

WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE

EVERY PERSON IN WINNIPEG AND VICINITY TO GET FAT
AT OUR EXPENSE



"Geel Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol!"

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people, is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud, a body full of throbbing life and energy write The Sargol Company, 5-G Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of rebuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh

130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headaches. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that the 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-G Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

bors are relied on to help put the fire out, but every family in town pays taxes to build and keep up the town barn, and every one of them is going to see to it that not a piece of wood that can be saved is left to burn.

So it was in Pinckneyville that night in hay-time. Worst luck of all, the town hay had just been cured and hoisted in, and it was all in the loft of the barn.

The Griggs family, living nearest, was there first; but the fire, in the shed where the wagons stood, had hardly got fairly ablaze before the taxpayers were all there, rolling out the hose-cart and the ladder truck, pulling out the old hand-pump, and throwing hand extinguishers out of the window to save them from the fire.

"Get the hose, boys!" shouted Si Plummer; and suiting his own action to the word he grabbed a fifty-foot roll and ran for the nearest hydrant. Man after man came behind him, each with a section. At the hydrant Si tugged vainly at the cap which covered the pipe.

"Git a spanner!" he roared at every one.

"Git a spanner!" roared every one else back toward the barn.

"Can't ye turn it with your hands, Si?" asked old Billy Parsons.

"Naw. Think I'm an elephant? Try it yourself, you idiot! Git a spanner, somebody."

By this time a small boy had darted away for a spanner, and while he was gone Si and his critics argued vainly

"Si! Si!" went up the loud shout. "Come here and git this hydrant open!" The squire wagged his beard. "No, 'n' he can't do it, either," he said.

And then all of a sudden the light went out. A well-directed stream had put out the blaze in the shed and the barn was saved.

"N' yes," said the squire. "N' those fellers'd have spent more water'n they'd have saved barn if I hadn't stood up to 'em."

WALL-PAPERVILLE

This happened when Lucy was ill. She had got over the worst of the illness (measles), and was feeling very comfortable only queer still in her legs, so that she was quite willing to stay in bed and have fat prunes and chicken and wine jelly.

One night she stayed awake a good while, hearing the clock tick and the fire crackle, and watching the fitful gleams on walls and ceiling. A good many gleams fell on one particular place in the wallpaper, and Lucy saw things in it that she had never noticed before. The pink roses ran on a vine, and here and there the vines clustered together; and, as she looked hard at one of these clusters, there seemed to be a little gate in the middle of it—a green gate all covered with leaves and moss. Lucy put up her hand, and touched the gate and it swung open, and there seemed to be a place inside.



the general question of opening fireplugs with the right sort of a twist of the hands.

"Play away, hose! Turn on the water!" came a bellowing wail from the far distance, where a group of townsmen were standing in very hot proximity to the fire, holding a nozzle that grew hotter and hotter.

"Git a spanner!" roared Si, in reply. Just then one was thrust into his hands, and in a moment the plug was open, the hose coupled and the water turned on.

Half-way down the line there was a sudden commotion, a sizzle, and then a roar and a chorus of shrieks as a group of women and girls scattered from the neighborhood of the hose. Some had forgotten to couple a joint there.

"Turn her off, Si," and Si turned "her" off till the joint was made, and then sent the stream spurting straight into the blazing hay-loft.

The next line went on easier, and as the ladders were up by this time, the roof of the barn over the hay was drenched, the fire in the gable attacked and the hay reduced to sullen smoking. But the wagon-shed still blazed unchecked.

"Git more hose!" roared Si, now thoroughly installed as fire-marshal of the occasion. A dozen younger men ran to lay a lead and couple on. But at the hydrant stood Squire Terwilliger, as steadfast as a rock.

"No, ye don't, either!" he shouted, as they came up with hose and spanner. "There are two streams of water on to that barn now, and that's all there's going to be. Every drop of that water has to be paid for out of the taxes, and I aint's going to see any of it wasted."

The squire was adamant.

"Dear me!" said Lucy. "I wish I could go in in there!"

All of a sudden she felt herself growing smaller and lighter. "Just like Alice in Wonderland," she said. "Only I haven't eaten a thing except prunes and toast since dinner."

When she tried to climb up the rose-vine, she found it quite easy. It made the roses shake all around the room; but clambered up steadily, and soon found herself inside the gate.

The place inside was a garden, full of trees and flowers, very strange ones. The trees were of a remarkably bright green, and looked like great blobs of color; and the flowers, although they were of the gayest possible colors, were queer and ragged, and grew in all kinds of awkward positions and shapes. Also the leaves and stems did not seem to belong to them, but were just stuck in higgledy-piggledy, as if they had got there by accident. The wind blew, and trees and flowers rustled in a most extraordinary way.

"What is the matter with this garden?" said Lucy. She touched a flower and it felt just like paper. "This is a queer garden!" she said. Then she looked about, and saw several houses.

They were built of playing-cards, with the spots outside, and were very gay and pretty, but did not look substantial. Lucy knocked at the door of one house, and it was opened by a paper doll with a pink dress and a steady smile.

"What is the name of this place?" asked Lucy.

"This is Wall-paperville," said the doll. "This is the Public Garden, and these houses belong to the aristocracy."

"Who are the aristocracy?" asked Lucy.

"Everybody," said the doll.