

"A LIFE SAVER FOR WEAK MEN"



Give me a man broken down from dissipation, hard work, or worry from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months, and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age. I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by Nature to be strong and sturdy. Even

that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength, I can make as good as ever he was.

I can give back to any man what he has lost by abuse of the laws of Nature.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that in any manner my Belt will replace it and will cure you.

Fred. J. Cutterbuck, Brockville, Ont., says After 30 days' use of your Belt I feel fine—the best I have in years—stomach all right and appetite good. In short, I feel like a new man.

Letters like that tell a story which means a good deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to a man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stores up a great force of energy in a man.

I make the best electrical body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

O. Johnston, North Bay, writes: Have used your Belt now for three months, and must say that I feel like a new man. It is far ahead of dosing yourself with drugs, and I strongly recommend it. I thank you from my heart for your wonderful remedy.

They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town or hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

NOT A CENT UNTIL YOU ARE CURED

That is my offer. You take my latest improved appliance and use it in my way for three months, and if it does not cure, you need not pay me. My only condition is that you secure me, so that I will get my money when you are cured.

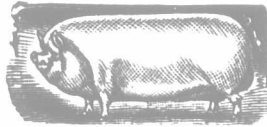
It's as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in the old style belts.

Call to-day or send for my beautiful book, full of things a man likes to read if he wants to be a strong man. I send it, sealed, free. Cut out this ad.

DR. M. S. McLAUGHLIN, 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

YORKSHIRES of Choicest Type and Breeding.

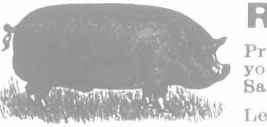


I have on hand 75 brood sows of Princess Fame, Cinderella, Clara, Minnie, Lady Frost and Queen Bess strains. My stock boars are true to type and richest breeding. For sale are a large number of sows bred and ready to breed, boars fit for service, and younger ones of both sexes. Pairs and trios not akin. J. W. BOYLE, P. O. Box 563, Woodstock, Ont.



Woodstock Herd of Large English Berkshires

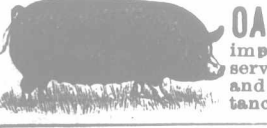
For sale: Boars fit for service. Sows ready to breed. March and April pigs supplied in pairs and trios not akin, bred from my imported and home-bred sows. My pigs are all bred on prizewinning lines, and true to type. Come and see, or write for prices. DOUGLAS THOMSON, Box 1, Woodstock, Ontario. C. P. R. and G. T. R. stations.



ROSEBANK BERKSHIRES

Present offering: Boars fit for service. Sows ready to breed. Choice young stock ready to wean, sired by Maple Lodge Doctor and Sallie's Sambo (Imp.), a Toronto winner.

Lefroy, G.T.R. JOHN BOYES, JR., Churchill, Ont. Long distance 'phone



OAKDALE BERKSHIRES Largest Berkshire herd in Ontario. Imported. For sale: Sows bred and ready to breed, boars ready for service, and younger ones, all ages, richly bred on prizewinning lines and true to type. Everything guaranteed as represented. Long distance 'phone. L. E. MORGAN, Milliken P.O., Co. of York.

Elmhurst Berkshires

Motto: "Goods as Represented."

With our recent importation, personally selected from the best herds in England (some of them prizewinners), we have the most select herd of Berkshires in Canada. A grand group of breeding and show mixtures. Our new imported boar, Stall Pitts Midy won 1st under 1 year at Oxford, 1907, also Compton Duke, Imp., and Compton Swell, Imp., head the herd. Mail orders receive careful attention. Brantford shipping station. H. M. VANDERLIP, Cainsville P.O., Brant Co., Ont.

all to get the pail full, and when we were telling Marian afterward she said she'd like to have gone, too. She hasn't been since summer before last. I've asked her, and she said she didn't want to. He said: 'Let's go to-morrow morning,' and she said 'All right.'

"He picked into my pail awhile, and then he said he must help Marian, and I went off and found a bed where the berries were awful thick, and I said: 'Come here; they're awful thick here!' but they staid where they were, and when I looked they were sitting on a log and weren't picking.

"Pretty soon I heard a noise, and looked round, and there was the cow; and she shook her horns, and Marian screamed and caught hold of his arm, and he laughed and said the cow wouldn't hurt her; but she was scared and wouldn't stay. Her pail wasn't more'n half full, and mine was almost heaping.

"He came and sat on the piazza lots, and got so we knew him real well, and I'd sit on his lap because he was my beau. He took Marian to ride one evening, and I was sitting on the piazza, pretending I was reading, and he didn't speak to me; and the next morning I was swinging that way and he jumped the fence and said 'I'll swing you,' and I said 'I don't want you to,' and he said 'Why?' and I said 'I don't like you,' and he said 'Why?' and I said 'I don't think much of a beau that won't speak to his girl,' and he said 'When wouldn't I speak to you?' and I said 'Last night,' and he said 'You were reading,' and I said 'That don't make any difference; you ought to speak to me if I am reading,' and he said 'If you'd stopped reading and spoken to me I'd spoken to you,' and I said 'I don't think much of a beau that takes another girl riding,' and he said 'Well, next time I'll take you,' and I let him swing me.

"Mr. Darcy didn't come much. Then he got to coming again, and Marian was nicer to him than she was, though his hair was just as short and reddish as ever. And Mr. Kensington, he didn't like him very well, and when she'd talk to Mr. Darcy he'd talk to me, and wouldn't talk to them.

"One night he came and said, 'Where's Marian?' and I said 'She and Mr. Darcy went to ride,' and he didn't laugh. He didn't come nights after that; but Mr. Darcy did, and they went riding, and he kept coming; and Marian wasn't nice to him after a while, and they didn't either of them come. And Marian was cross to me, and didn't laugh, 'cept when she had to.

"One time I was down swinging that way when he went by, and I thought he'd jump the fence and swing me, but he didn't, and he didn't look; and I didn't say anything. If he didn't want to look he needn't. The next time I didn't look, but just swung awful hard to show him he needn't swing me. Marian was down there once; but she wasn't swinging me; and he didn't look, and I didn't look, and she didn't. And when he'd gone, I said: 'He ain't my beau; I've jolted him.' And she said 'Jolted him?' and I said 'Yes, jolted him,' and I swung myself real hard, and she kind of laughed a little, but not much.

"Once I saw her crying, but not so you could hear her, and ma said kind of cross, but not real cross: 'Well, it's your own fault,' and she didn't say anything, but went upstairs.

"His sister didn't come when they thought she would. Somebody was sick and she had to stay.

"I saw him riding one time with Mattie Ames, and he didn't look, but Mattie said 'Hullo, Josie,' and I didn't say hullo. Mattie Ames used to go to school with Marian, and they were together lots, but she don't come to the house now, and Marian don't. I mean she don't go to her house. And the other day I heard her tell Blanche Howe that she hated Mattie Ames. She said she was a hypocrite. I asked ma what one was, and she said 'twas someone who pretended to be your friend and wasn't.

"We were down to the beach two weeks in August, and when we came home I was down swinging that way when he came by. I didn't look, but he jumped the fence and said shouldn't he swing me. But I jumped out and sat

on the bench, and he sat down and said 'Wasn't he my beau any more, and I said 'No, I'd jolted him. And he said what had I jolted him for, and I said 'I don't think much of a beau that don't look when he goes by,' and he said 'I don't think much of a girl that don't look when her beau goes by.' Then he said 'Is your sister at home?' and I said 'Why?' and he said he wanted to see her, and I said 'She don't like you,' and he said 'Why?' and I said 'I shouldn't want to go riding with a hypocrite,' and he said 'Who has been riding with one?' and I said 'You have,' and he said 'Who was it?' and I said 'I guess you know,' and he said 'No, he didn't know; who was it?' and I said 'Her last name begins with A, and her first name begins with M, and that's all I'm going to tell.'

"He said 'I didn't go riding with her till someone else went riding with someone,' and I said 'Who?' and he said 'I guess someone thinks Mr. Darcy is pretty nice,' and I said 'No, they don't; she don't care the tip of her little finger for him,' and he said 'How did I know?' and I said 'She said so,' and he said 'Folks didn't always mean what they said,' and I said 'I guessed he'd come if she thought he was pretty nice,' and he said 'Didn't he come?' and I said 'No, she wouldn't let him.'

"We were sitting there and someone called 'Josephine!' and I said 'What?' and 'twas Marian. And she said 'Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Kensington,' and he said 'Did you have a nice time at the beach?' and she said 'Yes, it was lovely there,' and he said 'I suppose you were sorry to come back,' and she said 'Yes, we hated to leave dreadfully.' She sat down in the swing, but didn't swing, 'cept to teeter it with her feet. And he said 'It seems an age since I've seen you,' and she didn't say anything, but just teetered, and he said 'It seemed as if there wasn't anybody left in town,' and she said 'Why, I didn't know Mattie had been away,' and he said 'She hasn't, that I know of.'

"They talked a lot, and she laughed some, and he did; and that evening he came up on the piazza, and he said 'Wouldn't I let him be my beau again?' and I said 'I don't care,' and I sat on his lap. And he said 'You won't ever jar me again, will you?' and I said 'What?' and he said 'You won't ever jolt me again, will you?' and Marian laughed.

"He came the next night, too, and I sat on his lap till Winnie came, and then we went over to her house to have some ice cream they'd had for supper, and when I came back 'twas dark, and I walked on the grass, and they didn't hear me, and I said 'Boo!' and she jumped off his lap.

"The next morning when I was swinging that way he jumped the fence, and she came down just then and she said 'Kenneth isn't your beau now; he's mine,' and he said 'Won't it do just as well, Josephine, if I'll be your brother?' and I said 'I don't care'; and he swung me real high, and my foot just touched the branch.—[N. Y. Independent.

"THE WHAUPS."

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are lying—
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of martyrs the Whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!

Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant, red-wine moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure!

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and I hear again the call—
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,
And hear no more at all.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Aunt—I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie.
Young Hopeful—Ah, but you should hear me gangle!