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"Sweet Cicely," Or, Josiah Allen as a Politician.

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

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SAMANTHA REFUSING TO BE TREATED.

What will you take, mom?"

Well, I thought he was actin' dretful liberal; but I knew they had strange ways there in Washington, anyway. And I didn't know but it was their way to make some presents to every woman who came there; and I didn't want to be odd, and act awkward, and out of style; so I says:

"I don't want to take anything, and I don't see any reason why you should insist on it. But, if I have got to take somethin', I had just as lives have a few yards of factory-cloth as anything."

I thought, if he was determined to treat me, to show his good feelin' toward me, I would get somethin' useful, and that would do me some good, else what would be the use of bein' treated? And I thought, if I had got to take a present from a strange man, I would make a shirt for Josiah out of it. I thought that would make it all right, so far as goodness went.

But says he, "I mean beer, or wine, or liquor of some kind."

I jest riz right up in my shoes and my dignity, and glared at him.

Says he, "There is a saloon right here handy in the buildin'."

Says I, in awful axents, "It is very appropriate to have it right here handy." Says I, "Liquor does more toward makin' the laws of the United States, from caucus to convention, than anything else does, and it is highly proper to have some liquor here handy, so they can soak the laws in it right off, before they lay 'em onto the tables, or under 'em, or pass 'em onto the people. It is highly appropriate," says I.

"Yes," says he. "It is very handy for the Senators. And let me get you a glass."

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As I wended my way out of Mr. Blaines, I met the hired man, Bub Smith's friend, and he asked me:

"If I didn't want to visit the Capitol?"

Says I: "Where the laws of the United States are made?"

"Yes," says he.

And I told him "that I was very weary, but I would fain behold it." * * * *

Wall, I found the Capitol was a sight to behold! Why, it beat any buildin' in Jonesville, or Loontown, or Spoon Settlement in beauty, and size and grandeur. There hadn't one that can come nigh it. Why, take all the meetin' houses of these various places, and put 'em all together, and put several other meetin' houses on top of 'em, and they wouldn't begin to show off with it. * * * *

But right here, as I was a thinkin' on these deep and lofty subjects, the hired man spoke up, and says he—

"You look fatigued, mom." (Soarin' even to yourself is tuckerin'.) "You look very fatigued; won't you take somethin'?"

I looked at him with a curious, silent sort of a look; for I didn't know what he meant.

Again he looked close at me, and sort o'pityin'; and says he, "You look tired out, mom. Won't you take somethin'?"

Says I, "What?"

Says he, "Let me treat you to somethin'."