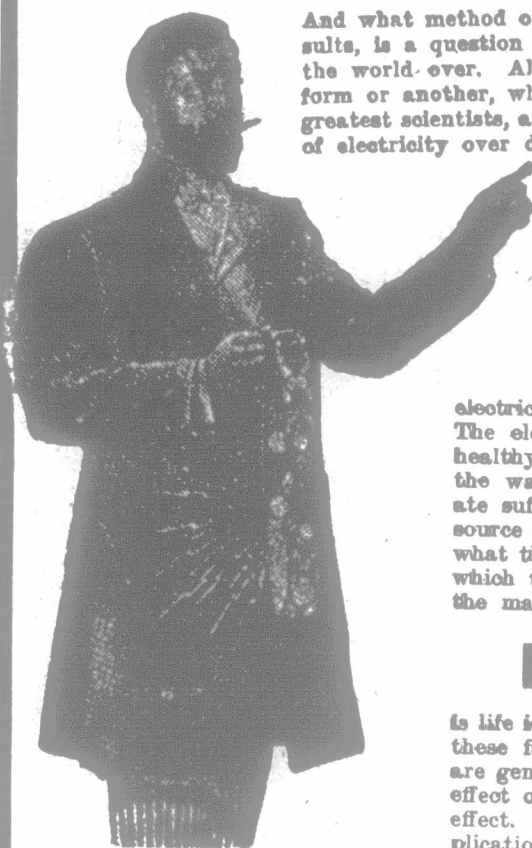


# WHY MEN ARE WEAK



And what method of restoring lack or waste of vitality in them is productive of best results, is a question which at present is being seriously considered by the medical profession the world over. Almost every doctor is introducing electricity into his practice in one form or another, which is the direct outcome of the recent announcements of the world's greatest scientists, and is a practical admission on the part of physicians of the superiority of electricity over drugs as a curative agent. You cannot possibly estimate the true import of the statements made by some of our greatest scientists at their convention recently held, where they claim that after five years of studious research they have discovered that electricity is the basis of human vitality, that without this fluid of life we cannot exist. I have been preaching on these same lines for the past twenty years. I did not discover—it was only my belief. My theory was founded upon the fact that the food that we eat is treated as fuel by the stomach, just the same as coal in a furnace. The chemical action which is produced upon the food by the acids and juices of the stomach burns the food and causes a carbonic heat. This heat is electricity, and it is forced into the nerves and vital organs and is their life. The electrical heat generated by the consumption of our food should keep healthy every vital organ of the body. Debility of the vital organs arises when the waste is greater than the repair, when the stomach is not able to generate sufficient electrical heat to supply the demands of nature. This is the source of decay in men. Now, what I claim is that my theory passes beyond what these great men claim to have discovered. I have invented a device by which this life (ELECTRICITY) may be restored to the human body. It is the marvel of electricians.

## Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

is life itself to any man who will wear it. I have been endeavoring to pound these facts into the public all this time, and will keep on doing so until they are generally accepted. My immense business is due to my knowledge of the effect of electricity upon the ailments treated and the best way to obtain that effect. I take every case that comes to me as an individual and direct the application of my Belt to suit the demands of each particular case. When you consider the fact that electricity, which I supply, is life to the organs into which I send it, you can see how I get my results. My success comes from my cures. If I did not cure my business would be worn out long ago, as has the business of every other maker of Electric Belts. A great many schemers and frauds have gone into the electric belt business because they found it was an easy way to make money, and have resorted to very questionable methods at times in order to dispose of their so-called appliance.

I HAVE AN ELECTRIC BELT THAT DOES CURE, and I am offering it to you in such a way that you take no chances whatever. Give me your name and address with a statement of your case, and I will at once arrange a Belt suitable for your case and

## If I don't Cure You Will Ask For No Pay

All I ask is that you give me reasonable security for my Belt while you are wearing it.

### THE WORDS OF THESE GRATEFUL PEOPLE SHOULD APPEAL TO YOU.

"It makes me feel like what a person should. It is a grand invention. The pain has all left my back and I have no losses at all."—HARVEY A. McARTHUR, 28 Park street south, Hamilton, Ont.

"Your Belt is doing me more good than anything I have ever tried. I feel better now than I have for three

years."—ROBERT BENNET, Bright, Ont.

"I find your Belt a great deal better than even you said. My back is all right again. When I wear it I feel like a wild Indian."—O. P. DICKIE, Galt, Ont.

"I received your Belt all right, and I am a weak man no more. This

tells my story."—JOHN D. CAMERON, Lochalsh, Ont.

"Since wearing your Belt I have had no trouble nor pains in my liver or stomach and sleep well at night. The testicles are quite firm and hard and the pains are entirely gone."—JOHN ORR, Maple View, Ont.

IT CURES ANY CASE OF RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLES, LAME BACK, SCIATICA, STOMACH TROUBLES, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LOST HEALTH AND EVERY INDICATION THAT YOU ARE BREAKING DOWN PHYSICALLY.

**FREE BOOK.** I want you to read my book, and learn the truth about my argument. If you are not as vigorous as you would like to be, if you have rheumatic pains, weak kidneys, loss of vitality, prostatic troubles, nervous spells, varicose or any ailment of the kind that weakens you, it would assure your future happiness if you would look into this method of mine. Don't delay it; your best days are slipping by. If you want this book I send it closely sealed, free.

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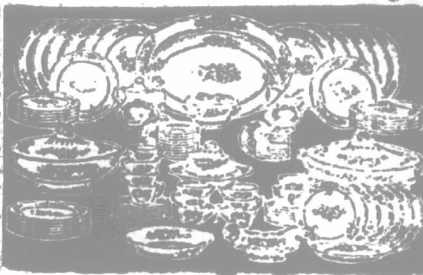
### ENGLISH BERKSHIRES.

Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire's Berkshire Herd. Winners of 102 awards in 1904, including champion against all breeds in carcass competition, London Fat Stock Show. The breeding sows are sired by the champion boar, Baron Kitchener 843. Polegate Dawn—winners in England, Canada and United States—were exported from this herd. For prices and particulars apply to: Compton Estate Office, Eastbourne, or to F. A. Walling, 7 Cavendish Cottages, Eastbourne, Sussex, England.

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**\$1,000 Reward** paid to any person who can prove we do not mean what we say. This is a chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition. We will give away, Free, 1,000 Dinner and Tea Sets, beautifully decorated in blue, brown, green or pink, each set 97 pieces, latest design, full size for family use, to quickly introduce Dr. Armour's Vegetable Pills, the famous Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Unhealthy Blood, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and beautify the complexion. We will make you a present of a complete 97-piece set, exactly as we claim, or forfeit our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes Absolutely Free.

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of Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills according to our plan. Every one who buys a box of Pills from you is entitled to a handsome present from us. You can sell them quickly. Don't miss this Grand Opportunity. Write us to-day and agree to sell the 10 boxes and return the money, \$2.50 to us. We trust you with the Pills till sold. We are bound to introduce Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills no matter what it costs us. When we say we will give away these handsome sets of dishes we will do it. We arrange to pay all charges on the dishes to your nearest station. Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to us at once. Remember our dishes are beautifully decorated and are boxed, packed and shipped free of charge. Address THE DR. ARMOUR MEDICINE CO., Dept. 372, Toronto, Ont.



### THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A. "What's Jones' daughter with him. She's just about to be married." B. "Who's the lucky man?" A. "Jones."—Pathfinder.

To the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who taunted him with having grown so old as to forget his law, the great Sir John Maynard replied, "I have forgotten more law than you ever knew; but allow me to say I have not forgotten much."

"That dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog isn't mad." "Mad! I know he isn't mad. What's he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

An Irishman, being ill, consulted a physician, who gave him a powder, with instructions to take as much at a time as would cover a ten-cent piece. Meeting the man a little while afterward, the doctor was surprised at his haggard appearance. "Did you take the powder, as I told you?" he inquired. "I did, sir," replied the Irishman. "I hadn't a tin-cent piece about me, so I just covered a nickel twice."

The late Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, was fond of his gun, and spent much of his time hunting. One day the Bishop was out with dog and gun, and met a member of his parish, whom he reproved for inattention to his religious duties.

"You should attend church and read your Bible," said the Bishop.

"I do read my Bible, Bishop," was the answer, "and I don't find any mention of the apostles going a-shooting."

"No," replied the Bishop, "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

The Kentucky Colonel, lunching at the Arena, was telling the story of a famous Kentucky feud which had died a natural death, there being now only one survivor.

"Do they have any clergymen in Kentucky?" asked one of the party.

"Of co'se," replied the Colonel. "They mus' have clergymen in Kentucky to read the bu'al suvvice ovah the daid."

The Fulton (Kan.) Gazette reports that a minister of that town was moved by the grief of a husband whose wife was to be buried, and sought to commiserate him in the following manner:—

"My brother, I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one who was your companion and partner in life, I would console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved man replied by asking, as he gazed through tears into the minister's face, "What's her name?"

Andrew Carnegie, at a recent dinner in New York, talked about Peebles.

"Peebles," said Mr. Carnegie, "would strike the stranger as a bleak place. Despite its waulk mills, despite its black cattle and its black-faced sheep, despite its River Tweed and its handsome iron bridge across the Tweed, Peebles is not a parish to strike the visitor as gay or lively."

"Nevertheless, the inhabitants of Peebles love their home. They are an odd people, a people gifted with the power of saying amusing, memorable things."

"An old Peebles sheep-raiser once got together a little money and made a journey to Paris. Paris, he had heard, was the most joyous, the most beautiful city in the world. Therefore he would see it before he died."

"On his return, a month or so later, his friends gathered round him."

"Tell us," they said "what Paris is like. Tell us how it compares with the Scottish cities you have seen."

"The old man compressed his lips. Then he said, rubbing his chin with a reflective look:—

"Paris, all things considered, is a wonderful place; but, still, give me Peebles for pleasure."

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