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I want to talk to those who have aches and pains, who feel run-down physically, who realize that the old "fire" and energy which was so evident in youth is absent now; men who can't stand the amount of exertion they could years ago. I want you—if that means you—to come to me, and if I say that I can cure you I don't ask you to pay me until I DO so. If you give me reasonable security for the Belt while you use it. That is fair, surely. You take no chances, as I know what I can do, and I'll run the risk.

If it were not for the prejudice due to the great number of fakes in the land, I would not be able to handle the business that would come to me. The "Free Belt" fraud and the "Free Drug" scheme, which are not free at all, have made every one skeptical, but I know that I have a good thing, and I'll hammer away until you know it.

No man should be weak; no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the sins of his youth, when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness and loss of vitality.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which men suffer are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

This loss of your power causes Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism and Stomach Ailments. You know it's a loss of vital power and affects every organ of the body. Most of the ailments from which men suffer can be traced to it.

I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring. Dear Sir,—I am getting along fine with your Belt. My strength is coming back and I am gaining more confidence in myself. My ambition is returning and altogether I feel better now than I did before I got your Belt. My cheeks are filling out and so are my muscles, and feel altogether different. I intend to recommend your Belt whenever I get a chance as I think it is a God-send to any one that is ill through their nerves being out of order.—W. D. LEITCH, Durban, Man.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you that I am well pleased with the Belt. In fact, I consider that you ought to obtain Rockefeller's million, for the good or benefit that you are doing the public at large, independent of curing him. You ought to have a Belt, yes, studded with brilliants. I am willing to advance one dollar with the rest of your customers for presenting you with such a Belt. I consider your Belts are perfect, and you are perfectly at liberty to use this at will.

CHARLES STUART, Holden, Vermillion Valley, Alta.

My belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; you feel the glowing heat from it (no sting or burn, as in old style belts), and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old.

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tly. "No more mirages for me. I'm done with 'em. Them's the very words I've been a-sayin' to about fifty-four reporters an' a hundred other folks, men, women an' children, who don't seem ter hev nothin' ter do but gad around and bother other folks. You can read the piece in the Gazette all you want ter, but you can't get another word out o' me." And the axe came down again.

"Er—really, I don't wish you to do so, I'm sure," said Julius. "But have you considered the scientific importance of the matter? It is of inestimable value to the world that this unexplored subject should be reduced to principles? Principles, sir, are of the utmost importance. You, as possessing especial knowledge, should not withhold it. It is an error, sir—yes, almost a crime, to keep back your peculiar experience from the world."

"Keepin' back nothin'!" said Mr. Lurkins, roused. If anybody wants that mee-rage, I s'pose it's floatin' around som'ers o' nother where it was before. The Government can go up to Goosetail Creek an' set in a skeeter patch an' wait for the darned thing ter come out again if it wants ter. I don't know nothin' about it. All I say I don't want ter be bothered out'n house an' home answerin' a lot o' fool questions."

"Do you judge it probable that I might secure a view of it myself?" inquired Mr. Tedge. "In fact, that is what I came here to do."

"Dunno. She may be in Japan now, or busted up. I ain't responsible for her, I'm a butcher by trade, an' don't deal in mirages. I saw it, as the Gazette says, about twenty mile straight east on Goosetail Creek, if you don't know. I wisht someone 'ud call me a straight liar an' take the consequences. Suit me a darned sight more."

"My dear sir," said Tedge, "I believe every word you say, but I want to see this mirage for myself, secure a photograph of it, and make a critical study of the phenomenon. I'll get a rig and stay at Goosetail Creek till I do see it, if necessary."

Mr. Lurkins softened visibly as he saw Julius climbing into his buggy.

"Well here's luck to you," he said. "You look like a truthful man, but if you ever get a squint at that mirage, I can tell you your reputation won't be no higher in consequence."

Goosetail Creek was apparently uninhabited, except for a thriving population of jack-rabbits and mosquitoes, both of which became very sociable on first acquaintance. But Tedge camped patiently near a spring, stayed out of doors on every possible occasion, and tried to watch all four quarters of the sky at once. After the novelty of the first few days had worn off, he began to think chasing mirages was not such an easy way of earning a niche in the Hall of Fame as he had imagined. Besides, he had a stiff neck.

Therefore, he rather welcomed a freckle-faced, chunky boy in overalls who came casually into camp, hitching up his one suspender as he walked, and remarked, "Say, mister, you lookin' fer anythin'?"

"Why yes," said Tedge, with a glance at the sky. "I'm trying to secure a photograph of a mirage."

"Geel!" said the boy. "You'd better clear out of this mighty quick. Pa got a half squint at you last night an' he says he's goin' ter make you scoot like Sam Hill."

"I was not aware that I was trespassing," protested Tedge.

"Ner you ain't!" responded the boy. "Pa thinks you're a bailiff, or else come courtin' Susie Jane."

"But he's mistaken," said Julius. "I'm simply waiting to photograph the mirage that has been seen in this vicinity."

"You don't say! Well, one o' the other fellers that come here said he come fer the ozone. Pa said that excuse was too blamed thin, an' chased him four miles with a shot gun."

Mr. Tedge did some rapid thinking. "Can you use a quarter?" he inquired thoughtfully.