

Black Bile and Melancholy.

The ancient Greeks believed that the soul resided in the liver, and that the chief duty of the liver was to make black bile, and that black bile and melancholy were one and the same thing. We have learned that there are other causes of melancholy than misplaced bile, but few more efficient than a disordered liver. Probably the chief duty of the liver is to burn up, or oxidize, certain substance no longer of use in the body. One of these is uric acid, a product of partially-digested food and of worn-out tissue cells—that is, bodily substance. Well, when there is more of this thrown into the liver than it is able to dispose of, it sulks a-while, and then turns everything upside down in its efforts to expel the intruder. This is a bilious attack; and a proneness to such attacks is what Mr. Peter Knight means when he says he suffered fifteen years from liver complaint and pleurisy.

Plenty of people who read this little story will thoroughly understand all the experiences which he, and Mr. Sampson after him, briefly describe.

"I felt languid and heavy," says Mr. Knight. "My appetite was variable, and I suffered from a stabbing pain in the left side."

The latter was the pleurisy he mentions—pain in the pleura, an ailment much like neuralgia. When there is inflammation it turns to be what we call pleurisy. In his case there was probably no inflammation.

"I had so much pain," he goes on to say, "which continued month after month that I felt anxious and consulted a doctor. He gave me medicines and embrocations which eased me for a time, and then I had the pain bad as ever. In this way I remained for a year or more."

"In May, 1881, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup and the cures it had made in cases like my own. I also knew that my mother-in-law had for years derived benefit from it. I got a bottle from Mr. Chase, the chemist at Slough. After taking two bottles I found relief. The redness worn away and I felt better than ever. Soon I was cured, and from that time till now, by taking an occasional dose it always put me right. I always keep a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and very useful my wife and family find it. You may use this statement as you like. (Signed) Peter Knight, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks, June 6, 1896."

"In the summer of 1892," says Mr. Sampson, "I had a bad attack of indigestion, and congestion of the liver. I got medicine from two doctors, but it did not benefit me in the least. For three months I continued to suffer. In October, 1892, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I was then living at Hayes, Middlesex. I purchased two bottles from the chemist in High Street, Southall. After taking one bottle I found benefit. The gnawing feeling at the chest ceased, and the melancholy and depression left me, and I felt brighter, stronger, and more active."

"I continued taking the Syrup, and after I had used five bottles I was cured, and escaped all the evils of indigestion and liver ailments for a year. Since that time I have kept a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house, and if I require medicine I resort to it and always get relief. You may use this statement if you think fit to do so. (Signed) Frank E. Sampson, Fearnside, Farnham Royal, Slough, June 5th, 1896."

Two better witnesses than these gentlemen we need not ask for. Mr. Knight is a builder, known and respected in the district; and Mr. Sampson is of equally high repute among the people of Slough and Windsor, where he has resided many years. Both commend the medicine to their friends and acquaintances. No disease has so profound and disastrous an effect upon the mind and spirits as the one from which they suffered—dyspepsia, with its consequence, torpidity of the liver. The mischief wrought by it to body and mind, and hence to the power of thinking and working, is incalculable. It strews all nations with wrecks of men and women. Engrave, then, on your memory these words—Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it.

A Suicidal Deer.

"Anyhow, I heard a roar like a Fourth-of-July salute, and when I got up there was an amazing smell o' powder hoverin' round, and the smoke was so thick I couldn't see anything for as much as a minute, I guess. Then it cleared up. Yonder by the fence post the old musket was layin', peaceful as a lamb, and over yonder, where you see that biggest claw in the patch, laid the deer, just as peaceful as the musket. The unfortunate critter had shot himself. Broke the game law and shot himself out o' season! What's the reason your business here hain't got nothin' to do with strawberry patches, I'd like to know?"

"Mr. Collins," said Protector Kidd, sternly, "where is that deer?"

"Soon as I see what had happened," replied Mr. Collins, "I run in the house and told the folks, and then run down yonder to tell a neighbor. When I got back, the deer wasn't layin' in the patch any more. I asked my neighbor, who knows all about deer, whether he thought other deers could have come out o' the woods and carried that dead deer back with 'em, and he said, knowin' what he knowed

about deer, especially Marlbor' deer, it wouldn't surprise him if they had. But I can show you the musket the deer shot himself with, protector."

Protector Kidd didn't care to see the musket, and, as the evidence wasn't such as to warrant further proceedings against James Collins, the protector warned him against such carelessness in the future in carrying firearms in the presence of deer and went home.

His Cheque Good

FOR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

He Finds in Paine's Celery Compound a New Life.

In one of our large Canadian cities there resides one of Canada's merchant princes who can at any moment write his cheque for hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Some time ago this merchant prince was a very sick man. Liver troubles, headache and insomnia were fast pulling down a strong physical frame. Doctors bestowed great care and attention on their wealthy patient, but no cure came to cheer him; in fact no perceptible benefit was felt after months of treatment.

A voyage to the south of Europe was then undertaken, and weeks were spent at one of the most famous watering places, but no change for the better was experienced. Returning home, the merchant prince received a visit from his faithful pastor, who strongly urged the use of Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that had some years before cured a member of his family. The good advice of the ministerial friend was promptly taken; the great healing compound was used, with the result that in five weeks the sick man and his family were overjoyed with proofs of recovery and new health. Restful sleep was restored, digestion was improved and a brighter look came into the eyes and face. After four months' careful use of Paine's Celery Compound and proper dieting, every deadly and treacherous symptom of disease had vanished, and the merchant prince was a new man.

What a wondrous and happy proof of the life-saving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound! Surely the statement is powerful enough to lift all poor and helpless sufferers from the dark pit of despair. This story of a true cure was related by an intimate friend of the cured man, who gave permission to refer to it publicly without giving the name of the once-dying merchant.

The Story That Amused Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson was once greatly amused with the following anecdote. A lady, deeply veiled and dressed in mourning, was riding in a stage coach in Vermont, opposite to whom sat a small, sharp-featured, black-eyed woman, who began catechising her thus:

"Have you lost friends?"
 "Yes, I have."
 "Was they near friends?"
 "Yes, they was."
 "How near?"
 "A husband and a brother."
 "Where did they die?"
 "Down in Mobile."
 "What did they die with?"
 "Yellow fever."
 "Was they long sick?"
 "Not very."
 "Was they seafarin' men?"
 "Yes, they was."
 "Did you get their chists?"
 "Yes, I did."
 "Was they hopefully pious?"
 "I hope and trust they was."
 "Well, if you got their chists and they was hopefully pious, you have great reason to be thankful."

The stress laid on the "chists" and the placing of their rescue before the piety of the lost husband and brother as reasons for thankfulness struck Emerson as exceedingly characteristic of a certain class of Yankees and infinitely mirth provoking.—Golden Rule.

Proof from the People.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission in Algoma and North-West. He writes:—"I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need, which so often comes without warning."

GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary,
Toronto, Ont.

A Substitute.

Scene, a collier's cottage.
 Wife (leaving for the town with a basket on her arm)—"An' dae ye think, John that I've minded everything I'm to get when in the town?"
 John—"Ye might mind to bring me in half an ounce of snuff."
 "Dead, no, John," replied his better half. "The times are too hard for sic extravagance. Ye maun jist tickle yer nose wi' a straw."



A STATESMAN'S ADVENT.

People Expected a Sensation, and They Were Not Disappointed.

The galleries were crowded. A hush of expectancy pervaded the legislative chamber. It had been rumored that the new member from Spike county would address the house. He sat motionless in his seat, apparently oblivious of the fact that hundreds of eyes were upon him. A close observer, however, might have noticed that his face was slightly paler than usual and that a resolute purpose expressed itself in his set features, the rigid poise of his head and a certain faraway look in his large gray eyes.

Presently he rose and in a deep voice that trembled slightly, not from embarrassment, but from excess of earnestness, began to speak.

"In behalf of the honest yeomanry of the county I have the honor to represent in the legislature of this great state, Mr. Speaker," he said, "and for the purpose of placing on record my own solemn conviction as well, I arise, sir, to give notice that I shall introduce next Thursday a bill for an act declaring it to be a crime against civilization, subversive of the peace and quiet of all orderly communities and an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment at the discretion of courts and juries, for any family within the boundaries of this state to keep more than one parrot, one canary bird or one cat!"

Amid a buzz of gratified expectation he sat down, and people looked at each other and nodded their heads. The hour and the man had come. Another statesman and reformer had burst upon the world.—Chicago Tribune.

Great Expectations.

There had been a collision between the street car and the bicyclist. The street car had made the touchdown. "How did this thing happen?" demanded the policeman. "I don't know," replied the cyclist earnestly. "I did everything I could. I rang my bell and yelled for the blamed old car to get out of the way, but it didn't. That's all."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Guessed It.

"Darling," he said, falling upon his knees before her and covering her little white hands with kisses, "darling, can't you see—can't you guess that I love you?"

"She drew herself up to her full height, looked at him for a moment and then said, "Well, I should hate to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company!"—Cleveland Leader.

Why News Was Scarce.

The editor of the Ohio village paper thrust his head out of his sanctum window and looked up and down the street. Then he sat down at his table and wrote as follows: "Our city is very quiet. All our prominent citizens Sunday in Washington this week."—Chicago Tribune.

An Oversight.

"It was careless," mused the advertising manager in a melancholy tone. "To what do you refer?" "The manner in which they put that prima donna's indorsement of our cure for a cold on the same page with the announcement that she has a sore throat and cannot sing."—Washington Star.

Not So Deep.

A country minister, talking to an old lady about his son who had emigrated, was very pathetic over the dangers of the deep. "Hoot, minister," quoth Janet, "ye needna haver sae muckle about it. It'll nae be sae awfu' deep. It's been an uuc'o' dry year."—Tit-Bits.

His Hands Would Be Dumb.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the first dead mute. "Sure," was the reply of the other unfortunate. "Tell me, and my fingers will never so much as breathe a word of it to a living soul."—New York Sunday Journal.

A Mean Man.

She—Well, dearie, I promised to make a mince pie for you, and now I have done so.

He—Yes. Rather paradoxical. You kept your promise, but did not make it good.—Indianapolis Journal.

His Preference.

Miss Rosebud (to her brother)—What do you think is the best color for a bride, Jack?

Jack—Well, I don't know much about it, but for myself I should prefer a white one.—Tit-Bits.

On the Ocean.



GIVING UP IN LEFT.

—New York World.

Had a Right to Talk.

"Edwin, dearest, why did you talk in your sleep last night?" "Oh, I dreamed I wasn't married."—Chicago Journal.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the wholesystem.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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