

HARDY TREES FOR MANITOBA
SASKATCHEWAN
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CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES



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ROBERT MUIR & CO.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

HOW DRUGS WEAKEN THE HEART

So many people are doping their stomachs with drugs and never stop to think of the harm that will come of it. Constant drugging always weakens the heart.

You hear of a great many deaths due to heart failure, but you never hear of what makes the heart fail. The heart never fails without a reason. Find a reason and you will find the actual cause of death. I say that it is nearly always exhaustion of vitality, caused by drugging. The heart stops because the power that runs it is shut off. To trace this cause correctly I would say that the consumption of food in the stomach generates carbonic heat, which is electricity. Carried into the nerves it becomes nerve force, which is the motive energy of the heart.

Naturally, if the heart does not receive a sufficient quantity of this nerve force its action will become weaker, and, like the engine whose steam is run down will stop altogether. That is heart failure.

Now, strong drugs weaken the stomach so that it cannot generate enough of this force, and a weakening of the heart's action results.

The reason any organ fails to do its work is because it lacks strength. If there was any nourishment in drugs they might bring about a healthy change, but you know there is not. Drugs are drugs, stimulants, narcotics, antidotes, poisons, not food. Food is needed to build up new strength. Electricity is nerve food—nerve life. It soaks into your nerves and vitals just like water soaks into a sponge. It warms and strengthens the parts which drugs cannot reach.

Electricity is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It is Nature's way of curing disease, for it gives back to the nerves and organs the power they have lost, which is their life.

I believe in finding the cause of every ailment and removing it. If it is in the stomach, I restore the power there; if in the nervous system, I build up the nerve force; in the kidneys, the blood or the organs of generation, I find the cause and supply to the body the needed help, and after I have removed the cause Nature will cure the disease.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt is easily and comfortably worn next to the body during the night, and gives out a continuous stream of that strength-building, nerve-feeding force which is the basis of all health.



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

Geo. A. Stark, Owen Sound, Ont.

FREE TO YOU.

Get my 84 page book describing my Electric Belt, with illustrations of fully developed men and women, showing how it is applied.

This book tells in plain language many things you want to know, and gives a lot of good, wholesome advice for men.

If you can't call, I'll send this book, prepaid free, if you will enclose this coupon.

Consultation free. Office hours—9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN
149 Yonge St., Toronto.

Please send me your book free.

Name _____

Address _____

Wit and Humor.

THE BABY'S TURN NOW.

On a very hot afternoon, last summer a nurse in the employ of a Brooklyn family had been ordered to take the baby in the public park opposite the family's house. The nurse wheeled the baby's go-cart up and down under the shade of the trees for an hour or so, when a voice from the top of the house vainly endeavored to summon the servant to return. Whether the nurse was sulky, or whether she did not care to return home at that hour, does not appear but she continued her slow and stately parade with the go-cart.

Finally, in answer to the repeated and anxious calls for her to return, she did so. As she approached the door, the mistress of the place greeted her with: "Why didn't you come when I first called?"

"I didn't hear you, mum," was the response.

"Well," continued the mistress, with a smile, "you may now take the baby for a ride. It may interest you to know that, during the greater part of the afternoon, you have been wheeling Jenny's doll in the park."

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of memory are too much food, too much physically exercise, and, strangely enough too much education.—*Triune*.

"A young fellow bought 2,000 extra fine cigars and had them insured for their full value, smoked them up and demanded the insurance, claiming that they had been destroyed by fire. The case was taken to court and the judge decided in favor of the young man. The insurance company then had the young man arrested for setting fire to his own property, and the same judge ordered that he pay a fine and go to jail for three months.—*Higginsville Mo. Leader*.

Trumbell—You look relieved.

Brale—I am, I've just paid all my debts.

Trumbell—How did you manage it?

Brale—Oh, I borrowed \$1,500.—*Somerville Journal*.

"That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden."

"Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

De Riter—Wouldn't you like to read this new book of mine?

Kandor—No, thank you.

De Riter—It's Cleverly's latest novel.

Kandor—O, let's have it. I thought you meant you wrote it.—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

"Jane," asked Mrs. Hiram Offen, "are the eggs boiling?"

"Most assuredly not, madam," replied the new servant, lately from Boston, "but I may safely say the water in which the eggs are immersed is."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Professor Brander Mathews, the essayist, entertained with an anecdote a Shakespearean Bacon discussion at the Players' Club in New York.

"A literary woman," said Professor Mathews, "said one night to her husband:

"When I get to heaven, I am going to ask Shakespeare whether or not he wrote the *Merchant of Venice*."

"I don't know," replied her husband, "but I will be glad to see you when you get there."

THE SHORTEST SERMON.

One of the shortest sermons on record is the one which Dean Swift preached before a charitable society. After announcing his text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," the preacher simply said: "Now, my brethren, if you are satisfied with the security, down with the dust." He then sat down while the ushers took the collection. It was unusually large.

Newfoundland's cod fisheries gave employment to 70,000 persons in 1905, during which year 38,037,328 pound valued at £241,386, were shipped from Labrador to Europe. These represented about two-thirds of the catch on the Labrador coast, the remainder being taken to Newfoundland for curing.

A Baltimore man tells of an address made to some school children in that city by a member of the board of trustees: "My young freinds," said the speaker "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was young man, I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them!"

"Dr. Besom is once more among us for a brief season," wrote the chronicler of Northby's social and religious life. "He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinion or belief of others.

"His wife is not with him."—*Youth's Companion*.

"It's dreadful queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring me should be so much bigger at the top of the sack than they are at the bottom."

"Not at all, mem," said the honest farmer; "it's jest this a-way. Potatoes is growin' so fast jest now that by the time I dig a sackful the last one dug is ever so much bigger'n the first ones."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Rooter—If they win this game, by George, it'll be eight straight!

The Inevitable Girl—Eight straight? Why, how absurd, Harry! Eight is the cookedest of all the figures.—*Chicago Tribune*.

While driving along a country road a man saw the roof of a farmer's house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was calmly standing in the doorway:

"Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?" she bawled out.

"I say your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a little deaf!"

"Your house is afire!" again yelled the man at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, is that all?" calmly replied the woman.

"It's all I can think of just now," responded the man in a rather weak voice as he drove on.

Senator Tillman not long ago piloted a plain farmer-constituent around the capital for awhile and then having some work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

After an hour or so the visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate, I am a friend of Senator Tillman. He brought me here and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in."

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when you return. In order to prevent any mistake I will give you the password so you can get your seat again."

Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"What?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate.

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