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# A Mineral Spring at Your Door.

The Christian life is a life of constant The Christian life is a life of constant joy. It is the believer's privilege, as well as his duty, to rejoice, and to rejoice all the time. The Christian who is not rejoicing all the time is not only disobeying God but bringing dishonor on Jesus Christ. No Christian ever has any good excuse for not rejoicing. But note the sphere of the believer's But note the sphere of the believer's oy "in the Lord." He is the source nd the object of our joy. If our joy is our circumstances, we cannot rejoice always for our circumstances are ever changing; but if our joy is in Him, we can rejoice always, for He is ever the same. It is only in the Holy Spirit's power that this constant joy is posible.-Rev. R. A. Tower.

The Reward of the Unsuccessful. There are thousands of men to whom mediate success rarely comes; they are met by constant failures and disappointments; they struggle with scant reward and a scantier recognition from The sweets of success are never theirs; the struggle, the labor and the long-deferred hope are their and the long deserred hope and the long deserred have a daily experience. Such men may not miss the crowning of life; it may be theirs to pluck from failure the immediate flower of noble character.—Hamil-

on Wright Mabie. Say "I Will."

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own ground. Ask no favors of anyone, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be a long one, perhaps, but carve your own way through life, and stand firm while you chop and cut. Men who have made fortunes are not Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had \$2,000 or \$3,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into it by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly speech. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart.

One Catholic Politician.

There died at Indianapolis during the week a young man who was a politician and a Catholic, and as a Catholic a credit to the Church, says the New World.

Frank B. Burke began his life humbly. He fought his way to the top in a struggle that would have appalled many. A Democrat, he did not fear to antagonize any party policy which he believed wrong. He was a born leader; not a man born to be led. A Catholic, he was not ashamed to observe the teachings of his faith in his political teachings of his fatth in his distinction of the life. He would not do a dishonest thing in order to gain place. He abhorred tricksters and time-servers. With him there was no resorting to doubtful expedients in order to win success. While he lay ill both Demo-cratic and Republican journals declared that an upright man and sincere Chris-tian was on the point of quitting this

There is a lesson in such a career for Catholic young men everywhere, especially for those who have decided to enter the political field. Of earnest, which the political field of the political field of the political field. upright Catholics there is great need in the political arena-of men who will not do mean things either for fame or gain. There are tricksters and demagogues in plenty; the need of the hour s stalwart Christians who have no fear, except to do wrong. It is true they may not win high success, as the world defines the word, but they will exert a widespread influence for good, and, after all, civilization is best builded by

such force. Leaders of Men.

Under all forms of government, certain men, by reason of the gift of speaking the reasonable word, or doing the right thing at the opportune time, come to be acknowledged as the choice

commercial interests, these men of light and leading teach us that there are moral ideas mightier than money or machinery. The people's tribune, with neither funds nor arms at his back, can call halt effectual upon the trust magnate; the sling of some David of the Bar lays low the Goliath of vested

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN, wrong in the forum of justice; or the priest of the poor checks the ruthless career of the mighty captain of indus-try. Again, in some political emergthere comes upon the Babel of many voices one clear, ringing note, which stirs the higher impulse and sets the nation marching to the music of a great issue.

All this is well, because it testifies to the power of soul over numbers and opulence. These great leaders are also teachers and apostles, when they awaken the masses to a sense that there is something worthier than gain or ease, more moving than hope or fear, and that is the eternal law of right and justice, which the world has still deep in her heart, and which her sons, gifted in speech or song or insight, can stir at the right time into a wave of emotional fervor.—Catholic Citizen.

Don't Wait for Opportunity.

Shakespeare's well-known saying about that tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, is often understood in a quite different sense from that probably intended by the poet, for not a few imagine that because appropriate comes to every mancause opportunity comes to every man it is his duty to sit down and wait for it. Opportunity does not come to him who waits, or, if it does, it passes un recognized. What are called opporinventions were what we call the result in ventions were what we call the result is worth while to remember that these "accidents" occurred to men who for years had been thinking and working along a given line, and, while in a sense they may have been fortuitous, the apprehension of their significance was something more than coincidental. Opportunities are created by the men who are bent on achievement. As Lowell says:

"The busy world shoves argrily aside
The mon who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occ-sion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked

Shall die and leave his errand untulfilled." The Men to Move the World.

own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, and heart, and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, I have dragged you up. Too many friends sometimes hurt man more than none at all.

One Catholic Politician.

These died at Indianapolis during the Father Sasia, S. J., to young Catholic laymen. He wants something more than light; he wants strength, interior strength. Now this power, which is at once light, health and life, is divine grace, and the fountain of grace is the sacramental system designed by the Almighty to apply to men the all-refreshing and to apply to men the air refreshing and vivilying stream of Christ's precious blood. Life is tumultuous and dissi-pating; temptations are numberless; the world, the devil and the flesh awfully strong, and heaven can be reached only by conquering them all; but let us be of good cheer—sacramental grace dispensed by the Church

will give us strength to achieve the victory and win the crown. In the face of the scornful infidelity of the age, it is a noble, consoling, sub-lime spectacle to see our Catholic young men rising up everywhere to proclaim openly, fearlessly, their whole-souled faith in the Roman Catholic Church, her tenets, her doctrines and her prac-

Give me the practical, earnest, sincere Catholic young men, the men of faith and deeds, give me the men that realize the existence of the better world beyond the grave, the men that love God above all things; men that fear sin more than all other evils; men who strengthen their weakness with power from above, and with such men, as with the lever of Archimedes, I could move the world .- The Monitor.

A MEDICINE FOR THE MINER'S PACK —Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil. It will off-set the effects of exposure, reduce sprain, and when taken internally will prevent colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL. BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.

Upon leaving the caravan of Naaman, the servant of the king returned to the palace and sought his master. "What tidings dost thou bring?" ked Jehoram. "Hath Elisha healed asked Jehoram.

Naaman of his leprosy?"

"No, my lord," replied the servant,
"and I bring to thee a message from
Naaman who is greatly incensed," and
he repeated to the king Naaman's mes-

Jehoram's face grew pale.

The servant then proceeded to relate ow Elisha had received Naaman and

what he had bid him do.

"What meaneth Elisha?" cried
Jehoram, in fear and anger. "Does he
not know that he will bring destruction upon Israel?"

upon Israel?

"I did say unto Naaman of Syria that the ways of Elisha, the prophet, were not like unto the ways of other men." said the servant. "But Naaman would not give heed to my words, he augrily bade me be gone."
"Go. mount the fleetest horse in my
possession and make haste to the house

of Elisha," commanded the king. "Say to him that if Naaman of Syria return-eth in anger to Damascus, Benhadad,

An, this worshiper of a race god understandeth not the ways of a prophet of the true God of Israel," cried the king, scornfully. "But be that as it may Naaman must not return unhealed and in anger to Damascus. So go thou with all speed and deliver my message to Elisha. The caravan of Naaman can-not have proceeded far; thou canst still overtake it after thou hast seen Elisha.

Lose not a moment; go!"

After the departure of his servant Jehoram shut himself up alone in his chamber. He sought not the counsel of the wise men of his kingdom; he knew that no one could extricate him

from threatened disaster save Elisha.
Impatiently the king tossed aside the jeweled crown which rested so heavily

upon his aching brows.

"Ah, can all the glory of a king compensate for the cares that lie so heavily upon him? Jehoram, king of all Israel often envyeth the humblest of his sub-

jects. Time passed and the king, restless with suspense, consumed with anxiety awaited the coming of his servant. At

length, the servant returned. Speak; what tidings dost thou

bring?" cried the king.
"My lord," replied the servant, "I
did hasten, as thou commanded, to the
house of Elisha. His servant admitted me to the presence of the prophet and I delivered to him thy message. Elisha heard me in silence, then he spoke. 'Jehoram, king of Israel, hath but little faith,' he said. 'Go to thy master and say unto him that Naaman will return

A long sigh of relief broke from the ilips of the king.
"Elisha be a prophet and a holy man of God," he said, "therefore, will I believe his words and have faith in him.

to Damascus healed of his leprosy.

### CHAPTER VII.

An hour before sunset, upon the day following his departure from Damascus, the caravan of Naaman reached the banks of the Jordan. The Jordan was very different from the beautiful Syrian rivers, Abaha and Pharpar. Its waters, muddy and discolored, flowed sluggishly between unshaded banks covered with coarse grass and rank weeks.

Naaman descended from his chariot and advanced to the banks of the river. He stood, for some moments, frowningly regarding the discolored water as it crept to his feet, then he threw aside his purple robe, disclosing upon his broad chest awful, loathsome sores. He stepped into the water.

In a few minutes he stood again upon the bank. His great muscular arms were crossed upon his breast, a gray

pallor lay upon his face.
"I have done the bidding of Elisha,"
he cried, "I have bathed seven times in the Jordan, but my brain doth whirl, my eyes are dim and blurred. Mas-rekah, faithful sorvant, 'tis for thee to speak — am I whole or am I still a leper?" and he threw his arms wide

In silent wonder and awe the servants of Naaman gazed upon their master. The loathsome, leprous spots had en-tirely disappeared, his flesh "was like unto the flesh of a little child.

But Naaman knew not that he was healed. Him eyes, dim and dazed, were fixed upon the old servant. One down-ward glance would have told him all, but Naaman, soldier and mighty man of valor, now knew a coward's fear.

Masiekah came forward, and falling

at his master's feet, covered his hands with kisses and tears of joy.
"Master! dearest master!" he cried,

"thou art healed! thou art clean! thou

art no more a leper."

A great tremor shook Naaman's mas ive limbs. He grew weak as a little child, his lips quivered and tears filled his eyes. His servants broke into shouts of joy and exultation. They threw themselves on their knees before Naman, kissing his hands and feet.

"Arise, my good and faithful servants," said Naaman. "Turn we our faces again towards Samaria. I go to

seek the prophet, Elisha."

Masrekah laid his hand upon Naa

man's arm.

"My lord," he said, "thou hast forgotten to render thanks to Rimmon, god of Syria, for the great good that tath been done unto thee. Masrekah thus presumeth to remind his lord lest the god, being angered, should send some calamity upon Naaman."

Naaman smiled.
"Naaman shall not render thanks to Rimmon, god of Syria," he said. "Nor doth Naaman fear the anger of Syria's god. Nay, be not troubled, my good Masrekah, all will be well with Naa-

Naaman then arrayed himself in his purple robe and passed on to his chariot. For a moment he stood gazing upon the waters of the Jordan to which the crimson glow from the setting sun lent fleeting beauty. His eyes were filled with a great joy, an immeasurable peace. Then he stepped into his char-iot and motioned for the caravan to proceed.

It was the same hour, upon the next day, that the caravan of Naaman again stood before the humble dwelling of

stood before the number dwelling of Elisha. Naaman, calling one of his servants to him, said:
"Go thou into the house of Elisha and say to him, 'Naaman of Syria, having done thy bidding, bathed seven times in the Jordan, has come forth whole. He most earnestly desireth speech with thee, that he may tell to thee how his heart has changed, also give unto thee the ten talents of silver, six thousand pieces of gold and ten changes of raiment which he brought

with him from Damascus."

The servant passed into the house of the prophet. In a short time he returned, saying:
"Elisha will come forth, my lord,

and speak with thee.' Naaman alighted from the chariot and awaited the coming of the prophet. After a little while a man stepped through the low doorway of the humble

through the low doorway of the humble dwelling and approached Naaman.

Tall and spare in figure, he wore a dark, coarse robe, over which flowed a long, gray beard. His face was pale and worn, his eyes gentle and calm.

Naaman sank upon his knees at the

feet of the prophet.
"Arise, Naaman of Syria," said
Elisha, in a voice of wonderful sweet-

Naaman pressed the coarse robe of the prophet to his lips ere he rose to his feet. Then, calling to his servants, he said:

"Bring hither the treasure which Naaman brought with him from Damas-cus to reward Elisha."

cus to reward Elisha."
"Nay, Naaman of Syria must take back with him to Damascus the treasure he did bring," said Elisha. "Elisha desireth not riches nor the praise of men. "Twas not for these things that he didst heal Naaman of his leprosy."

he didst heal Naaman of his leprosy.

Naaman, seeing that it would be
quite useless to endeavor to force reward upon the prophet, signed to his
servants to leave undisturbed the
treasure. Then, again kneeling at

Elisha's feet, he cried, aloud:
"Elisha, through thee it has been evealed to me that there is no god in all the earth but only in Israel. Henceforth, Naaman will offer sacrifice

only to the true God of Israel."

"Peace be with thee, Naaman of Syria," said the prophet, with his sweet, gentlesmile. "Tis indeed well with thee. A greater good has come to thee than the healing of thy body from the foulness of leprosy. Go thou in peace."

### Only One Gate.

The Catholic Church is a city to which avenues lead from every side, by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation, by the more flowing paths of sentiment and feeling; but paths of sentiment and feeling; but arrived at its precincts, all find that there is but one gate whereby they may enter, but one door to the sheepfold—narrow and low, perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop in passing in. Men may wander about its cutching they may admire the goodlioutskirts, they may admire the goodliness of its edifices and of its bulwarks, but they cannot be denizens and chil-dren if they enter not by that one gate of absolute unconditional submission to the teachings of the Church.

## CATHOLIC MEN THE PIRST PRINT.

Livernool Catholic Times. Dr. Zedler, the public librarian of Wiesbaden, has brought out of through Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, a volume on Gutenberg's labors, in which he maintains, as the result of a close investigation of the subject, that the first book printed by Gutenberg was not a Bible, but a Missal. It is well that Catholics should be duly informed with regard to such matters as this, fo the most erroneous ideas prevail amongst Protestants respecting the attitude of the Catholic Church towards printing and literature in the fifteenth century. It is a firm conviction of many of them who pretend to knowledge that the Catholic Church was utterly opposed to printing, and that were it not for Protestantism the development of the art would have been prevented, As a matter of fact the first printers





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were Catholies, the people who helped and encouraged them were Catholics. and the earliest printed books were Catholic works. When Gutenberg, after the dispute with Fust, was estabished in a printing office by Dr. Hum-ery, the chief work to which he de-voted his attention was the "Chroni-con," from the pen of a Genoese Dominican, and later on he published wo editions of the "Summa" of St.

### IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANI-

FOLD BENEFITS OF GOD. Thou knowest what is fit to be given to every one : and why this person hath less, and the other more, is not our business to decide, but Thine, Who keepest an exact account of the merits

of each one.
Wherefore, O Lord God, I take it for a great benefit not to have much, which a great benefit not to have much, which outwardly and according to men might appear praiseworthy and glorious; so that a person, considering his own poverty and meanness, ought not upon that account to be weighed down or to be grieved and dejected, but rather to receive comfort and great pleasure.

Because thou, O God, hast chosen the poor and the humble, and those who are despised by this world, for Thy familiar friends and domestics.

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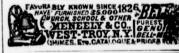
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