

## LETTERS WRITTEN TO THE DEAD.

Great Numbers of Them are Sent—Strange Delusions and Deceits Practised.

The number of letters written to the dead in the course of a year is enormous. Epistles are sent to people on the assumption that they are still on the earth, whereas they have in fact, passed away. Their 'address,' in official phraseology, is 'unknown' and consequently their correspondence falls into other hands, is sent back to the senders, or is sometimes destroyed in the Returned Letter Office.

A medical man recently told the writer of an exceptional instance of writing letters to the dead. One of his patients, having had a serious illness, cannot now be made to understand that she to whom he was formerly betrothed is deceased. Although he is otherwise of perfectly sound mind, he writes to her daily, frequently making an appointment for the following morning. At the hour he has named the monomaniac, faultlessly dressed, paces to and fro in the hall, awaiting her coming. Of course, she does not put in an appearance. When he is tired of waiting, he returns to his room with the invariable remark—

'Ah! they are keeping her from me again.'

After that he apparently thinks nothing more about her till night, when he writes to her again. The strange delusion that his lost fiancée is still alive has now possessed him for months, and it will in all probability long continue to do so.

Among the infinitely more common cases in point there are many of a peculiar character. Not long ago a man in needy circumstances received the most welcome of all letters—one from a firm of lawyers announcing a windfall. They had the pleasure to inform him, they wrote that their late client, Mr. So-and-So, had bequeathed to him the sum of £500. Both the lucky legatee and his father—who had died about eight months previously—had been at one time in the service of the testator; so the man had not the slightest suspicion that there was any mistake in this gratifying news. He accordingly refurnished his house, and, in fact, ran into debt to the extent of nearly £100. A little later, however, he had a rude awakening. The legacy was not left to him, but to his father—The Christian name was the same in both cases—and, what was more, it was followed by the qualification, 'if alive.'

Money is not infrequently sent to people long after their death. It is within the writer's personal knowledge that for three or four years a son has received £10 annually intended for his father, now deceased. Whom it comes from is a mystery. The recipient does not know. Every January the postman delivers at the house an envelope containing nothing but a £10 Bank of England note folded in a blank sheet of paper. Strange to say, the postmark on the letter has not yet been twice alike.

In the same way, numbers of men are drawing pensions to which they are not entitled. Practising this swindle recently involved one rascal in an extraordinary imbroglio. Since the death of an ex-soldier a counterpart of himself—he had regularly personated him and received his pension. After this had gone on for twelve months a woman turned up and proclaimed her, self to be his wife. The man protested, introducing her to his own lawful spouse. Thereupon she threatened a prosecution for bigamy, an offence which the deceased son of Mars had actually committed.

The upshot was that the fellow was arrested for that crime, and that, on being put on trial, he told a cock-and-bull story, and pleaded guilty. Rather than owe he had tricked the War Office he thought it better to avow himself a bigamist! After serving the month's imprisonment to which he was sentenced, he took his own wife under his wing and fled to a distant part of the country. But those who know him intimately believe that he is still 'milking' the War Office quarterly.

Great surprises await anybody who reads letters sent to the dead. Some time since a gentleman removed into a house formerly occupied by a mysterious individual of whom very little was known locally. Although he had joined the great majority, the postman kept putting misadventures for him into the new tenant's letter-box. A good deal of the postal packets consisted of prospectuses of new companies, circulars, and so forth. The occupier accordingly got into the habit of opening them, glancing at the contents, and then consigning them to the waste-paper basket. One day he had a severe shock. One epistle addressed to the dead man practically proved that he had committed, or, at least, been a party to, a crime with which the whole country rang many years ago—a crime which is still catalogued among unsolved mysteries. Awkward as was the position of the gentleman, he thought it his duty to communicate with the police. Nothing, however, came of the matter.

Sons at times similarly receive blows on

perusing correspondence addressed to their departed paternal parent. An amazing number of bills, for instance, frequently come to light in these circumstances, though some of them are rendered with a full consciousness that the 'debtor' is dead. In one case a rascally tradesman knew perfectly well that a certain person was no more. Being hard pushed for money, he falsified his books, and then waited patiently in the expectation of seeing an advertisement inviting all who had claims on the deceased man's estate to send in their claims. No such notice, however, was published. So he held his hand for a few months, and then sent in a bill for £11 odd, accompanied by a request for immediate payment. He got the money, too, notwithstanding that his 'creditor' had never at any time owed him a penny. And that there are many precisely similar swindles is beyond doubt.

## Lifting the Hat.

The custom of raising the hat had its origin in the days of chivalry when knights never appeared in public except in full armour. When a knight entered a company of friends, he removed his helmet to show that among his friends he was perfectly safe. Helmets have passed away, but the influence shows itself in the lifting of the hat upon meeting friends; though in America, men lift the hat only to ladies.

## A TIME OF DANGER!

Thousands in Peril.

Blood and Nervous Troubles Develop Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound. The Great Modern Blood Cleanser and Nerve Builder.

Paine's Celery Compound is the wonder of the age! Its marvellous virtues form themes of discussion amongst interested medical men, and its cures are talked of at every fireside in Canada.

As a spring health-giver Paine's Celery Compound is far beyond competition. Other medicines have been devised by speculators and experimentalists to cure the ailments and diseases that Paine's Celery Compound so successfully cures with, but every effort in the direction of deceiving the public has resulted in failure and disaster to the promoters of fraud and deception.

To a large extent the present popularity of Paine's Celery Compound is due to the fact that it has accomplished some of the grandest work in the spring season—a time when men and women usually complain of general ill health, loss of vitality, tired feelings—a time when people feel dull, listless, despondent and ambitionless. The small ill of life, neglected in the spring season, often beget serious and fatal diseases.

There are thousands of business men, mechanics, farmers, as well as wives and mothers, who, though able to walk around, are nevertheless sadly 'out of health.'

Paine's Celery Compound is the great health restorer and strength-giver for those who are just now perilously near some organic disease.

Paine's Celery Compound quickly and surely removes all impurities from the blood, and gives a fresh circulation power that tones all the organs of digestion.

Paine's Celery Compound, besides producing pure and ruddy blood, will regulate every set of nerves, feed the tissues, and give that true condition of health which makes life worth living.

If you, dear reader, feel that your health is not as robust and vigorous as it should be at this time of the year, let us ask you to make use of that medicine which has given such wonderful and cheering results to others. Be assured that Paine's Celery Compound 'makes sick people well.'

## Vegetables and Light Rays.

Vegetable life is influenced much more by certain kinds of light rays than by others, and Flammarion, the French astronomer,



## Speaks for itself

Pearline. That accounts for its quick and large success. A five cent package of Pearline (follow the directions) shows you the ease, comfort and quickness of washing with little or no rubbing. You won't see all the wear and tear that it saves, perhaps. But you will later when you find that the clothes last longer.

Millions of Pearline

## THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.

## A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I, naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, 'Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength.' I am yours very truly, (Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD, Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel, Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at drug stores, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

## PATENTS

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omer, has been enabled to estimate the relative values of the different rays. Four hot-houses, of red, green, blue and ordinary glass, were built, and vegetables of the same species were cultivated in each. The experiment showed that plants in the red house attained a much greater size than those in the blue house. The light through blue glass stunted the plants, which thrive better under green light, still better under the cheerful chemical influence of red rays, and best of all in white light.

## YEARS OF TORTURE.

Helped in a Trice, and Permanently Cured. Persistent use of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will eradicate almost every kind of skin disease. No matter how long standing, or distressing, it always irritates with one application. It's the quickest cure known for eczema and salt rheum, and will cure blind, bleeding or itching piles in from 3 to 5 nights.—Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

## Montreal's Famous Bridge.

Victoria bridge, over the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, is one of the famous bridges of the world. It is 6,520 feet long. It is a tubular bridge, and was completed in 1860, after six years' labor on its construction, at a cost of \$7,000,000. The bridge has 25 spans, the middle one being 330 feet, and each of the others 242 feet long. All its iron work was made in England.

## What a Train of Ailments

Follow in the wake of a stomach that is out of kilter—what a story of suffering can be saved in the timely use of so pleasant and positive a cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion as Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets. The pineapple is a veritable fountain of vegetable pepsin—Nature's tonic for people out of sorts. One tablet gives quick relief. 35 cents.

## High-Priced Cats on Exhibition.

Nearly 500 cats were exhibited at London's last cat show. The price asked for some of the finest animals ran from \$250 up to \$1,500.

## Suspicious Enthusiasm.

'Was the banquet a success?' 'I guess so; the men all wore each other's overcoats off as souvenirs.'—Detroit Free Press.

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.

To the victors belong the spoils, and to the vanquished the privilege of indulging in sarcastic criticism.

Every woman likes to be thought a riddle but not one that can't be guessed.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

A Boy's conscience is that part of him which prompts him to eat all the sweets to keep them from making his brother ill.

Friend: 'Does your town boast of a football team?'

Suburbanite: 'No; we used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now.'

A spinster eighty-two years of age, was lately married in Manchester. She said she was 'determined that no one should call her an old maid.'

She (on the river): 'Oh, how delightful it would be to drift on like this for ever and ever.'

He (who has hired the boat): 'Not at a shilling an hour.'

'That's a relation of yours, isn't it?' said a man to his wife, at the same time pointing to a donkey.

'Yes, by marriage,' was her stinging reply.

The Manager: 'What was all that trouble amongst the freaks this morning?' 'Why, the two-headed man got into a quarrel with himself as to which of him should get shaved first.'

The sister: 'I have become engaged to Fred.'

The Brother: 'Whatever induced you to do that?'

The sister: 'Why, Fred, of course!'

First Man (to man who has just bumped against him in the street): 'Blithering idiot!'

Second Man: 'That's your name, is it? My name is Dobbs.'

Small Boy (who has become interested in coin collecting): 'Papa what is the rarest coin that you know of?'

Papa (sadly): 'The sovereign, my son; the British sovereign.'

'You young scoundrel,' said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, 'I'll show you how to treat your mother.' And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishoner's health. 'Well, sir,' said the parishoner, 'sometimes I feel anyhow; sometimes I feel no how; and there be times when I feel as stiff as a himmidge!'

'Do you find the scarecrows any use for saving the crops?'

'Yes, certainly; you see, it works out in this way. Every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if the clothes are worth stealing. He finds they aren't, but then he's helped to scare the crows away.'

'What shall I get you for a birthday present?' asked a fond father of his little daughter, who was suffering from a toothache.

'I want some teeth like mamma's that you take out when they ache,' replied the small afflicted one.

'If you don't see what you want ask for it,' is the sign displayed over a grocer's counter. And when a man went and asked payment on a bill that had been running for six months he was shown out the front door. He is now of the opinion that grocers are not consistent.

Papa: 'So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?'

Mamma: 'Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly like the French.'

Inquirer: 'When is the next train to Leamington?'

Station-master: 'Twelve o'clock, sir.'

Inquirer: 'What, isn't there one before that?'

Station-master: 'No, sir, we never run one before the next.'

Lady (engaging new housemaid): 'Daphne! That is much too romantic a name. With young men in the house, I suppose you would not object to be called by your surname?'

Applicant: 'Oh, no, ma'am; in fact, I'm quite used to it.'

Lady: 'What is your surname?'

Applicant: 'Darling.'

Ahmed Effendi, the former Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, when entertaining company, was in the habit of distributing sweets among the ladies present. On one occasion he gave a certain lady two or three times as much as the rest. She, vain of her triumph, got an interpreter to inquire the reason of his preference.

'Because her mouth is twice as large as that of the other ladies,' was the reply.

The following letter is a rare example: 'My Darling Peggy,—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it; and it's you that's first, why rub it out, darling, and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trysting-place, Peggy; for, faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not.—Your own, Mike.'

Mabel: 'I must say that for absolute untrustworthiness there's nothing like a man.'

Kate: 'Why, what makes you say that?'

Mabel: 'Well, you remember when I rejected Mr. Bullfinch, about three weeks ago?'

Kate: 'Yes.'

Mabel: 'Well, he said he should certainly pine away and die, and I should be his murderess. Now, I just met him in the street walking with another girl, and actually I believe the fellow has gained twenty pounds in weight!'

At a wedding anniversary of a railway magnate one of the guests, noticing a somewhat lonely-looking and rather shabbily attired man in the corner of the room, walked over and sat down near him. 'I was introduced to you,' he said, 'but I did not catch your name.'

'My name,' replied the other, 'is Swad-dleford.'

'Oh then you are a relative of our host?'

'Yes,' rejoined the 'poor relation,' 'I am his cousin, one hundred thousand pounds removed.'

'Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?'

Bobby (suffering from parental discipline): 'An orphan.'

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypophosphites.

These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent. Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial agents blended into a creamy Emulsion, make a remarkable tissue builder.

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Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

## LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tell how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.



FREDDY KEIRSTEAD.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of her remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning.

The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

'With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.'

'After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial.'

'You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength.'

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