

USE CARNEFAC Stock Food FOR THAT THIN HORSE

Dr. McLaughlin's ELECTRIC BELT

Dr. McLaughlin's men
(the men I have cured)
are shouting this all
over the world. You
can't hear it too often.

"Let every man know it." "I will preach the merits of your wonderful treatment wherever I go." "It has been worth its weight in gold to me, and I will never cease shouting its praise."

Such are the messages of gladness sent in to me from patients restored to health and strength by my Electric Belt. They come daily, and nearly always after other treatments had failed.

Varicocele, Spermatorrhoea, Losses and Drains and all ailments which destroy Manhood's Vigor are cured by DR. McLAUGHLIN'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT. The Free Electric Suspensory for Weak Men sends the current direct to the Prostate Gland, the seat of all weakness. It develops and expands weak organs and checks losses. No case of weakness can resist it.

Electricity is an external application. By the infusion of a current through the suspensory into the weakened parts, every nerve and tissue is affected by it. They are immediately strengthened with the new life; they expand and develop with each application until complete vigor and strength are restored.

Every day we have evidence that the weakling has no place in the busy, bustling life of to-day. It takes nerve and strength to go up against the obstacles we are now forced to encounter, and this the weakling lacks. Look about you and see the successful man of to-day; it matters not whether he be a Merchant, Lawyer or Laborer, with head erect, eye clear, strength in his every movement, he is ready to tackle any problem with that enthusiasm which insures success.

I can make just such men of weaklings. I care not how long they have been so, nor what has failed to cure them. Let them wear my Dr. McLaughlin's Belt every night as I direct, and in place of the weak-nerved, debilitated being, I will show you a strong man, full of vigorous life, with nerves like steel and ready to look any man in the face and feel that he is the equal of the best of them and can do what they can do.

You will say this is promising a great deal. I know it, and can show you evidence that I have done it for twenty thousand weak men, and every one of them had spent from \$50 to \$500 on drugs before he came to me as a last resort.

Now, what does this mean to you, dear reader? It simply proves what I have been telling the public for the past twenty years, the only way to restore strength is by electricity. Drugs will not.

READ WHAT SOME OF THEM SAY:

"I should have written to you long ago, but neglected doing so. I got one of your Belts nearly three years ago and used it according to your instructions for over two months, and I am well pleased with the result. My back, which was so weak and lame, is entirely cured and has not bothered me since. I lent it to some of my neighbors with the same result. Wishing you all success in your good work." ALLEN SHOEMAKER, Grand View, Minn.

"You must excuse me for not writing before this. The Belt I bought from you some time ago worked all right. First it was at night and wore it until morning, and it did me a lot of good. You can use my name with the greatest of pleasure. My back is entirely cured." W. J. TIERNEY, Gladstone, Minn.

"I received the Belt from you a month ago, and I now write you with pleasure. I am pleased to say that the Belt has done me a great deal of good. My back has not troubled me once since the first night I had it on. I have a good appetite and I feel better than I have felt for several years. Thanking you for the Belt." J. W. BUSH, 307 Pacific Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and

PAY WHEN CURED.

FREE BOOK.—Write to-day for our beautifully illustrated 84-page book with lots of good reading for those who want to be strong. Send coupon and we will send this book, sealed, free.

CALL TO-DAY

If You Can't Call Send
Coupon for Free Book.

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

Dear Sir, Please send me one of your books.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Office hours: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday.

A man who was something of a gourmet ordered a dinner for himself and his party which, from the menu, should have been very palatable, but apparently it was not so. Course succeeded course, and towards the end of the meal the host could restrain himself no longer. He called up the waiter and expostulated.

"I ordered a good dinner, and we have waited patiently for some satisfactory dish. The soup was a failure, the fish was a disappointment, the entrée uneatable, and I am sorry to tell you that during the whole dinner there has been nothing worth looking at."

The waiter looked troubled for a instant, and then, brightening up, said: "If you wait a moment sir, I will bring you the bill."

The sentimental and lovesick youth stood gazing at the round, romantic moon.

"Yes," he confided, "the idol of my heart resides on yon hill. To-night I shall serenade the cynosure of my affections as gallants were wont to do when knighthood was in flower. Now, what instrument do you think would be the most appropriate?"

"Well," replied his practical chum, "if I were you I would serenade her with a phonograph."

"What? A phonograph? Why, a phonograph is nothing like as romantic as a guitar."

"Yes, old chap, but you can start a phonograph and then run to the tall timbers before the shooting begins."

The minister had just finished his discourse when a deacon stepped forward, and whispered something in his ear, whereupon the good man faced the assembled worshippers and said: "Owing to some fancied grievance the choir has struck. The congregation will please arise and sing: 'Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.'"

Lawyer (cross-examining witness)—Are you sure you didn't dream that, Mr. Ruggles? By the way, do you believe in dreams?

Witness—Not as a general thing, but I know they come true sometimes.

Lawyer—Oh, they do, do they? Can you mention a specific instance?

Witness—Yes, sir. You remember, Mr. Ketcham, you paid me five dollars the other day that you had been owing me a year. Well, I had dreamed the night before that you met me on the street and paid it. I was so strongly impressed with that dream that I hunted you up the next day, you recollect, and dunned you for it. — *Chicago Tribune*.

"There was a sophomore," said a football coach "who was hard up in the early fall and pawned all his good clothes."

"A little before Thanksgiving he got a big check from home and accordingly redeemed his wardrobe."

"When he got home for the holidays his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove."

Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said "Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance last night in the cloak room."

"A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket pinned to them."

"Well, Papa," he said, "surely you didn't forget to take these to the cloak room last night?"

"No," said Papa, "I didn't. — *Baltimore American*.

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