

In Lighter Vein.

Strictly Limited.

Said the Author to the Publisher, "I've here a little book—
I wrote it in the moments of my leisure.
It's not for me to say, but if you'd give the thing a look
And tell me—" Said the Publisher, "With pleasure"

Said his Reader to the Publisher, "This book we've talked about
Is much too esoteric and too subtle.
I can't see what it means at all, and if you bring it out
I leave you." Said the Publisher, "Then scuttle!"

"Dear Author," wrote the Publisher, "It's much as I supposed,
Your book's the thing I've long been wanting. Merely,
If you like the terms if offers, sign the document inclosed,
And return it to me. I am, yours sincerely."

Said the Author to the Lady, "I am getting on, I am,
My little work, 'The Pig: in Health and sickness,'
Will appear soon after Christmas with the daffodil and lamb,
Crown octavo, and about the usual thickness."

Said the Lady to the Author, "Yes, but will they pay you well?"
"Ah!" he answered, "It's a generous agreement.
They give me three-and-six for every copy that they sell."
"Well there—" she said. Her blushes showed what she meant.

"The Pig: in Health and Sickness," its advertisements did run,
By the Author of "Prescriptions for the Portly."
One edition of one copy, strictly limited to one.
Price three hundred pounds and sixpence—Very shortly.

The book was promptly bought by some collecting millionaire;
The Author said the whole concern was shady,
But—being chiefly author—merely sat and tore his hair;
And the Publisher—got married to the Lady.

Couldn't Signal It!

Admiral Moore tells a good story of a peppery old seaman under whom he served many years ago. During some tactical operations one of the ships of the squadron had made some bad blunders, and at length the admiral completely lost his temper. He stormed about his quarter-deck and informed his hearers of his opinion of the officer in command of the erring ship. When he paused for want of breath he turned to the signaller and said to him, "And can you tell him that, sir?"

The man scratched his head meditatively. "I beg pardon, sir," he ventured "but I don't think we have quite enough flags for your message."

The Trials of a Novice.

He got no further, for a twenty-horse his first experience aboard a steamship as a deck-hand.
"Hi, you," cried the mate, "sing out to them below to heave round the salt-water pump."
The green hand seized what he thought was one of the latest improvements of modern science, and jammed the nozzle into his mouth.

"I say, below there—" He got no farther, for a twenty-horse power jet of water gurgled upwards, and the next moment he was reposing on his back and wondering if it were possible to live after such a shock. Slowly he rose and approached the mate.

"You're too funny on this boat," he

cried. "It's a pity a fellow can't speak through your blithering speaking tubes without being spanked by half a ton of salt water."
"Speaking tube!" yelled the mate; "why, you unutterable idiot, that was the hose-pipe you were trying to bellow down."

What Women Want.

"Harold," said the young woman resolutely, "I promised my mother I would never marry any man without asking him how he stood on the question of woman suffrage. I am sorry; but you will have to tell me how you stand."
"I am opposed to it, Bella," bluntly answered the young man. "You don't want votes for women; what you want is 'blokes' for women!"
"Quite so, Harold! That's all I promised mamma. I never bound myself to refuse any good man just because he—Now, Harold, stop it—stop it!"

Clipping the Eagle's Tale.

They were lounging in the smoking-room of the Mauretania, engaged in her usual habit of breaking yesterday's record.

"Talkin' about runnin'," said the Yankee, apropos of polecats—"talkin' about runnin', I once knoo a guy who could run so slick that when they took pictures of him for a cinematograph show he came out in the films with two hundred and twenty-two distinct legs. Would you believe it, sir?"
The Englishman shook his head.
"Nothing out of the way!" he answered carelessly. "Why, when I was at the 'varsity, we had a man who could run so fast that when racing round the four laps to the mile track he could see his own back! Steward!"

Hope Springs Eternal.

Hobart Townsend bustled into the village barber shop and interrupted the glee club smack in the middle of the "Suwanee River."

"What's on yer mind, Hob?" asked William Buckhorn, his two hands full of fifteen-cent seafoam.
"Hiram Bings hez gone insane tryin' t' figger th' angles in a angleworm!"
"Do tell!"

"An' Rastus Jenks hez bought a phonygraft t' cure baldness!"
"Do tell!"

"An' Augustus Heinger, who told us a year ago he had married a dream, hez woke up and asked for a divorce!"
"Do tell!"

"An' Em. Hayes, who packed her bathin' suit last fall, can't find th' thimble she packed it in, an'—"

"Things is sure a-boostin' in Haileyville!" interrupted William.

Chorus:

"Way down upon the Suwanee river,
Far, far away!"

An Automobile Primer.

What is an automobile?
It is an Infernal Machine used by the Classes for dealing Death to the Masses.
Whence is its Name Derived?

From Auto and Mob. Hence, an automobilist ought to be mobbed.

What is the difference between an Automobile and a Bunch of Violets?

The Smell.

What is an Auto-Race?

A Race of Men who Drive Automobiles.

What do they Look Like?

Like a Wild Man of Borneo disguised as an Esquimaux.

What are they called?

Chauffeurs.

Why?

Because they show Furs in all sorts of Weather and Climate.

What is the difference between an Automobile and Beau Brummel?

Beau Brummel was a Lady-Killer, but an Automobile will kill Anybody.

What follows the Automobile?

The Autopsy.

THE ONE THING NEEDED

Without fire, no heat! Without well digested food, no strength. That is Nature's Law and it serves everybody alike. Well digested food makes us strong, vigorous and healthy. Undigested food makes us weak and ill. Dyspeptics are always weak and ailing. What they need is the power to digest their food and that is just what Mother Seigel's Syrup gives. It helps the stomach, liver and bowels to do their work properly. That is all, but it is enough.

Mr. Joseph Doucet, an employer in the mills at Petit Rocher, Gloucester County, New Brunswick, proves all this in a letter dated June 22nd, 1909, in which he says:—"My illness came through an obstinate case of constipation, so severe that I was unable to do my daily work in the mills. Pains after eating, due to bad digestion and frequent headaches, afflicted me off and on for nearly ten years. My breath was offensive, my tongue badly coated and my skin very fallow. I lost weight, suffered intense pains in nearly every part of my body and often was ver, dizzy. For years I was trying to bear up under this strain. The rheumatism in my arms added to my miseries."

Every one of these symptoms which Mr. Doucet describes so well comes with Indigestion. His food was poisoning, instead of nourishing him. Now read what he did.

"I searched continually for medicines and had medical treatment, but found no benefit at all until I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills. The very first bottle brought me the relief I had been seeking, and the contents of three bottles restored me to good health."

Food was the fuel which Mr. Doucet needed in his laborious work, but it was of no use to him unless he could digest it and gain nourishment from it. That was exactly the point at which Mother Seigel's remedies helped him—and he was cured quickly and thoroughly.

R. C. Welsh, P. M. of Glenlea, Provencher Co., Man., wrote July 7th, 1909:—"Allow me to testify to the curative powers of Mother Seigel's Syrup."

About eighteen years ago I contracted a disease which doctors failed to diagnose and it necessitated my spending twelve days in the hospital, but even the treatment received there did not give me the relief desired. Everything that I would eat seemed to hurt me, and I would have pains in my back for eight or ten days, and my stomach was so disarranged that it would be possible to hear a rattling noise for some distance. After I got a little better my stomach was so sore I could scarcely walk for days on account of taking so much medicine, and I can assure you that I was completely sick and tired of this trouble. One day I picked up one of your Almanacs and after reading it partly through I was convinced of its worth, and immediately started to try your preparation. One bottle made me feel a great deal better, and after I had taken the contents of three bottles I could eat anything, and am now as hale and hearty as a twelve year old.

IF
YOU SUFFER
FROM
INDIGESTION

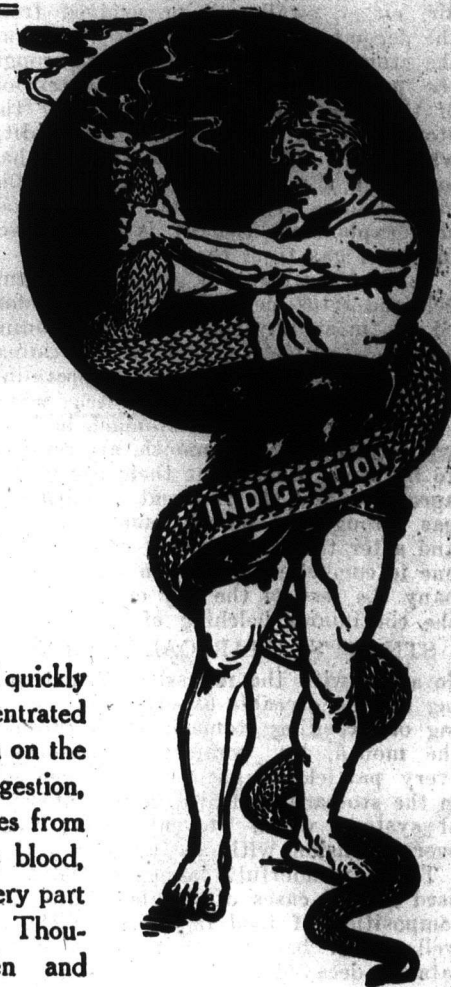
HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS,
LANGUOR, PALPITATION,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
CONSTIPATION OR
ACIDITY.

A course of Mother Seigel's Syrup will quickly set you right. It is a highly concentrated vegetable remedy, having direct action on the stomach, liver, and bowels. It aids digestion, regulates the bowels, expels all impurities from the system, purifies and enriches the blood, and thus imparts health and tone to every part of the body. Thou-

TAKE—sands of men and women are every year cured of indigestion and other stomach and liver disorders by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Their testimony, given without fee or reward, affords convincing proof that Mother Seigel's Syrup possesses curative and strengthening properties not found in any other medicine. As a digestive tonic, taken daily after meals, it has no equal.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

A. J. WHITE & CO., Ltd., Montreal.



M'me Elvira Nowe, of Cherry Hill, Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia, July 5, 1909, writes:—"I was troubled two years with Indigestion and my food would rise as soon as I had eaten it, and caused me severe pain and distress. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. When I had taken one bottle and a half I was quite cured."