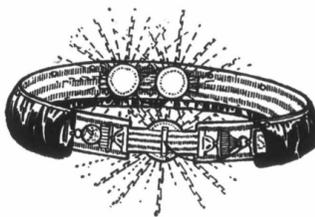
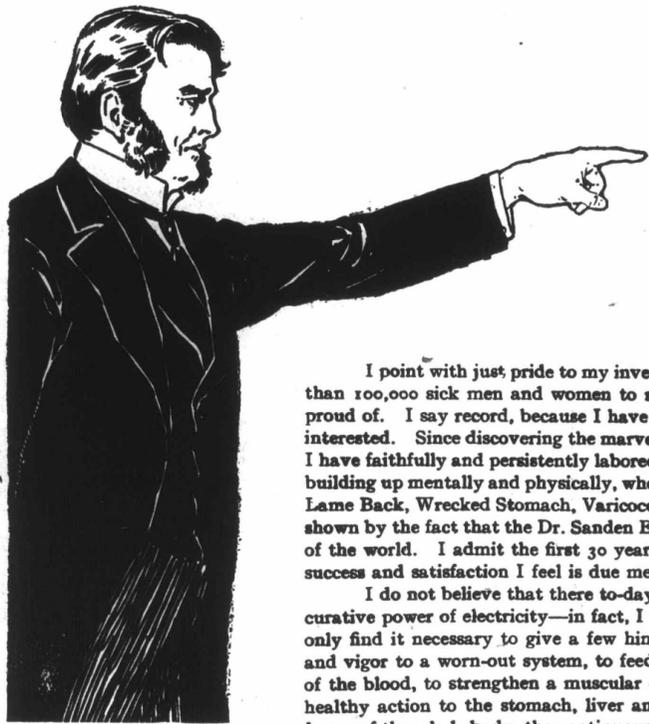


GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WILL LAST A CENTURY  
**"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES**  
 CHEAP AS WOOD—MORE DURABLE THAN SLATE  
 Send for Free Book on "ROOFING RIGHT" **The PEDLAR PEOPLE of Oshawa**  
 Address our Montreal Toronto Ottawa London Winnipeg Vancouver  
 Nearest Warehouse: MONTREAL TORONTO OTTAWA LONDON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

# 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 lamé 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.**

### THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS.

One man takes a lump of clay and fashions it into a brick, eight inches long by four inches wide by two inches deep. It is worth little, because little thought has gone into it. Another man takes the same amount of clay and shapes it into a beautiful, decorated vase, rare and costly. Into it he puts intelligence, skill, memory, imagination, affection, the things of the spirit; the spirit gives the clay its value. It is the labor of the head and heart that is the chief source of wealth. The superintendent of a mill may seem to be doing nothing of any importance. As the weavers go into the mill in the morning they see him sitting at his quiet desk behind the glass doors, and they envy him as a man who draws a big salary without labor; but he must put forth more mental energy in one day than a hundred weavers put forth in six months. He is responsible for all the men in the mill for all losses, accidents and

surprises. He is studying the markets of the world, studying new machines, new processes, new inventions. He must keep informed concerning raw materials, must know within the eighth of a cent the cost of every yard of cloth and where it can be sold—and a mistake on his part may render the whole mill a source of loss and misery to thousands of people. Does he not earn his salary? The superintendent of a railroad, the pastor of a church, the captain of a steamship, the principal of a high school are all working far harder than any of the men under them, and without this labor of superintendence the railroad, the church, the steamship, and the school would be utterly useless. What a noble thing being modern business would be if all young men going into it could view it as a kind of public service. In these days of "desk jobbing" and "pencil finance," it is a lamentable thing to think that the highest is a clerk who sits at his desk and counts the

man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." But this is not true. Thousands of young men are going into business to-day with high clear purpose to serve their fellow-men. Thousands of our industrial leaders are not only honest, but they shrink from any bargain which is not a benefit to both parties. Of most business men it is true that their word is as good as their bond. Our modern "credit system" is built on our faith in one another. A young man who goes into business to-day has splendid opportunities to serve his generation. He may go into it with the same spirit with which Senator Hoar went to Congress, or with which Pasteur went into his laboratory. Both Pasteur and Hoar received reward for service rendered; but they lived for the service and not the reward. The code of ethics that we now recognize as binding on the statesman, scientist, and the artist, should

but surely coming to be the code of business men as well. In spite of all the rogues and cheats, we are steadily moving toward the time "when no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of working." And the real joy of working is the pleasure of making something useful or beautiful and so enriching the world.—*Youth's Companion.*

### THAT BOY.

"What! Say that again, Say it slowly, so that I Can catch its full import. Now, look here, Doc. Man to man, On the dead, Cross your heart, You ain't fooling, are you?"

"You see, I've sat on a trunk in the hallway Three times in the last Thirteen years, Just waiting and yearning To hear those words, Right out here, you know, With my ears cocked up Waiting for him To howl.

"Why, Doc, dog it all! You don't know what It is to sit outside and wait, Just a great, big, bald, helpless Chunk of triviality And inconsequential, And possessing No more important relation To the affair going on Inside Than an old brickbat has To a poet's dream of joy.

"You don't know How a fellow Sweats blood And feels small, mean and measly And just sits And breathes short, And thinks that if Everything turns out right He will be A better man For the boy's sake.

"Of course, It's always going to be A boy— Couldn't be anything else By any possibility. "Why, Doc, Bless your old heart— (Say, shake hands again). I've gone through it all Until I've grown Bald with the worry— Yes, and grey, too— Always hoping That the next time It'd a boy sure. Girls are all right, you know— Understand, I make no kick On Providence— Girls are good. But after awhile You somehow get to wishing That the run of luck Would change. A boy! You bet your life A boy's the stuff, The hot stuff.

"Bully for the girls— All three of 'em— But this time Is my time, And I want space and scope To yell. Say, Doc, How much does he weigh?" —*Chicago Record.*

When a man brags of his past you may discount his future. He cannot reach heaven who gets out of touch with earth. The true man will find the bread of life even in the strife for bread. "We come near lynching the wrong man yesterday," said Cassius M. "Just ready to swing him out to sea." "But just then we all agreed the mistake was," remarked a bystander. "What happened?" "The wrong man was never heard of."

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