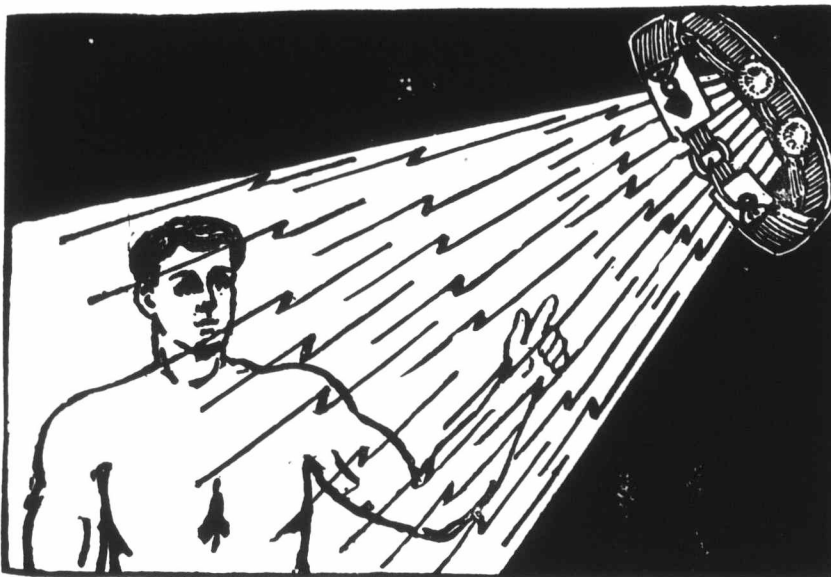


WEAK MEN Electricity Will Cure You

Electricity is animal vitality. It is the foundation of all strength. It is the fuel to the engine which runs the human machine. Electricity, as I apply it is a source of new life to all parts of the body.

No man should be weak; no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the sins of his youth, when there is here at hand a certain check for his weakness, a check to his waste power. Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerve, from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.



DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

restores the snap, the vim and vigor of youth. Any man who wears it can be a giant in mental and physical development. Men, are you weak, have you pains in the back, varicocele, weak stomach, constipation, lumbago, rheumatism, enlarged prostate gland, or any of the results of early mistakes, excesses or overwork? Our method of applying electricity while you sleep at night will cure you. It fills the nerves with the fire of life.

EVIDENCE COMES FRESH EVERY DAY.

FOUND THE BELT BETTER THAN I CLAIMED.

Dr. McLaughlin, Dunmore, N.S., April 3, 1906.
Dear Sir,—I am fully satisfied with the result of your Belt. It is fully as good as you claim. It has made a new man of me. I have gained both weight and strength. Every word turned out to be true. I could not believe at first myself that your Belt was as good as it is. My friends tried to make me believe that your Belt was no good, but I was strong-headed and got your Belt. After wearing it for seven weeks I knew the Belt was good, and in two months' time I was completely cured. Now all my friends believe in the Belt, but none stronger than I do. I have recommended your Belt far and wide. Yours very truly, ALEX. McDONALD.

CURED OF DRAINS, PAINS AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Dr. McLaughlin, Lachine Locks, Que., April 2, 1906.
Dear Sir,—It gives me much pleasure to state that your Belt has done me an invaluable amount of good. It has cured me of those deadly drains, also pains and kidney trouble. I will heartily recommend your Belt to any one whenever I get the chance. Wishing you every success in your present good work. I remain, yours sincerely, GEO. DUNCAN.

I HAVE AN ELECTRIC BELT THAT DOES CURE, and I am offering it to you in such a way that you take no chances whatever. Give me your name and address, with a statement of your case, and I will at once arrange a Belt suitable for your case, and

When You Are Cured, Pay Me.

CALL TO-DAY for Free Test of our Belt and Free Book. If you can't call, cut out and send in this coupon.

Put your name on this coupon and send it in.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN, 112 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your books as advertised.

NAME

ADDRESS

Office Hours:—9 a.m. to 6 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday till 9 p. m.

FREE BOOK.

Write to-day for our beautifully illustrated book with cuts showing how my Belt is applied, and lots of good reading for men who want to be "the noblest work of God." A MAN. Enclose this coupon and we will send this book, sealed, free.

Select Farms IN LOWER FRASER VALLEY

British Columbia's Richest Farming District

I publish a real-estate bulletin giving description and price of some of the best farms in the Valley. Send for one (it will be of value to anyone interested in this country or looking for a chance to better their present conditions) to

T. R. PEARSON

NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Miscellaneous

POOR GIRL.

She's just as nice a girl as you Or anyone would wish to see. To her my heart is ever true. And hers, I think, is true to me. Yet there's one thing about her I With some reluctance have to tell I say it with a heavy sigh— Her name is Gladys Ysobe.

I told you that she had my heart; That she's a peach I need not say; At, pray believe me, she is smart—

Her name though, doesn't sound that way. It sounds to me like all get-out. It's even worse to try to spell. What were her foolish folk about To name her Gladys Ysobel?

I do not like to call her "Glad" And "Belle" I favor even less. I tell you I get crazy mad To think of such blamed foolishness! A girl like her called that! Great Scott! I think she stands it pretty well. I'd kill the chumps, as like as not. Who called me Gladys Ysobel.

Chicago News.

"So the missus objects to Billy, the milkman, callin' 'on yez durin' workin' hours?" interrogated the cook.

"Yis," replied the pretty laundress. "but it's little Oi care for her objections. Oi hov me own private signals to Billy."

"Indade!"

"Yis; listen. When Oi go out on the roof awn th' missus is about Oi hang out a red skirt, awn thot manes 'Danger; kape away!'"

"How clever!"

"Thin whin she is about to go out soon Oi hang out a green skirt. Thot manes 'Comes slow and cautious.'" "Yez are a genius."

"Awn thin whin th' missus is out

awn th' track is clear Oi hang out a white skirt awn Billy rades from aroun' th' corner 'Come at once. All's well!'"

"I cannot be your wife," she replied, and added, "This is final." He paced swiftly to and fro several times, then halted abruptly in front of her.

"Pray, be candid with me," said he, not without the note of masculine impatience. "About how final?"

"This was too much. She burst into tears.

"How do I know?" she sobbed. —I'uck.

Not long ago a gentleman had occasion to consult one of the medical celebrities of the national capital. Previous to gaining an audience to the physician, the gentleman was compelled for a number of minutes to cool his heated brain. Finally, his patience exhausted, he summoned the doctor to whom he said:

"Present my compliments to your doctor, and tell him that if he is admitted in five minutes I will well again."

The Congressman was immediately received by the physician.

Times.

I shot a golf ball into the air, It fell to earth, I know not where, Long I sought it, and in the end I used a word which I won't defend.

Shortly afterwards, into the hole I found the ball had chanced to roll; And then the word which I won't defend I heard again from the mouth of my friend.

"Now," said the teacher. "here is one more problem: If a cat fell down a bottomless hole and then tried to climb up, and for every two feet of climbing it slipped back three feet, how long would it take her to get out of the well?"

Nearly every member of the class was ready at once to give an answer, and several told amid considerable laughter the way to solve the problem, but one boy was seen hard at work figuring in large sums at his desk.

"What!" said the teacher to this boy, "don't you know that the cat would never get out?"

"I beg pardon," responded the serious little fellow, "the cat would get out somewhere in the Indian Ocean."

The class applauded while he smilingly clinched his arguments, saying the diameter through the earth is 7,926 1/2 miles.

"Yes, sir," said the patient salesman, "I've shown you our entire stock of gold and silver watch chains."

"Well, they ain't the kind I want," replied the craky customer, "and so I ain't goin' to buy what I don't want."

"Certainly not, sir. Perhaps you want a steel one?"

"What's that? I'll punch your head off if you say I want to steal one."—Philadelphia Press.

"No," snapped the sharp-faced woman at the door, "I ain't got no food for you an' I ain't got no old clothes. Now, git!"

"Lady," replied Harvard Hasben, "I could repay you well. Give me a square meal and I'll give you a few lessons in grammar."—Philadelphia Press.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gaily toot-tooted his way towards the zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin: "I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?"

The boy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue.

Here is an anecdote about Mr. Cassatt, hitherto unpublished: He was walking out to his home in Rittenhouse square with one of the directors.

"That's a very fine place you have there, Mr. Cassatt," said the director surveying the mansion of the president.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cassatt with doubtful appreciation, "but I would rather live in the country."

"Then why don't you?"

Mr. Cassatt looked at his friend very soberly and asked:

"Aren't you married?"

"I'm ashamed of this composition, Charley," said the teacher in one of the local schools this morning. "I shall send for your mother and show her badly you are doing."

"Send for her—I don't care," said Charley. "Me mudder wrote it, anyway."

Little Elmer, a Chicago boy, who had been listening for some time to the conversation between his mother and a woman caller, finally said:

"Mamma, are all your neighbors asked?"

"Of course not, dear," replied the other. "But why do you ask such questions?"

"Because you and Mrs. Black's mother are the single nice thing about town."—Chicago News.