

THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION
ESTABLISHED 1882

TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG

Official Administrator Eastern Judicial District, Manitoba

Investing Agent for Supreme Court of Judicature, Ontario

Agent for

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Ontario.

Winnipeg Office:

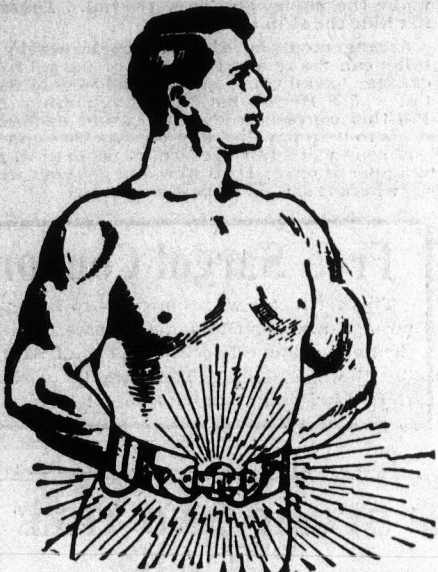
BANK OF HAMILTON CHAMBERS

Cancer Cure

Internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or

TO THE WEAK AND NERVOUS



If you are losing the strength of youth and can see evidence from day to day that your physical system is going to decay, you should, in common justice to your future happiness, take steps to check this.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that this can't be done; it can, and has been done in thousands of cases.

Don't deceive yourself into believing that it is natural for any person to thus exhaust his strength.

Nature is appealing to you every moment to save yourself. The slight pains that you feel; the momentary spells of weakness; the periodical loss of memory, dullness of brain, drowsiness—all point to the necessity of curing yourself now. I have a positive cure for you in my

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

No matter what ails you there is a cure for you in Nature's remedy—Electricity. The greatest cures on record have been performed by this famous Belt, and it is recognized to-day as the greatest remedial agent known to mankind. It cures every form of weakness, restores the fire and vigor of youth, cures all forms of Nervous Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and many other complaints, after every other known system of medical treatment has failed.

Dear Sir,—I have been using your Belt for Lumbago and Weak Kidneys and have found it just what I needed, as my back is stronger and I feel better in every way. I can recommend it very highly to any one suffering from these troubles, as I was a chronic sufferer for many years before I got the Belt. Thanking you for the benefits I have received,
—SAMUEL QUINN, Edmonton, Alta.

MR. W. A. HENDERSON, Gladys, Alta., has this to say:

Dear Sir,—I purchased one of your Belts some seven months ago. I was troubled then with weak heart, and I find that the Belt has greatly benefited me. I can heartily recommend your Belt to any one who may be troubled in this way, and believe they are even better than you say yourself."

If you are a sick man and discouraged with drugging your system in search for relief with no results, try my Belt. If it fails to cure you, it costs you nothing. Reasonable security is all I ask. Remember my terms are

PAY WHEN CURED

FREE BOOK—Call and test my Belt, free, or, if you can't do that, send for my book about it also free. CALL TODAY AND SEND THIS COUPON.

Call or Send for this Book To-day.

If you can't call, cut out this coupon and mail it to me to-day. I will send you my 84 page book, together with price list, prepaid free. Call if you can.

Office hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wed. and Sat. to 8.30 p.m.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CAN.
Please send me your Book, free.

NAME
ADDRESS

In Lighter Vein.

Note.—To the boy or girl who sends the best joke for this column we will give a present of a good book. The story must be told by the writer—not cut from another book.

Mother's Hairpin.

The doorbell broke the other day, Pop couldn't make it ring. Said he: "I'll have to get a man To fix the blamed old thing." But mother said, "Oh, don't do that, Think what you'd have to pay." And then she took a hairpin out, And fixed it right away.

We lost the back door key last week 'Twas when the door was locked. Pop fumed around, said things until The neighbors were all shocked. Then mom she got a hairpin out And poked, and pretty quick She had the bolt turned in the lock. The hairpin did the trick.

There's nothin' much that mom can't do, With hairpins, seems as like. One day she fixed pa's busted watch, An' next 'twill be my bike. If we was poor, I'll bet that she Could make hard luck take wings, By goin' round the city with A hairpin, fixin' things.

—“A Reader.”

How's This for Mud?

Of all the yarns that ever came down the line, regarding deep mud, the following should be entitled to the blue ribbon. It happened in the place where mud originated.

A man was walking along the roadside one summer day and noticed a fairly good looking hat out in the road. Reaching out with his cane, he gave it a cut and was startled to hear a voice exclaim: "Here, what the deuce are you doing?"

Then he made the astonishing discovery that the owner of the headpiece was under the hat, up to his ears in mud.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the man who had hit the hat. "Is that mud as deep as that?"

"Deep!" cried the victim. "Why, man alive, I'm standing on a load of hay!"

A New Part of Pork.

The teacher had been reading to her class, of the industries of Russia. Among others mentioned was pig-raising. The pig is used almost exclusively as an article of food, very little of his body being valued except his flesh and his bristles.

"The Russians have much to learn from the Americans in this respect," she continued. "In America all parts of the pig are used except his squeal."

At this point a pupil raised her hand and asked, in all innocence:

"What part of the animal is the squeal?"

The Relationship.

"You say, madam," said the bespectacled lawyer to the woman in the witness box, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

The witness beamed upon the Court and replied:

"Well, it's just like this. His first wife's cousin and my second husband's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother

Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I an't never figgered out just how close related we are, but I always looked on 'im as a sort of cousin."

"Quite so," answered the lawyer. "Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory."

Amusing Advertisements.

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"For sale, a piano-forte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, wishes to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

"Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted, an organist, and a boy to blow same."

"Lost, near Highgate archway, an umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman, with a moveable headpiece, as good as new."

He Didn't Say He Could Stop It.

Pat had obtained employment as a hostler and was greatly interested in the iron horses under his care. One day the yardmaster asked him if he could run an engine.

"Can Oi run an engine? If there's anything Oi'd rather do all day long it's run an engine."

"Suppose you run that engine in the house?"

"Oi'll do it," bluffed Pat, and climbed into the cab. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the round-house. Pat saw the bumpers ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Ouch!

she went—in again—out again. Then the yardmaster yelled:

"I thought you said you could run an engine?"

But Pat had an answer ready: "Oi had her in there three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"

Quite a Youngster.

While passing through a village a tourist saw an old man seated at a cottage door devouring huge chunks of bread and bacon in a ravenous manner. He remarked:

"Look here, my good man, you shouldn't eat so rapidly at your time of life! Think of your digestion!"

"My digestion be orlright, and Oi beant old. Oi be on'y savinty-foive."

"Then don't you consider that old?" the tourist asked, in surprise. "What age was your father when he died?"

"Feyther? Feyther beant dede; he be oopstairs putten gran'feyther to bed!"

Wise William.

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in Southern Georgia, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson."

A dignified gentleman came to the bar and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your Honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment, Doctor," the Judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson! Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token