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Nelson, B.C., Sept. 20 07

Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—

We send to you herewith a change of advertisement which will be the last that is to appear relating to Fruitvale. Owing to the efficiency of your publication as an advertising medium, our extensive sub-division at that point is practically sold out, and we wish to express our thanks to you for this gratifying result. We have received a larger number of genuine enquiries from readers of the Advocate than from any other publication in Canada.

Yours truly,

KOOTENAY ORCHARD ASSOCIATION,

By F. S. Hammond,

President.

[COPY]

## Why Drugging is Dangerous!

You have heard a great deal lately about how drugs are doped with poisons, but you don't know how these poisons affect the various organs of your body.

The poison that is used in largest quantities is alcohol. It's in nearly all the patent medicines and other drugs that you buy. Now, alcohol, if taken any length of time, ulcerates the stomach, causing poor digestion and other stomach troubles. Many cases of cirrhosis of the liver, a disease for which there is no cure, which always proves fatal, have resulted from the long continued use of patent medicines.

Most people when they find themselves ailing in any way run to the drug store and get a lot of drugs. Doesn't matter what kind or what is in them as long as they are drugs. The average man feels that he must take something and he never stops to think how it is going to affect him. If he finds that he has a bad case of stomach trouble after a course of drugging, he doesn't lay the blame on drugs. He never thought drugs could do harm.

Stomach troubles are not the only ones caused by drugging. There are worse poisons than alcohol in drugs, that do more harm. The ones that are used most frequently are morphine, cocaine, mercury, arsenic and potash. You get them not only in patent medicines, but in doctors' prescriptions as well. Poison is the base, the very foundation of the doctor's prescription.

Morphine and cocaine will relieve pain for a few hours, but the pain will come back worse than ever. They wreck the nerves and cause many nervous ailments.

Mercury destroys the digestive juices and eats out the lining of the stomach. Arsenic makes the eyes weak, causes nervousness and inflames the stomach.

Potash causes headache, makes the blood thin and irritates the eyes, neck and throat. It destroys the digestive juices, and you cannot get nourishment from your food.

Electricity is the power that runs every organ of your body. The reason your stomach liver, kidneys and other organs fail to do their work is because they lack electricity. If you can't you see that the only way to restore

these organs to a healthy condition is to restore the electricity that enables them to perform their regular functions?

My Electric Belt does this while you sleep. It saturates the nerves with its glowing power, and these conduct the force to every organ and tissue of your body, restoring health and strength to every part that is weak.

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 removes the cause of the disease, and after the cause has been removed, nature will do the rest.

If you are sceptical, all I ask is reasonable security or the price of the Belt and you can



### PAY WHEN CURED

Dear Sir:—I have given your Belt a fair trial and I think it is a grand Belt for Rheumatism and Lame Back, and I would recommend it to any one suffering from Rheumatism. It is worth its weight in gold. W. D. HARRISON, (Rancher), Moose Jaw, Sask.

### FREE TO YOU

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

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## Wit and Humor.

"Impossible! Nonsense, sir!" he snorted. "I have the order in my pocket."—Kansas City Times.

In some parts of the West Indies the negroes speak with a brogue. They are descended from the slaves of the Irish adventurers who accompanied the Spanish settlers. An Irishman arriving at a West Indian port was accosted by a negro fruit vendor with, "The top of the morning to ye, an' would ye be after wantin' to buy a bit of fruit, sor?" The Irishman looked at him a moment.

"An' how long have ye been here?" he asked. "Goin' on three months, yer honor," said the vendor, thinking of the time since he had left his inland home. "Three months, is it? Only three months an' as black as that? Faith, I'll not land!"

The young lawyer was consulting in the jail with his unfortunate client, charged with stealing a stove.

"No, no," he said, soothingly, "I know, of course, you didn't really steal the stove. If I thought for a minute that you were guilty I wouldn't defend you. The cynics may say what they like, but there are some conscientious men among us lawyers. Yet, of course, the real difficulty lies in proving that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage it, now that you have assured me of your innocence. Leave it all to me and don't say a word. You can hand over a guinea now, and pay me the rest—" "A guinea, boss?" repeated the accused man, in a hoarse voice. "Why don't you make it 10,000 guineas? I could pay ye jest ez easy. I's ain't got no money." "No money!" The lawyer looked indignant.

The young lawyer seemed plunged in gloom. Suddenly he brightened. "Well," he said, more cheerfully, "I like to help honest men in trouble. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get you out of this scrape and we'll call it square if you'll send the stove around to my office. I need one."—Judges Library.

He was a young doctor, and he had been asked to break some sad news to the wife of a man who had been run over by a motor.

"Is my husband really ill?" asked the lady. "A—er—a little run down," said the budding Treves, hopefully.

"Chumpley's auto got away from him and ran fourteen miles on a country road." "I'll bet he was mad." "No, he was tickled. He said it was the best run his car had made without adjusting.

In the studio of Guzun Borglum, the sculptor whose female angels of the Annunciation and the Resurrection had recently to be destroyed, a woman was taking an interested look around.

"Tell me, Mr. Borglum," she cried impulsively, "is sculpture very difficult?" "No," replied the artist, smiling, "it is very simple and easy. You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want!"—Modern Society.

According to the Indianapolis News a speaker in the Iowa Legislature said the other day: "If I were endowed with some omnipotent power I would ascend the loftiest peak of the Alleghenies and from there would pluck a reed from the far-away shores of Alaska; I would dip it in the lava at Mt. Vesuvius and would write across the canopy of the heavens in blazing letters: 'Labor, I love thee!'"

"The best disciplinarian I ever knew," says a retired army officer, "was a colonel I served with during the civil war. Once we were reconnoitering a position which the enemy held with a considerable force.

"We will take that place tomorrow," he said. "Why, colonel?" exclaimed, "it's impossible!"

A prosperous country merchant who had installed a telephone near the front door of his shop, one morning stepped up to the transmitter to answer a call. Just then a farmer, who had never seen a telephone before, came into the place and inquired:

"Wanter buy any eggs?" The merchant, who was intent upon getting his message, gazed abstractedly at the farmer and shouted into the telephone, "I can't hear!"

"Wanter buy any eggs?" shouted the farmer in a voice that made the windows rattle. Still unable to hear the man who was at the other end of the wire, the merchant again remarked, this time without looking at the farmer:

"I can't hear! Speak louder!" For the third time the farmer spoke, roaring out his previous question so loudly that passers by stopped and asked what was the matter.

This had the desired effect. The merchant left the telephone, forgetting his call, turning savagely on the intruder remarked:

"No, confound it, I don't want any eggs."

The farmer smiled, and as he went out was heard to remark softly:

"I never did see one of them deaf fellers but I could make 'em hear if I let my self out."

"What is a politician, Tommy?" "A man who makes speeches, sir."

"But I make speeches and am not a politician."

"I mean a man who makes clever speeches."—BOCIAN.

Magistrate—You say you didn't steal the watch. Then where did you get it?

Prisoner—Bought it, your Worship.

Magistrate—Where?

Prisoner—In Regent street.

Magistrate—What did it cost?

Prisoner—Really, your Worship, I quite forgot to ask.—TIT-BITS.

Tommy had been punished. "Mamma," he sobbed, "did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty."

"And did her mamma whip her when she was little?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And was she whipped when she was little?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started it, anyway?"

Scotsman up for the week end who has been asked by his friend to go to a music hall—"No, na, man! D'ye no ken I never visit a music hall on th' Saturday—for fear I should laugh in th' kirk on the Sawbath?"

At a dinner in New York recently Prof. George E. Vincent, of Chicago University, was one of the chief speakers. In the course of his speech he dealt with Law and Literature in the same breath thus: "The reflective person shirks his job with phrases. Blessed be the makers of phrases. What would life be were it not for our phrases? Every group gathers about phrases. We have the phrases of the lawyers. Senator Elyarts used to say that there were only three phrases in the legal world, and that they were Latin. They were 'meum,' 'tuum,' and 'sue' em."

The London Tribune tells a story of an unsuccessful literary life. A philanthropic visitor asked a resident of the penitentiary, "What brought you here, my friend?"

"Unsuccessful authorship, ma'am," answered the man in Cell 444.

"How could there be anything criminal in that? Please explain."

"I was busily engaged on a little work on the national currency, when the Secret Service men swooped down on me and caught me with the tools in my hand."