

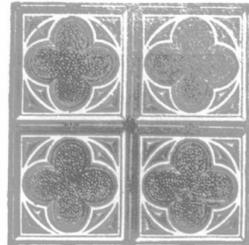
Safe Lock Shingle.

Metal Building Goods

Metal Shingles
Metal Siding

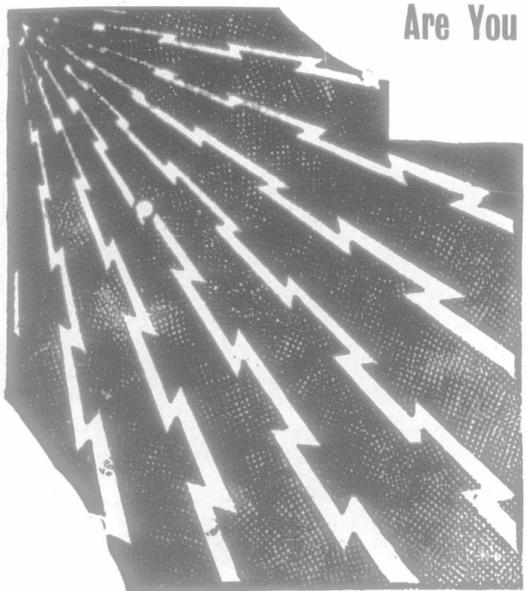
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Ceiling Plate.

CLARE & BROCKEST, Winnipeg



Are You Tired of Drugs?

The Remedy of To-day Given to Sufferers upon Absolute Free Trial Until Cured. Not one Penny in Advance or on Deposit.

This is the age of Electricity. To-day the accepted light is Electricity. To-day we can talk with a friend in any town in Canada through Electricity. To-day we can reach China with a message within five minutes, through Electricity. To-day we know that the whole planetary system is absolutely controlled by a vast Electric current. To-day we know that life itself cannot exist without Electricity, and hence the thinking man of to-day also knows that health is directly dependent upon Electricity. A sufficiency of it in the body means health—a deficiency, sickness, weakness and disease.

Less than a hundred years ago none of these facts were known. To-day they are all accepted as indispensable necessities except the last, the most important of all—THE FACT OF ELECTRICITY BEING HEALTH. Upon this great living truth some people are still sceptical, but the day is fast approaching when the sick will as naturally look to Electricity for relief as the thirsty look for water. I have carefully watched the trend of Electrical progress in this direction for the past forty years, and I assert that there will be a constant increase in disease and suffering until Electricity is as freely adopted by the sick as medicines and drugs now are. I claim that as there are no mistakes in nature, she has a remedy for every discord, whether it be in the elements or in the human body. She uses Electricity to clear and purify the atmosphere when congested or out of harmony. She would do the same for the sick and disordered human body if allowed.

Most of the diseases that afflict mankind are due to a lack of electricity in the system. In these strenuous days, who is there who has not wasted his vitality or natural electricity by overwork, worry, excess or some disobedience of nature's laws? If you are weak or ailing and have not found a cure through the old-fashioned methods of treatment why not turn to this great natural source of life and strength, and give Electricity a trial? My newest Herculex Appliance, patented March 7th, 1905, is worn about the waist either day or night, and gives a prolonged, mild, soothing, vitalizing current, which so fills your body after a few hours' use, that a feeling of glowing, sparkling vitality, strength and confidence immediately takes possession of you. I invite you to try this Appliance at my expense and risk, for I am confident a cure will result. A call or letter will bring you one on absolute

Free Trial Until Cured.

You ought to be cured in about 60 days, and when well I expect you to pay me the price of the Appliance—in many cases as low as \$5. If not well or satisfied, simply return the Herculex to me and the transaction is closed. Should you prefer to buy outright for cash, I give a liberal discount.

I give the Herculex on the above terms to all sufferers from Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Stomach Trouble, Varicocele, Kidney and Liver Complaint, etc.

As the originator and founder of the Electric Body-Battery system of treatment, my success is the envy of many and I am flattered by many imitators, but my great knowledge to advise and direct my patients is mine alone and cannot be imitated. My advice is given free to all my patients until the cure is complete. My Herculex is guaranteed for at least one year.

Call or send for one to-day, or if you want to look into the matter further, I have two of the best little books ever written on Electricity and its medical uses, which I send free, sealed, to all who apply.

DR. C. F. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The New York American says: Carl Fredericks of No. 200 Clinton street, Hoboken, nine years old and incorrigible, whose brain is to be operated upon in the hope of reforming him, will be committed to the Rahway Reformatory on Thursday, where scientists will have the lad under constant observation prior to the operation. The doctors say the brain's size must be reduced.

Tests made yesterday showed that boy has no sense of right or wrong, and by the operation, which will probably take place within a week of the boy's commitment to the reformatory, it is hoped to overcome the criminal tendencies which have so far defied

the corrective attempts of his parents. The boy's head is of abnormal shape, the skull coming almost to a point. The ears are small and protruding, and eyes are as sharp as a ferret's.

A strange feature of the boy's behavior is that at times it is good, but never for more than an hour. His offences, usually thefts, appear to Carl to be nothing wrong, as he has frequently robbed his parents, once making a most desperate attack upon his mother when detected by her.

The boy was subjected yesterday to an exhaustive examination, and the tests showed one final result, an abnormal brain growth, which it is hoped the operation will reduce, and thus make Hoboken's bad boy good.

A RECIPE FOR SANITY.

Are you worsted in a fight? Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles, Don't shoot butterflies with rifles— Laugh it off.
Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after, There's no recipe like laughter— Laugh it off.
—H. R. ELLIOT, in *The Century*.

CHORE TIME.

When I'm at gran' dad's on the farm,
I hear along 'bout six o'clock,
Just when I'm feelin' snug an' warm,
"Ho, Bobby, come and feed your stock."

I jump an' get into my clothes;
It's dark as pitch an' shivers run
All up my back. Now I suppose
Not many boys would think this fun.

But when we get out to the barn
The greedy pigs begin to squeal,
An' I throw in the yellow corn,
A bushel basket to the meal.

Then I begin to warm right up
I whistle "Yankee Doodle" through,
An' wrastle with the collie pup—
An' sometimes gran'dad whistles too.

The cow-shed door, it makes a din
Each time we swing it open wide;
I run an' flash the lantern in,
There stand the shorthorns side by side.

Their breathin' makes a sort of cloud
Above their heads—there's no frost here.
"My beauties," gran'dad says out loud,
"You'll get your breakfasts, never fear."

When I climb up into the loft
To fill their racks with clover hay,
Their eyes, all sleepy like and soft,
A heap of nice things seem to say.

The red ox shakes his curly head,
An' turns on me a solemn face;
I know he's awful glad his shed
Is such a warm and smelly place.

An' last of all the stable big,
With harness hanging on each door,
I always want to dance a jig
On that old musty, dusty floor.

It seems so good to be alive,
An' tendin' to the sturdy grays,
The sorrels, and old Prince, that's five—
An' Lightfoot with her coaxing ways.

My gran'dad tells me she is mine,
An' I'm that proud! I braid her mane,
An' smooth her sides until they shine,
An' do my best to make her vain.

When we have measured oats for all,
Have slapped the grays upon the flanks,
An' tried to pat the sorrels tall,
An' heard them whinny out their thanks,

We know it's breakfast time, and go
Out past the yellow stacks of straw,
Across the creek that used to flow,
But won't flow now until a thaw.

Behind the trees the sky is pink,
The snow drifts by in fat, white flakes,
My gran'dad says: "Well Bob, I think
There comes a smell of buckwheat cakes."
—JEAN BLEWETT.

"And only a narrow grave at last!"
sighed the dramatist. For a little
his lip quivered, and then there dawned
a new hope. "If the amateurs
will only let my works alone, a narrow
grave will answer," he exclaimed,
intensively.—Puck.

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Send It To-day