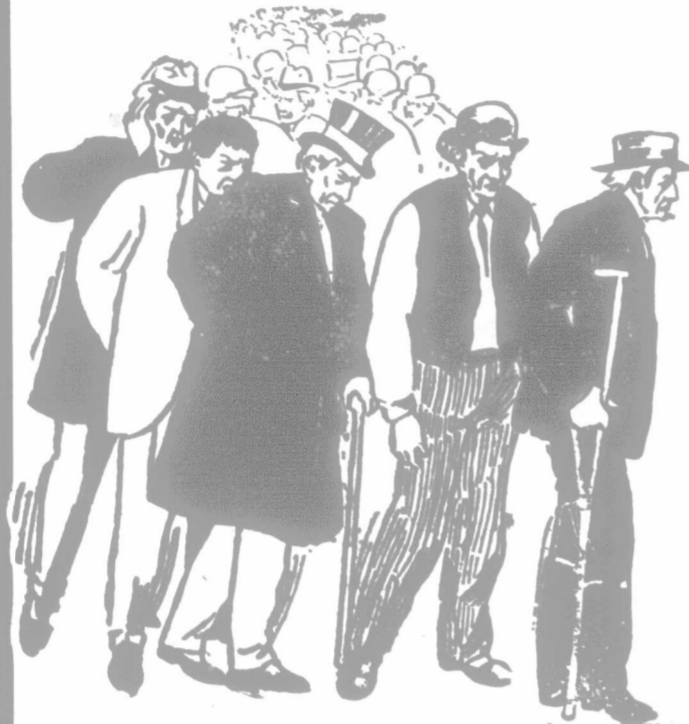


Help for the Overworked, The Broken Down!



An Army of Human Wrecks Cured Every Year. No Drugs. No Medicines.

In thunderous tones to-day the world calls for **Men of Action — Producers!**

In the business world, in mine and mill, in the factory, in the field, new and swifter methods have supplanted the old and worn-out system, and competitive zeal demands the Men of Action—the men able to "do things."

Rush! Hurry! Strife! from morning till night! Clang and Hammer! Hammer and Clang!

No wonder men break down! No wonder the world is full of Dyspeptics, Nervous Wrecks! No wonder that "Doctors" are at their wits' end to relieve the thousands of cases of Nervous Disorders, Nervous Prostration and kindred diseases that daily confront them. No wonder that they call this the "Age of Nervousness."



No time for the dreamer "Rip Van Winkle was no business man."
In a big establishment I visited recently where several hundred men are employed, I saw a big sign with just these words: "Get Busy! Do it now!"
Short shift to the "laggard." "Make good or get out;" that's the advice he gets. They want men who can "deliver the goods."
No matter how big the results to-day, to-morrow's must be bigger. Hence, greater and ever greater the demand upon body and brain.
All this effort, this tremendous wear and tear is concentrated upon the Nervous System, and when the Nervous System is overstrained, down goes the man; the organs of his body refuse to work; its normal functions become impaired; and he's ready for the scrap heap.
Overworked, broken-down men and women, do not despair! There's help for you in my Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt! It has made thousands of vigorous and healthy men and women out of Mental and Physical Wrecks! Its glowing current of Electric Life, fed into your tired and aching body, will succor every weakened nerve, every debilitated organ. Use it and get back your Strength and Energy!
The "Drug Doctor" has not kept pace with the times! He's like Rip Van Winkle, only worse, for he's been asleep for more than 20 years. Electricity is the "up-to-date" remedy—the remedy for you!
The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt is a cure for all signs of Breakdown in Men and Women. The Vitality of the body is Electricity—the force in the nerve cells. My Electric Belt will give you back this power and enable you to fight on in the Battle of Life!
The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt cures Neurasthenia, Hypochondria, Nervous Prostration or Nervous Weakness, Headache, Sleeplessness, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of the Kidneys, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Poor Circulation, Urinal Troubles, Weakness of the Organs, Night Losses, all evidences of Premature Decay.
If you are sceptical all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt and

Pay when you are Cured

We can give you the PROOF in abundance. Here we give you a few samples of the kind of letters that we receive every day by the score:

Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir,—I regret very much in keeping you waiting for the recommendation you so richly deserve in praise of your Belt. I must say that it is a God-send to anybody in need of it. It will cure anything as regards Physical Weakness, and is far ahead of drugs. Anything I can do in the way of recommending your Belt, I will do to the best of my ability. You can refer anybody to me that may be in doubt about your Belt.—THOMAS MURRAY, 148 Gladstone Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir,—I was greatly troubled with backache, so much so, that I had to quit work several times, but after I bought your Belt I wore it for forty days and it did wonders for me. Now I can do any kind of work and never feel a pain in my back. It has completely cured me. Hoping others will do as you advise, I remain, Yours very truly,—HORMIDAS LAMOUREUX, Lamoureux, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin:
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 anyone suffering from Rheumatism. It is worth its weight in gold. I beg to remain,—W. D. HARRISON (Rancher) Moose Jaw, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir,—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.—ALLEN SHOEMAKER, Grandview, Man.

Free to All My Beautiful Book

Weak Men, Broken Down Women, I want to see you all at my office! Call on me if you can do so; if not, cut out this Coupon, mail me your address and I'll send you my elegantly illustrated 80-page book, which points out the Road to Health. Don't put it off. I have a book for Men; one for women, too. Send to-day.

Dr. M. D. McLaughlin
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Please send me your book, free

Name

Address

DO YOU KNOW

that we have one of the best-equipped offices in the West for Printing of every description—Catalogs, Booklets, Circulars, Memorandums, Receipt Books, etc.

FARMER'S ADVOCATE OF WINNIPEG
14-16 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.

THE FIRST DEAD LEAF.

I saw a dead leaf fall to-day
And shiver at my feet.
And thus I knew that summertime
Had turned in full retreat
In robes embroidered with ripe corn
And crowned with yellow wheat.

I heard the wind sigh in the reeds
A melancholy note,
As Southward birds in hurried flight
In skyey realms remote
Piped plaintive lyrics of farewell
From many a feathered throat.

I saw a silver spider web
Swing broken in the breeze
Where Marigolds in rich array
Were tempting drowsy bees,
And purple asters, royal blooms,
Were nodding neath the trees.

I saw a garden where the rose
Had reigned in early spring;
The bower hung with clinging vines
Where thrushes used to sing,
Now silent, save where falling leaves
Were softly whispering.

I saw a dead leaf fall to-day—
The vanguard of them all;
It fluttered idly like a waif
Against the garden wall
And told me Summertime had fled
And left the fields to Fall.

ROYAL LOVERS AND HELPMATES.

Few husbands are so deeply and ideally in love with their wives as King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is with Queen Helen. And on the other hand, Queen Helen is regarded as the ideal mother-lover of Europe.

The husband and wife feel they have a common life-work together, not alone for their family, but for the good of all the people of Italy. The queen says: "We strive to live down selfishness."

Victor Emmanuel met Helen, of Montenegro, at the court of St. Petersburg, and at once fell in love with her. He was then but Prince of Naples and she but a little princess, but they were mutually attracted, and although for political reasons every effort was made to prevent their marriage, love triumphed in the end. "They love each other," said the people of Italy, "and why should they not marry?"

It is told that shortly after their marriage the queen said to the king: "You have your affairs of state and I have my household duties; but are they enough? Ought we not to do more? Should not more of our time be occupied?"

In reply he said: "Well, if you can find the hours make out a programme."

In the course of two or three days the queen said to the king:

"There are so many poor people I find should be visited. Then there are the factories and great places of industry we ought to know about. Also we should go to the hospitals and see if they are kept in proper condition. I think, too, as we can find time we might visit all parts of Italy and know more of our people. That is all I can think of at the present time, but it should keep us busy for many seasons."

He—Alas! I can never marry you.

She—Why so?

He—because your father is in such a shady line of business.

She—How dare you say that?

He—Why, didn't you tell me yourself he was an awning manufacturer?—
Judge.

He—"Mabel, you grow more beautiful every day."

She (pleased)—"Oh, Jack, you do exaggerate!"

He—"Well, then, every other day."

The through train from the West had stopped at the little station where the overland flyer from the East was to pass it.

"What is the population of your village?" asked one of the passengers.

"I don't know, sir," said the station agent, "but if your train doesn't leave within the next five minutes you'll have time to count 'em for yourself."

"That's all here at the deepo."