

WIT AND HUMOR

The Duke of the Abruzzi has picked up many interesting stories in the course of his various travels, and he is fond of telling the following, which he heard in the Far North: A young Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden, whose father's hut was near

his own, but, as is so often the case, her parents would not hear of the match. One night a great storm ripped up a crevasse in the ice, and between the two huts there yawned an abyss bridged only by a slender strip of ice. Here was the chance which the young lover sought. He crossed the frail bridge in the dead of night and crept to the home of his sweetheart to steal her from her cruel father. The Eskimos sleep in bags of sealskin; and, with bated

breath and loudly beating heart, he hoisted on his back the one in which his lady love slumbered. With his precious burden he recrossed the strip of ice, and, safe on the other side, broke it down with a blow of his ax so that no one could pursue him save by the aid of a boat. Regaining his hut, he opened the bag to gaze upon the fair one, when, with a cry of horror, he staggered back dumb-founded. For, in his haste to get

the affair over, he had stolen her father by mistake!

At a little town in Southern Texas, William J. Bryan's eloquent address was received with the wildest enthusiasm. At its close an excited young woman rushed up and asked permission to kiss the orator. The embarrassed politician declined the salute politely but firmly. When they had left the town, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Bryan took him to task for his lack of gallantry and expressed his fears that the Texans might resent Mr. Bryan's action.

"Well," replied Mr. Bryan, with a sly glance at his wife, who was in the party, "I shall be in Texas only a few days, but I shall be with Mrs. Bryan all my life."

After having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more, Mr. Bragdon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motor boats. "A beautiful river runs by this town," he said, "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motor boat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order, and started out on his first trip one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water-soaked, and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Lucy," he answered. "Don't say anything about it, and I'll tell you. The boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?"

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the thing."

When Commissioner Allen had charge of the Patent Office in Washington he was very punctilious about the respect due him and his position, and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day, as he was sitting at his desk, two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said, severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced, and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."

Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, head worker of Hudson Guild Settlement, in New York, was lecturing some boys from the water front on the doings of Nero. He gave a vivid picture of the cruelty of the emperor, and thought that he must have fixed the idea of non-ethical deeds in the minds of his hearers. Then he began questions.

"Boys," said the teacher, "what do you think of Nero?"

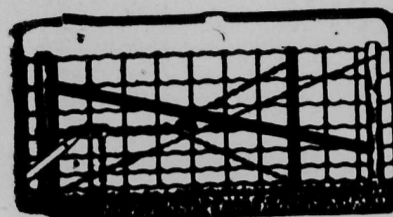
There was no reply, and the class moved around uneasily.

"Well, O'Brien, what do you think of Nero? Would you say he was a good man? Would you like to know him?"

No answer, and O'Brien looked longingly at the door.

"Well, wasn't Nero a bad man?"

"He never done nothin' to me," was the unexpected response, reflecting the Tammany policy of not butting in.



HOW TO BUILD A GOOD FENCE

Everyone intending fence building should send for our folder on Erecting Fences. It's full of valuable information on fence building, tells how to erect woven wire fencing quickly and substantially, describes the manufacture of fence wire and has an article quoted from bulletin of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture on concrete post making, showing how these durable posts can be economically made at home. Don't fail to write for a copy. It's free.

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I claim that I can cure weak men; that I can pump new life into worn-out bodies; that I can cure your pains and aches, limber up your joints, and make you feel as frisky and vigorous as you ever did in your life. That's claiming a good deal, but I have got a good remedy, and know it well enough to take all the risk if you will pay me when you are cured.

No man loses on this. If the cure is worth the price, you don't have to pay for it until you get it. When you are ready to say you are a big, husky and frisky specimen of vigorous manhood, that you haven't got an ache or pain in your whole body, and that you feel better than you ever did in your life, I get paid. If you can't say it after using my belt for three months, then give me back my old belt and I won't ask a cent. All I ask is security while you use it.

A short time ago I took a case that I couldn't cure, and I didn't see why, as I had cured hundreds like it. Anyway, my patient returned the belt and said I hadn't done him any good. He said he thought I had treated him honestly and wanted to pay me the cost of the belt, because it couldn't be used again. I refused and told him that I had made a contract to cure him or get nothing, and I wouldn't take a dollar I hadn't earned.

READ THE PROOF

Nothing Short of Miracles are being Performed Every Day

Dr. McLaughlin:—

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.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I purchased one of your Belts in December, 1905, and after using it as you directed, I felt like a new man, and I am pleased to inform you that I am just as well today and as free from pain as I ever was in my life. I found your Belt much better than was represented, and I have recommended it to many others and shall always feel a pleasure in doing so. I am more than satisfied with my Belt. I followed your instructions and found it complete. Hoping you will have every success,

TIMOTHY LEADBETTER, Lethbridge, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a god-send that such an

appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailments of poor, wrecked humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much, for it has made my body a pleasure to own.

W. L. FLEMMINGTON, Lumsden, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I wish to tell you what your Belt has done for me. When a lad of eighteen years, I was carrying a heavy bag of corn, and somehow or other I must have hurt myself. A pain came on soon after, like a cramp in the stomach, and it was getting steadily worse until I found relief from your Belt. I tried doctors and patent medicines with no benefit. I then read in the papers of your Belts and their wonderful cures. After purchasing one of your Belts I found relief at once, and it has now completely taken the trouble away, and I can now lift anything without feeling that hated pain. My food digests better, and I can now enjoy pleasure, whereas before it was useless to be where it was. I am very well pleased with your Belt, and would not part with it at any cost. I would gladly recommend it to any sufferer, as I have proved it to be a cure for what medicines would not reach.

G. HERMAN, Stoney Plain, Alta.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN

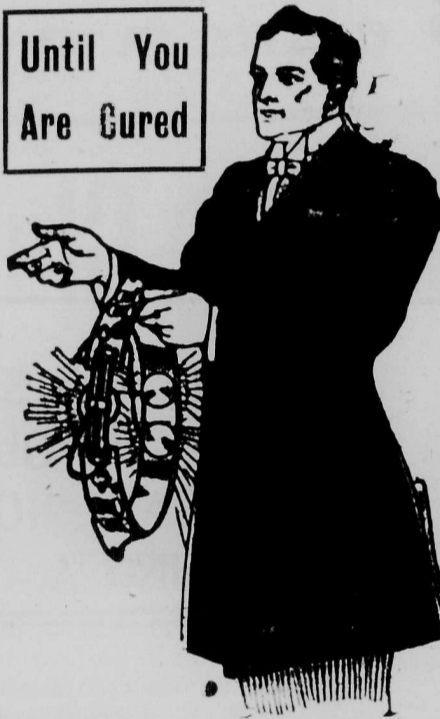
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