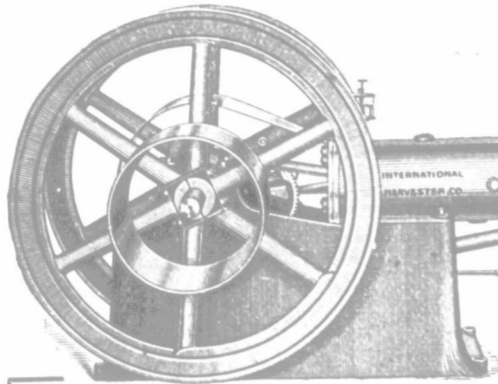


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Nature is the greatest doctor on earth. When she can't cure it is because she needs aid. Now, most people have an idea that this aid is drugs, and when they get sick or suffer from pain of any kind they proceed to dose their stomachs with the stuff that is sold for medicine. That doesn't help any; in fact, it does a great deal of harm. The dose that you put into your stomach is poison, and poison weakens the organs and nerves of your body. What Nature needs is electricity.

When your stomach, kidneys, liver or digestive organs get out of order, it is because they lack the necessary electricity to enable them to perform their regular functions. The breaking down of one of these organs nearly always causes other trouble. Nature can't cure them, because your body hasn't enough electricity to do the work, so you must assist Nature by restoring this electricity where it is needed.

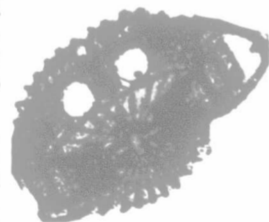
My Electric Belt does this while you sleep. It saturates the nerves with its glowing power, and these conduct the force to every organ and thus of your body, restoring health and giving strength to every part that is weak.

Electricity is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It removes the cause of disease, and after the cause has been removed Nature will do the rest.

Your Belt has certainly done me a great deal of good in every way, and I shall always recommend it to any one I know that is in need of it.

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**Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg**  
14-16 Princess Street

"I put in a small advertisement for a shipping clerk last week," said a merchant, "and got 117 replies. One of the replies amused me. Let me read it to you."

He took from his wallet a letter and read:

"Dear Sir: In response to your small ad. would say am applicant for post designated, and if taken on am sure would suit."

"I understand shipping in all its branches, having had seventeen years' experience in same."

"Would say further that I can always write a good letter, even when I am drunk."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The late Baroness Burdett-Coutts was a wit, as well as a banker and philanthropist, and loved to recall humorous anecdotes of the past. One of her stories she used to relate with keen gusto. On the first occasion the Duke of Wellington took Sout into Apsley House the latter was surprised at the absence of pictures he had known in Madrid. "How is it, Monsieur le Duc," he said, "that you have so few of the Spanish masterpieces?" "Marshal, you forget," replied the Duke, "that my army was only in Madrid after the one commanded by yourself."

"Yes," said Nagget, "a woman usually treats her husband as the average servant treats bric-a-brac."

"I'm listening," replied Mrs. Nagget.

"What's the answer?"

"The more he's worth the more she tries to break him."

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

**VICTORIAN ANTHROPOLOGY**

We who were children in our time, And who, though something past our prime,

Still healthily survive, Must often, when we come in touch With modern infants, marvel much To find ourselves alive.

The milk they drink, I am advised, Must first be duly sterilized, Or else with seal and vow Labelled, to prove to every eye That it has been provided by A non-consumptive cow.

The briefest snuffle from afar Proclaims the imminent catarrh, And calls for potent cures; The slightest symptom of a blush Is followed by an eager rush To take their temperatures.

About them hums a busy tribe Of doctors, ready to prescribe New simples and tabloids, And surgeons quite prepared to ease Them all of their appendices, And eke their adenoids.

Ah, what a change from those old days When all the world and all its ways, And we ourselves, were green! Days when, eternally sharp set, We ate whatever we could get, Nor recked about hygiene.

I recollect, when I was young, Once or twice thrusting forth my tongue, Though why I could not tell, And after some heroic bout, Politely christened a "blow-out." I may have felt unwell.

Even at that early date Victorian microbes lay in wait In every bite and sup; So, I repeat, grown wiser now, I am constrained to wonder how We managed to grow up.

My Plato's works on yonder shelf Commend the maxim, "Know yourself," As conduct's safest guide; It seems a later nursery law Adapts this immemorial saw To "Know your own inside."

—*Frank.*

Sam, a negro servant of a Harri-burg family, is very ambitious to appear well informed on all subjects. His master has installed electric lights throughout the house and was explaining the workings of the fluid to Sam as follows:

"You see, the whole thing comes from the dynamo and goes into the wires and then into the lights. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, sah," said Sam. "I understand all bout dem dynamos and other things but what I wants to know is how do the kerosene squirt throo dem wicks?"

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The following dialogue, translated from a German paper, shows that in Europe the holiday season brings its woes and worries:

"Well, and have you spent a pleasant holiday?"

"Yes, thanks. Don't I look as if I had?"

"Indeed you do. I have never seen you look more fit. Not everybody profits by the holiday tour as you have done."

"No. But, then, I was particularly fortunate in my choice. I liked the place so much that I mean to spend my next holidays there again."

"Good cooking?"

"Excellent. You could get anything you wished for."

"Pleasant company?"

"Delightful people. And, best of all, no formalities. We could do exactly as we liked."

"Quiet?"

"I never had a more quiet place."

"Beds all right?"

"First rate. Private bathroom, too."

"But very expensive no doubt?"

"On the contrary, it was the cheapest holiday I ever had."

"But, man, tell me the name of the place!"

"I stayed at home."

Chicago is still to the fore. A man met a friend the other day and asked: "Why on earth are you counting your fingers?" "Why, I have been shaking hands with old Bluehash, the Chicago meat packer. See?" The poet, also, has been idle. His latest effort results in the following:

A canner, exceedingly canny, One morning remarked to his granny: "A canner can can All the things he can can, But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton, was sauntering down a shady lane one day in the early summer when he met a tall, handsome youth. This youth had just been graduated. He was poor but intelligent. In all his courses he had taken honors, and in athletics also great honors had been his. "Well, Smith," said Dr. Wilson, "through at last, eh?" "Yes, sir," said the young man smiling and blushing. "And now, what are you going to do?" "I hardly know yet, sir; I have had two offers." "Two? Wonderful!" "Yes, sir. One is from a scientific society, offering me a secretaryship at \$5 a week, and the other is from a baseball magnate offering me a five years' contract to pitch at \$5,000 a season."

"Man makes more noise driving one motor car through the streets of Earth than the Creator makes driving his whole army of stars through the streets of Heaven," said Rev. Richard Smith, preaching to the Brentford Wesleyan harvest festival.

Tourist in Highlands (who had eaten about four pennyworth)—"What do I owe you for this meal?"

Guidwife—"Awell, it's the Sawbath. So we'll no charge ye anything."

Grannie—"Na, na, we wanna charge ye anything. But ye can just gie the bairns sixpence apiece!"

Bessie Girardy, aged 12, a school girl, committed suicide by taking poison recently in the presence of four of her little playmates at the pump house of the country school in Venice township. That the child should conceive and carry out the plan of suicide is attributed to the reading of sensational news.