

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

Between the Church Social and the Theatre There Was a Difference.

"Oh, Henry," sighed Mrs. Wellwood, "I'm so ill I can't hold up my head. I wish you had come home earlier. I've been so lonesome."

"Sorry, my dear," said her fond husband. "It's particularly unfortunate that you're ill to-night. You know we are expected to be at the church this evening to help open the annual bazaar. Don't you think that you'll be better after you had a cup of tea?"

"No," the sweet little woman replied, "the thought of tea is nauseating. There isn't any use trying to fight it off. I never get over these attacks inside of twenty-four hours. You must write a note to the pastor, explaining our absence. It is too bad but it cannot be helped."

Mr. Wellwood sat down and looked thoughtful for a little while. Finally, as if he had just remembered it he exclaimed:

"By the way, I got a couple of passes for the theatre tonight. How unlucky we are. I guess I'll go over and give them to the Brownings. It would be too bad to waste them."

Just then it was announced that tea was ready and Henry Wellwood went down to the dining-room alone. He had got nearly half through eating when his fair young wife entered, and sat down.

"Why," he said, "I thought you didn't care to take tea this evening?"

"I feel a good deal better than I did a little while ago," she replied.

When they had finished tea he went out to the hall and began putting on his overcoat.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" Mrs. Wellwood inquired.

"I'm going to take these tickets over to the Brownings."

"Never mind," she said in her sweetest tones; "we'll use them ourselves. My head aches almost gone and I think it will do me good to get out."

He took off his coat again and they went upstairs to get ready. As Mrs. Wellwood was adjusting her hat, Henry said:

"Darling will you forgive me if I tell you something?"

"What is it?" she innocently asked.

"That was just a joke about those passes. I haven't any, but we can go and help open the bazaar, now that you are better."

With a wild cry of distress the wronged woman threw herself down among the cushions upon the sofa, and Henry Wellwood has as yet been unable to convince her that his only reason for wishing to attend the bazaar was not the fact that Mildred Hazelton, of whose beauty he had once unguardedly spoken, was to be there in the character of a gypsy fortune teller.

SIMPLE BUT STERN JUSTICE.

The Sentence of an Illinois Magistrate That was not Carried out.

Old settlers in central Illinois still relate with gusto the story of a man who was arrested on a charge of murder many years ago, and taken before a newly elected country squire for a preliminary examination. The trial was held in a backwoods schoolhouse. The prisoner had employed an attorney to defend him, but the evidence was clear and positive. Several witnesses, in fact, had seen the crime committed.

The justice of the peace, after hearing the testimony and listening patiently to the speech of the lawyer, looked sternly over his spectacles at the prisoner, and addressed him thus:

"John Simpson, the evidence is all agin you. Ther' baint the shadder of a doubt but what you committed the murder. John Simpson, stand up!"

The prisoner complied with the order.

"The sentence of this court," proceeded his honor, "is that you, John Simpson, be took out to the woods back of this schoolhouse to-morrow mornin' at half past nine o'clock, and hung by the neck until—"

"Your honor," interposed the attorney for the defence, thunderstruck, "you are not sentencing the prisoner to death, are you?"

"That's edzackly what I'm doin'." The sentence of this court, John Simpson, is that you be took out to the woods back of this schoolhouse tomorrow mornin' and hung by the neck—"

"But, your honor," gasped the lawyer, "you have no right to do that! There is no law for such an extraordinary proceeding—"

"Sit down, sir!" thundered the squire. "This court don't need no instructions from you. This court knows what it's doin'." John Simpson, stand up agin. The sentence of this court—"

But a way out of the appalling difficulty had suggested itself to the prisoner's attorney. He sprang to his feet and interrupted the court again.

"Your honor," he said, "one moment! We have the right to appeal this case, haven't we?"

The squire scratched his head.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I reckon ye kin take an appeal."

"Well, your honor, we appeal to the supreme court of the State of Illinois!" The prisoner's life was saved for the time, but it was a narrow escape.

The Head of the Table.

In the article on the Glengarry branch of the Macdonalds James Logan, in his 'The Clans of the Scottish Highlands,' says: 'At the castle of Aros the lords of the isles held

their parliament and passed the regal decrees which distant tribes were bound to respect. The simple form in which important rights were conveyed by these princes may be illustrated by the following brief but binding charter, which loses in translation from the original Gaelic: 'I, Donald, the chief of the Macdonalds, sitting on the hill of Dun Donald, give the MacAodh a full right to Kilmahomag from this day till to-morrow, and so on forever.' A lesson was afforded by one of these lords which might greatly benefit some sticklers for precedent. He had at a banquet been placed by mistake at the bottom of the table, on perceiving which considerable emotion arose among the company, who dreaded the consequence of the supposed indignity, but the great ceanbhuidh (head of his race) speedily allayed their apprehensions by exclaiming emphatically: 'Where the Macdonald sits, know ye gentlemen, that is the head of the table.'

We Must Agree on One Thing.

There are plenty of people to whom what is called music is merely a noise. To them the horns and tomtoms of the savages would signify the same thing as one of Beethoven's symphonies played by the orchestra in Europe. They have no 'ear' for the concord of sweet sounds, yet their ears may be good enough for all the practical purposes of life. Others have no liking for painting; others, none for dramatic performances; others still, none for displays of oratory. So it goes. Most of us have distinct likes and dislikes touching that collection of things which pass for the pleasures of existence.

Well, what of it? Every man to his notion. There is no accounting for tastes nor for distastes. I know a dozen persons who profess to enjoy stormy days more than they do fine ones. It seems queer, but individual idiosyncracies may even go that length, and no harm done. Aside from all these matters, there is lots of room for us all to agree on questions of morals, and on what constitutes good husbands, wives, sons, and daughters, &c.

But when a person says he doesn't enjoy one or more of those pleasures which Nature has made to be part and parcel of his physical necessities, then his case is so peculiar as to attract attention immediately. He is either a congenital eccentric or he is diseased. For he is a marked exception to all normal human beings.

Our friend who writes the subjoined letter was for several years one of those exceptions. What his peculiarity was, and how it came about, he will tell you himself.

"For many years," he says, "I suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. I felt languid, and so heavy I did not know what to do with myself. My appetite failed me, and often when food was put on the table I could not touch it. After eating I had pain and a sense of weight at the chest, and an awful pain in the pit of the stomach."

"I was, too, much troubled with water-brash—a sour fluid frequently filling my mouth. I was restless at night, and felt tired and weary in the morning."

"As time went on, I lost flesh, and came to be so weak that I often had to lie down on the couch. As I walked along the streets I would be seized with a trembling sensation, and be obliged to stop and rest."

"In this miserable state I remained for more than eight years, sometimes better and then worse, but never well. I saw one doctor after another, and took many kinds of medicines, but found only temporary relief."

"In December, 1884, I read in a small book that was left at our house about a case exactly like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine, and in a week's time I found myself much better; my appetite improved, and I gained strength."

"I then continued taking this remedy, and gradually recovered my health and vigour, the pain leaving me. Since that time I take a few doses when needed, and it never fails to set me right. I feel that I owe my present good health to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that it preserved my life. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) H. C. Rees, 61, Almack Road, Clapton, London, N.E., December 31st, 1896."

That Mr. Rees was cured twelve years ago, and has been well ever since, shows how real and thorough the cure was. He has since been like all normal men and women in the respect in which he was unlike them before—he enjoys his food. Eating to him is not a necessity merely; it is a keen delight, as Nature intended so important a function to be. We may differ about music and a hundred other non-vital things, but we must agree as to the pleasure of eating. Woe be to those who don't like to eat, who quarrel with their meals, for all power and strength is from digested food.

And the sure thing to make eating a pleasure is Mother Seigel's Syrup, for it cures dyspepsia.



Tired? Oh, No.

This soap



greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics.

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

Getting Somewhat Behind.

"So Jack went to the Klondike? How is he getting along?"

"Not very well. He writes me that he owes three thousand dollars for board."

BROMA.

This tonic is worth its weight in gold for all diseases arising from the blood or nerves, for neuralgia, rheumatic pains, pale color, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, exhaustion, etc. Broma gives strength vigor and health. Everyone who suffers and requires a good tonic should take Broma.

Anticipations Realized.

She—"The Comte de Nimpoite, you know, married an American girl a few years ago."

The Count—"Yes. I believe the union has not resulted as happily as was expected."

She—"Oh, yes! It has resulted as happily as anybody expected—except the bride."

STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years my



nerves have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrested. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and felt enervated and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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WHY QUAIL WAS NOT FOR HIM.

The Little Bird Once Saved the Life of This Prairie Man.

The author of 'The Old Santa Fe Trail' says that in the early days Uncle John Smith was a very important man on the border. He was trader, hunter, and most important of all, a very influential man among the Indian tribes, who often depended on him for counsel in peace or war. Here is one of his stories. In camp one evening he was offered quail, delicate little creatures, beautifully spitted and broiled on peeled willow twigs. He was somewhat of a gourmand, but to the surprise of every one, he refused.

"Boys," said he, "I don't eat no quail."

"You are making a great mistake, Uncle John," said his host. "Better try one."

"Boys," said he again, "I don't tech quail. I aint eat one for more than twenty years. One of them little creaturs saved my life once, and I swore right then I'd starve fast; and I've kept my oath, though once I could have killed 'em when all I had to chaw on for four days was the scales of a pair of greasy old moccasins."

"Well, boys," he went on, "was a good many years ago; we were out trapping, and had a big pile o' skins. Buffalo was scarce, but Indians was plenty, and we were kind of uneasy."

"One morning I was up by daylight, and I see three or four buffalo grazing on the creek bottom, half a mile away. Thorp and Boyd crawled out of their blankets, too, and we crept along through the grass till we got up pretty nigh the herd. Thorp and Boyd was furthest from the camp, and we'd each drawn bead on a buffalo."

"Just as I was running my eye along the bar'l, a little quail flew right out from under my feet in the tall grass, lit exactly on my front sight, and cut off the aim. I shook the little critter off and brought up my rifle again, when the bird lit right onto the same place."

"And before I knew anything more, half a dozen Indians sprung up and shot at Thorp and Boyd. Thorp was killed and Boyd wounded, and him and me managed to crawl back to camp. Where, with the others, we attacked the redskins, and drove 'em away. If it hadn't been for that quail, they'd ha' had me, too; for they knew I hadn't fired, and so kept a respectful distance."

"That's the reason I don't eat no quail. I aint superstitious, but I don't believe they was meant to be eat."

Pussy's Big Playmate.

Superintendent John B. Smith, of the Central Park menagerie at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time and tried to coax the cat out, but would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and when the rhinoceros was asleep the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch. "In its native state," explained Superintendent Smith, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird, keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at its ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it."

A Law Against Bachelors.

Bachelors have a hard time in the Argentine Republic. There a law inflicts a fine upon persons of marriageable age of either sex, who refuse an offer to wed without reasons which are considered valid in the law and forbid them to marry thereafter without permission of the government. They shall, moreover, pay an indemnity sum of not more than one hundred pounds to the person whose offer they have refused. Young men and women under twenty years old are exempt from law, and can marry as they please. After they are twenty-eight the men are obliged to pay a heavy fine if they remain single. The women propose as well as the men; so an unmarried young man between twenty and twenty-eight years old in that country has a troublesome time. Not only is he made to pay a tax for being a bachelor, but it he refuses a proposal he has to pay the proposer a fine. Naturally there are few old maids in Argentine.

PREACHERS AND PEOPLE OF ONE MIND.

A Host of Witnesses Tell of the Wonderful Cures Effected by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Right Rev. Bishop Sweatman, D. D.; Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D.; Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D., and others sound its praises. It cures young and old. Mrs. Geo. Graves, Ingersoll, writes: "My little daughter, aged thirteen years, suffered from catarrh of the very worst kind. No physician or remedy cured, until we used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and after using two bottles my child was completely cured." It is a pleasant, safe and speedy remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness.



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