



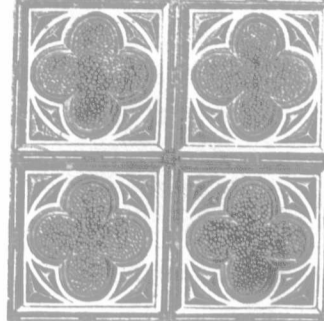
Safe Look Shingle.

Metal Building Goods

Metal Shingles Corrugated Sheets
Metal Siding Embossed Steel Ceilings

Write for Catalogues and Prices

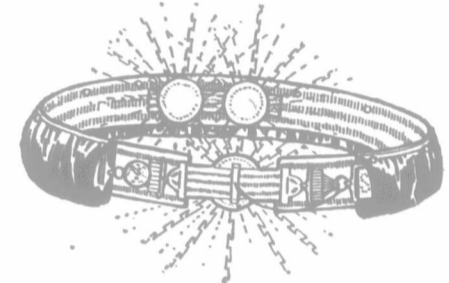
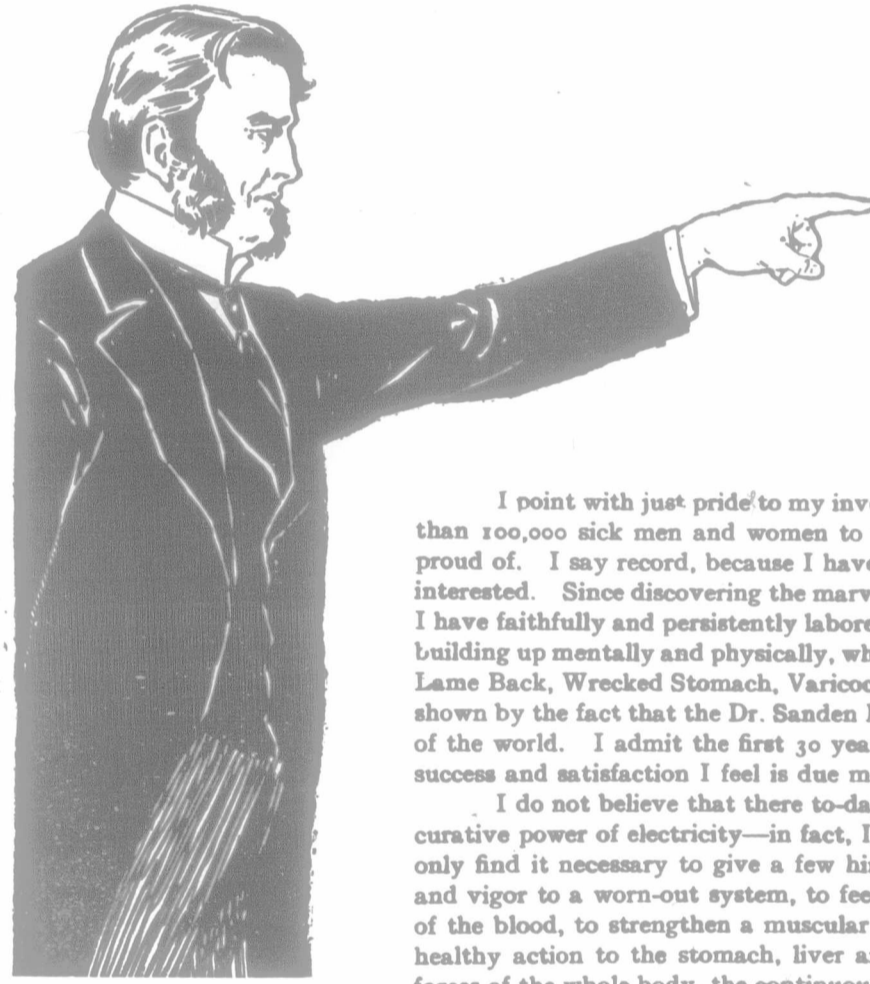
CLARE & BROCKEST, Winnipeg



Ceiling Plates.

Pay me when Cured

**My World-famed Remedy
Given on Free Trial
Until Cured.**



I point with just pride to my invention, which during 40 years has enabled more than 100,000 sick men and women to regain their health and vigor—a record to be proud of. I say record, because I have the proof always open to inspection for those interested. Since discovering the marvellous curing powers of electricity 40 years ago, I have faithfully and persistently labored to bring it to the notice of sufferers who need building up mentally and physically, who are troubled with Nervousness, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Wrecked Stomach, Varicocele, etc., and how well I have succeeded is best shown by the fact that the Dr. Sanden Electric Herculex is now standard in every part of the world. I admit the first 30 years was hard work, but I am now enjoying the success and satisfaction I feel is due me.

I do not believe that there to-day is a grown person who doubts the wonderful curative power of electricity—in fact, I take it for granted there is not. I, therefore, only find it necessary to give a few hints as to its application. To restore strength and vigor to a worn-out system, to feed the brain and nerves, to drive uric acid out of the blood, to strengthen a muscular center, as in lame back, to give renewed and healthy action to the stomach, liver and kidneys—in short, to really renew the life forces of the whole body, the continuous galvanic current must be used and applied in a mild, prolonged manner, to allow the system to absorb it. The strong, harsh current applied from the ordinary battery is mostly wasted, as the system only accepts a small portion of it, just as the sudden heavy shower mostly runs off, while a gentle, prolonged rain is thoroughly absorbed. My invention does exactly as explained above. You put it on when going to bed and take it off on arising in the morning. It gives a soothing, exhilarating current you instantly feel, but not sufficient to in the least disturb you. It fills you with new life, and electrifies every nerve and drop of blood in your body. As weakness and disease is a LACK of electricity, how can you wear my Electric Herculex without receiving benefit? I know you cannot, therefore I invite you to send for it on absolute free trial

Not a Cent to be Paid Until Cured

The price is as low as \$5.00 in many cases, and you get a discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way. As the founder of the Electric Body-Battery system of treatment, my success is the envy of many, and my Herculex is, of course, imitated (what good thing is not?), but my great knowledge to advise and direct my patients is mine alone and cannot be imitated. I give it free to all who use my invention until the cure is complete—My Herculex is guaranteed to give a current for at least one year. Call or send for my Electric Herculex 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, upon request.

**DR. C. F. SANDEN, 140 Yonge Street,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Miscellaneous

The press of India, both Anglo-Indian and native, is protesting vigorously against Mr. Bryan's criticism of British rule in India, contained in an article he wrote for a New York newspaper. The *Times* of India says Bryan's article is made up of emanations of blustering ignorance. "Bryan came to India," says the *Times*, "as he came to the Philippines, intending to condemn what he saw, and in carrying out his preconceived intention to discredit Imperialism he has appended his name to state-

ments of violent mendacity, such as no honorable and fair-minded statesman would be guilty of uttering." The *Indian Spectator*, a native weekly, commenting on Bryan's statement that the government of India is as arbitrary and despotic as that of Russia, says it is trash. "How long will it be before the quickened conscience of Britain's Christian people will apply to Britain's greatest colony the doctrines of human brotherhood which have made the Anglo-Saxon race so great?" The *Indian Spectator* inquires whether Mr. Bryan has ever asked himself when a negro will become President of the United States of America. Preliminary to that stage, it ob-

serves, his conscience must be sufficiently quickened not to tolerate hyperboles. A stock broker whose mind was always full of business was asked a few days ago how old his father was. "Well," said he abstractedly, "he's quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect that he will reach par and possibly be at a premium." "Your honor, our client cannot be guilty. We contend that he is insane." "But the defendant himself says he is of sound mind." "It is largely on that circumstance, your honor, we base our claim that his sanity is advanced and apparent."

SONG OF THE PLOW.

I'll sing you a song of the plow; deep with my tempered share I furrow the earth, the rich brown earth, paving the way for spoil. With joy I bend to my task, guided with sturdy care— From dawn till dusk I follow the way through loam and fragrant soil. And I sing as I go my way, From dawn till the sunset's gold, And I sleep when the world is gray— Deep in the morn's enfold.

I come with the lark and thrush, and my good steel shimmers bright, Steady I turn my furrows deep that fields may grow and wave; The bread of the world is mine reared by my strength and might, And I scatter it wide, from land to land, that all may say I gave. And I sing as I go my way, From dawn till the sunset's gold, And I sleep when the world is gray— Deep in the morn's enfold.

My share came from the earth, and so to the earth I cleave, And I shall cling to its breast forever, To serve my master man; And never shall I forsake, and never my master leave, Till the world and Time are old and gray in this, God's earthly plan. But I sing as I go my way, From dawn till the sunset's gold, And I sleep when the world is gray— Deep in the morn's enfold. —*The Milwaukee Sentinel*

Waiter (presenting a plate before an old man from the country)—"For the music sir." Old man (gathering the coins up off the plate)—"Thank you; the music was pretty bad."

Mrs. Hicks (relating burglar scare)—"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs. Mrs. Wicks—Mercy! the burglar's?" "No, my husband's—he had heard the noise too."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Say!" cried the passenger, angrily "you've took me past Tremont Street." "If you'll pardon me," replied the Boston street car conductor, "you mean 'taken,' not 'took.' Now then, move expeditiously, if you please."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Farmer—"So you've had some experience, have you?" Youth—"Yes, sir." Farmer—"Well, what side of a cow do you sit on to milk?" Youth—"The outside."

It was in a down-town restaurant that the short little woman and her tall husband went for dinner. "Will you have oysters?" asked he. "Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock." John nodded, and, as he handed his order to the waiter, said, "And bring a hassock for the lady." "One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest. The waiter did not go, while his face got red. Then he came around to John's side, and speaking sotto voce said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?" —*The Pilot*.

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