

WEAK MEN



Electricity Will Cure You

Take my Electric Belt for what it will do for you. Wear it when you sleep at night, or while you are resting after your work. You will find it a vitalizer, a tonic to your nerves, a rejuvenator of waning vitality. Use it for any ailment which drugs have failed to cure, and you will never cease praising it.

I claim that I can cure you 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 a good remedy, and know it well enough to take all the risk.

Dr. McLaughlin: Steelton, Ont. Dear Sir,—I take much pleasure in writing to you to let you know that I would not be without your Belt for any money if I could not get another as good. I don't think it can be beaten. It has helped me wonderfully, and I cannot recommend it too highly. I feel like a different man entirely. I still beg to remain,

Your friend, D. JANNISON. These strong words from grateful men are just fresh from the pen. They should inspire the readers of this paper with fresh hope that there is a cure for them in my remedy.

Owen Sound, Ont., March 15, '06.

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—The trouble for which I purchased your Belt has entirely disappeared. It was only after a great deal of hesitancy and inquiry from your patients that I bought one of your Belts, but I am now glad that I did. My back is perfectly well, and I never was so strong or felt so well as I do now. Yours truly, GEO. A. STARK.

PAY WHEN CURED

To those who are tired of paying without results, and to those who doubt if anything will help them, I make this offer: If you will secure me my pay when you are cured, I will let you have my Belt without paying me one cent in advance.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt Cures

Varicocle, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Lamé Back, Sciatica, Stomach Troubles, Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and every indication that you are breaking down physically.

I know that no man remains a weakling because he wants to. I am sure that you want to overcome every indication of early decay that has shown itself on you. I don't think the man lives who would not like to feel as big and strong as Sandow, and I know that if you have a reasonable foundation to build upon I can make you a bigger man than you ever hoped to be. I want you to know that you who can't believe it, and I want you to have my book, in which I describe how I learned that strength was only electricity, and how I learned to restore it; also I want to tell you the names of some men who will tell you that when they came to me they were physical wrecks, and are now among the finest specimens of physical manhood.

Call To-day

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 me this coupon. Call for consultation. Free.

DR. M. S. McLaughlin,

112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Please send me your book, free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays until 9 p. m.

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Imported and Canadian-bred
H. M. VANDERLIP, Gainsville,
on T. H. & B. and B. & G. division of Grand Trunk. Telephone and telegraph, Gainsville

HILLCREST HERD OF ENGLISH BERKSHIRES

Sires in use: Concord Triumph 1333, got by Perfection (imp.) 990, possibly the best sire in Canada to-day. Stoll Pitts' Winner (imp.) (12133), first at Le Royal. On hand, young sows, sired by Concord T., bred to Stoll Pitts' W. These are choice and lengthy.

JOHN LAHMER, Vine P.O., Ont.

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We keep 35 brood sows, and have constantly on hand between 100 and 200 to choose from. Can supply pairs and trios not akin. Quality and type unsurpassed. Prices right.

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Oakdale Berkshires

Of the largest strains Imported fresh from England. The produce of these and other noted winners for sale reasonable. Let me book your order for a pair or trio not akin.

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Rosebank Berkshires

FOR SALE: Young stock from six to eight weeks old; sired by Maple Lodge Doctor and Concord Professor. Some choice sows bred and ready to breed. Express prepaid.

JOHN BOYES, JR., CHURCHILL P. O.
Lefroy Station, G. T. R.

IMPROVED YORKSHIRES.

Choice young stock from imported prizewinning stock for sale.
GEO. M. SMITH, HAYSVILLE, ONT.

Glenburn Herd of YORKSHIRES

Now on hand, a number of sows, 5 and 6 months old, for spring farrow; also a large number of September sows and boars. Booking orders for spring pigs.

DAVID BARR, JR., Box 3, Renfrew, Ont.

Glenhodson Yorkshires.

Sows bred to farrow in July, August and September. Young pigs from three to six months old. Pairs not akin. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GLENHODSON COMPANY, Myrtle Station, Ont.
Long-distance phone at farm. Lorne Foster, Mgr

For Sale—Ohio Improved Chester Whites, the largest strain, oldest established registered herd in Canada; young sows in farrow; choice young pigs, six weeks to six months old; pairs not akin; express charges prepaid; post pays and safe delivery guaranteed. Address:

E. D. GEORGE, Putnam, Ont.

Blmfield Yorkshires

Have still a few choice young boars from Summer Hill Chester, some young sows from imp. sire and dam, also a fine lot of suckers coming on. A few sows 7 months old, bred again.

G. B. MUMA, Ayr P.O.
Ayr and Paris stations.

him it was all for his good. He could not smoke, because his daughter said tobacco was the worst thing possible for both his ailments. As for the prescribed exercise, he got running about to keep warm.

"Aw, Idella," he pleaded, one Sunday morning, when the sky was overcast, and the cold wind gave promise of a north-east snowstorm. "Aw, Idella, won't you let me have some-thin' hearty? Only a hunk of bread, say? I've drowned my insides with milk till I feel like a churn. I can't keep on drinkin' the stuff; it goes agin me even to smell it. The bare sight of a cow makes me seasick."

But it was no use. "All for his good," his daughter said. These words had become to him almost as unpalatable as the milk.

The northeaster developed. By night the woodshed shook and rattled like a hencoop. The snow streaked in through the cracks and sifted over his nose whenever he brought it above the blankets for air. Also he was tremendously hungry.

At midnight he arose, desperate, and shook himself into all the garments on hand, including the ulster. Then he opened the shed door and went out. The thought of Bill and the fist pursued him like a Nemesis, but he didn't care. He was going to be warmed, and fed, even if pounded to death afterwards.

He crept about the house, trying every door and window. He had tried them on previous nocturnal excursions, but had always found them locked. This time he was more thorough, and at last—oh joy! he found a nail loose behind a cellar window. He worked it back and forth, while the snow drifted over his back. Finally the nail gave way and fell inside with a jingle. He waited, breathless, but there was no sound from within. Then he squeezed himself through the window.

He tiptoed up the creaking cellar stairs, and into the warm kitchen. The storm was making a terrific racket around the house, and that was a Providence for him. He held his hands over the stove for a moment, and then tiptoed to the pantry.

He knew where the matches were kept, and took some. They were of the "eight-day" variety and noiseless. He lit one, and by its light saw, on the pantry shelves, cold ham and bread and ginger cake and mince-pie. Also there was milk, but he didn't look at that.

Mr. Burke was the first of the family to finish dressing next morning. He came downstairs, lamp in hand, and opened the door leading into the kitchen. Then he stopped, stared, and went back after Idella. He led her to the door and pointed.

There, in the rocking-chair before the cookstove, sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep. His feet were on the hearth, a fragment of pie-crust was on the floor by his hand, his countenance was turned upward toward the ceiling, and on it was an expression of perfect peace and comfort.

As the Burkes stood and stared, Mrs. Sparrow came from her room and joined them.

"My soul and body!" she exclaimed.

Wasn't he heard her and awake. At first he merely opened his eyes and blinked at the ceiling. Then he sat upward and turned around. His jaw fell.

"Well, pa," said Idella, sharply, "what sort of don's is this? What do you mean?"

Mr. Sparrow looked at his daughter. He assayed to speak. Then his glance fell upon his son-in-law's feet and remained fixed. He said nothing.

"The idea!" cried Idella. "After all I've done to cure you. Rootin' in this bed hot kitchen and eatin'! To see a man's feet by your hand!"

"I'm all right now, anyway," protested Mr. Sparrow. "I ain't coughin' none, and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not ha'f so much as that dratted milk."

ly. "I—I didn't mean to, but I was starved and froze and—"

"Mince-pie!" exclaimed Idella. "Well! Now we're in a nice mess, and all to do over again."

"I'm all right now, anyway," protested Mr. Sparrow. "I ain't coughin' none, and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not ha'f so much as that dratted milk."

"All to do over again!" repeated Idella. "And I don't know as we'll ever cure you now. Git out-door this minute. And you mustn't eat a thing, even milk, for three or four days. Open the outside door, Bill."

Bill opened the door. A howling gust of wind-driven snow swept in. Mr. Sparrow felt its freezing breath and shivered.

"I'm all right, I tell ye!" he shouted. "I feel fine. I'm cured. Better'n I ever was, dunno's I ain't."

"Are you sure, pa?"

"Course I'm sure. Don't I know? I'm all cured."

"Well, that's a mercy!" said Idella. "I knew 'twas the right receipt, but I didn't think 'twould work so quick. Bill, pa's cured. He'll go with you to take the job at the hotel this very day."

Washington's facial barometer sank to "cloudy." He choked and hesitated.

"Course you mustn't go if you ain't surely cured, pa," said his daughter. "Maybe you'd better try the shed and milk for a month or so longer."

The snow danced along the kitchen floor. It reminded Mr. Sparrow of the previous evening in the woodshed. "I'll go," he said, "but I'll work kind of easy fust along, so's—"

"Oh, no! You must work real hard, so's to git the exercise, else you'll have a relapse. You'll see that pa works the way he ought to, for his sake, won't you, Bill?"

Mr. Burke nodded. "He'll work," he said sententiously.

The news of the wonderful cure spread quickly. Dr. Bailey laughingly congratulated Idella upon it.

"Yes," said that young lady, "I callate he's cured, at least for a spell. Anyhow, the 'Everyboy Works but Father' song don't fit our family no more."

A NEW SECT.

A farmer who is an elder in the Auld Kirk advised for a cattleman. A man applied whose personal appearance and credentials seemed all right. After he was engaged, the farmer asked: "By the way, what is your religion?" "Well, to tell the truth," said the cattleman, "I'm a Methusalahite." "Indeed," said the farmer, "that is surely a new sect. In what do you believe?" "In leevin' as long as I possibly can," replied the cattleman, with a grin.

"Do you know," said the cheerful idiot, "that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going out on a journey or returning by the way he carries his portmanteau." "I never thought of that," said the simple young man. "What is the difference?" "It is just this way," he went on. "When a man is going away he carries his portmanteau towards the railway station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."

Representative John Sharp Williams tells a story of a dandy in Mobile who recently became a convert to Christian Science. It appears, says Harper's Weekly, that meeting a friend on the street, the convert made enquiry touching the health of the former's aunt. "She's got de pleurisy pretty bad," was the answer. "You and she are both wrong," was the solemn assertion of the convert. "As a matter of fact, she only thinks she got de pleurisy. Lett ain't no sich thing."

Nothing further was said on the subject, but a few days after the two again met, the convert repeated his enquiry touching the aunt's condition. "She's got de pleurisy, dat she's got de pleurisy," was the reply. "de pleurisy is a new kind of de pleurisy. We been cured yesterday."