

AS EASY AS A B C

Have you ever noticed that some people when they try to explain something they do not understand use very big words? Sir William Ball, one of the greatest living astronomers, can explain even that difficult branch of science in simple words and phrases. In the same way, people who know how they lost their health and regained it can tell us all about it in words "as easy as A B C."

Take the case of Mr. George Morris, 18 Cathedral Street, Montreal, who, on June 23th, 1909, wrote us saying:—"I would like to join with others who have benefited from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup by thanking you for the benefit I received from it while suffering from indigestion. I have always been strong and robust; in fact, being a shipper, I was obliged to be able to lift heavy weights. Well, five years ago, I first fell ill. I felt weakness, lack of energy, and lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I suffered such violent pains across my chest and back that I dreaded food and often went hungry. I had had headaches, and with the least exertion I felt dizzy and the blood rushed to my head."

"This, with foul breath, coated tongue and constant nausea, made me begin to

lose hope of ever being well again. But a friend told me of Mother Seigel's Syrup and I tried it. One week's treatment brought great relief, and when I had used the Syrup one month I was completely cured."

There is no reason to doubt that what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for Mr. Morris it will do for you. It cured him and it will cure you.

Taken daily after meals, it will cleanse and invigorate your system, restore tone and vitality to your stomach and liver, and make you look well, feel well and be well.

Madame Jules Gagnon, of 80 Richardson Street, St. Roch, City of Quebec, testified on July 8th, 1909, that she suffered from dyspepsia for about fourteen years, and during that period endeavored to find a cure for the various sufferings which accompany this malady. The usual heavy feeling and pains after eating had a strong hold on her, and headache, sleeplessness and constipation were among the numerous afflictions with which she was subject to. On account of the long period of her suffering she lost in weight, and her case became nearly chronic. Pains in the back, palpitation of the heart, wind in the stomach and bowels, as well as a sensation of dizziness would frequently attack her, and it often seemed as if she would vomit after meals.

Numerous medicines were tried to overcome the difficulty, and we are informed that Mother Seigel's Pills have given such relief that she has no doubt of receiving a permanent cure shortly, and she is very thankful for the benefit that she has received thus far.

INDIGESTION

MEANS:—

TORTURING PAIN. WRETCHED DAYS.
CHRONIC WEARINESS. WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," bowled over," "good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down system unless you root it out without delay.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion in sixteen countries. Its unrivalled reputation is backed by nearly forty years' unbroken success in curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had miserably failed. Here is a case in point:—"Five years ago I began to feel out of sorts; felt weakness and lack of energy I had never felt before. I lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I always had pains in my back and chest. I had headaches, giddiness, unpleasant breath and coated tongue. I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and in one month was completely cured."—George Morris, 18, Cathedral Street, Montreal. 23.6.09.

GIVES

STRENGTH
TO THE
WEAK.

ENERGY
TO THE
LANGUID.

COMFORT
TO THE
DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

Sold everywhere.

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

In Lighter Vein.

When the "Hants" are Out.

By Edgar Wellton Cooley.

De moon done gone beneath a cloud,
'N de ole houn' whines,
'N de cricket, hit doan chirp no more—
'N dem's bad signs!
Done see a black cat cross de road,
'N de smoke blows down de flue,
'N de fire keeps sputterin' 'way,
'N de moon is new,
'N hit's twelve o'clock, 'n de hants is out
'N walkin' about!

I see done see a bat fly 'cross de moon,
'N de clock spring snaps
When nobody warn't touchin' hit,
'N de plum tree taps
De winder-pane wid hits crook'dest
branch,

'N de snails done creep
Back 'n forth on de kitchen floor—
How you reckon I see gwine to sleep
When de moon is dim, 'n de hants is out
'N walkin' about?

Going Some.

"No, sah!" said old Uncle Abe, "I hain't afraid of hants, no hants can skeer me."

"Now see here Abe," said the doctor, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll go down to old Perkins' haunted cottage and stay there till one o'clock in the morning, all alone in the dark."

"Yes, doctah, I see go shuah, I see not afraid of hants, and I think I see that dollah. Yes, Mr. Doctah, you lose that dollah."

And so Abe went down at eleven o'clock and lighted his pipe and began smoking. "No, sah," said he, "I see afraid o' no hants. You can't skeer old Abe nohow. I'll get the doctah's dollah shuah."

Just then he heard a low sound behind him, and turning around he saw in the very dim light of a waning moon, a big black cat which was grinning from ear to ear. As Abe turned the grin became more pronounced and the cat said in a high tenor voice: "There's jest us two, Abe, ain't they?"

"Yes, sah," said Abe jumping up a yard, "they'se jest us two, but there won't be two for long!"

And so out of the door he went and down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. When about half a mile from his house he was forced to stop in order to get his breath. Leaning up against the fence he could just blurt out, "No, sah, I see afraid o' no hants, but I reckon talkin' black cats ain't no hants. No, sah! cats is cats! No, sah!"

Just then he heard the low sound behind him once more, and as he turned the black cat was sitting on the fence beside him and grinning as before. As it caught old Abe's eye it smiled more amiably than ever and remarked once again in a high tenor, "Well, old Uncle Abe, we was a-goin' some, wasn't we?"

"Yes!" said old Abe as he started off again as if electrified, "we was goin' some, but it ain't a patch to what we'se a-goin' to go." And the dust proved that he was trying to make good his words.

Could not Remember His Prayers.

John Rogers was stationmaster at Coupar-Angus, on the Caledonian Railway. He was a pious man, but, like many other railway men, he waxed a little profane under excitement. John was a member of the local Burns Society and attended the annual dinner regularly, getting a little mellow by closing time. After one dinner, he got home among the "wee sma' doers," undressed himself with some difficulty, and went down on his knees beside the bed, where he sent forth some incoherent mutterings.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his better half. "Are you no feelin' weel?" "Am feelin' a richt," replied John, "but a' canna' mind a damned wurd o' ma prayers."

No Fear of John.

Andrew Carnegie tells a good story:—"I canna' leave ye' thu., Nancy, a good old Scotchman wailed. 'Ye're too ould to work, an' ye couldna' live in the lms'house. Gin I die, ye maun marry aither man, wha'll keep ye' in comfort i' yer auld age.'

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse; 'I couldna' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' twa husbands in Heaven?' Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"I ha'e it, Nancy!" he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be all the same in Heaven. John's na Christian, and he's na likely to get there."

He Knew it.

The landlady was in a sentimental mood.

"This is the anniversary of the death of my poor dear old Uncle John," she sighed. "He was a sea-captain, and went down with his ship this day five-and-thirty years ago. I was only a child when he went away, but I remember he gave me a pet lamp as a parting gift."

"And you've killed it at last!" said the sky boarder, reproachfully, picking up a piece of mutton on his fork and regarding it with mournful interest.

Ready and Brave.

An Irishman, out of employment, went up to an employer and asked for a job.

Employer: "Do you know anything about horses?"

Pat: "Sure, and wasn't Oi born in a stable!"

"Do you know anything about cattle?" "Sure, and I'd like to know plwatt I don't know!"

"And carpentry. Do you know anything about that?"

"Beggorra, an' I'd like to see the man as would beat me at it."

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure, and I'm in my element at that job."

"Just tell me, then, how you would make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure, and wouldn't Oi just poke me finger in his eye!"

Why he Cried

At a tea-meeting in Manchester given by one of the church Sunday-schools the curate present noticed a little boy crying. The curate asked the boy why he was crying.

"Please, sir, I can't eat any more cake," replied the boy, and he started crying again.

"Never mind, my little man, put some in your pockets," said the curate.

"Please, sir, I can't. They be full now!"

Mrs. Suberbs—"If you'll only agree to stay with us you will be treated as one of the family." Cook—"Did ye iver hear th' loikes av thoot? Shure, mum, if yer husband trated me as he does you I'd break his head wid th' broomshtick!"—Judge.

On the notice board of a church near Manchester the other day the following announcements appeared together: A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday evening. Subject for Sunday evening, "A Night of Agony."—Manchester Guardian.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess. "No, ma'am." "Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially; "this isn't her pie."—Christian Work.