

10,000 FIFTY-ACRE FARMS

Choicest irrigable and fruit lands on the entire Pacific Coast for the extraordinary low figure of \$500, \$125 cash, \$100 first year, \$100 second year, \$100 third year, and \$75 fourth year.

Also 10,000 one hundred acre fruit farms. Slightly rolling land and a little further inland, but equal in richness for \$3.00 per acre. Terms \$75 cash, one year \$60, 2 years \$60, 3 years \$60, 4 years \$45.

Titles Direct from the Mexican Government

REDUCED TRANSPORTATION RATES to Colonists.
NO TAXES for ten years.
NO IMPORT DUTY.
NO EXPORT DUTY.
If you order one of these farms by mail we will select one for you from the first sub-division, giving you privilege of changing for any other farm of the same sub-division that is still for sale.
The temperature runs from 60 to 90 degrees in the shade. We guarantee the products of cultivated soil \$50.00 and upwards, per acre, otherwise money will be refunded to purchaser.

Sugar, pineapples, bananas, chocolate, cotton, coffee, tobacco, vanilla, indigo, henequen and all kinds of fibres, arjonquilla oil seed, sweet potatoes, peanuts, coconuts, and all other tropical and semi-tropical products can be grown to perfection.

Dr. Holman writes for Modern Mexico re this section of the country: "Where the beauties of nature and the delightful climate are hard to equal any place in the world."

Extracts from a letter from Mr. J. M. Edington, one of our pioneer colonists: "I think it offers great inducements to the

farmer as well as the man with capital. The soil, as a rule, I find exceptionally good, though I have not been over all of it yet. I have seen corn in all stages, perhaps, from 6 inches high to corn in the roasting ear, and that done without any cultivation other than that given with the hoe. I do not find the soil as dry as I expected at this time, as it is now three months since the close of the rainy season, and the ground is moist in some localities yet. We enjoy the climate so far, nights being pleasant."

One owner last year, with irrigation, raised seven crops of alfalfa and this yielded \$250 per acre.

Purchasers not wishing to remove to Mexico may arrange with the Cultivation companies on a percentage basis to have their land cropped. Reports issued by the Mexican government show the following returns per acre: Pineapples, \$350 to \$400; bananas, \$150 to \$300; corn, two crops a year, \$100 to \$115.

In a comparatively short time these lands will be worth at least \$100 per acre.

Prices on the East Coast of Mexico for similar lands run from \$100 to \$200 per acre.

If you would like to investigate this proposition call or write to

Local Agents for Pacific Government Lands and Concession Corporation Ltd.

Bond & Clark

Local Agents for Pacific Government Lands and Concession Corporation Ltd.

Phone 1092

614 Trounce Ave.

Victoria, B.C.

Phone 1092



It Made a Man of Me!

Read what J. F. Worley, of Gull Lake, Sask., says:

Dear Sir,—When I got your Belt, nineteen months ago, my stomach bothered me so that I could not sleep at night, and my head hurt me so that I thought I would lose my mind; I thought I would sure go crazy, and my limbs would cramp so that I would have to get out of bed and rub them; so when I received your Belt I did not wear it more than three nights till I could lie down and sleep all night, so the money I paid you for your Belt is cheerfully yours. If this will help you any, you can use it, for I think that electricity is the proper way of curing all chronic diseases. Wishing you the best of success."

Give me a man broken down from dissipation, hard work, or worry, from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

Dear Sir,—I wish to tell you that I am in splendid health and strength. Under Providence, your Belt made a new man of me. I gave it away when I was cured, and I know that it fixed the other fellow up, too. Thanking you, I am, WM. C. ALLAN, 639 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Letters like that tell a story which means a good deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to the one who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It traces and invigorates them and stirs up a great force of energy in a man.

Are you weak or in pain? Are you nervous or sleepless? Have you Varicocele, Rheumatism, Weak Back, Kidney Trouble, Weak Stomach, Indigestion or Constipation? Are you lacking in vitality? I can give you the blessing of health and strength. I can fill your body with vigor and make you feel as you did in your youth. My Electric Belt is worn while you sleep. It gives a soothing, genial warmth into the body. This is life—vigor.

After you have read the above, write to me, explain your case, and I will at once tell you if I can cure you or not. To prove to you the confidence I have in the curative power of my Belt, I am willing to accept your case, and after I have cured you, then pay me. All I ask is reasonable security. You may then use my Belt at my risk.

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name of a man in your town that I've cured. I've got cures in every town. That's enough. You need the cure. I've got it. You want it. I'll give it to you or you need not pay me a cent. Come and get it now. The pleasurable moments of this life are too few, so don't throw any away. Where there's a chance to be husky and strong, to throw out your chest and look at yourself in the glass, and say, "I'm a man," do it, and don't waste time thinking about it.

CALL TO-DAY—Come and see me and let me show you what I have, or if you can't, then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men, all free. My hours—9 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p. m.

Put your name on this coupon and send it in.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION THE YOU SAW THAT AD. IN THE ADVOCATE

receptions, garden parties, dances and so on, are the beginning and the end of it.

Our friends!—Ah, well, let any man or woman begin seriously to count them. "One who is attached to another by affection," is the primary dictionary definition, and it is not by any means a bad definition.

Those who are attached to us by affection! They are few and far between enough, for most of us are not so lovable as we would fain believe we are. The friend that sticks closer than a brother! The thing itself is so rare that surely the word that stands for it should not be taken for a lesser thing. Yet we use the word so glibly in these days that it has little meaning.

But between the south of friendship and the north of acquaintanceship lies a large neutral zone where, indeed, we spend most of our time. For there dwell all the nice, pleasant folk whom we like, and who like us, but to whom, nevertheless, we would not dream of telling our innermost thoughts, or of showing our hearts. They are the good "pals" for a holiday jaunt, who will share their jokes with us, and their small change too; who will come to see us married, and will almost as cheerfully come to see us buried. Good "pals" for the sunshine, yes, and even for the summer shower. It is only when the wind rises in the north, and the clouds begin to gather, and the snow begins to fall icily, pitilessly on our hearts, that they fall away, and we turn with blinded eyes and groping hands to our friends—if we have any. Of course there is a good old English word that our imaginary bishop can use—"companion"—and it would be quite the right word. But I am told it has become obsolete excepting in servant-girlhood, where it is used to differentiate their female from their male friends. So we are still in want of a good, serviceable "grippy," expressive, up-to-date word which means a "pal" and may be used by a bishop. Cannot someone come forward and help us to fill an absolute vacancy?

—Victoria Colonist.

Arthur—They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike.
Kate—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—The Christian Register.
.....
Macdougall (to his new fourth wife)—"The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife, too. But, as I tell't him, I canna be aye buryin'!"—Punch.
.....
The mother's suspicions were aroused, and that night, when the young man left the house, and the daughter came upstairs, she interviewed her.
"Elizabeth," she said, sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Smipley kissing you in the parlor as I came along the hall?"
"No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter, emphatically.
"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.
"Yes, mamma," demurely.
The mother spoke triumphantly.
"I knew it!" she said. "Did you permit him?"
"No, mamma, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that young men should not kiss me."
"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother, encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"
The girl blushed but was undaunted.
"He asked me if you had ever told me I was not to kiss a young man."
The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in her instructions.
"What did you tell him?" she asked.
"I said I didn't remember it, if you had."
The girl stopped, and the mother broke out:
"Well, go on, go on."
"I think that's what you heard mother," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

Headstones and Monuments

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