

A Proven Cure For Indigestion

A healthy stomach does two things.

1st—gives up enough gastric juice to digest food—and
2nd—churns food, by means of its muscular action, until digestive

they give you a healthy stomach.

"Fruit-a-tives" actually strengthen the muscles of the stomach—increase the power of the churning movement—and also enable the stomach to excrete sufficient gastric juice to completely digest every meal.

Thousands have been cured of Indigestion and Dyspepsia by "Fruit-a-tives" alone.

juice and food are thoroughly mixed.

An unhealthy stomach is either too weak to properly churn the food or it does not give up enough gastric juice to make digestion complete.

Then you have Indigestion—Heartburn—Distress after Eating—Sour Stomach—Headaches—and finally chronic Dyspepsia.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia because

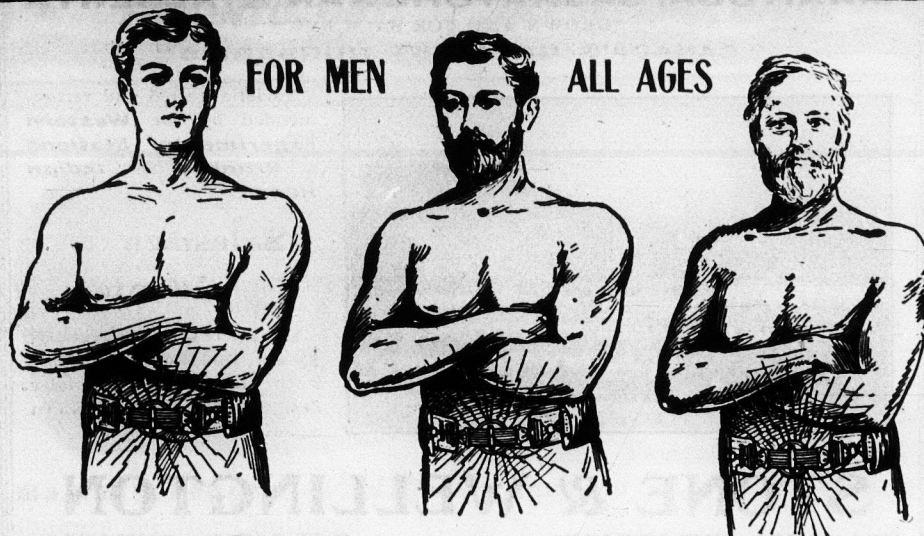
and Biliousness with which so many Dyspeptics suffer.

"Fruit-a-tives" are intensified fruit juices, combined with tonics and antiseptics—and are an infallible cure for all Stomach Troubles. Try them. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers or from

Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Fruit-a-tives
(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

My Free Electric Belt



Never before has another person made a free offer such as this. I do not distribute cheap samples broadcast, but am daily sending out dozens of my full power Dr. Sanden Electric Belts absolutely free of charge, and they are the same in every respect as though full cash prices were paid. The proposition is simple. If you are ailing, call at my office and take a Belt home with you. Or, if at a distance—no matter where—send your name and address, and I will at once arrange to deliver to you one of my Belts, with suspensory or other attachment needed. Use same according to my advice until cured, then pay me—many cases as low as \$5. Or, if not cured, simply return the Belt, which will close the transaction. That's all there is to it. If you prefer to buy for cash, I give full wholesale discount.

Not One Penny in Advance or on Deposit

Not a cent unless you are made well. I make this offer to show men what faith I have in my own remedy, and I can afford to take the risk because not one in a thousand, when cured, will cheat me out of the small amount asked. It pays me and my patient. My business was more than doubled the past year. Each Belt embodies all of my exclusive inventions (latest patent March 7, 1905) and all patients receive the benefit of my 40 years' experience, a knowledge of infinite value, and which is mine alone to give. I am the originator of the Electric Belt treatment, and all followers are imitators. This I will prove by any guarantee you may ask. You wear my Belt all night. It sends a soothing current (which you feel) through the weakened parts, curing while you rest. Used for lost manhood, nervous debility, impotency, varicocele, lame back, rheumatism, lumbago, dull pain over kidneys, pains in all parts of the body, kidney, liver, bladder disorders, constipation, and stomach troubles. Send for the Belt to-day; or, if you wish more information, write me fully of your case and receive my personal reply. I will also send my descriptive book, sealed, free of charge. I have thousands of recent testimonials from grateful patients. Would you care to read some of them?

Let me take charge of your case at once. I will put new life into you in two weeks' time. Don't you do the worrying. Put that on me. I will take all the risk. I have something to work for. Unless you are cured I get no pay. Address.

Dr. W. A. SANDEN, 140 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.
Office Hours: 9 to 6; Saturdays until 9 p.m.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

fellow describing the child as it was fifteen years ago. Oh, here's a point or two!—brown eyes, black hair—oh, bully! here's the best thing yet!—first joint of the left forefinger gone."

The sheriff snatched the light, and both men hastened to examine the prisoner's hand. After a single glance their eyes met and each set of optics inquired of the other.

At length the sheriff remarked:

"He's your pris'ner."

The circuit-rider flushed and then turned pale. He took the lantern from the sheriff, turned the light full on the prisoner's face, and said:

"Prisoner, suppose you were to find that your father was alive?"

The horse-thief replied with a piercing glance, which was full of wonder, but said not a word. A moment or two passed, and the preacher said:

"Suppose you were to find that your father was alive, and had searched everywhere for you, and that he thought of nothing but you, and was grown old before his time, all because of his longing and sorrow for you." The thief dropped his eyes, then his face twitched; at last he burst out crying. "Your father is alive; he isn't far from this cabin; he's very sick; I've just left him. Nothing but the sight of you will do him any good; but I think so much of him that I'd rather kill you this instant than let him know what business you've been in."

"Them's my sentiments, too," remarked the sheriff.

"Let me see him!" exclaimed the prisoner, clasping and raising his manacled hands, while his face filled with an earnestness which was literally terrible—"let me see him, if it's only for a few minutes! You needn't be afraid that I'll tell him what I am, and you won't be mean enough to do it, if I don't try to run away. Have mercy on me! You don't know what it is to never have had anybody to love you, and then suddenly to find that there is some one that wants you!"

The preacher turned to the officer and said:

"I'm a law-abiding citizen, sheriff."

And the sheriff replied:

"He's your pris'ner."

"Then suppose I let him go on his promise to stick to his father for the rest of his life!"

"He's your pris'ner," repeated the sheriff.

"Suppose, then, I were to insist upon your taking him into custody."

"Why, then," said the sheriff, speaking like a man in the depths of meditation, "I would let him go myself, and—and I'd have to shoot you to save my reputation as a faithful officer."

The preacher made a peculiar face.

The prisoner exclaimed:

"Hurry, you brutes!"

The preacher said, at last:

"Let him loose."

The sheriff removed the handcuffs, and said:

"Fix yourself up a little. Your hat's a miz'able one—I'll swap with you."

You've got to make up some cock-and-bull story now, for the old man'll want to know everything. You might say you'd been a sheriff down South somewhere since you got away from the feller that owned you."

The preacher paused over a knot in one of the cords on the prisoner's legs, and said:

"Say you were a circuit-rider—that's more near the literal truth."

The sheriff seemed to demur somewhat, and he said at length:

"Without meanin' any disrespect, parson, don't you think 'twould tickle the old man and the citizens more to think he'd been a sheriff? They wouldn't dare to ask so many questions then, either. And it might be onhandy for him if he was asked to preach, while a smart horse-thief has naturally got some of the pints of a real sheriff about him."

"You insist upon it that he's my prisoner," said the preacher, tugging away at his knot, "and I insist upon the circuit-rider story. And," continued the young man, with one mighty pull at the knot, "he's got to be a circuit-rider, and I'm going to make one of him. Do your hear that, young man? I'm the man that's setting you free, and giving you to your father."

"You can make anything you please out of me," said the prisoner.

"As you say, parson," remarked the sheriff, with admirable meekness; "he's your prisoner, but I could make a splendid deputy out of him if you'd let him take my advice. And I'd agree to work for his nomination for my place when my term runs out."

Think of what he might get to be—there are sheriffs gone to the Legislature, and I've heard of one that went to Congress."

"Circuit-riders get higher than that, sometimes," said the preacher, leading his prisoner toward old Wardelow's cabin: "they get as high as heaven!"

"Oh!" remarked the sheriff, and gave up the contest.

Both men accompanied the prisoner toward his father's house. The preacher began to deliver some cautionary remarks, but the young man burst from him, threw open the door, and shouted:

"Father!"

The old man started from his bed, shaded his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Stevie!"

The father and son embraced, seeing which the sheriff proved that even sheriffs are human, by snatching the circuit-rider in his arms and giving him a mighty hug.

The father recovered and lived happily. The son and the preacher fulfilled their respective promises, and the sheriff, always on meeting either of them, so abounded in general winks and effusive handshakings, that he nearly lost his next election by being suspected of having become religious himself.



One of Strathcona's Beauty Spots.

AN



"Poured billows of organdy a much pompadoured head"

This is
OUR NAME

House

Ba

Handle

Writ
suggestions

The C