

WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT

DISCLOSURES MADE TO THE PARIS BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY
STARTLE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

"Sequarine"—a mysterious and powerful new serum which is more effective than the interchange of blood, and more active than radium—Cures Disease, Heals Sores, and Overcomes the Weakness of Old Age.

Scientific discussion is at present rife anent the wonderful achievement of Professor Brown-Sequard, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., (London). It will be remembered that the Professor, who was formerly head physician to the Hospital for Paralysis and Nervous Diseases, Queen's-Square, London, recently made a discovery which is ranked as one of the greatest in the annals of Medical Science. In a paper read to a distinguished gathering held under the auspices of the Paris Biological Society, he disclosed the secret of his discovery—a powerful and active serum which has been found to be a swift and effective cure for many of the diseases to which mankind is heir. The Professor called this serum *Orchitine*, but doctors and scientists have begun calling it *Sequarine*, in honour of its discoverer.

After Prof. Brown-Sequard made known the composition of *Sequarine* and explained its manner of application and action, a number of famous scientists began to experiment with and test the serum, and it proved to be so potent in curing various illnesses that many doctors expressed the opinion that the advent of this serum marks a step in the progress of medical science equal to the advance of electrical science through the coming of wireless telegraphy. When the cures, given below, were announced, they literally caused a furore among savants, who are convinced that a new force has been discovered with which to fight disease.

VITAL ELEMENT OF LIFE. CURES ARE PERMANENT.

One of the greatest advantages of the serum treatment is that no drug or foreign matter is introduced into the system when taking it. This element is as natural to the human body as blood. Unlike drugs and ordinary methods of treatment, *Sequarine* does not simply give temporary relief, but effects a permanent cure for the ailments for which it is used.

A REMARKABLE BOOK

Sequarine is prepared under the supervision of L. H. Goizet, M.D., the collaborator of Prof. Brown-Sequard. A remarkable book has been prepared giving the details of its discovery, nature and action, and copies are being presented free to the public. *Sequarine* has definitely been found to cure:

NERVOUSNESS,	KIDNEY DISEASE,	INDIGESTION,
NEURASTHENIA,	DIABETES,	PARALYSIS,
ANAEMIA,	DROPSY,	GENERAL WEAKNESS,
RHEUMATISM,	DYSPEPSIA,	INFLUENZA,
GOUT, SCIATICA,	LIVER COMPLAINT,	PULMONARY TROUBLES.

Every reader is invited to apply for a free copy of the *Sequarine* Book. It gives instances of cures which at first sight appear incredible, but which are supported by the evidence of medical authorities whose status sets the final seal of truth upon the statements.

Every sufferer and every doctor should become possessed of the *Sequarine* Book. Between its covers is to be found a large amount of reading matter of essential value and absorbing interest to the lay reader, to the professional man and to the student. The booklet can be obtained free by simply sending name and address to C. RICHTER & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 59, New Oxford Street, London, England.



BROWN-SEQUARD
F.R.S., F.R.C.P., London.
Professor of Medicine at the
College of France, the discoverer of *Sequarine* and founder of modern serum-therapy.

At a meeting of the Tenth Congress of Medicine in Geneva it was established that by multiplying the phagocytes the co-efficient of vital resistance may be increased. When *Sequarine* is taken there follows almost immediately a rapid increase of white corpuscles (the phagocytes) in the blood, the heart-beats become stronger, and increase of tissue respiration, purification and renewal is very marked. There is not a single organ of the body which is not favourably affected by this fluid. It comes as a great boon to the aged or prematurely aged, and weak from overwork or illness. Those easily fatigued may undergo the most strenuous exertion with ease if a small amount of this serum is taken before beginning work. When feeling tired or worn-out a like amount will immediately cause a return of energy and a revival of spirits.

The *Sequarine* Serum is, in fact, a principle which doctors and scientists have been seeking for years past—viz.: *The vital element which furnishes the body with natural power of disease resistance.* For decades it has been known that when once the basis of this power of natural resistance was discovered the most stubborn chronic illness could be eradicated with ease and the average duration of life lengthened considerably.

Sequarine is a cure for any ailment or weakness brought about by lack of nerve power or an accumulation of impurities in any part of the body.

Prof. Brown-Sequard has not only given this vital element to the world, he has also devised the means of preserving it in such a simple form that it may be used by anyone.

Doctors have begun using it personally as well as in their general practice. Many members of the Nobility are already using it on the advice of their physicians. In order to place this wonderful serum within the reach of all, a book, containing full particulars of its action, properties and uses, will be given absolutely free to anyone calling or writing for it.

Correspondence.

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but anyone wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.

A Country Maiden.

Manitoba, March 27, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to your valuable paper. My first found a resting place in your waste paper basket. Now don't send this one to look for its lost sister. Well, I'm a country girl, born and brought up on the farm.

wealth and happiness. The city's all right in its own way and for those that like it. Now, dear editor, I do not wish to try your patience or take up too much space in your much coveted columns but before I close may be you'll like to know something about me. I'm 22 years of age and as happy and good natured as the day is long. I've been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for 5 years and through its help hope to cheer up some lonely home-steaders with a jolly letter. No one but a teetotaler need write; I wouldn't waste paper on one who drinks. Wishing your paper every success. Good night. "The Old Home's Joy."

Be Sure and Read This.

Manitoba, April 12, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As I have been silent for quite a while may I please claim a little space in your correspondence column? It is with the keenest of interest that I have been reading the letters of late, especially those of Josephus and others on dancing. Now, although I think that Josephus goes it a little too strong, I willingly admit that these innocent "kitchen sweats" are responsible for the moral downfall of many a young man or woman. But, anyway, I think dancing has had its due. So what's next in line for discussion? How about drinking? I



A Busy Day for the Family.

Am a good cook and clean house-keeper; but if I can do housework I'm not useless outside, for I can milk cows, feed pigs and also clean and hitch up a horse and drive it, or them anywhere. I can ride horse-back too. And yes, I can feed and look after the whole bunch of them, it would not be the first time. I think a farmer's daughter, sister or wife that can't go out and give a helping hand in time of need is not worth much. I've lived in the city for a couple of years and still go in for a two weeks' visit each winter and have a real good time too, but as far as for the difference between country and city life, well, I say it's not to be compared in the same day. Out here in our free happy country life with all nature's work around you, in summer the beautiful green fields, the shade trees and fragrant wild flowers, the singing of the happy hearted birds but not more happy than the honest farmer, as he views his rich harvest field and oh, fair city cousins, how often do you wish you were with us in the winter to enjoy the merry ride with a sleigh load of jolly laughing country girls and boys winding their way through frost clad wood and over the beautiful fields of snow to a party or dance. Yes, I dance and see no harm in it. Dear friends if you look on the weak dull side of life you will find harm in all things, but if you have a true noble heart and a strong mind you will only see the bright, happy side. Such friends are always welcome guests at any fire-side or gathering. Yes, the country life for me with all its health,

for one think it far worse than dancing. And surely the days are gone by when it was considered manly to go to bed intoxicated every night. And a clear head, a firm hand, no longer draw upon their owner the reproach of effeminacy. On the contrary, in these sadly degenerated days, an evil-smelling breath, a blotchy face, and a husky voice are regarded as the hall marks of the cad rather than of the gentleman. Now some men are forever drinking on one excuse or another. They never feel comfortable unless they have a glass before them. They drink before meals, and they drink after meals; they drink when they meet a friend and they drink when they part from a friend; drink when they are talking, when they are reading, and when they are thinking. Drink another's health and spoil their own. To me, I confess the constant necessity of drinking under which mankind labors is quite unaccountable. But think, think, before you throw up your hands in horror at their ill-living, what "life" for these wretched creatures really means. Picture the squalid misery of their brutish existence, dragged on from year to year in the narrow, noisome room where, huddled like vermin in sewers, they welter, and sicken and sleep; where dirt grimed children scream and fight, where the street outside teems with roaring filth, where the house around is a bedlam of riot and stench. Think what a sapless stick this fair flower of life must be to them, devoid of mind and soul. The horse is his stall scents the sweet hay and munches

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