

he gave his whip a great crack and shouted at the top of his voice, "We've nothing for you to-day, sir—nothing for you to-day!" Off went the kangaroo by leaps and bounds. As there was no mail for him, why should he wait?

"By Heck!" gasped the tenderfoot, "I thought you were joking!"

HIS WORK AND HERS

"Now Will," said Josephine, "it's time you began to get ready."

"Ready for what?" sighed William.

"Ready for what?" And he rolled his head against the back of his chair in a helpless sort of a way that was only equalled by the degree of languor with which he batted his eyes.

"Why, we have an engagement to call on the Olivers," she answered. "Come now! Hurry up!"

"I'm so tired," he murmured.

And his antics were such that Josephine was really alarmed, not yet having found out what a monster of deceit man is, and she ran to him and knelt by his chair with an anxious little cry.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed, "you should not work so hard!"

He made a helpless motion such as a

victim at the stake might make, when asked to come to take a walk.

Ah, that wicked, wicked Wall Street," she cried. "Will, I wouldn't do it. It isn't worth it!"

He rolled his head again.

"Will, you mustn't work so hard!" she entreated. "Oh dear, oh, dear! Whatever would become of me if you had to go to a sanitarium?"

"Hush!" said William.

"I won't hush!" she cried. "I am your wife, and it's my duty to take care of you. What's the matter?"

He was rubbing the fingers of his right hand, his expression that of a man who is undergoing torture.

"Cramped," he said, "I had 170 letters to sign this afternoon."

"One hundred and seventy letters!" she repeated in awe, and, as she lifted her voice in lamentations again, I will give a few statistics concerning Josephine.

When she swept the room that morning she made 420 motions with her broom.

When she dusted the bric-a-brac she drew her dusting cloth backward and forward 510 times.

She walked in and out of the kitchen 270 times.

She made three apple pies, and she cut the apples into 180 pieces.

She also made a cake, and, in mixing the latter, she brought her spoon against the side of the bowl 760 times.

When she made the hash she brought the chopper down 1,500 times.

She ironed for an hour, pushing an eight-pound sad iron backward and forward 2,150 times.

For a rest she did a little needle-work her crochet needle going in and out 3,470 times.

"One hundred and seventy letters to sign!" she wailed; "170 letters to sign! Will, do you want to kill yourself?"—*New York Sun.*

* * *

The late Dr. Drummond the Habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic County, Quebec, when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc. "Bon soir, Docteur," said Ovide, by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver sick. You come on d'house for see heem, Doc?"

Drummond, always kind hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide, and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch of Moise tonight; and give him a teaspoonful of this at nine o'clock, twelve o'clock and at three and six in the morning. Come and see me again about nine in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himself, and Drummond asked: 'How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?'

"Ma brudder Moise, t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecine, but I doan' have no watch in d'house, Doc. I tak d'leetle clock; d'one what make d'beeg deesturk for get up. I keep eet on hees ches' all night. T'ng eet do heem good, dat, just lak de watch. W'at you t'ink, Doc?"

OFFER TO WEAK MEN

I make this offer to weak men, particularly those men who have spent their earnings for years on dope (the drugs that make them feel like a young colt one day and like an old, broken-down horse the day after), those men who have tried so many things, that they are tired of feeling and want a cure. These are the men I appeal to, and to any man who will give me reasonable security I am willing to give my



Electric Belt on Trial Until You Are Cured

I claim that I can cure weak men; that I can pump new life into worn-out bodies; that I can cure your pains and aches, limber up your joints and make you feel as frisky and vigorous as you ever did in your life. That's claiming a good deal, but I have got a good remedy, and know it well enough to take all the risk if you will pay me when you are cured.

No man can lose on this. If the cure is worth the price you don't have to pay for it until you get it. When you are ready to say you are a big, husky and frisky specimen of vigorous manhood; that you haven't got an ache or pain in your whole body, and that you feel better than you ever did in your life, I get paid. If you can't say it after using my Belt for three months, then I give me back my old Belt and I won't ask a cent.

A short time ago I took a case that I couldn't cure, and I didn't see why, as I had cured hundreds like it. Anyway, my patient returned the Belt and said I hadn't done him any good. He said he thought I had treated him honestly and wanted to pay me the cost of the Belt, because it could not be used again. I refused, and told him that I had made a contract to cure him or get nothing, and I wouldn't take a dollar I hadn't earned.

I don't charge much for a cure. My Belts are as low as \$5. That will cure some cases, and it won't cost you a cent if it doesn't. Did you ever see a doctor who would agree to cure you for \$5 and wait for his money till you were cured?

I've cured lots of men who had paid over a thousand dollars to doctors before they came to me.

This is the Way They Feel.

The men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them, until they came upon Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Now they are full of life and overflowing with joyous spirits. Pains are gone, weakness has gone, and full vigor is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear the grand life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life, and you will feel rejuvenated and invigorated. It puts steam into your run-down body, drives away pain, and renews youth.

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name of a man in your town that I've cured. I've got cures in every town. That's enough. You need the cure. I've got it. You want it. I'll give it to you or you need not pay me a cent. Come and get it now. The pleasurable moments of this life are too few, so don't throw any away. While there is a chance to be husky and strong, to throw out your chest and look at yourself in the glass and say: "I'm a man," do it, and don't waste time thinking about it.

FREE BOOK I've got a beautiful book, full of good, honest talk about how men are made big and noble, and I'll send it to you free, sealed, if you send this coupon. Call for consultation free.

Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays to 9 p.m.; Sundays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Write plain

Dear Sir—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a Godsend that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailments of poor, wrecked humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much, for it has made my body a pleasure to own. Believe me,

W. L. FLEMMINGTON, Lumsden, Sask.

Dear Sir—I am pleased to tell you that the Belt has helped me wonderfully. I have been free from backache and weakness ever since I first used the Belt. Yours very truly,

W. J. GROSSE, Strongfield, Sask.

Dear Sir—I have pleasure in telling you that the Belt I bought from you has perfectly cured me of Rheumatism. Thanking you for the good it did me.

CARL JOHANSSON, Roland, Man.

Dear Sir—I am glad to say that your Belt has done me a great deal of good, and I have found a great benefit by it and have advertised it to others who had any complaints. Any time I feel a little out of sorts, I use my Belt, and it always fixes me up in good style. I think any hard-working man ought to have a Belt, as they are the best friend anyone could have. Wm. T. Whittle, Yellow Grass, Sask.

Get some Life into You.

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Come and let me put life into your nerves; let me give you a new supply of youthful energy. Let me make you feel like throwing your chest out, and your head up, and saying to yourself, "I'M A MAN!" Let me give you back that old feeling of youthful fire, vim and courage. I can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so slow and poky as you do now. Act today. Life is sweet, so enjoy every minute.

Put your name in coupon and send it to

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN,

112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....