

called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo, he delivered them in his best manner: "At whose bright presence darkness flies away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch:

"Flees awa'; flees awa'!"

Yet Sims Reeves avers that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked the matter over with a bailie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's nothing at all. You were a little wrang in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."

Caste.

It requires a vast deal of courage and charity to be philanthropic," remarked Sir Thomas Lipton, apropos of Andrew Carnegie's benefactions.

"I remember when I was just starting in business, I was very poor and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of fourteen, faithful and willing and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to chapel.

"There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year," he told me. 'Dad's out of work, and it takes all my wages to pay the rent.'

"I thought the matter over, and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout, warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother on the street and asked her the reason. 'Why, Mr. Lipton,' she said, curtsying, 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you sir, that I thought I would send him around town today to see if he couldn't get a better job.'

Born Blind.

A great criminal lawyer in New York, Mr. B—, has a rich and lovely client, who is famous for her extremely haughty manner.

This noted beauty had run down a poor old woman in her auto and was arrested.

"O, Mr. B—, do you think you will be able to get me out of this?" she asked piteously.

"Yes, indeed," said he, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll prove conclusively to the jury that from the hour of your birth you've never been able to see any one worth less than \$100,000."—Harper's Weekly.

Not True.

"I used to think Brown was the best friend I had, but I have discovered that he is a base deceiver."

"How so?"

"He offered our cook an increase in wages to come to work for him."

A Transmigrator.

Black Sarah was busily employed about our small Northern kitchen when I had occasion to go out there, and, by way of being pleasant, said, "You are from the South, are you not, Sarah?"

"Law, yes, Miss!" was the answer.

"Born in the South?" I continued.

"Originally bawn in Richmond, Miss," was the astonishing reply.

A Long-Distance Lecture.

A pretentious person recently said to Colonel Green of Woodbury, N. J., "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your town?" "Very well, sir; very well indeed," answered the Colonel. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this town." The lecture never came off.

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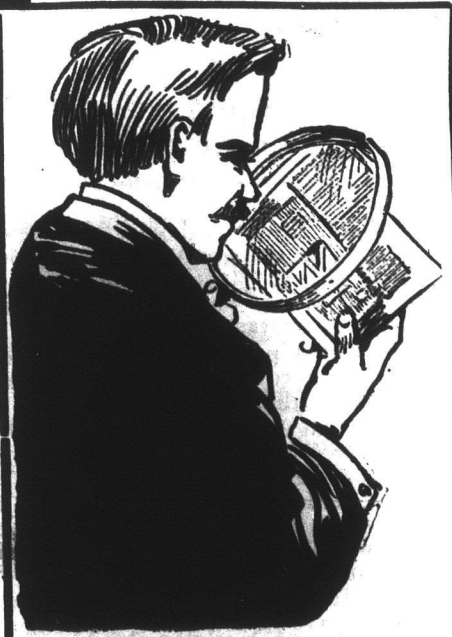
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I've got a good thing. I'm proving that every day. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache, to get the benefit of my invention.

Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this Belt is yours without one cent of cost to you until you are ready to say to me, "Doctor, you have earned your price, and here it is."

That's trusting you a good deal, and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my Belt. But I know that most men are honest, especially when they have been cured of a serious ailment, and very few will impose on me.

As to what my Belt will do, I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten.

So you can afford to let me try, anyway, and I'll take the chances. If you are not sick, don't trifle with me; but if you are, you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial. I want you to know what I have done for others.

"I received a permanent cure of my ailments through the use of your Belt, such as nervousness, heart and kidney troubles, indigestion, sick-headache, etc." James Ed. Jones, Tuelon, Man.

"Your Belt gave me a complete and permanent cure of rheumatism. I would advise any one suffering from this disease to try your Belt." Robt. Rimmer, Arcola, Sask.

"Have given your Belt a fair trial and will say that proved a success in every way in my case. It does more than you claim for it." Wm. Dalgleish, Wapella, Sask.

I CAN MAKE THE BLOOD CIRCULATE IN YOUR VEINS, the nerves tingle with vigorous life, and the spirit of energy show itself in every move of your body. I have told you that Electricity is "Life," and now all scientists and doctors are approving my claim. Let me prove it to you; let me show you how my method of applying this great power has revolutionized medical treatment.

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There's nothing surer than the word of honest men, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that I can cure you.

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my Belt is worth its weight in gold.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer. I want to let you see it, and feel it, and know it by your own experience before I get a cent.

If I don't cure you my Belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spent on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you, I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me at my expense.

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