THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

WANT YOU TO COME TO ME.

I want you, if that means you, to come to me, and if I say I have a cure for you I will prove it to you before you agree to use it. It won't cost you anything to satisfy yourself regarding my claim.

IMPROVEMENT IN TWO MONTHS. SORRY HE DID NOT GET BELT TEN YEARS AGO.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dr. McLaughlin: Chance Harbor, St. John Co., N.B., November 24, 1905. Dear Sir,—Since wearing your Belt these two months, I am glad to say that my back is ever so much better, my stomach and bowels are also improving. The suspensory has done wonderful things for me. I am sorry I did not get one of your Belts ten years ago. I am gaining fiesh every day, and feel more like a man. I am stronger mentally and physically. I shall ever speak well of your Belt. Yours truly.—WINSLOW H. REILDING. H. BELDING.

MR. G. W. PRICE, Madoc, Ont., has this to say: — "As regards my health, I am improving every day, and I am not sorry I invested. My nerves are getting all right, and I am feeling much better every way, and the varioocele is decreasing."

Weakness of any kind, whether in the Stomach, Kidneys, Back or other organs of the body, cannot exist where my Electric Belt is used. Don't spend your money for worthless drugs, which only stimulate, but never cure. Don't continue to dose yourself when you can see that it is only a waste of time and money, and that sooner or later your poor, overworked, worn-out stomach will force you to give up taking the nasty stuff. Elec-tricity applied in the right way is the only remedy which will ever cure you. I have cured thousands of men and women after they had given up all house of ever series here with the store of here they had given up

a free test and show you how you can regain your lost strength. My way of curing weakness is to restore by Nature's own remedy, what has been lost and wasted through mistakes, over work or dissipation. My

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

does this while you sleep. You can feel the life-giving current the minute you place the Belt on your body, There is no burning or blistering, but a gentle, soothing warmth, which fills the nerves and muscles with new life. It is a real pleasure to wear it. My Belt will cure you. I have devoted over twenty-four years of my life to the study of Electricity as a cure, and know I have the cure. I have testimonials of thousands of cured people to back my assertions.

The confidence I have in the wonderful curative powers of my Belt allows me to offer any man or woman who can give me reasonable security the use of the Belt at my risk, and they can

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Wherever you are, I think I can give you the name of a man in your town that I have cured. Just send me your address and let me try. This is my twenty-fourth year in the besiness of pumping new vim into worn-out humanity, and I've got cures in nearly every town on the map. All I ask is that you secure me and pay me only when your cure is complete. Come and see me if you can, and I'll fix you up, or if you can't call, write to me. I've got a nice book

on men that I'll send sealed free.

Write To-day for my Free Illustrated Book and Full Information.

CALL TO-DAY. If You Can't Call Send Coupon for Free Book.	Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your books as advertised. Name
LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES	BERKSHIRES H. M. VANDERLIP, Cainsville on T. H. & B. and B. & G. division of Grand Trunk. Telephone and telegraph, Cainsville

FOUNDED 1866.

Slaughtering Hogs.

following description, by A. S. The Alexander, in the Farmers' Review, of how hogs are disposed of in the porkpacking plants in Packingtown, will be of especial interest to those who have witnessed the rapid conversion of pig into pork in a modern pork factory :

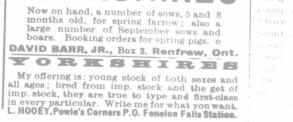
When hogs arrive in the Chicago market and have been weighed and assigned to pens, the next step is to find a buyer, and the purchase is speedily concluded. The doom of the hog now confronts him, and it is remarkable how quickly, skillfully and perfectly his demise and disposal are attended to by the thousands of experts employed for the business. Up a chute he climbs to the roof of a packing-house, and, as he passes along, cold water is showered upon him to reduce his temperature. In lots of fifty, he enters the slaughter-house. A hind leg is grabbed, hooked to a chain, which is forthwith fastened to a solid wheel which turns, and Mr. Pig is thereby whisked upward until the chain, by a mechanical contrivance, is slipped off the wheel and onto an iron trolley which slides the hog toward the executioner, the knife is thrust into his throat, and he passes along some twenty-five feet, his blood running out of him into a tank. At the end of the tank, he is slipped from the rail, carried by endless chains through a tank of boiling water to loosen his bristles. By a turn of a large wheel the carcass is next scooped out of the water, thrown upon endless chains again, and by their means carried upward through a low cylinder lined with scrapers, on spring attachments, by means of which the bulk of his hair is removed, and he enters the room above divested of most of his covering. There he is let down onto a long table, where he passes numerous men quickly in succession, and each of them gives him a scrape as he passes until he is perfectly denuded of hair. Now he is washed again, and passing along one fell sweep of a cleaver removes his head, which goes to an allotted place. No stop is made in the journey along the endless, chainfitted table. As he passes, each man attends to his particular item of the work. One slits his abdomen, another the entrails, gradually every act is performed and finally the clean hog, headless and split in two lengthwise, arrives in the cooling-room, where his flesh is chilled to prepare him for the cutting-up process. And all of this time he is but one in an endless procession of hogs undergoing the same operations. Thousands pass the same hand of men daily, and each workman is perfectly expert and performs his duties with apparent ease and evident precision. Nowhere is this more apparent and striking than in the cutting-up rooms. Here hundreds of men stand at their blocks and with great, keen-edged cleavers and

346



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what sort of ham each hog will make, and there are many different varieties to be comembered, and each has its peculiar size, weight and shape. But the cleaver and knife hesitate not a moment, and the slashes and cuts are made swiftly, surey and correctly. No mistakes are made. The curves are perfect in outline. The scraps are not wasted. Every scrap ands its way to its proper place. The work of one man may be to deliver a single blow with his cleaver on each secthousands of hogs each hour of the working day. His practice has made him becfect, and he certainly earns every cent his wages. All or the good fat goes the rendering kettles, and the clear, ed hot, pure inquid hard runs through uses from many places to final collecting of packing soo is where tidy, shillful men and women run it into pails, bladders, ans, howets, makins, etc., which are statuped and hurried tos to the shippinga speck is lost. f a detailed acorfection of disgreat packingsimply perfect heroughness and of the business herever material commodities