



"Come, Brace Up! It Cured Me and It Will Cure You"

Why do you sit there depressed by gloomy thoughts, with that sad, discouraged, haggard face, when there is within your grasp the means by which you can regain your strength, energy, ambition and happiness? It is time for you to brace up, be a man, take an interest in the good things of life. Look at me! Wasn't I in the same condition as you? Now I am happy, full of strength, and ready to tackle any obstacle. Yes, I too, tried drugs, but they failed. Electricity will not fail. Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt cured me, and it will cure you. No weak man will ever regret a fair trial of this grand Belt—it has brought health and strength to thousands in the past year. Here is one of the many men cured.

Mr. T. A. Blackman, Moose Jaw, Sask., says:—

"Before using your Belt I was very bad with my back. My kidneys were in a bad shape; but now I have no pain in my back, and my water is clear. I was also very bad with asthma; so bad that I had to smoke two or three powders every night, but I have not had to do so since using your Belt. I am now able to do as good a day's work as ever I did. I have used nothing but the Belt." Isn't this alone, evidence enough to convince any man that we tell the truth? Here is another: C. H. McKague, Roland, Man., writes:—

"Since using your Belt I must say that I feel a great deal better. It is about ten days since I have had any losses; my stomach is digesting my food, and my bowels are regular in their action. I realize now how wise you were in sending me your strong Belt."

Mr. P. Deslors, Ralph Stn., Sask., has this to say:—

"I am very thankful for the good your Belt has done me. I can work now and feel that the restoration of my health is complete. All I can say is that your Belt cured me after the failure of doctors. If there are any men broken down like I was there is only one thing that can make them men again, and that is Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It has cured me and will do the

same for you. If anyone doubts you, let them write to me."

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will make you strong. It will send the warm life blood circulating through your veins. You will feel the cheerful spark warm your frame; a bright flash will come to your eye, and a firm grip to your hand, and you will be able to grasp your friends and neighbors and feel that what others are capable of doing is not impossible to you.

I want to talk with those who have tried every other known remedy—those who have about given up trying and think that there is no cure for them. Do you think you do justice to yourself to fill your stomach with drugs day after day when you can't see anything but temporary stimulation to them? (If you want stimulation take whisky; it is alcohol, like the drugs, and does less harm taken in the same way.) I want to explain how vital power is restored by electricity, and I can prove to you that vital power is nothing but electricity. Then you can see that your trouble can be cured by electricity and can understand why drugs don't cure you. Come and let us show you the only road to health, strength and happiness. No healthy person was ever unhappy, because a heart full of vitality is light and joyous and quickly shakes off the gloom and depression which is called grief. Some people are unhappy without cause. This is depression due to weakness.

I have a Special Electric Attachment which I give free to those who wear our Belt. This Attachment carries the current direct to the weak parts and fills them with its warm vitalizing power; bringing about a sure and lasting cure. Weakness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Weak Back, Lumbago, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Constipation are all quickly cured by this New Method of our applying "Electricity." Don't put off any longer. Act to-day. Tomorrow may be too late. Here is one more proof:

Mr. W. L. Flemmington of Earl Grey, Sask., got my Belt 6 years ago. Read what he says:

It is some three 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 six years and will continue to do so. I can't say too much for it has made my body a pleasure to own."

It's easy to be cured my way. You put my Belt on when you go to bed; you feel a glowing warmth passing through your body, and the electric power gives you new life. When you wake up in the morning you feel bright, lively and vigorous, and you wonder where your pains and aches have gone. Our Belt has removed them, and they will never return. That's a better way than making a drug store of your stomach. And who ever saw anybody actually cured by drugs? I tell you, drugs don't cure—and if you have tried them, you know it. Nearly all my patients tried drugs first. If you haven't got confidence in my remedy, all I ask is reasonable security and you can pay me after you are cured.

I have a book which every man should read. It tells facts that are of interest to every man who wants to remain young in vitality at any age. Call if you can; if you can't, send coupon for beautifully illustrated 80-page Free Book.

Office hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p.m.

Dr. M. D. McLaughlin

112 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Please send me your book, free.

Name

Address

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Wed. and Sat. until 8.30 p.m.

Wit and Humor

Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time, and their recognition was cordial. "So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered." "So glad, and how little changed you are! Why, how long is it since we met?" "About ten years." "And why have you never been to see me?" "My dear, just look at the weather we have had."—Dundee Advertiser.

Lord Avebury told a good story on the opening of the Moral Education Congress now sitting in London. Lord Avebury pleaded that education, as it is now, is too narrow, and quoted the words of Doctor Creighton that a man may get a degree without knowing the difference between a planet and a star. "That reminds me," said Lord Avebury, "of how one beautiful moonlight night I was walking home from the House of Commons with a friend. He looked up at the moon, and said: 'My dear Lubbock, I often wonder how it is that the moon changes its shape so often. I suppose it is one of those things we shall never find out.'"

One day, an old gentleman who found the Java village at the World's Fair very absorbing, at length confided in a young man standing near. "Its powerful nice to watch," he said, "but I may say I should be better on't if I was a trifle better posted. My jography's a little rusty, and it's the truth and fact that I don't jestly know where Java is. Now where is it?" "Oh," said the young man, with the assured quiet of one who knows, "just a little way from Mocha!"

Lord Lyveden is an ardent peerage reformer, and tells an anecdote in this connection for whose authenticity he pledges himself. This narrates how a famous statesman of the nineteenth century was called upon to visit his son in prison. He bitterly reproached him, remarking: "Here am I, having worked my way up from a middle-class home to a great position, and when I die you will be the greatest blackguard in the peerage." The son listened quietly and then replied with terrible irony, "Yes—when you die."

Mr. Lawry is a man with a moderate income and one child, a boy of eleven or twelve years, whom he is already sending to a French master, who is accustomed to be paid every Monday. Recently Mr. Lowry sent Henry to his lesson without his usual bank-note. That evening the father did as he always does—looked over the boy's exercise, and this is what he found Henry doing his best to put into Parisian French: "I have no money. The week is up. Have you no money? Has your father no money? I need money. What is the day of the week? The day of the week is Monday. Does your father know the day of the week?"

A commercial traveller tells an amusing experience which happened to him in the interior of Pennsylvania. The traveller landed in a village and sought the only hotel in the place—a small building not much larger than the average dwelling. He stepped on the porch, but hearing voices raised in anger, he paused at the door. Apparently there was a quarrel in progress, and as the excitement showed no indication of diminishing, the traveller knocked loudly on the door.

"Hello!" he cried. "Who's the proprietor of this place?" "Just as stay what we are," came in a hoarse voice from the house. "Ede of me is decidin' shet p'int."

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