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FURS

WIT AND HUMOR

The late Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, was an ardent sportsman and a splendid shot. Once when on a hunting expedition near Louisville, he happened to fall in with a local sportsman, whose unconcealed admiration for the city man's marksmanship, paved the way for further conversation.

"What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired.

"Dudley," was the reply. After some exchange of incident and experience, the bishop's interlocutor hazarded:

"Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a preacher."

"Oh, get out! What are you giving me?"

"But I am. I preach every Sunday."

"Where?"

"In Louisville."

"Well, I never! I never would have thought it! You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear his new-made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Lord's day saw the rustic in his "Sunday best," ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

He was manifestly amazed afterward to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods. He managed to stammer his thanks, and added:

"I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I riz with you and sot with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how. All the

same, if my opinion is worth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a hunter."

...

One of the settlement workers asked a lad in Pittsburg what fire escapes were intended for.

"To sleep on," promptly replied the lad.

"Anything else?"

"Sure; dey's good to ripen tomatoes on, to dry clothes, to drop cats off, to shoot beans down at de guys passing on de street, to swear at de cop from, and—"

But the settlement worker had fled with uplifted hands.

...

Bishop Burgess is one of the few American clergymen who, being graduates of the University of Oxford, are entitled to wear the Oxford hood.

At a certain service, another bishop, also an Oxford man, nodded toward the officiating clergyman, and whispered excitedly to Bishop Burgess:

"Why look; he has got an Oxford hood on."

"So he has," said Bishop Burgess.

"But he is not entitled to it. He has no Oxford degree," exclaimed the first bishop. "Why, the man is wearing a lie on his back."

"Hush," said Bishop Burgess.

"Don't call it a lie. Call it a false hood."

...

Old Aunt Hepsy Garside never had seen a moving picture show before. She gazed in speechless wonder at the magic contrivance by which messenger boys were made to move with break-neck speed, barbers to shave their customers in less than a minute, and heavy policemen to dash along the street at a rate never attained by a living specimen, either on or off duty. It was all real to her. She could not doubt the evidence of her senses. All those things were taking place exactly as depicted. Presently an automobile came in sight in the far background, moving directly toward the audience at the rate of at least a mile a minute. Just as a catastrophe seemed inevitable it swerved aside, passed on and disappeared. Aunt Hepsy could stand it no longer. Hastily grasping the hand of her little niece, she rose and started swiftly for the door.

"Come along, Minervy," she said. "It ain't safe to stay here any longer! That thing didn't miss me more than two feet."

...

The absent-mindedness of great thinkers is a well-known phenomenon. When Morse had completed his wonderful telegraphic system he confessed to a difficulty which appeared to him almost insurmountable. "As long as poles can be used," he said to a friend one day, "it is easy. But what must be done when we come to a bridge? We cannot use poles there, and the wire would break of its own weight without some support."

"Well," replied the friend, "why not fix the wires to the bridge?" Morse looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I never thought of that. It's the very thing." This instance of mental concentration on one leading idea to the exclusion of all others is almost as remarkable as that told of Sir Isaac Newton, who cut a hole in his study door to allow his favorite cat to come and go freely, and then cut a smaller one for the use of her kitten.—Dundee Advertiser.

HOW MRS. CLARK FOUND RELIEF

After Years of Suffering Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Pleasant Point Matron Tells Her Suffering Sisters How to be Free From the Terrible Pains that Make Life a Burden.

PLEASANT POINT, Ont., Nov. 16. (Special).—That most of the ills that the suffering women of Canada have to bear are due to disordered Kidneys, and that the natural cure for them is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is once more shown in the case of Mrs. Merrill C. Clarke, a well-known resident of this place and a prominent member of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Clarke is always ready to give her experience for the benefit of her suffering sisters.

"My sickness commenced twenty years ago with the change of life," says Mrs. Clarke. "My health was in a bad state. Water would run from my head which would make me faint. When I came out of the fainting spells I took fits. I was bloated till I was clumsy. The pain I suffered was awful. It would go to my feet and then to my head. Many doctors attended me, but I tried many medicines, but nothing gave me relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first box stopped the fits, and seven boxes cured me completely. Every suffering woman should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make healthy Kidneys, and the woman whose good Kidneys is safeguarded against those terrible pains that make the lives of so many women.

DISCOURAGED MEN IS LIFE WORTH LIVING



MEN, you become disheartened when you feel the symptoms of Nervous Debility and decline stealing upon you. You haven't the nerve or ambition you used to have. You feel you are not the man you ought to be. You feel like giving up in despair. You get nervous and weak, have little ambition, pain in the back over kidneys, drains at night, hollow eyes, tired mornings, prefer to be alone, distrustful, variable appetite, looseness of hair, poor circulation—you have Nervous Debility. Our New Method Treatment is your refuge. It will strengthen all weak organs, vitalize the nervous system, purify the blood and restore you to a manly condition.

Pay When Cured.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for hundreds of others, it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men.

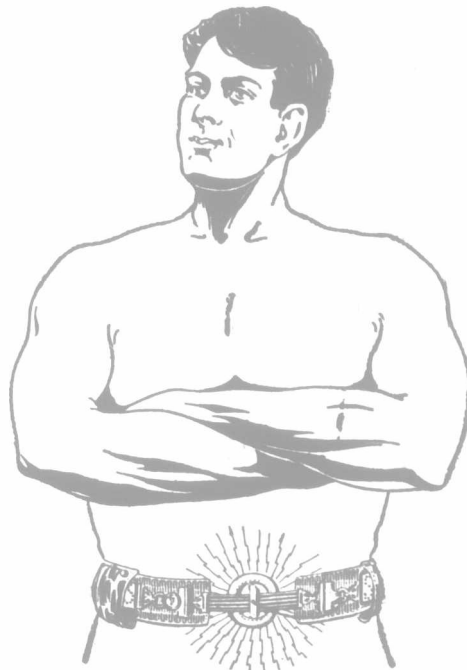
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STRENGTH FREE TO MEN

How to Regain it Without Cost until Cured



Strength of body—strength of mind. Who would not possess it if he could? It is nature's greatest gift—our most valuable possession. Without this strength, life is a failure, with it everything is possible. Almost every man was made strong, but few have been taught how to preserve this strength. Many, through ignorance, have wasted it recklessly or used it up excessively, leaving the body exhausted, the nerves shaky, the eyes dull, and the mind slow to act. There are thousands of these weak, puny, broken-down men dragging on from day to day who might be as strong and vigorous as ever they were if they would only turn to the right source. Electricity cures these weaknesses. It gives you back the very element you have lost. It puts new life into the veins and renews the vigor of youth.

For 40 years I have been curing men, and so certain am I now of what my method will do that I will give to any man who needs it my world-famed DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY FREE UNTIL CURED. You pay nothing down, you deposit nothing, you risk nothing; but upon request I will furnish you with the Belt to use, and if it cures, you pay me my price—in many cases not over \$5.00. If you are not cured or satisfied, return the Belt to me and that ends it.

As I am the originator of this method of treatment and have made it a great success, there are many imitations of my Belt; but my great knowledge, based on 40 years' experience, is mine alone. My advice is given free with the Belt.

This offer is made especially to men who lack strength and vitality, who have drains, losses, impotency, varicocele, etc., but I also give my Belt on the same terms to sufferers from Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sciatica, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles.

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DR. C. F. SANDEN

140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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