

### TO OUR FRIENDS FROM THE OLD LAND

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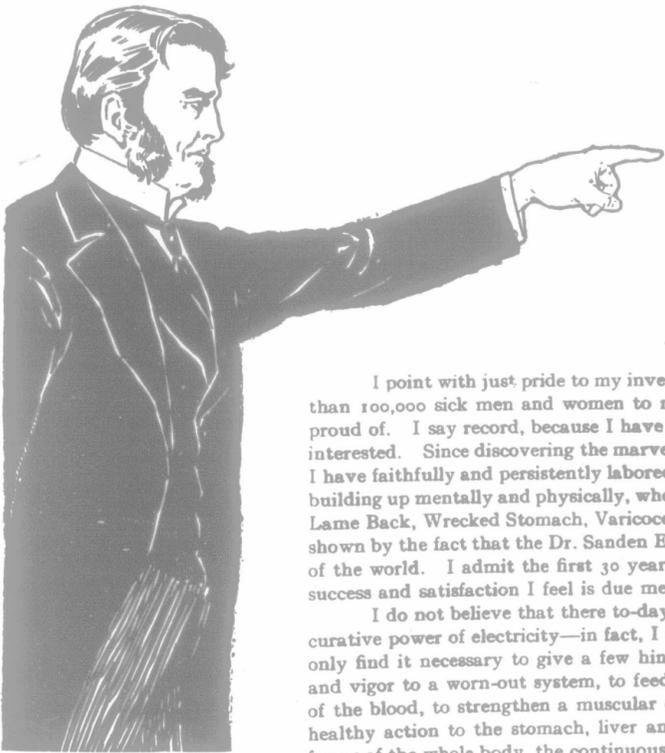
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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

WINNIPEG, MAN.

# 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, Varicocoe, 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 St., Toronto, Ont.

### ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S PRAYERS.

**A Morning Prayer.**—The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

**An Evening Prayer.**—Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them; prolong our days in peace and honor. Give us health, food, bright weather and light hearts. In what we meditate, of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavors. Cause injuries to be forgotten and benefits to be remembered. Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exaltation, for His sake in Whose words we now conclude.

**A Prayer for Friends.**—For our absent loved ones we implore Thy loving kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honor; and for us, grant that we remain worthy of their love. For Christ's sake, let not our beloved blush for us, nor we for them. Grant us but that, and grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss and disappointment, as it were straws upon the tide of life.

**A Parting Prayer.**—To-day we go forth separate, some of us to pleasure, some of us to worship, some to duty. Go with us, our guide and angel, hold Thou before us in our deviated paths the mark of our low calling, still to be true to what small best we can attain to. Help us in that, our Maker, the dispenser of events—Thou of the vast designs, in which we blindly labor, suffer us to be so far constant to ourselves and our beloved.

### Humorous.

An engineer from Sunderland was spending a few days in London with a friend, and after a busy morning sight-seeing the Londoner chose a large restaurant for luncheon, thinking it would be a novel experience for the man from the north. The visitor appeared to enjoy his luncheon, but kept looking in the direction of the door. "What are you watching?" asked his friend, rather annoyed.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "A's keepin' an eye on me topcoat."

"Oh, don't bother about that," said the other, "you don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the guileless engineer, "thee has no call to—it's ten minutes sin' thine went."

Umpire (to part of "Skeleton" Army)—"What do you represent?"

Private—"I dunno, sir. I'm carrying this 'ere flag."

Umpire—"Well, you ought to know, you represent a company in extended order. Understand?"

Private (after deep cogitation)—"And do I draw the beer for a company when I get back to camp?"

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Johnny—"Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

"Shure and you have turned very industrious lately, Mr. Finnigan," said Mr. Flaherty.

"That I have," replied Mr. Finnigan. "I was up before the magistrate last week for assaulting Cassidy, and the magistrate said that if I came back on the same charge he would fine me \$10."

"Did he, though?" said Mr. Flaherty. "And so your'e working hard so as to keep your hands off Cassidy?"

"No, bedad, I'm not," said Finnigan. "I'm working hard to make up the \$10 for the fine."—*Tattler.*

Agent—"This is the automobile you want. You never have a breakdown under it to fix it."

Sparker—"You do."

Agent—"No. If the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism it instantly turns bottom side up."