

We need one or two more agents to represent this valuable proposition.

"Diagnosis is Simply Guess Work And the practice of medicine a fraud on the People."



This cut shows how the baby may use the Oxygenator without drugs and cures infantile Paralysis.

This is the man whose machines cured 500 incurable diseases of Paralysis, Rheumatism, Asthma, Indigestion, Elephantiasis, Jaundice, Insomnia, Neuritis, etc. in 6 months.



Evan Tucker
Oph. D.
W. N. Y. Oxygenator Co.
120 Central Bldg.
Rochester, N. Y.

"The Science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder."
SIR ASHLEY COPPER,
The Famous English Surgeon

The Science of medicine is a barbarous jargon"
JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S.

A Few Stanzas from "the Science of the 17th Century.

This was pure allopathy then. I quote from "Praxis Medica page 467 this remedy for jaundice.

"Volatile Salts of earthworms, hogs' lice, serpents and toads, or skins of Hen's gizzards and their feet. Volatile salts of urine, earthworms and of millipeeds of each one scruple."

Now if there is anything on earth to protect the public interests this was surely the dose to do it.

A statement from Alexander M. Ross, M.D., F.R.S.L., England, Professor of Hygiene and Sanitation at St. Louis Hygienic college of Physicians, surgeons, vice president of the association of Hygienists of America.

I charge that they (referring to medical practitioners) have bitterly opposed every real and scientific reform in the healing art; they have filled the world with incurable invalids and given respectability to Quackery by the outrageous quackery of the profession itself; disgusting all sensible and thoughtful men of their fallacies, tyrannical delusions, fetishism and humbug."

In Oxypathy is found the deliverance

The Western New York Oxygenator Co. COUPON

120 Central Bldg. Rochester, N. Y. Bell Phone 1043 Main

Gentlemen—I want to learn more about the OXYGENATOR. Please send me your 72-page illustrated booklet and your magazine with the understanding that I am placing myself under no obligation to you.

Name

Street and Number

City or Town

C. J.

HOW THESE PEOPLE WERE CURED

NEURITIS AND RHEUMATISM.

The Western N. Y. Oxygenator Co. March 30, 1911
Evan T. Tucker, Supt.

Dear Sir: Six months ago I was led to believe that the Oxygenator would cure my terrible pains of Neuritis. For seven years I have treated with local doctor's and druggist's remedies, but all in vain. I became poorer but wiser, and at last I changed tactics. The OXYGENATOR was applied faithfully with immediate results and for the first time in years I had full control of my feet and no pain.

I have continued its use for everything, such as croup, colds and fever and I have not taken one dozen of medicine. Has it paid for itself? I'll let you decide. I have gained in every way, my health is absolutely normal.

Mrs. Ida Jacklin,
No. 155 Monroe Ave. Rochester, N. Y.
You may use this statement in any way you may see fit

NEURASTHENIA, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION.

The W. N. Y. Oxygenator Co. Hilton, N. Y., April 1, 1911

Evan T. Tucker, Oph. D., Supt., Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen In answer to your inquiry let me say that I have used the Oxygenator for a period of three months and have derived great benefit from its use.

For two years I had suffered from Neurasthenia, Insomnia and Rheumatism. The use of the machine has relieved me in respect to the Neurasthenia so that it and the Insomnia have disappeared. The Rheumatism, although not yet entirely cured, is better. As it has been a long standing case it may take some time to entirely cure.

With the relief that has come in these cases there has been a marked improvement in the general health, an increase in weight and cure of Constipation. This must in all fairness be attributed to the Oxygenator since no other remedies have been used since starting with the machine.

Wishing you all success, I am
Yours faithfully,
Hilton, N. Y. Maurice Quivy

NERVOUS FATIGUE, INSOMNIA, GENERAL HEALTH

The W. N. Y. Oxygenator Co. Hilton, N. Y., April 1, 1911

Evan T. Tucker, Oph. D., Supt.

My Dear Mr. Tucker: Just a line to say that I have derived benefit from the use of the machine in respect of Nervous Fatigue, Insomnia and general health.

I am of the opinion that there is a wide field of usefulness for the Oxygenator as a remedial and curative agent. Wishing you every success, I am
Yours faithfully,
Mr. _____

Any person calling at our offices may receive the name of the person giving the above testimonial

Sydenhaue was the father of Allopathy

In his "Processus Intrigue", Page 177 we find a most scientific remedy for Palsey.

"Mercury purgatives made from powder of vipers' flesh and vipers' bones, volatile salts of earth worms, man's hair and of dried human flesh."

Is there any doubt but what this is pure science.

THE RX. OF THE 19th CENTURY

The Rx of the 19th century replaces those of the 17th with a mixture of calomel, jalap, arsenic, strychnine, ipicac and asafotida that would nauseate the most unclean thing.

Then came the science of bleeding, for whatever ailed a man he was bled. This was to give him strength. Then if he didn't die they blistered him. Then he was starved, then frozen, then purged and sweat, so that if the scientific racket didn't kill him, he wished it had.

Drug Rubbish is eliminated in Oxypathy

IT IS SAID HEAVEN was too far off and Bob Ingersoll couldn't go there because Bob wanted too much proof, asking God to write words of fire along the Heavens, I AM THE GOD.

This was one of Bob's wants, there are others. Poor Bob! It's said by good authority he's at the other place. Too bad, an eternity spent there must be uncomfortable. God gave Bob his proof too late for his personal benefit. When God did write his identity in words of fire (according to Theology) he was a part of the material. The orbs of fire in the Heavens were sizzling and roaring and consuming themselves with awful fury as Bob made these rude speeches to his Maker, but he could not, would not see it.

"BECAUSE YOU HAVE A SMALL BRAIN DON'T ASK TO UNDERSTAND GOD."

"Don't ask why the firefly gives light without heat."

"Don't ask where the wind cometh or whence it goeth."

"Don't ask what your spirit is, nor ask the Oxypath to explain what Oxypathy is."

The Firefly gives light and you see it. Electricity exists and you feel it. OXYPATHY is a real power because your very neighbors get up and walk, freed from pain, from agony, from dying. Is't the proof enough? Read it.

The Western New York Oxygenator Co. 120-121 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.

FOILED

By DWIGHT NORWOOD
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Jean Radaki and Anna Zobelki were Russian Polanders. Jean was working hard to get enough money together to be married, for Anna had but a very small dot. One day a man came to the village and put up at the inn. He hailed from Moscow, but he did not explain the reason of his coming. He did not take up any business of profession, and after he had been in the place awhile people began to wonder who he was and what was his errand. All they knew of him was his name, Peter Petroff, and that they learned from him.

One evening Anna and Jean and Peter Petroff met at a dance. Anna was a pretty girl, and Petroff fell in love with her at sight. He asked her to dance with him, and she accepted. He asked her again, and she declined. She did not care to dance twice with any one except her lover. So Petroff asked her if she would not "sit out" the dance with him, as we call it in America. Not wishing to offend him, she consented.

Petroff made the acquaintance of Anna's father and succeeded in ingratiating himself into the old man's good graces. This gave him free access to the house and to Anna. Petroff told Zobelki that he had a comfortable income and was well able to support a wife. He asked for Anna. Her father told him that Anna was already betrothed. Petroff expressed surprise at what he already knew and much regret. Zobelki was vexed that Anna was tied to Jean, because he thought Petroff would be a much better husband for her. He told Anna of the offer and advised her to break with Jean and marry Petroff.

Anna was very much troubled when she heard this. She dared not tell Jean lest it bring about trouble between him and Petroff. Petroff ceased to offer attentions to Anna and treated Jean whenever he met him with great friendliness. This did not disarm Anna's suspicion that there was something wrong about Petroff and that he would gladly get Jean out of his way. Petroff had been at the village about two months without any visible occupation when one morning there was a large number of arrests in the neighborhood of persons charged with plotting against the government. What was the surprise of every one to learn that Jean Radaki was among the number.

It was plain to Anna that this man Petroff had come among them as a spy for the government; that he had sent in the names of certain persons as plotters and had included Jean's name for the purpose of getting him out of his way. In a country like Russia, where persons are arrested without due process of law and hurried off to Siberia without trial, this was a very simple method for Petroff to get rid of one whose place he desired to occupy.

This explanation of Jean's arrest was, of course, all inference with Anna and was not remotely suspected by Jean himself. There are certain things that women know by intuition, and when they thus arrive at conclusions they are sure of them. Anna resolved to play a bold game. She sent for Petroff to come and see her. Petroff came, and Anna said to him: "My father has told me of your offer for my hand. Of course I could not accept it before Jean's arrest. But his complicity with these plotters against the government absolves me from my pledge to him. Jean has saved 3,000 rubles for our wedding. I wish him to give them to me. If you can find a way for me to see him so that I can get him to tell me where I can find this money I will marry you."

"All I can do," replied Petroff, "is to take you out on the road the prisoners are marching on, which is well known to all."

"Very well; let us go. I will have a sleigh ready in a few minutes."

Petroff drove off a very happy man. He was surprised that after getting Jean out of his way he should have succeeded with Anna without any effort, and he congratulated himself that Anna did not suspect that he was the cause of her lover's arrest. But he had not thought she was so mercenary. He had proceeded several miles when, coming to a rise in the ground, the prisoners were seen some distance ahead slowly walking, loaded with ball and chain and guarded by troops.

Suddenly Petroff felt something hard and cold against his ear and at the same time heard an ominous click. He did not need to look aside to know that it was a revolver. With one hand Anna pressed it against him and with the other held paper and a pencil before him.

"Write an order to release Jean," she said.

"An order! What would an order from me avail?"

"Write! At three I fire! One!"

He dropped the reins.

"Two!"

He wrote what she desired.

"Leave the sleigh."

He did so. She whipped up the horse and, covering the distance between her and the prisoners, presented her order. Jean was released.

Taking him into the sleigh, she drove away by a diagonal road. Neither she nor Jean was ever again heard of in Russia.

They are now in America.

How People Die.

It is estimated that the average duration of human life is thirty-three years. A quarter of the people die during the seventh year and half before the seventeenth. Of every 1,000 persons one only reaches 100 years, six in 100 get to 65 and one in 500 to 80. It is further estimated that throughout the world 50,000,000 die annually, 128,000 a day, nearly 6,000 an hour, 90 a minute, or three in every two seconds.

Spiteful.

"Why do you hate him?"

"He has been knocking me to the ground I go with."

"What did he tell her?"

"What my salary is."—Houston Post.

He Was Dense.

Blotches—When she wasn't looking I elosed her. Slobs—What did she do?

Blotches—Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening.—Philadelphia Record.

Lost.

Wearly Walker—I lost 'arf a crown yesterday. Tired Timotheus—Did I have a 'ole in yer pocket? Wearly Walker—No; the bloke wot dropped it heard it fall.—London Tit-Bits.

Its Penalty.

Artist (indignant)—You talk as if painting an ugly woman's portrait for money was a crime.

Friend—I believe it is generally a hanging matter.—Baltimore American.

The Vagabond Actor.

Mollere raised the status of the actor to a hireling clown who must amuse his king. Sir Henry Irving was even knighted by Queen Victoria, who recognized his magnificent services to dramatic art. But in all the years when Sir Henry was breaking his neck to run back and forth between Victoria's royal residences and the cities where he was playing, to set up his scenes and act for the old queen's amusement and the entertainment of her guests, he was never once officially received by her at court. He had many private audiences, which were much the same for him as to have a chat with any other old lady; but, although he was the possessor of a royal title, a favorite with the royal family, and the greatest actor of his age, he never was invited or "commanded" as it is called, to Buckingham palace. The status of vagabondia clung to his garments, and he was classed with crooked nobles and other undesirable.—Archie Bell in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Courage and the Flea.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear, not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward, it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. Consider the flea—incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake, he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child. He lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened by an earthquake two centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was" we ought always to add the flea—and put him at the head of the procession.—Mark Twain.

The Original Paul Pry.

Thomas Hill, familiarly called Tom Hill, was, says Dr. Brewer, the original Paul Pry. It was from him also that Theodore Hook drew his character of Gilbert Gurney. Planché in his "Recollections" says of Hill: "His specialty was the accurate information he could impart on all the petty details of the domestic economy of his friends, the contents of their ward robes, their pantries, the number of pots of preserves in their store closets and of the table napkins in their lincos and the dates of their births and marriages, the amounts of their tradesmen's bills and whether paid weekly or quarterly. He had been on the press and was connected with the Morning Chronicle. He used to drive Matthews crazy by sending out his whereabouts when he left London and popping the information in some paper."

Superstitious.

"What! Did you let the examinations go by again, Carl?"

"I'll tell you, father. On the way to the college I met an old woman, and then I turned back again."—Fleegende Blätter.

The Usual Course.

Haughty Lady (who has purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on myself?

Clerk (very politely)—Not necessarily, ma'am. It will probably be better if you put it on the backer.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a test.—Emerson.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.