WALKED LIKE AN OLD MAN

Joseph Hamel Suffered Long Before He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills

Had Lost All His Energy and was Discouraged—The Great Kidney Remedy Cured Him Completely.

Nicolet, Que., May 11.—(Special).—Of the many people of this neighborhood who have been brought back to health and strength through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills few are in a better position to give the public the benefit of their experience than Joseph Hamel. He knows both sides of the question—the suffering and the relief.

"I suffered from Kidney Disease for three or four years," says Mr. Hamel. "For two years I would take two or three days off work a week. I was continually sick and forced to walk like an old man. I lost all my energy and became discouraged.

"After trying a lot of medicines that only gave relief for a while, I was fortunate enough to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using three boxes I was completely cured."

Mr. Hamel is enthusiastic in his praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and there is not the slightest doubt of the correctness of his statement as dozens of people can testify to his illness and cure.

THE WRONG BOTTLE.

Trouble in the Thompkins Family When Medicines Got Mixed.

Here's a story John W. Gates tells: "Did you hear about Thompkins and his wife? No? Well, Thompkins' wife had a cough medicine. When he was buying it the druggist remarked incidentally that he had some of the best hair restorer that ever gladdened the head of a bald headed man. Thompkins is baldheaded, but he pretended he didn't hear. He bought a cigar and talked politics with two or three of the boys for a while, and just before he left for home he said kind of carelessly to the druggist:

"Say, old man, got any stuff that's good for the hair—make it—er—sort of grow, you know?"

"Oh, yes," said the druggist.

"Well," said Thompkins, "guess I'll take a bottle. My brother-in-law is a regular dude and likes such things.

The two bottles were about the same size, but that wasn't the druggist's fault, Thompkins opened them both when he got home. That night after he had undressed he happened to think that it might be a good thing to try a little of the hair restorer. In the dark he got hold of his wife's cough medicine and he plastered it all over his bald head. It was good and sticky and it hung right on. Mrs. Thompkins had a violent fit of coughing during the night and in feeling around the closet for her medicine got hold of the hair restorer. She took a big dose and then hollered:

"Fire!"

Thompkins awoke with a yell. There had been a little slit in the pillow case and he had rolled around with his sticky head until he had made a great hole in the case and had all the feathers worth mentioning, flaring out from his cranium so that he looked like the banshee in an Irish folklore tale. He came rushing to Mrs. Thompkins' assistance. She thought it was the evil one taking a half-holiday and again hollered, this time louder than ever: "Fire! Police! Fire!"

The hired girl ran into the night with nothing on but a sweater and a pair of rubber boots and turned in a general alarm. It cost Thompkins $16.50 to make it all right with the firemen, but he says the experience was cheap at the price, as the cough mixture started his hair growing again. Incidentally his wife's cough has disappeared.—New York Press.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some sensible advice to women passing through this trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the trying time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 5000 letters like the following proving the great value of her medicine at such times.

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. Four years ago my health began to fail, my head began to grow dizzy, my eyes pained me, and at times it seemed as if my back would fail me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. Hot flashes were very frequent and trying. A friend advised me to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I have taken six bottles of it and am to-day free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough terms of the medicine. I recommend it to all and wish every suffering woman would give it a trial."—BELLA ROSS, 88 Montclair Ave., Roslindale, Mass.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. VIII
MAY 24, 1903

Paul Before Agrippa.—Acts 26: 19-28.

Commentary—Connecting links. "After Paul had lain in prison two years, Felix was removed on account of grave complaints of his conduct, and Porcius Festus was appointed in his stead. Festus was a much better man than Felix." After Festus became Governor the Jews again sought to have Paul taken to Jerusalem for trial, for there they had more power over the courts, or could secretly assassinate their enemy. Paul saw that the only safe way for him was to appeal to Caesar, and have his case tried at Rome. Festus at once granted the appeal.

I. Paul's address before Festus and Agrippa.—vs. 1-23. Paul the prisoner, was standing in the midst of all the pomp and splendor of oriental royalty. As soon as Paul was told that he was permitted to speak for himself, he at once began his address "with his usual polished courtesy." For the third time in the Acts we have the story of Paul's conversion.

19. Agrippa—"Herod Agrippa II. was king of the country east of the upper Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. He had a palace at Jerusalem, and was professedly a Jew, and was versed in Jewish customs. He was the son of the Herod Agrippa, who slew James and imprisoned Peter. After the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, he was dethroned, but permitted to retain his wealth, and lived at Rome until A. D. 100. He was immoral in life, but not unjust in his rule, and has been considered the best in the Herodian family." Not disobedient—This is one of the grand points of instruction and personal application in Paul's whole career.

20. First unto...Damascus—He began to preach at Damascus immediately (Acts ix. 20-22), but soon went to Arabia. From Arabia he returned again to Damascus (Gal. i. 17,18) where the Jews sought to take his life. Paul escaped by night, being let down by the wall in a basket (Acts ix. 23-25). At Jerusalem, etc.—He specifies, as his fourfold field of labor, first, the two cities of Damascus and Jerusalem, then the whole region of Judea, and, lastly, the heathen world.—Lange. Should repent—He had sought to win men back to God, to reveal Christ and his complete work for man's redemption, that they might repent, and turn to God; that, with a divinely renewed heart and reversed life, they might do works acceptable to God.

21, 22, for these causes—Because he had obeyed God according to his distinct revelation, in a manner displeasing to the Jews, they had sought to kill him. In the temple—Paul was worshipping in the temple when the Jews seized him. I continue—It was not by any power of his own he had been preserved; but it was because God had interposed and rescued him. Witnessing—Bearing testimony, as he had been commanded. Small—To those in humble life; to the poor, the ignorant, and the obscure. Great—The rich and noble; to kings, and princes, and governors. He had thus stood on Mars' hill at Athens; he had borne testimony before the wise men of Greece; he had declared the same gospel before Felix and Festus, and now before Agrippa.

23. Should suffer—Many of the Jews overlooked or denied the suffering character of the Messiah, and stumbled fatally at the gospel because it required them to accept a crucified Redeemer.

II. An interruption by Festus (v. 24). 24. Beside thyself—The loud voice was the effect of his surprise and astonishment.—Hackett. What Paul had said of a resurrection from the dead accomplished in Jesus as the first fruits of a person coming from the Jews who should enlighten not only his own people, but even the Gentiles—among the rest, the polite and learned Greeks and Romans—and of the manner in which this was revealed to him—all this would lead such a half-thinker and a pagan as Festus to conclude roundly that Paul was a visionary enthusiast.—Doddridge. Much learning—"Many writings" had turned his brain, the idea being suggested by Paul's many allusions to Moses and the prophets.—Butler.

III. Paul's reply to Festus (vs. 25-29). 25. I am not mad—Either Paul or Festus was beside himself. They lived in different worlds, and one or the other was wrong. If Festus was sane, Paul was mad; if Paul was sane, Festus was mad.—Peloubet. "There is no madness so great, no delirium so awful, as to neglect the eternal interests of the soul for the sake of the poor pleasures and honors which this life can give."

26, 27. The king knoweth—"Agrippa was a Jew, and no doubt was acquainted with the history of the life and works of Jesus, of His death and resurrection, of the events that occurred on the day of Pentecost, and the preaching of the Gospel since Jesus had been crucified." A corner—There was a wide knowledge of the facts connected with the life, death and resurrection of Christ. Believest—Agrippa had been instructed in the Scriptures and accepted them intellectually.

28, 29. Almost, etc.—See R. V. There are two widely different opinions as to the meaning of this verse. The first is that Agrippa's heart was touched and that, according to the Authorized Version, he declared with all seriousness that he was almost persuaded to become a Christian. The other view is that the words were spoken sarcastically, according to the Revised Version, and that he was not in the least influenced by Paul's words towards Christianity. Nearly all recent commentators accept the latter view. Would to God—Paul's answer is sublime. He is so thoroughly satisfied with the salvation he has experienced that he does not hesitate to heartily commend it to all his royal hearers. Except, etc.—What a gentle reproof to these rulers who were keeping him in chains! What a delicate appeal to them for liberty!

IV. Paul declared innocent (vs. 30-32). At the conclusion of the speech the king's sympathy was evidently with the prisoner, but Paul had put it out of the power of Festus to release him, because he had appealed to Caesar.

Paul was a highly educated man, and was the first one of the apostles of our Lord who could be so called. All the others had been chosen from the middle class. They are mentioned in our English Bible as "unlearned and ignorant men." (Acts iv. 13). These terms cannot have been used as we now use them, because persons who could write as they did could not properly be called ignorant men. They were not educated in literature and theology as religious teachers were expected to be. The Apostle Paul, however, was educated in both literature and theology. The details of his life are too well known to be mentioned here. Above all things he was devoted to the Jews' religion. He caused to be beaten, imprisoned and stoned those who belonged to the rising "sect of the Nazarenes." This he did with a good conscience, believing that he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." With a blank search warrant in his possession for the finding and arrest of any who professed the name of Christ, he himself was arrested, humbled, and brought into the service of Jesus.

Agrippa was a descendant of Herod the Great, and was of Jewish stock. He was evidently thoroughly educated in the Jews' religion, for Paul says he was "expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." He was also a nominal believer in the Jews' religion, for Paul also says of him; "Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Yet he was a Roman at heart.

Compared and contrasted. These two men are now brought together by the providence of God for the first and last time. It came about, however, easily and naturally. King Agrippa visits Festus. They talk over their affairs, and mention is made of Paul's case. Festus ought to have sent him to Rome before this time, but could not do so for want of a suitable charge.

Paul's address is one of the most remarkable parts of the Bible. It is one of those spiritual guide-posts along the highway where one always stops, looks about him, thinks backward and forward and reckons. It has many noticeable features, and among them may be mentioned the following: 1. Simplicity. There is absolutely no attempt at rhetoric, learning or oratory. Paul had the audience of his life, he would naturally be expected to make the effort of his life. On the contrary, he simply relates his experience, what he was and how he lived as a Pharisee, his standing in the Jewish church, what he did for that church and against the Christian sect, the wonderful appearance of Jesus to him, its effect on him and the great and immediate change it made in his life, what his mission and work had been till then, and what he purposed to do as long as life lasted. It was all so simple, just as any pilgrim or saint would relate his experience. 2. Directness. He went directly to the point. There was no hasitancy, no wavering, no wandering. He speaks of himself freely, to Festus personally, to Agrippa appealingly. His address goes straight from his heart to the heart of his hearers. 3. Love. Paul had suffered much from the Jews. He had been beaten, imprisoned and stoned. They had in many ways tried to take his life. Some of the very men who had done all this were present that day. When he had won his judges and the tide had turned his way, naturally he would have been expected to have accused his enemies and pleaded for himself. His love for the souls of his enemies, however, rises far above any personal considerations. He did not even want guilty men to wear the chain that he wore as an innocent man.

Almost. A word of fearful import! Language fails to describe the terrible failures clustering around this word. When we miss an opportunity or fail in an undertaking where there is little or no chance of success, we are indifferent; to do so when there seems considerable chance of failure, is bearable; to be almost sure of our undertaking and then fail at last, is misery and grief beyond language or imagination. "Almost, but lost!"

YOU DON'T CARE, EH?

Well, most folks do, and this is why.

"SALADA"

Ceylon GREEN Tea is making Japan Tea take a back seat. The people recognize "Pure" Tea. Sold in the same form as the celebrated "SALADA" black tea, in lead packets only. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

Ye BraveSleuth.

Baltimore News.

"Yes," said the chief of police, "I secured some valuable evidence against that fake spiritualistic seance last night."

"How did you manage it?" asked the solicitous friend; "did you look through the keyhole?"

"No," replied the mighty sleuth, "but I managed to look over the trance some."

One teaspoonful of Painkiller in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes. There is only one "Painkiller"—Perry Davis'.

Did Not Want to Overcharge.

Philadelphia Press.

"Doctor," said the shrewd looking man, "how many feet of gas does it take to kill a man?"

"That's rather a question," said the doctor. "Why do you wish to know?"

"One of the guests of my hotel used enough of it to kill himself and I want to send in a proper bill to his executors."

GIRL'S LONG SLEEP WALK.

Went Four Miles in Her Night-gown and Fell Into a Pond.

Miss Nora Reynolds, the 16-year-old daughter of Wenlock Reynolds, residing southeast of Washington, Ind., was missing from her bedroom when her parents arose this morning, and at first it was feared she had been kidnapped while asleep. Posses were soon scouring the country. She was not found until late this afternoon, when W. H. Summers located her in a straw-stack, asleep and chilled by exposure. Her nightgown was covered with mud and her bare feet were scratched and bleeding.

Upon being aroused she told a most remarkable story of her thrilling experience. She said that she retired at the usual hour, and does not remember leaving her bedroom. She says she knew nothing of what she was doing until she fell into a pond of water on Jesse Billings' farm, four miles from her home. The plunge in the icy water awoke her, and she then made a desperate struggle to keep from drowning, finally reaching the bank in safety.

She can only account for her actions by saying that she believes she walked from her bedroom while sound asleep. Upon dragging herself from the pond she started to return home, but had travelled only about a mile when she became exhausted. Seeing the stack of straw she made her way to it.

She slept until sunrise, but was then ashamed to try to reach home in scant attire, so she crawled beneath the straw and was waiting for darkness when one of the searching party found her.

THE WIDOW'S COW.

A Banker's Story About a Loan on a Mortgage.

At the meeting of bankers in Clay Centre last week F. P. Blake, responding to the toast "Securities," told of a pretty young widow who got into financial straits and borrowed from his bank $20 on the security of a fine Jersey cow. It nearly broke her heart, she said, to pledge the animal, which was almost as dear to her as her children. Then came a long period in which she renewed the note time after time, sometimes paying interest and sometimes not, and always distressing the bank officers with her sorrowful talk. "One day," proceeds the story, "she showed up in a more sorrowful frame of mind than usual, and with more tears, and with wetter tears also, than usual, announced she had given up the struggle. The cow was dead and she was wearing her life out under the weight of a debt unsecured, and which she saw no prospect of ever being able to pay. She wanted it discharged. The cashier took to the woods, telling Blake that it was no use for the bank to monkey longer with that paper; to treat the woman as nicely as he could, making her burden as light as possible, dry up the fountain of tears, then go over to the register of deeds office with her and have the mortgage released. All of which Blake did in his smoothest and most gentlemanly way. Just as they were coming out of the court house curiosity got the better of him, and more as a space filler than anything else he said:

"Madam, now that this is all settled, when did your cow die and how did it happen?"

She had wiped her tears away by this time and was radiant and smiling, a poem in contradictions. Turning to him she said:

"My dear boy, you tell that sweet cashier of yours that the butcher killed the cow two years ago."—Kansas City Journal.

Few Flies last year

No Flies this year

if you use

Wilson's Fly Pads

No cheap paint is as good as Ramsay's Paints, nor is there a good paint so cheap.

Every can and every color has the same high quality.

Send us a post card, mentioning this paper and we'll send our booklet showing how some beautiful homes are painted with our paints.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, MONTREAL.
Estd. 1842.

The Markets.

Toronto Farmers' Markets

May 18.—The receipts of grain on the street to-day were moderate, with little change in prices. Wheat is steady, 300 bushels of white selling at 73 to 74½c, 200 bushels red winter, at 74c, and 200 bushels of goose at 67c. Barley is firmer, 600 bushels selling at 43 to 46½c. Oats steady, 400 bushels selling at 35 to 36½c.

Dairy produce in fair supply, with butter and eggs about steady. Dairy roll butter sold at 16 to 20c, and eggs at 13 to 14c per dozen. Garden truck offered more freely, and prices are easier.

Hay is steady, with sales of 15 loads at $12 to $14 a ton for timothy, and at $6 to $9 for mixed. Straw unchanged, two loads selling at $8 to $9 a ton.

Dressed hogs are firm, with sales at $8.25 to $8.75, the latter for light.

Following is the range of quotations; Wheat, white, bushel, 72½ to 74½c; do., red, bushel, 74 to 74½c; do., goose, bushel, 67c; oats, bushel, 35 to 36½c; barley, bushel, 43 to 46c; peas, bushel, 75 to 78c; hay, timothy, per ton, $12 to $14; do., mixed, per ton, $6 to $9; straw, per ton, $8 to $9; apples, per barrel, $1.50 to $2.50; dressed hogs, $8.25 to $8.75; eggs, new laid, 13 to 14c; butter, dairy, 16 to 20c; do., creamery, 20 to 24c; chickens, per lb., 15 to 20c; turkeys, per lb., 20c; potatoes, per bag, $1.00 to $1.15.

British Live Stock Markets.

London, May 16.—Live cattle are steady at 12 to 13c per lb. for American steers, dressed weight; Canadian steers, 11 1-2 to 12 1-2c per lb.; refrigerator beef, 9 to 9 1-2c per lb. Sheep, 13 to 14c, dressed weight.

Cheese Markets.

Belleville, Ont., May 16.—To-day there were offered 1,355 white and 217 colored. Sales: Hodgson, 127 colored at 11 5-16c; Watkins, 500 white at 11 1-4c; Alexander, 500 white at 11 3-16c; Brenton, 195 white at 11 3-16c.

Napanee, Ont., May 16.—Yesterday 22 factories boarded 1,525 boxes of cheese, being 1,175 white and 350 colored; all sold at 11 3-16c.

London, Ont., May 16.—To-day 13 factories offered 1,334 boxes May make; no sales; bids, 10 3-4 to 11c.

South Finch, Ont., May 16.—This evening there was a large attendance; number of cheese boarded, 1,685 boxes, 1,200 white, balance colored; price offered, 11 5-16c for white and 11 3-8c for colored; all sold.

Cornwall, Ont., May 16.—To-day 1,463 boxes of cheese were boarded here, 995 white, 233 colored and 35 United States; all sold except one lot, which went for 11 1-4c.

Wool Markets.

London, May 16.—The offerings at the wool auction sales to-day amounted to 12,812 bales, chiefly medium grade. Competition was spirited. A fair supply of Punta Arenas sold well, chiefly to the continent, at firm prices. Following are the sales in detail:

New South Wales—2,900 bales; scoured, 9d to 1s 10d; greasy, 7 1-4d to 1s 3d.

Queensland—400 bales; scoured, 11 1-2d to 2s 1-2d; greasy, 11 1-2d to 1s 1-2d.

Victoria—300 bales; scoured, 1s; greasy, 1s to 1s 3d.

South Australia—200 bales; greasy, 8 1-2d to 11d.

New Zealand—5,100 bales; scoured, 6d to 1s 4d; greasy, 4d to 1s 1d.

Punta Arenas—3,800 bales; greasy, 6 1-2d to 11d.

Falkland Islands—56 bales; greasy, 5 3-4d to 7 3-4d.

Bradstreets on Trade

There has been increased activity in Montreal wholesale trade this week as a result of the settlement of the strikes. There is still a great accumulation of freight for export and warehouses are filled with merchandise for shipment west, but good progress is being made on all sides, and the situation will be greatly relieved by the close of the week. At Toronto a few warm days this week have materially improved the demand for seasonable goods. More buyers from the country have been in the market the past few days for some weeks. At Quebec during the past week business in wholesale circles has been good. The conditions of trade at Pacific Coast centres are very satisfactory. Trade at Winnipeg has been fairly active the past week. The seeding of spring wheat is practically over and the fact that the area shows a large increase this season has improved the outlook for the fall trade. Business at Hamilton is more active. There is a better sorting demand as a result of more favorable weather. Fall orders, too, are coming forward satisfactorily, travelers' orders and mail orders calling for liberal quantities and being well distributed. Owing to the cool weather which has been experienced till this week, it is expected that the sorting trade will be kept later than usual this year. Values of staple goods are firmly held. At London there is a fair amount of activity in jobbing circles. Orders from retailers are increasing, especially for seasonable lines, and the next few weeks is expected to show renewed activity in seasonable goods. There has been a good demand in wholesale trade circles at Ottawa this week.

GEN. MACDONALD AS I KNEW HIM

(G. Hales in London Daily News)

Dead in a foreign land! Fallen; not at the head of his old brigade, not in the storm and stress of battle; but alone, by his own hand, with the shadow of a charge of wrong hanging over him. As I think of it my blood runs cold in my veins, for as a soldier he was great. I think of the dead man lying on French soil, lonely in the grim grasp of death, and then my mind goes swiftly back to him as I so often saw him on the great, far-spreading African plain as he fronted our foes in battle; and I forget the dead man, and remember only the living leader, who, whatever his faults may have been, was at least a dauntless servant of his country when peril crowded round the soldiers whom he led.

Of the charge that made him take his life I know nothing. I know no more than any other man in Britain whether or not he had cause to efface himself; but this I do know, that when his country needed him and rifles spoke their language of death, in Egypt, India or Africa, no man in all our island was more prompt to go where graves were being filled than this bold Scot who was yesterday a hero, to-day a suicide.

As I think of him I can almost hear again the rustling of the Highlanders' feet through the veldt grass and the swish of the swaying kilts on the African air. I can picture him at Ensiln, that bivouacking ground of the Australian troops, and as the scene comes back I can almost hear again the deep-toned cheers of the sunburned bushmen as they rushed to meet the man who was to them an ideal soldier and a leader of men. He came amongst them suddenly, without one warning sound, and, stepping from a passing train, marched with elastic tread along the lines of tents where the bushmen lay about in careless fashion, ready to fight, but averse to go through the routine work of camps. To some those rough colonials might have seemed unsoldierlike and crude. But not to him, for he had fought against such men, and knew that pipeclay did not make a warrior. He saw them lounging in their shirtsleeves, with rifles piled in disarray when the shadows that their tents threw out lay like dark streams in the brilliant sunshine, and as he looked he laughed, the quick, short, magnetic laugh, which told them they were understood. And when the word was passed from group to group that this was "Hector," and, like a mob of boys fresh loosed from school, they swarmed around him, tossing their rough felt hats high in the air and cheering as they used to cheer upon the cattle stations when a maddened herd of hoofs and horns broke for the scrub, and had to be wheeled for the open at the risk of life and limb. He, alert, keen-eyed, resolute of face and bearing, looking from head to heel a soldier, heard their cheers and tossed them shaggy, short words of thanks, and left them the richer for the magnetism of his presence. That was his way. He did not waste his words, but gave to soldiers what the soldier loves—crisp praise or blame.

I saw Macdonald once again, upon the banks of the Modder, with a broken band of men around him, the shattered remanants of the Highland brigade, sullen and sore from defeat almost within the shadows that Cronje's stronghold cast; and none who saw him there, just out of range of Magersfontein's surly heights, could have foretold that he would live to die the death he has died. He went amongst the men with eyes that flashed along the shattered ranks and woke the Highland pride. He did not whip them with words, but every glance told the soldiers that he had hoped for better things from men who wore the Highland colors; and they knew, what lay behind that glance, and braced themselves for better things; and in his hand the old brigade became once more the very flower of Britain's chivalry.

Once again I saw him, marching with his men across the Free State like a man of fire, and wherever Macdonald and his Highlanders advanced the enemy fell back; for with Macdonald at their head the Highlanders were irresistible. No Boer commando could be got to front them when they handled their bayonets. Now he has gone; and all his faults and failings, like his soldierly gifts, must be buried with him. He did not die as all who knew him thought to see him die, in the swift rush of battle. He died in the solitude of his own room, by his own hand. Better for him, and better for Scotland, had he died as Wauchope died, facing the enemies of his country, intrepid to the last. Had he gone down in some stormy scene, bearing himself as blithely as he always did in war, the English speaking world would have thrown nothing but flowers upon his grave; but he was brave and resolute, and ready always to take the post where death was busiest, a man of iron nerve, of granite will, inflexible where many another wavered. Let this be said of him now he has gone—he never turned his face away from his country's foes and never brought reproach upon his country's flag.

Some Strong Past Tenses.

James Beck, Assistant Attorney-General, tells the following story of an argument made by a rival barrister before a justice in a court in Pennsylvania.

The case was one in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages from a railroad company for the killing of a cow. During the course of his argument, the country lawyer used this expressive sentence:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION