

I Can Cure Your Rupture



Just READ THIS and You Will Know Why. 15 DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT FREE

To cure your rupture you need a truss which will hold your rupture secure, and a good treatment that will close the rupture opening, while the rupture is being held back. Now, is your truss good? Does it always hold the rupture back?

If it does not, why not? Just because the pad is not the proper one to retain the rupture.

Now, you know, you can hold it back with your fingers, because they will cover and fill the opening. It possesses a small, finger-shaped pad, filled with air to the size of the rupture opening; it covers the opening and fills it. My inflatable pad works just like your finger does. Therefore it is a good truss, the one that holds rupture securely, the one that you need. You cannot obtain this truss from any one else, because it is my patent. It was patented in Canada on Dec. 1, 1903, and in the U.S.A. on June 23, 1903. I employ no agents or drug stores.

Trusses for my Canadian patrons are manufactured in Canada and no duty to be paid by my patients.

When used in connection with my Fibro Plastic treatment, which creates new tissue across the rupture opening, it will close the opening and cure your rupture. Yes, my patented inflatable truss and Fibro Plastic treatment accomplish this. I have done so in hundreds of cases. I can do so in yours. I know I can.

Write me today for my 4-page booklet giving further details, and my 15 days' trial treatment which will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Address

IGNATZ MAYER, M.D.
238 Chamber of Commerce, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.
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Suffered Terrible Agony

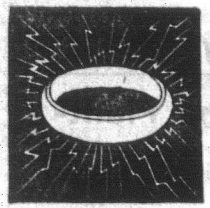
FROM PAIN ACROSS
HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's" from his eyes.



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Are Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia, also Female Disorders arising from Uric Acid. The Electro-Chemical Ring is not an ignorant charm or faith cure, but a scientific medium for the elimination of uric acid from the blood. The secret, the power, the merit in this ring lies in the combination of the various metals of which the ring is made. No matter what the trouble is, if it is caused by excess of uric acid, the Electro-Chemical Ring will effect a cure. Looks just like any other ring, can be worn day and night. We guarantee these rings to do all we claim, or will refund the money. Send size of finger when ordering. Mailed to an address on receipt of \$1.00.

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Poetry of the Hour.

A Novel Heroine.

She cast her eyes to the ceiling;
She dropped her eyes to the floor;
She threw them out of the window
Then fastened them on the door.

They rested a while on her suitor.
Who pleadingly knelt at her feet;
They wandered 'round and 'round the
room
Till she cast them out to the street.

They gleamed with the light of battle.
They glowed like coals of fire;
They froze at the sight of Percy;
They danced but did not tire.

They winked at the faults of her lover.
Alas! here a tear we shed!
For the author produced a villain;
"He devoured her eyes!" 'twas said.

Edward Julius Johnson.

When Mother Reads Aloud.

When mother reads aloud, the past
Seems real as every day;
I hear the tramp of armies vast,
I see the spears and lances cast,
I join the thrilling fray;
Brave knights and ladies fair and proud
I meet when mother reads aloud.

When mother reads aloud, far lands
Seem very near and true;
I cross the desert's gleaming sands,
Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,
Or sail the ocean blue;
Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists
shroud.

I scale when mother reads aloud.
When mother reads aloud, I long
For noble deeds to do—
To help the right, redress the wrong;
It seems so easy to be strong,
So simple to be true.

Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd
My eyes when mother reads aloud.

Hannah G. Fernald.

Just for a Change.

I'm sort of tired of things that is;
They're lackin' somewhat as to fizz.
There ain't no ginger in life's jar
With things a-goin' as they are.
The fault may be with me, and then,
It may be otherwise again.
I ain't a-tryin' to fix no blame
Because all tastes about the same.

How'er it is, I wish it might
Have things turned round a bit some
night,
So that instead of as they be,
They'd work towards the contrary.
I'd like to see some mountain rill
Have spunk enough to flow up hill,
So that old Nature might be shown
It had opinions of its own.

I'd like to see the settin' sun
Out in the east when the day is done.
Just as a hint, when goin' to bed,
To prove it wasn't bigoted.
I'd like to see a bullfrog sing
Like nightingales upon the wing,
Instead of that eternal "clunk"
With which he seeks his swampy bunk.

A cat that barks, a dog that meows,
And when it comes to milkin' cows,
'Twould cheer me up to get a pail
Of lemonade or ginger ale;
And if the bucket in the well
Would give up water for a spell
And bring me up some fresh root beer,
There'd be no kick a-comin' here.

'Tain't discontent that's vexin' me
With life so everlastin'ly,
But just a sort of parchin' thirst
To get a peek at things reversed.
They've been the same so very long
A change would strike me prett-
strong.

And, though I'm makin' no complaint,
For once I'd like 'em as they ain't.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Century

Song 'of the Sum of All.

I have loved many, the more and the
few—
I have loved many, that I might love
you.

All of my life was but loving and
proving—
The near and the far, the constant, the
roving.

The sad and the joyous, the shadow,
the part,
With signs of their lacking marked
down in my heart.

(For never the goal and the whole were
for me.)
They were handle and hint, they were
crutch, they were key.

They were bramble and bud, but never
the flower;
They were dawn, they were dark, nor
ever noon hour;

They were soil-of-life, spoil-of-life,
symbol and clew,
But the soul-of-life, whole-of-life wait-
ed for you.

They were wave, they were tide, they
were shade on the sea,
But you are the earth, and the sun and
the sea.

From Harper's Magazine.

The Lion and the Well.

Claud Field.

One day a lion, looking down a well,
Saw what appeared to be a miracle.
Another lion's face that upward glared,
As if the first to try his strength he
dared.

Furious, the lion took a sudden leap,
And o'er him closed the placid water
deep.

Thou who dost blame injustice in man-
kind,
'Tis but the image of thine own dark
mind;

In them reflected clear thy nature is
With all its angles and obliquities;
Around thyself, thyself the noose has
thrown

Like that mad beast precipitate and
prone;
Face answereth to face and heart to
heart,

As in the well that lion's counterpart.
"Back to each other we reflections
throw."

So said Arabia's prophet long ago,
And he who views men through a murky
glass,

Proclaims himself no lion, but an ass.

The Simple Life.

James B. Kenyon.

O God, I ask no other boon but this:
To live, and let the quiet days go by,
Feeling upon mine eyes the morning's
kiss.

Or breathing peace beneath an evening
sky.

While through the hours between, e'en
love's least task

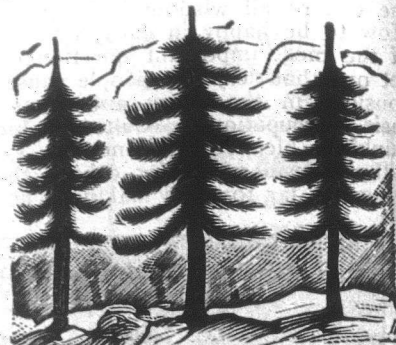
Finds sweet fulfilment; nothing more
I ask.

For me it is enough to see the grass,
And feel beneath my feet the springing
seed.

To breathe the vital air as seasons pass,
And catch the glimpses of the skirts
of God.

There on the hills where first the morn-
ing dawns,
Or on the waters where the sunsets die,

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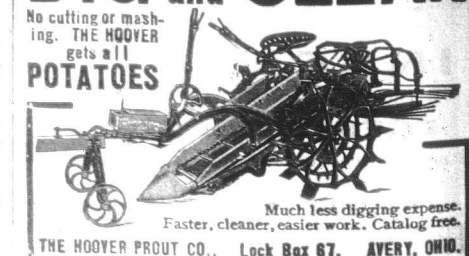
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