

my muff," said the young lady, presently, "I trust you will not fear to tell me, as my own hands are becoming quite numb with the cold!"

Then dark suspicion fell upon her two admirers, for things are not always what they seem. And William and Sandy are sworn enemies now.

Meaning Not Clear

"Why," asked the good man's wife, "are you so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My congregation has raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lonely here without you, but I know you need the rest, and I shall be very sensible. I can spend the summer at some quiet, inexpensive place, cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look at it in that way, my dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger, so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow it seemed to me that the applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."—The Independent.

removed the stopper, took a smell, and turned it upside down. It was as dry as he was.

"Well," he answered slowly, "it ain't a bird-cage now, since them policemen has had a whack at it."

"Probably you are sober now and see things differently."

"That ain't it. It was a bird-cage when I had it last."

"Possibly you can explain what you mean by a bird-cage," suggested the puzzled Court.

"Easy enough," smiled the prisoner. "It had forty or fifty swallows in it when they got it," and the lucidity of the explanation and the possibilities of what had happened to it affected the magistrate so powerfully that he dismissed the case.

She Knew

"Harry, love," exclaimed Mrs. Knowsey to her husband, on his return one evening from the office, "I have been dreadfully insulted!" "Insulted?" exclaimed Harry. "By whom?" "B-by your m-mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears. "My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away visiting a friend." Flora dried her tears. "I'll tell you all about it, Harry, love," she said. "A letter came to you this morning, addressed in your mother's writing, so, of course, I—I opened it." "Of course," repeated Harry drily. "It—it was written to you all the way

SELF-DESTRUCTION

Every act, every thought, every rush of passion, every emotion, every movement of muscle or mind uses up some of the substance of our bodies, just as every step in walking helps to wear out our shoes. Food repairs the loss to some extent, but the power to digest food grows less, with use, from year to year. That is the reason, sooner or later, we must die.

Now take note. The faster you live, the more you waste; the more you throw away, the sooner you come to the end.

Once more. The great waster, the great thief of life is illness. Then you may lose in a month what might have lasted a year, and (remember!) not merely of flesh and strength, but of the power to get it back.

Here is where Mother Seigel's Syrup does its wonderful work. It gives you back lost power. Not all of it, for when you could live for ever, but most of it. Convincing proof of this is afforded by the case of Mrs. John W. McGregor, of McLarty, Algoma District, Ont. Writing on January 25, 1910, Mrs. McGregor says:—

"At the early age of fifteen I began to suffer distress after eating. The action of my bowels was irregular. I

could sleep only by snatches. My face was pale, and frequently I had severe pains in my back. In 1888 I first began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup and I found that it helped me. I used the Syrup with the best results, and I have had no further need of it for twenty-six years. I have unbounded confidence in this remedy."

Mrs. McGregor had no further need for Mother Seigel's Syrup because it restored her stomach, liver and bowels to healthful working order, and for twenty-six years they have done their digestive duty. The cures effected by Mother Seigel's Syrup are not only sure and speedy, but permanent too. Mrs. McGregor has proved this. Prove it yourself.

Mr. John Stewart, of Piper's Glen, Inverness Co., N.S., writing us on January 31, 1910, says he owes the present good state of health to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and proves the assertion by stating the following facts:—

He says: "A few years ago I was troubled with indigestion and loss of appetite, which very soon began to assume a serious aspect. After suffering for sometime, your preparation was recommended to me as a possible help, and I commenced to take it. The Syrup did me a great deal of good, and in a short time I was entirely cured."

The \$1 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.

A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.



British Politics—The struggle for supremacy.

A Case for the Lawyers

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterwards the two gentlemen met and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darkey cheerfully admitted his guilt.

"Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Blessed—if I know, Judge," replied Uncle Mose, with a broad grin. "I've no lawyer. I reckon I'll let yo' two gen'men settle it between you'selves."—Cleveland Leader.

A Bird-Cage

The prisoner was before the bar of justice for having been before some other bar too long.

"What were you doing drunk in the street?" asked the magistrate.

"Was I drunk?" was the reply in a tone of surprised innocence.

"The policeman says you were."

"Under oath?"

"Certainly."

"Perhaps he's right; but I was just going along with a bird-cage in my hand."

The magistrate had a bottle set before the prisoner.

"Do you call that a bird-cage?" he inquired. "That's what you were carrying."

The prisoner picked it up carefully,

through. Do you understand?" "I understand. But where does the insult come in?" "It—it came in the p-p-post-script," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of tears. "It s-said—P-P-P-S.—D-dear Flora, d-don't f-fail to give this l-letter to Harry, I w-want him to have it."

One on Aunt Esther.

Not long ago little Courtenay ran into the house, his eyes big and eager and his whole body quivering with excitement.

"Aunt Esther," he cried, "do you know why our rooster always keeps his feathers so nice and smooth?"

"No; why is it, Courtenay?" asked his aunt.

"Well, I think it's because he always carries his comb with him," cried Courtenay, with a most engaging smile.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the walls of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, orders of the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

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. 28.6.09.

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STRENGTH
TO THE
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TO THE
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