her stomach." "Some trouble," forsooth. Of all the ills that afflict humanity none causes more misery than Indigestion. It destroys annually more lives than consumption, cancer and cholera combined. If you cannot digest your food—as a steam engine burns coal—your heat, power, energy, must run down. Continue this condition and *your engines will stop!*

Food that lies in your stomach undigested distils poisons that are carried by your blood all through your system. This poison clogs the brain, inflames the nerves, muscles and joints, and stagnates all the natural functions. Constipation, headaches, sleeplessness, pains and wind in the stomach; dizziness and other wretched feelings follow. Mother Seigel's Syrup cures Indigestion by toning up, strengthening, aiding the digestive organs to do their natural work.

Mr. Burton Shortliffe, of Central Grove, Digby County, N. B., writes:—I was troubled with Indigestion a long time and found no medicine to give such immediate relief as your preparation, Mother Seigel's

Syrup. For Indigestion or Stomach Trouble, it must be a boon to those who use it."

Madame Elvira Nowe, of Cherry Hill, Lunenburg Co., N. S., says:—"I have been troubled with Dyspepsia two years and my food would rise as soon as I had eaten it. Nothing relieved me until, at last, I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup and by taking one bottle and a half I was cured."

Allan Macfarlane, of Rockland Farm, Vale Perkins, P. Q., writes:—"I used your well-known remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, while suffering from Indigestion, with excellent results. Previous to taking it I always suffered sharp pains after eating—so violent that I dreaded my meals. I was completely cured by taking the contents of two bottles."

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made of roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels. That is why it so surely cures indigestion.

This little letter from M^{rs} John B. Landry, Blair Athol, P. O., Restigouche County, New Brunswick, dated January 12, 1908, tells an important story in a few words:—"For a long time I suffered with Dyspepsia which afflicted me terribly and made me exceptionally nervous. I decided to try some of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it worked wonderful results. It restored my health and brought back my nerves to their natural healthy condition."



OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF INDIGESTION

Out of the miseries of biliousness and constipation; away from headaches and pains that torture the stomach after meals; leaving behind you all sickness and wretchedness, sour stomach, bad taste in the mouth, palpitation, despondency and despair! If YOU want release from such troubles, **put your digestion right.** Mother Seigel's Syrup will bring you quickly, surely, as it has brought thousands, out of the gloom of indigestion

INTO THE SUNSHINE OF HEALTH

Myriads of people have proved that Mother Seigel's Syrup is a remedy of the highest medicinal value for all stomach and liver complaints. Made of roots, barks and leaves it is unequalled as a digestive tonic. If your stomach ails or is weak, Mother Seigel's Syrup will strengthen it, will stimulate your liver and bowels to healthy action, restore your digestion, purify your blood, cleanse your system, give you vigorous, buoyant health.

"For two years I had pains after eating, with headaches, and arose tired in the mornings from loss of sleep. My tongue was coated. I became pale and thin, with spells of dizziness and heart palpitation. I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and now, after that two years of misery, I am as well as I have ever been." M^{rs} Louie Lessard, Quebec City. 7.7.09.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP.

Sold everywhere. A. J. WHITE & CO., LTD., MONTREAL.