

PUNISHING ANIMALS BY LAW.

Curious Instances Which Occurred in England and on the Continent.

It would be deemed a curious sight indeed to see an animal tried for its life by a civil court in England, but many cases of this nature are on record as having taken place, not only in this country, but on the Continent and elsewhere.

Some years ago two oxen belonging to a Prince of Royal blood made repeated excursions from the paddock in which they were confined to the adjacent corn-fields of a farmer. Despite the vigilance of the keepers these animals continued to ravage the farmer's crops, till at length, enraged, he sought an interview with the Prince, but was refused admittance. This only incensed him the more, and he applied to the magistrate for a summons against His Royal Highness. Here again he met with a decided check, and was informed that the summons could not be granted on the ground that it was illegal to take action against a member of the Royal Family.

"Then," said the angry farmer, "if I can not summon the Prince, I'll summon his cattle!" This could not be refused, so a warrant was taken out for the oxen to appear before a civil court on a certain day, and when the time arrived the beasts were driven before a magistrate, evidently ill at ease, and much to the Prince's displeasure. The case was read and the counsel for the cattle gave his defence in due order, but not without a smile on his face. Whilst the jury had retired to deliberate upon a suitable verdict, a letter bearing His Highness's crest was brought into court, which explained that he was prepared to pay the suffering farmer a reasonable sum for the damage his cattle had done, and the matter was settled without further delay.

French pigs seem to have a taste for murder, inasmuch as they have more often than once been brought before a judge charged with that crime. Many years ago a savage member of the race broke loose near Paris, and not only killed a child but partly ate it. A common court found the beast guilty, and it was sentenced to be burned to death. This was afterwards carried out upon a public square and in sight of a large number of sightseers. Since then, however, a similar offence was committed by a sow, and the same proceedings were instituted, but this time, happily to relate, the animal got off with the more humane death of hanging.

An elephant employed by the military authorities in India killed its keeper in a fit of rage not long ago, and it was ordered to be tried by court-martial. This was done in presence of several of the officers in command, and the verdict was that the elephant should undergo a hundred lashes from a chain on a certain date. When the time arrived the prisoner was led out upon the barrack-square, and its four feet chained to posts fixed in the ground. An executioner then stepped forward, and chain in hand, commenced operations much to the brute's discomfort, a fact proved by the loud howls of pains which it set up. Several executioners were required to carry out the sentence, and when the number of strokes had been given the elephant was led back to its cell a mass of wounds, and kept on short diet for a month.

A bull created a furore in America a short time back by running amuck and promptly going everybody who came in its way, with the result that several persons were killed. Such a heinous offence could not be overlooked, so the culprit was brought up before the magistrates to stand its trial. The proceedings lasted the greater part of a week, and at the end of that time the fat went forth that hanging was to be the means of death. The animal was given a fortnight in which to consider its crime, then was taken out and in the midst of a large body of officials and others a rope was placed round its neck and drawn up over a tree, strangling the poor beast slowly to death.

One Thing He Omit to Do.

It seems her husband had been out very late, celebrating—it was one of those holidays—and as he came home in the rose-fish of the morning he thought it would be a capital idea to take a bath before getting into bed.

First of all—and most important—it would contradict any wrong impression as to his condition, and his wife sometimes had wrong impressions when he had been out late at night. Women are so suspicious.

So he went boldly to the bathroom and was soon splashing around as gaily as a canary. In fact, he created such an unusual commotion that his wife woke up and went to see what was the matter.

Suddenly he saw her gazing through the door with a look so cold and contemptuous that it struck a chill to his very heart. But he made a dive for the soap and went on industriously with his ablutions.

"What are you doing there, Peter?" she asked him.

He made the effort of his life to seem dejected and perfectly sober.

"Can't you see what I'm doing, my dear?" he answered, with another prodigious splash. "I'm taking a bath."

"Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to take off your underclothes?" she asked him, with a frozen inflection, as she passed out of sight.

PURE AND CLEAN TEMPLES.

Now is the Time to Cleanse and Tone the Body.

Pain's Celery Compound Rebuilds and Strengthens Broken-down and Weakened Physical Frames.

On the street, in assemblies and where men and women do most congregate, the quick and critical eye can discern weakness, decay and disease.

The cruel signs of disease and death are not confined to any particular class or age. There are prominent victims in youth and full age, and this is truly the season when the army of diseased people shows up in full strength.

The faces of men and women in the month of May are the true indicators of health or disease. Pale, sallow faces, cheeks bloated and full of pimples and nasty eruptions, nervous twitchings of the limbs and unsteady gait, all tell of weakness and growing disease.

In the great majority of cases poisoned blood is the prime cause of trouble. For such as suffer from blood and skin diseases, Pain's Celery Compound is their true rescuer—their only salvation. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers known to medical men; its marvellous cures are the truest and best proofs of its efficacy.

For nervousness, dyspepsia, headaches, biliousness and liver complaint that so quickly wear out nervous energy and life, Pain's Celery Compound stands far ahead of all other medicines as a curative agent.

It is just now that Pain's Celery Compound can best show its power over disease and weakness. A bottle or two used before the hot weather comes on, will certainly elicit a most blessed change for every man and woman whose blood is foul, impure and sluggish.

Don't Keep Them.

"I want some kind of a door spring—one that won't get out of order," said a customer to a hardware man.

"A door-spring?"

"Yes; and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open."

"Hem!"

And it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches."

"I see."

"And when the door closes I don't want it to close like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundation."

"Yes. You want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently?"

"That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to."

"No—of course not. You want something simple yet strong and effective?"

"Just so! Something that can be put on or taken off easily—something that will do its work quietly, yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order."

"I see. I know exactly what you want sir, just exactly."

"Well, show me one."

"We don't keep door-springs."

10,000 SORRY HEARTS.

La Grippe has Made Them so—But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Will Bring Joy and Health.

La Grippe has left many a heart weak and diseased. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, because of its great merit as a heart remedy, the magical quickness in giving relief, and the almost incredible cure it performs, is snatching from death's door many who had been given over as hopeless cases. It's a wonderful worker; it's a specific for all heart derangements, and no matter how acute or seemingly hopeless, will give relief inside 30 minutes. For sale by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

As a Reproof.

A well known organist is, like many other sensible men of high professional attainments, strongly opposed to flattery. Not long ago, in a lengthy report of matters musical, it was his lot to be specially mentioned, and the young journalist who wrote the notice praised him tremendously using such a number of flowery and flattering terms that the organist felt highly ashamed and indignant. He knew the author of the notice well, and determined to reward him for his highly eulogistic report; so he purchased a small present and sent it, with Mr. —'s compliments. The young man opened the parcel with hopes, and found, to his disappointment

and dismay—a butter cooler! It may be superfluous to add that he writes to more flattering notices for that organist.

Our Little Friend Once More.

Professor Longhorn (learnedly): "Evolution is an entrancing subject, Miss Ancient. When Nature finds no further use for a thing she endeavours to dispense with it. It is the law of the lack of use. The extra stomach of the early man is now the inflamed vermiform appendix with the cherry seed in it, and this is now being so universally extirpated by the knife that I look for it to disappear entirely in the next century. Take other things. The elephant of the hot climes is the only Siberian mammoth rid of its useless hair; the useless visual organs of the finny inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave have disappeared in its dungeon darkness, and the great ant bear, needing no teeth, has become merely a toothless devourer of insects. I opine that in less than five thousand years even people will be hairless, toothless, and half-blind, through the wearing of hats, the eating of soups, and the constant staring at print."

Miss Ancient's Small Brother (who has been warned to keep quiet and respectable in his chair while the professor is in the parlour—forgetting himself and growing excited): "Hully gee! Sister won't have to wait till then. She's already got false teeth and false hair, and I heard her say this mornin' that if her eyes kept on failin' she was afraid she'd haf to take to wearin' glasses all the time like you!"

Persistence Cures.

The most chronic case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion will succumb to the all healing power of Dr. Van San's Pineapple Tablets. What this wonderful medical discovery has done for the thousands of proclaimed hopeless, helpless stomach invalids it can do for you. One Tablet will relieve—and persistence will cure. 35 cts.

Thus the Thistle.

There is no thistle so interesting as the common purple thistle of Scotland. To be sure, it is neither a handsome nor agreeable flower in its life, but it is the national flower of Scotland, and we must honor it for that reason. And this is how it chanced to become the national flower of Scotland.

Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded the country. The Danes did not believe in making an attack upon an enemy in the night. But on this occasion they turned aside from their usual custom, and dearly did they pay for it. As they were creeping, noiselessly and unseen, in the dark, one of their number stepped upon a thistle; its sharp prickles pierced his bare foot, and made him cry out with pain.

His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scottish army. They sprang to their arms, and drove back the Danes with great slaughter, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland.

Over the gate of the now ruined palace of Linlithgow, where Mary Queen of Scots was born, the thistle, with the following motto below it, is engraved: "Touch me who dares."

Cure Yourself of Rheumatism.

The application of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, has proved a remarkable success in rheumatism and neuralgia. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out and so gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

A Disgraced Diner.

He was rather a dilapidated-looking customer, and walked with a broad tread up to the counter, of the restaurant, and said:—

"Will you be kind enough to give me a meal? I haven't any money, but—"

"No," said the waiter. "I'm sorry, but we don't make a practice of feeding every hungry man that comes along."

"Well, I'm sorry, too. You see, I'm in a rather hard fix. The fact of the matter is that the Duke of Westminster and I—"

"Who did you say?"

"I said the Duke of Westminster and I—"

"My dear sir, sit down there and make yourself perfectly at home. Any friend of his grace is welcome here."

And the man had a good meal. When he was about to go, the proprietor approached him, and said:—

"My dear sir I understand you are a friend to the Duke?"

"I didn't say so. I merely tried to explain to the waiter that the Duke of Westminster and I have never met."

No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnetic Dyes—Price 10 cents for any color.

Kind words may never be lost, but it does seem as if they were very frequently mislaid.

FLASHES OF FUN

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one tame mutton as is small."

A young man is never so much surprised as when he learns that other young men think his sister is good-looking.

The Married One: "Can you imagine anything worse than marriage without love?"

The Unmarried One: "Yes, I think I can. Love without marriage, for instance."

Visitor: "Harry said a good thing last night."

Marie: "What was it?"

Visitor: "He said he had to go early."

Angry Mother: "Now, Bobby don't let me speak to you again."

Bobby (helplessly): "How can I prevent you, mamma?"

Maggie (to her stepfather, who is very popular with the children): "Oh, how I wish you had been here when our papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much."

Mamma: "Just look at the front of your new coat! I don't think it is the slightest use to try to keep you clean!"

Johnny (eagerly): "Ain't you going to try any more?"

Irate Father: "I wonder what makes my razor so dull?"

Angel-Child: "Dull, papa? Why it was beautiful and sharp when I made my boat with it yesterday."

His Idea.—What is your idea of a phenomenon?"

"A phenomenon is a clerk who doesn't drop his pen the minute the clock strikes six."

Parliamentary Candidate (explaining away his defeat): "but how have I been defeated?"

Voice in the crowd: "You didn't get enough votes."

Hibernating Hawkins: "What's der matter, Bill? Yer restless?"

Wobbling William: "Yes; I don't sleep good! I must have insomnia. I wake up every two or three days."

Mamma (sternly): "Don't you know that the King Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child?'"

Bobby: "Yes; but he didn't say that until he was growed up."

"I wouldn't have refused that young man if I'd been you," said a maiden aunt to her young and frisky niece.

"I don't think I would either, if I'd been you," retorted the saucy maiden.

"Mary, Johnny tells me that when he went into the dining-room last night he saw Mr. Bliff with his arms around your waist."

"What a story, mamma! Why, the gas was out."

Creditor (determinedly): "I shall call a your house every week until you pay this account sir."

D-bitor (in the blankest of tones): "Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship."

"Are you sure you love her?" asked his close friend.

"Absolutely," answered the young man. "I've been her partner at whist when she forgot what trumps were, and didn't lose my temper."

Teacher (to new scholar): "What is your name?"

New Boy: "My name is Jule, sir." And now, my lad, turning to another lad "what is your name?"

"Billious, sir."

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated trick donkey, Dot," said the clown, as the animal was being led into the ring. "After many years of most patient effort I am able to say that I can make him do anything he wants to."

Matrimonial Bliss.—He: "What an idiot I was when I married you."

She: "Don't you think you're an idiot now?"

He: "No, I do not."

She: "Then you ought to be very thankful to me for having altered you."

Ethel: "Why, what's the matter, Gertrude?"

Gertrude: "Oh, nothing. Only Jack and I had a quarrel the other day, and I told him never to dare to speak or write to me again—and the wretch hasn't even the decency to answer my letter."

He: "So you visited Pompeii?"

Ob, yes.

He: "How did you like it?"

She: "Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair."

Mother: "And so your friend Clara is soon to be married?"

Daughter (just returned from long absence): "Yes; doesn't it seem strange? I hadn't heard a word about it until I called to see her this morning. She showed me her trousseau. It's perfectly lovely, just from Paris, and she has the handsomest ring I ever saw, and she showed me the house she is to live in, and the furniture she has selected, and the horses and carriages she is to have. She showed me everything except the man she is going to marry. I think she forgot about him."

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the

plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, and omnibus, or either, or which of them respectively."

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It nourishes and invigorates.

It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

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The Blood is the very essence of life. As it courses through the system it carries with it, if pure and rich, nutrition to every cell in the body. If impure, it spreads disease. If thin and watery, it fails to nourish, hence we have weakness, debility and decay.

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Those who are pale, thin, weak, troubled with blotches, pimples or eruptions of any kind should take B.B.B.

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