

SAVE THE TIME OF A MAN A HORSE AND A PLOW

What's the worth of one horse's day's work? How much do you pay your hired man? Why not save many a day's work for both? Turning soil with a

You can Figure it out for Yourself NOW

"Crown" Gang Plow

will do it, besides saving the use of a single plow. Three horses, one man and a "Crown" will do a bigger day's work, and easier, than two men, four horses and two ordinary plows. Get a "Crown," save money, and do your work quicker. The "Crown" is easily adjusted to any depth; three levers work smoothly, all conveniently located. Wheels have dust-proof boxes with roller bearings. Our local agent near you will show you the "Crown," and gladly answer any question. Send now for our special plow-book and catalog "P". They're both free.

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Smith's Falls, Canada

Easily Handled

Equipped with sod or stubble bottoms and straight or rolling coulters.

HOW TO BUILD A GOOD FENCE

Everyone intending fence building should send for our folder on Erecting Fences. It's full of valuable information on fence building, tells how to erect woven wire fencing quickly and substantially, describes the manufacture of fence wire and has an article quoted from bulletin of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture on concrete post making, showing how these durable posts can be economically made at home. Don't fail to write for a copy. It's free.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.,
Dept. E Hamilton, Ontario. Winnipeg, Manitoba.

THE FENCE PEERLESS LOCK STOCK

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

"It is a mistake," said Otto E. Schaar, the president of the New York Waiters' Club, "to think that an Englishman always wants his beef excessively rare. As a matter of fact, the English like their beef better done than we do. I once saw a waiter," he continued, "serve an English Duke with a cut of very, very rare sirloin. The duke looked closely at the slice of bright red meat. Then he said:

"Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?"

"The butcher, sir?" the waiter stammered.

"Yes," said the duke. "This beef doesn't seem to be quite dead yet."

A GREAT SMOKER.

A Pittsburg millionaire said at a dinner:

"I lunched with Sir Thomas Lipton at the Ghezireh Palace, in Cairo, just before he set out for his tea plantation in Ceylon, where the ex-Empress Eugenie was to visit him.

"When the coffee and tarragone came on, I opened my gold case and offered Sir Thomas a beautiful aromatic cigarette, fresh from the factory down the street.

"No, I thank you," said he. "I am, with one possible exception, the biggest smoker in the world, but I never smoke cigars or cigarettes."

"What do you smoke?" said I.

"Bacon," he answered."

POOR LAND.

"Once," he said, "a Kansas farmer met on the hot, dusty road a homesteader pushing on excitedly towards the Cherokee Strip.

"Whar ye bound?" said the farmer. "Fer a hundred and sixty acres o' free land in the Strip," was the reply. And the man vanished in the glitter of dust and sunshine.

"Well, a month or two went by, and on the same dusty road the Kansas farmer met the homesteader returning.

"Hello," he said, "what ye done with them hundred and sixty acres?"

"The homesteader pointed his whip proudly towards his mule team.

"See them mules?" said he. "Wall, I traded eighty acres of my claim fer 'em."

"What ye do with the other eighty?"

"Don't gimme away," was the reply, "but the feller was a tenderfoot, and I run in the other eighty acres on him without his knowin' it."

Men, Be Strong.

Take This Belt for What it is Worth. Wear it Until You Are Cured—Then Pay Me My Price.



Every man should understand that physical power, large muscles, strength and endurance come from animal electricity. My treatment will pump every part of the body full of that, and perfection will result.

It not only restores vigor and increases nerve power, but it cures Rheumatism, Pains in the Back and Kidneys, Indigestion and Constipation, and all troubles which result from weakness of any vital organ.

I have learned to put a lot of confidence in men, especially men who are weak, sickly and delicate, who have tried everything to restore their vitality and failed, who have lost faith in themselves and humanity in general, because they have been led to try so many remedies which were no more use than as much water. These are the men I want to wear my Belt, and I will wait for my pay until they are cured. All I ask is that they give me reasonable security while the Belt is in their possession and use. If it don't cure you it costs you nothing. Is there anything more fair?

GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU

Where there is any physical constitution to work on, my treatment will develop perfect manhood. It will take the slightest spark of manly vigor and fan it into a flame which will encompass the whole structure and charge every nerve and muscle in the body with the vigor of youth.

Ellesmere, Ont., March 20, 1908.
Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to be able to report to you that the Belt I purchased from you last December has done me a world of good. It has taken the pain completely out of my back, and I can now work all day without feeling it at all. Yours very truly,
G. LLOYD.

MR. C. W. TINDALL, 188 Humber-side avenue, Toronto Junction, says my Belt cured him of a bad case of Nervous Weakness.

Dr. McLaughlin:—
Dear Sir:—I am pleased with your treatment. I feel like a new man. I have gained over twenty pounds. I would not be without it for any money.—DAVID CRAWFORD, Oso Station, Ont.

Wherever you are, I think I can give you the name of a man in your town that I have cured. Just send me your address and let me try. This is my twenty-fourth year in the business of pumping new vim into worn-out humanity, and I've got cures in nearly every town on the map. All I ask is that you secure me and pay me only when your cure is complete.

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The Wheel and Its Origin.

One may easily trace the first history of the horse back to B. C. 480, when Timon of Athens wrote of the horses and carriages of that era, but where is one to look for the mention of the first wheel? It was a daring mind which evolved even its first principle, almost a parallel, along widely divergent lines, of the man who ate the first oyster. The first wheel created a revolution which widened and spread as a wireless message from a Marconi spark—nothing apparently great at its first appearance, but spreading more and more widely, until the ripples of its vibration sweep the surface of the earth. It was almost as anachronistic as the placing of the eye in the point of the sewing machine needle. Few other primary changes, indeed, have meant so much to the ultimate development in future years.

Man in the beginning fastened his burden on the animal's back. The structure of the horse and the arrangement of the muscular system show conclusively that it was never intended to carry weights on the back, but was built to "draw" weights. The fact that a 1,200-pound horse to-day is needed to carry a 200-pound man across country was probably early suggested to man by finding that the horse could pull along nearly a hundred times more than he could "pack." It was then but a step to realize that strength would be conserved, distance still more annihilated, and greater bulk transported by the change.

This change was to two long poles, at first attached to the sides of the animal's neck, and a trifle later to the sides of the shoulder by means of a body strap, reinforced by a section passing around the breast. On these trailing poles could be lashed the packages it was desired to transport. Crude, but effective. Take the most magnificent invention or discovery of modern times, and it is eclipsed by the brilliancy and magnificence contained in the germ of the first wheel. Draw a mental line through from the trailing pole to the ball-bearing, pneumatic-tired, modern wheel, and just think it over, not only as applied to vehicular locomotion, but also to machinery, the first wheel in machinery coming clearly from the vehicle. Without the wheel in machinery what becomes of nine-tenths of our greatest inventions? Hence the greatness of the wheel, so little grasped, so little understood. With the trailing poles the bundles sagged loose, slipped down. The first wheel raised them to the horizontal, a greater amount of freight could be carried, it did not work loose or fall off, and—the human being could ride. What a change in a single step, due to one phenomenal flash of prehistoric genius, lost in the maze of the centuries, for not even the century producing the primal wheel can be even approximated.

Two thousand years before Christ there was the four-wheeled wagon, the desire to display wealth and consequence, the apparent natural and inborn vanity of man, "proud man," bringing the team up to even fifty horses to a single chariot. Yet there were no public parks in those days in which to parade, neither was there any circus parade as a humiliating competitor, forcing the display-loving man back to the simplicity of first principles. Another problem is: Did the maximum of four wheels always obtain, or did the number of wheels ever increase in corresponding ratio to the individuals of the team? On this point history seems silent. On the monuments and in the records are chariots and wagons of two, three and four wheels, but none with a greater number; hence, the time-honored saw: "Useless as a fifth wheel to a wagon."—[New York Post.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children, you spend your whole time hunting 'possum!' The old negro hung his head. "Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?" "Ah suttinly does!" "And your children?" "Yas, suh!" "And you love them both better—" "Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in. "—better than a thousand 'possum?" "Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"