



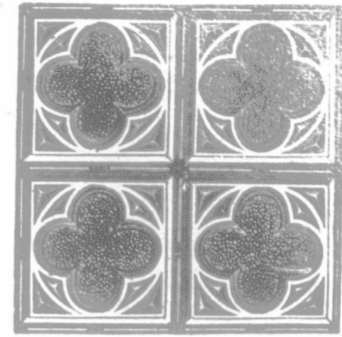
Safe Look Shingle.

# Metal Building Goods

Metal Shingles  
Metal Siding

Corrugated Sheets  
Embossed Steel Ceilings

Write for Catalogues and Prices

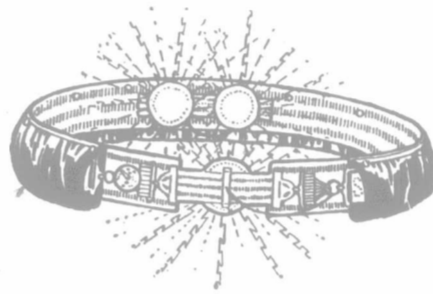
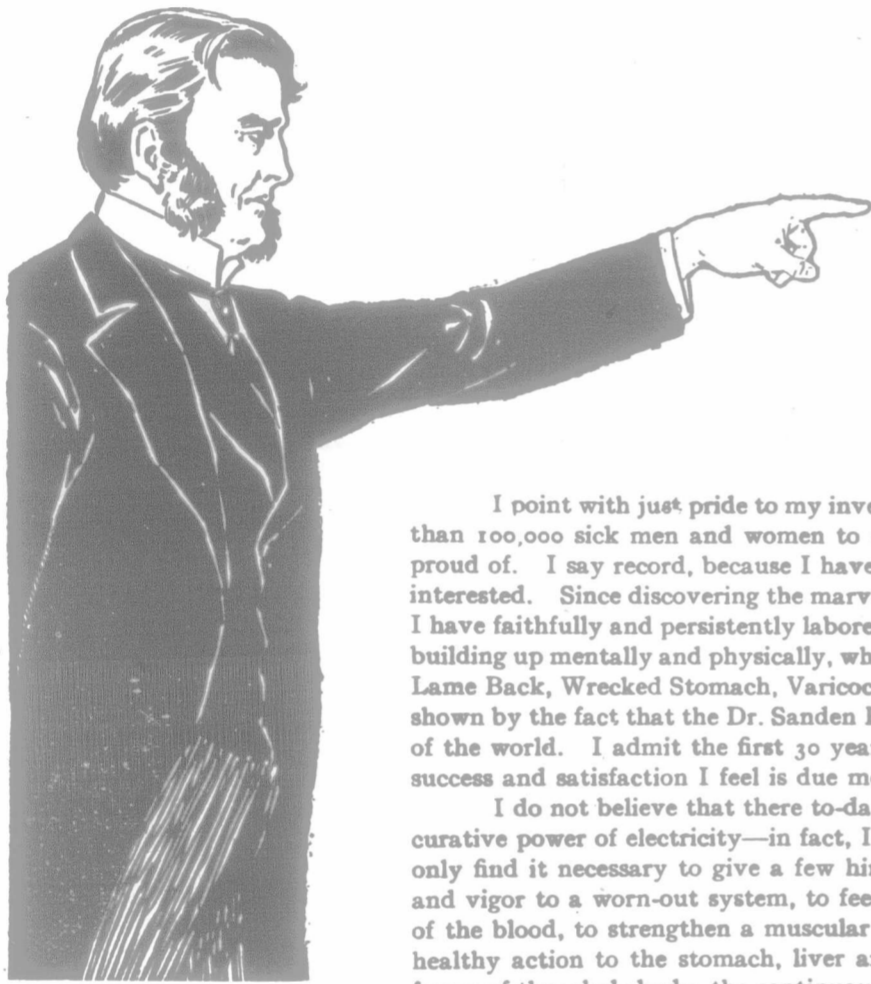


Ceiling Plates.

## CLARE & BROCKEST, Winnipeg

# Pay me when Cured

My World-famed Remedy  
Given on Free Trial  
Until Cured.



I point with just pride to my invention, which during 40 years has enabled more than 100,000 sick men and women to regain their health and vigor—a record to be proud of. I say record, because I have the proof always open to inspection for those interested. Since discovering the marvellous curing powers of electricity 40 years ago, I have faithfully and persistently labored to bring it to the notice of sufferers who need building up mentally and physically, who are troubled with Nervousness, Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Wrecked Stomach, Varicocele, etc., and how well I have succeeded is best shown by the fact that the Dr. Sanden Electric Herculex is now standard in every part of the world. I admit the first 30 years was hard work, but I am now enjoying the success and satisfaction I feel is due me.

I do not believe that there to-day is a grown person who doubts the wonderful curative power of electricity—in fact, I take it for granted there is not. I, therefore, only find it necessary to give a few hints as to its application. To restore strength and vigor to a worn-out system, to feed the brain and nerves, to drive uric acid out of the blood, to strengthen a muscular center, as in lame back, to give renewed and healthy action to the stomach, liver and kidneys—in short, to really renew the life forces of the whole body, the continuous galvanic current must be used and applied in a mild, prolonged manner, to allow the system to absorb it. The strong, harsh current applied from the ordinary battery is mostly wasted, as the system only accepts a small portion of it, just as the sudden heavy shower mostly runs off, while a gentle, prolonged rain is thoroughly absorbed. My invention does exactly as explained above. You put it on when going to bed and take it off on arising in the morning. It gives a soothing, exhilarating current you instantly feel, but not sufficient to in the least disturb you. It fills you with new life, and electrifies every nerve and drop of blood in your body. As weakness and disease is a LACK of electricity, how can you wear my Electric Herculex without receiving benefit? I know you cannot, therefore I invite you to send for it on absolute free trial.

### Not a Cent to be Paid Until Cured

The price is as low as \$5.00 in many cases, and you get a discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way. As the founder of the Electric Body-Battery system of treatment, my success is the envy of many, and my Herculex is, of course, imitated (what good thing is not?), but my great knowledge to advise and direct my patients is mine alone and cannot be imitated. I give it free to all who use my invention until the cure is complete—My Herculex is guaranteed to give a current for at least one year. Call or send for my Electric Herculex to-day, or if you want to look into the matter further, I have two of the best little books ever written on electricity and its medical uses, which I send free, sealed, upon request.

**DR. C. F. SANDEN, 140 Yonge Street,  
TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Rear-Admiral Coghlan, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, whose reputation as a relator of good stories has increased each time he has spoken at a dinner, told a story a few nights ago which was given to illustrate his distaste for being the last speaker.

"Having the last word," the Rear-Admiral said, "reminds me of a story I heard not long ago.

"A certain man died, and a clergyman was engaged to offer an eulogy. This worthy minister prepared a sermon of exceeding length and strength, but just before he entered the pulpit to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead

man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:

"My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?"

"He didn't have none," the boy replied. "Ma was with him to the end."—*New York Tribune.*

An Englishman traveling through the Ardennes stopped for a cup of coffee at a private inn.

Sugar was not forthcoming and the waitress begged the traveler to be good enough to wait until the party at the next table had finished their game of dominoes, for which the house of sugar, delicately dusted with soft flour, was one to three with, were flying

While traveling on a lonely stretch of the road near the Arctic Circle, in Sweden, Charles J. Glidden overtook an old Finnish woman plodding along at the rate of half a mile an hour.

"Where are you going?" the interpreter asked.

"To my daughter's," was the reply.

"How far is it?" the interpreter asked.

"Fifteen miles."

"When do you expect to get there?"

"To-morrow morning."

Mr. Glidden picked the old woman up and in forty minutes had set her down at her daughter's home.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

### THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN.

"The proper way for a man to pray," Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes, "And the only proper attitude, Is down upon his knees." "No, I should say the way to pray," Said Reverend Doctor Wise, "Is standing straight, with out stretched arms, And rapt and upturned eyes." "Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow, "Such posture is too proud: A man should pray with eyes fast closed And head contritely bowed." "It seems to me his hands should be Austerely clasped in front, With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,

Said Reverend Doctor Blunt. "Last year I fell in Hodgkin's well Head first," said Cyrus Brown, "With both my heels a-stickin' up, My head a-p'inting down; "An' I made a prayer right then an there— Best prayer I ever said, The prayinest prayer I ever prayed, A-standin' on my head." —SAM WALTER FOSS.

### EXPERIMENTAL BAGGAGE SMASHING.

Jules Dupree, the French artist who recently found in Miss Constance Leaming of Wolfe, Mont., the ideal beauty whom he had set out to search the world for, was talking in New York about America.

"I have been much impressed in America," he said, with the dashing strength of your baggage handlers, or baggage smashers, as you justly call them.

"In Washington one day I pointed out to a baggage smasher a rather frail grip-sack.

"Is that grip-sack strong enough," I asked, "to go in the baggage car?" "I'll see," said the man.

"He lifted the grip high above his head and threw it on the ground with all his might.

"That," he said "is what she'll get in Philadelphia."

"He took it up again and banged it against the side of a car four or five times.

"That is what she'll get in Chicago," he went on.

"He tossed it high in the air, and on its descent jumped on it, breaking the lock open this time, so that the contents were scattered over the platform.

"And that's what she'll get in Winnipeg," he concluded. "You'd better take her in the Pullman with you, boss, if you're going farther than Winnipeg."

An Englishman traveling in Ireland complained that he could find none of the famous Irish wits of whom he had heard. He was advised to speak to the next farmer or teamster he met.

A little later he encountered a peasant leading a horse with a load of turf. The horse had a blazed face.

"What a white face your horse has, my man!" said the Englishman, by way of an opening.

"Sure," replied the Irishman, "your own will be as white when it has been as long in the halter."—*Birmingham Post.*

The Young Hostess—"Papa, I wish you'd request the musicians not to play the dance music so fast."

Her Father—"I did my dear, but the leader says the union rules call for time and a half after midnight."