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GIANTS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The world needs men of sound convictions on all the great questions of human existence—convictions sustained by trained minds and right consciences—so that the destructive forces in society may be held in check by justice and intelligence. The unthinking may call it slavery to be ruled by principles, but obedience to sound principles is an act of the will. To be fettered thus is to be free. To be unfettered by principles means that one is the slave of every impulse, good or bad, from within or without one's self.

A Man Among Men.

One of the chief joys in life is to know a man here and there over the world of whom you can say, "Wherever he is to-night, there he is helpful, truthful, sincere, wise, intelligent—an educated gentleman—educated in those every faculty of being, in those things which make the body a thing of delight and beauty; educated in conscience, so that even as the eye seeks the light his conscience seeks the right; educated fully and completely." Bishop Spalding.

A Dash of Sunshine.

What a satisfaction it is to go through life radiating sunshine and hope instead of despair, to encourage instead of discouragement, and to feel conscious that even the newsboy or the boot-black, the car conductor, or the office boy, the elevator boy, or anybody else with whom one comes in contact, gets a little dash of sunshine! It costs nothing when you buy a paper of a boy, or get your shoes shined, or pass into an elevator, or give your fare to a conductor, to give a smile with it, to make these people feel that you have a warm heart and good will. Such salutations will mean more to us than many of the so-called great things. It is the small change of life. Give it out freely. The more you give, the richer you will grow.—Success.

Don't be Discouraged.

If a man loses his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally, by which later he comes to large success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in middle life discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said: "We have lost the battle and are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket, and said, "It is only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost the battle, but we have time to win another. Charge upon the foe!" Let us not lose heart because we are unsuccessful thus far in the battle of life. Let us not give up to despair. With energy and God's blessing they may yet win a glorious victory.

The Mammon Worshipper.

Let us not shut our eyes. This evil (the worship of Mammon) menaces us. It is really the only vice which destroys patriotism. The heart of every worshipper of Mammon loses every sentiment of love for God or country. With its harmful influence in private life I am not now concerned; I speak of its baneful effects upon the institutions of our country, when it succeeds in debauching the representatives of the people to betray the people's right, for the enrichment of the unlawful privileged few.

Let us not delude ourselves with sophistry. The man who betrays his public trust for money by comparison, makes the crime of Benedict Arnold sink into insignificance, and lends a respectable hue even in privacy.

We know the usual result when corruption becomes prevalent in high places. The people do not respect, they obey the lawfully constituted authorities. You cannot compel respect by force, and if you could the success of the effort would mark the end of a free people.

And surely, if constituted authority becomes degraded by its own treason to the people, in will not inspire the respect necessary for the reign of law and order. Should that reign cease, it would mark the end of the republic. Do not, I beg of you, think me unduly pessimistic. Thank God, our destruction is not at hand. The evil has not yet spread enough for that. But the danger is here, and all good citizens, especially those whose liberal education and trained intellect enable them to discern the nature and tendency of the evil, must ward it off.

Courage is required for the work, and patience and endurance. To desert such a cause in despair is the act of one who has lost faith in himself, as well as in human nature.—GEO. B. McCLELLAN to Graduates of Fordham University.

A Good Word on Good Books.

"Not all the reverses of life can take away the delight of a good book," says the Providence Visitor, "nor is there a better way of leaving school, and of acquiring education and refinement than by communing with the great minds who have written their thoughts for the good of those who live after them. A good book is the very best of friends. We may converse with it, and be sure that our confidence will never be betrayed. We may have it near us, wherever we wish—a trait in which a book is unlike our other friends who have all to be sought for and handled with care if we wish to retain their friendship. And, besides, in the matter of books, we may choose our own companions, whereas, in everyday life, we are forced to make friends of those whom we meet, whether or not they have similar tastes and characteristics as ourselves. The man, therefore, who desires to have good friends, who loves to live in the past as well as the present, and to converse with the great minds which have enlightened the world, will secure and keep ever at hand those dearest of all friends—good books."

A Gracious Personality.

If there is anything worth while for the young man starting out in life, it is a gracious manner, a superb bearing, a personal charm. This is infinitely better than money capital combined with bad manners. I know commercial

travelers who get large salaries because of their remarkable ability of getting at people who are hard to see, making a good impression upon them, getting their confidence, interesting them.

This ability to bring the best that is in you to the man you are trying to reach, to make a good impression at the very first meeting, to approach a prospective customer as though you had known him for years without offending his taste, without raising the least prejudice, but getting his sympathy and good will, is a great accomplishment, and this is what commands a large salary.

There is a charm in a gracious personality from which it is very hard to get away. It is difficult to snub the man who possesses it. There is something about him which arrests your prejudice, and no matter how busy or how worried you may be, or how much you may dislike to be interrupted, somehow you have not the heart to turn away the man with a pleasing personality.—Success.

Economy in Health.

What would be thought of a miller who because a large amount of water was stored in his mill pond thought he could afford to neglect the dam? Would not the chances be that in the midst of the summer drought the water would be entirely gone and his mill forced to lie idle, impoverishing the miller and inconveniencing a whole neighborhood?

Nature has stored in every normal youth a reservoir of physical and mental energy which means much in the way of character, success and happiness. One of the saddest sights is to see thousands of promising youths allowing their energy to be wasted through ruinous habits of idleness, dissipation, extravagance and neglect of opportunity.

The word economy is usually applied to the saving of money, but this perhaps is the least important of its application. Wasting money is of little importance when compared with wasting energy, mental and vital forces and opportunities—a waste that endangers our highest welfare. Many a man who is economical to stinginess in money matters squanders with fearful waste his mental and moral energy. He hoards up the most possible of his life, but fails to stop all the leaks of reserve power. Wasting opportunities, time and vital forces constitutes the great tragedy of human life. It is the principal cause of unhappiness and failure.

Many busy people are shameful wasters of time and opportunity, not because they do not know what is possible, but because they read a poor book when they read a better one. They squander time with bad companions when good ones are possible. They waste time in half doing things, in hatching, bungling and blundering, in doing things over and over because they were not done right the first time.

These little leaks, these wasteful drains the success capital, bankrupt many youths, yet they are singly so insignificant that the victims do not realize their evil influence. There are so many ways of wasting vitality that economy in its use is difficult.

A great waste of mental and moral vitality is indulging in demoralizing, vicious and deteriorating thoughts. Every bit of useless worry, every bit of anxiety, every particle of fretting and stewing, every bit of despondency, indulgence in melancholy or foreboding, every bit of fear—fear of failure, of losses, of sickness, of disease, of death, of unjust criticism or ridicule, or of the unfavorable opinions of others—all these things are vitality sappers, worse than anything they are used for constructively, for they undo the work by squandering that which makes work possible.

One is wasting life force every time he talks of failure, of hard luck, of troubles and trials, of past errors and mistakes. If one would succeed let him turn his back on the past, burning all the bridges behind him—turn his back to shadows and face the light. Every act of dishonesty, whether others know it or not, is a terrible life waster. Every act or thought of impurity, every unholy desire is a virtue-waster, a success-sapper.

Freshness in Work.

Freshness gives an indescribable flavor to our work, whatever it may be. It does not matter how able a book is, if it has not the charm of originality and spontaneity, if we see in it the marks of great effort or straining for effect, we do not care for it, it does not hold our attention. It is the same with a picture, a statue, a song, or a poem—a work of any kind. If it lacks originality and spontaneity, if it throbs with life, if it has the freshness and fragrance of new-mown hay, or of flowers just opened, we enjoy it with our whole souls.

The great trouble with many people's work is that it is stale, labored, and heavy. It lacks vitality, vivacity; it bears evidence of a depleted mind and an exhausted body. It is easy to trace the tired feeling which an author has dragged all through the pages of his book. It can be seen in the imperious combinations of color, the tameness and lack of life in the figures upon the canvas of the worn-out artist. The results of an overworked brain, or a brain that is weakened by vicious living, are all marked with the fatal stamp of inferiority.

It makes all the difference in the world, in results, whether you come to your work every day with all your powers intact, with all your faculties up to the standard, so that you can bring your whole life into your task, or with only a part of yourself, whether you do your work as a giant or as a pigmy. Most people bring only a small part of themselves to their task. They crumple much of their ability by irregular living, bad habits in eating, and injurious food, lack of sleep, dissipation, and other follies. They do not come to their tasks every morning not come to their tasks every morning whole men; a part of themselves, and

often a large part, is somewhere else. They left their energy where they were trying to have a good time, so that they bring weakness instead of power, indifference and dullness, instead of enthusiasm and alertness, to the performance of the most important duties of their lives. The man who comes to his work in the morning unrefreshed, languid and listless, can not do a good day's work, and if he drags rotten days into the year, how can he expect a sound career or a successful achievement?

Good work is not entirely a question of will power—often this is impaired by a low physical standard. The quality of the work can not be up to a high-water mark when every faculty is sapped by your physical and mental condition. You may be sure that your weakness, whatever its cause, will appear in your day's work, whether it is making books or selling them, teaching school or studying, singing or painting, chiseling statues or digging trenches.—O. S. M. in Success.

Some Helpful Thoughts.

Those who have the approval of conscience for their actions never need fear the criticism of their fellow-citizens.

It is absolutely impossible for men to respect and follow the laws of their country who do not respect and follow the laws of God.

Always remember that it is easier to kill time than to make up time.

All things come to him who waits—if he knows how to wait, and what to do meanwhile.

We can only have the highest happiness as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

God surely intends that His children should cultivate merriment of heart. Life may be serious, but it can be joyous; it may be brief, but it can be blessed; it may be sober, but it can be sunny.

What custom would bring greater blessing to ourselves and others, what recurrence so hallow the days, as they come and go, as the daily act of kindness to some fellow being?

If 'tis hard for a man to bear his own good luck, 'tis harder still for his friends to bear it for him; and but few of them ordinarily can stand that trial; whereas one of the "pre-tenacious" of adversity is, that it brings back averted kindness, disarms animosity and causes yesterday's enemy to fling his hated asides and hold out a hand to the fallen friend of olden days.—Thackeray.

"Yours for happiness" is a signature used by a cheerful old man of seventy, who aims to spread sunshine among his friends by little acts of kindness. No one could put it below a bitter letter.—Catholic Columbian.

The Catholic man who goes to Communion once a month is taking the means that the Church advises to keep in the state of grace and advance in the practice of virtue. Without the Divine Food, often received, the soul get weak and falls into sin. It is strength from Christ is given to fight to victory.—Catholic Columbian.

When bad men combine, the good must counter; else they will fall, one by one, an unspiced sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Edmund Burke.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY
By LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE.
The Visitation
AN ACT OF CHARITY.

Lovelier weather for the summer holidays surely never had been seen, for the skies were so intensely blue that they resembled those of Italy, and the sunny days were broken only by an occasional shower which refreshed the flowers and laid the dust in the roads which stretched from the small town of Evely in all directions.

Not far from Evely, just off one of the side roads, was a tall, lantern-looking house, hideously ugly, and commanding a view which was extremely uninteresting, consisting of the houses of Evely, the spire of the Protestant church and the tall chimneys, for from which rose lines of smoke. For Evely was a manufacturing town, and all the houses were more or less darkened by the smoke.

At the back of the aforementioned house, which was called Loretto, a long garden stretched. It contained a few trees, between two of which a hammock and a slung, a rickety garden bench, and a rustic table formed of three pieces of wood sat at the top of a packing case.

The Hamiltons had lived at Loretto for the last three years, ever since Mr. Hamilton's death. They were Irish, but owing to non-payment of rents, and the fact that the troubles generally of a poor opinion. She was faithful to them in their fallen fortunes, and talked grandly to her Evely friends about Castle Bleany in County Cork, and all its magnificence. Now, though Bridget was truthful by nature, and she had learnt that it was wrong to tell a lie, she quite unconsciously told a good many concerning the family who were so dear to her.

As the years went on the memory of the real Castle Bleany, which was a rack-rented old place, standing even in its palmy days in an ill-kept estate, rather faded from her memory. Gradually, by describing it over and over again, she got to thinking it much larger than it was, and the acres it stood in were quickly multiplied by hundreds. The one car changed into carriages galore, and the staff of servants increased in number, so that quite unknown to Mrs. Hamilton, Bridget's descriptions raised her and her family very considerably in the eyes of those who otherwise would have been

ready to look down on them because they were poor.

Bridget used to wind up her descriptions very often by saying that "the Hamiltons were of the noble old stock and the old faith," and these were facts. For the family looked back a very long way, and what was of infinitely greater importance, had kept the faith loyally in the penal days, and could boast of many an ancestor who had suffered persecution and loss of wealth and position for conscience' sake. The children had been brought up in these traditions of what was actually and absolutely true, and had shed much of them with a love for the Church and a wish to work for the faith.

Mr. Hamilton had held a post at a large manufactory in Manchester as secretary and bookkeeper. It was not a good situation, but he was untrained to any profession, and not fortunate wherever he attempted to get better employment. They had lived on his pay and the small fortune which he had independently of his land in Ireland, and managed somehow or other to make ends meet and get the five children educated. At his death they were naturally the losers, and so they took the shabby, ugly old house at Evely, as it was very cheap, and left Mrs. Hamilton the attraction to Evely being Steven, the eldest of the family, had a post offered him which made it worth while to move.

Several of the Hamilton children having died in infancy, there were large gaps between those who survived. Steven was twenty, Agatha seventeen, Willie fourteen, Tom thirteen, Winnie eleven, and last of all came six-year-old Mabel.

Tom and Winnie, who were sworn friends, came out into the garden one hot afternoon at the beginning of the holidays, and the latter soon sought herself up into the hammock, and Tom lay on his back on the stubby grass with his hat half over his eyes.

Tom was a short boy, with a round good-humored face and thick brown hair, which contrasted well with his dark blue Irish eyes. He was not clever, and did not keep well up in his classes, but delighted in all outdoor sports, loving anything connected with the church, and like Harold, never so happy as when in the choir, or serving at the altar.

From his earliest days his brother Willie had longed to be a priest, and the wish had never left him. He was in hopes of going to the seminary in time, and Mrs. Hamilton, as she looked at him, blessed God for the great happiness He had given her in the hope of being the mother of a priest.

Willie was like Tom in face, but when with her family or any congenial companion she could talk readily, only she needed sympathy to draw her out. She went to a Catholic school for girls at Evely, and was rather a favorite among her companions. Her great hope was that when Willie was a priest she should be his housekeeper, and with that end in view she made herself particularly amiable to Miss Donby, who undertook a great deal of the sacristan's duties at the Evely church, and learnt from her a good deal about the work.

By this time Winnie knew as well as she did the proper colors for the different days, the distinctions between the fasts, as to whether the Protestants of the first class, etc., and precisely how vestments should be folded.

TO BE CONTINUED.

POPE PIUS X. AND THE POOR.

"Every now and then," writes the London Tablet's Rome correspondent, "the Holy Father's special predilection for work among the poor breaks out—and not infrequently in a pathetic manner. Last October he showed a very special interest in a little outside carried on by two ladies who were presented to him by Mrs. Agius. Miss McDermott and Mrs. Arthur had established themselves over in Trastevere in one of the poorest parts of the Eternal City to devote themselves to the cause of the sick poor. They limited their mission to cases of acute sickness, visited the invalids in their homes, supplied them with medicine and nourishing food, followed their cases with interest into the hospitals in a word did everything in their power to restore them to health. Pius X. at the time promised them his protection, and exacted a promise that they would return to tell him of their work during the coming year. Last Friday, when they were again received in private audience, they kept the promise, and read a report to the Holy Father giving the number of cases they had attended among the sick poor during the last six months, and the names of the priests who had made recommendations to them—or the Pope insisted upon this. The Holy Father listened attentively to the story, and when it was over told the ladies how grateful he was to them, and how he regarded them as his 'zealotries.' 'I envy you,' he said; 'you are able to go about among the poor—among the sick poor who stand so much in need of help and sympathy. That is a work that appealed intensely to me when I was in Venice. I always found a great consolation in it, and you too must feel what a happiness and privilege it is to be allowed to serve Our Lord in the persons of the sick. I wish I could again take part in your efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the sick poor, that I will extend my protection to you, and that I will pray for you both and for those who in any way assist you in your labors.'"

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It is FILLED WITH MISERY.—This is no true of all men. The well-sound of mind, clear of eye, all and buoyant with health are not a mystery, but they may be by their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting a regular course in a beautiful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.



MARRIAGE WITH THE UNBAPTIZED.

A NOTABLE DECISION BY THE PROPAGANDA RATIFIED BY THE POPE.

The American papers have recently been very full of a famous marriage case which has been before the ecclesiastical tribunals of Rome for a considerable time. Last week they announced that it had been settled at last by a decision in favor of the validity of the second marriage of the Princess X. They were quite wrong, however, for the decision had been given the other way only a few days ago.

The facts are these: some years ago a Catholic girl of the diocese of Baltimore became engaged to a Mr. Y. He was supposed to be a baptized Protestant, and a dispensation from the impediment "mixtae religionis" was of course necessary. Mr. Y. willingly agreed that the children of the marriage should be brought up Catholics, a dispensation was applied for and obtained and the wedding took place with great splendor in Washington.

Some years later the domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Y. was shattered. An appeal was made to the civil courts for a divorce, and a decree was issued, dissolving the marriage and giving both parties liberty to contract a new marriage. Mrs. Y., being a Catholic, very properly regarded herself as still bound in the bond of wedlock until she learned one day that Mr. Y. had never been really baptized. She hunted up the evidence of this, and the evidence was conclusive. She then proceeded to argue that, as she had been married to Mr. Y. on the supposition that he was a baptized Protestant, and as the dispensation from the impediment "mixtae religionis" supposed to have been granted on this hypothesis, did not and would not cover her marriage with an unbaptized person the marriage must have been null from the beginning. Apparently she took counsel on the subject and was assured that she was free to marry again.

Shortly after she made the acquaintance of Prince X. and an attachment sprang up between them. The prince was duly informed of the tangled situation, but, to make a long story short, Prince X. and Mrs. Y. were married. Everything seems to have gone smoothly until the birth of an heir to the Prince, and then his next of kin declared that they would dispute the legitimacy of the offspring on the ground that the Prince's marriage with a divorcee during the lifetime of her husband was invalid in Italy in the eyes of the State as well as of the Church.

The Prince and the Princess determined to put their case before the Propaganda with full assurance that the Sacred Congregation would recognize the nullity of the first marriage and the rescissions of Propaganda led to an important discovery, to wit, that the dispensation granted for the first marriage was not from the impediment "mixtae religionis" but from that of "disparitas cultus." The former, it may be explained, means that the persons contemplating marriage are not both baptized Christians; the latter applies to a marriage between a Catholic and a person who has not been baptized, but it includes also the case of two baptized persons. Both before and after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Y. it was the custom in the Baltimore archdiocese to apply for the dispensation from the impediment "disparitas cultus" when one of the parties was not a Catholic. Propaganda therefore answered the appeal of the Prince and Princess by the sentence: "Non constat de pulitate," that is to say, "The nullity of the Y. marriage has not been proven."

The Prince and Princess did not accept the verdict. They sought out fresh evidence and presented their case once more to the judgment of the Cardinals. The case came up at the last meeting of Propaganda, with the same result as before. This time, how-

ever, the decision as well as the entire controversy, was laid before the Holy Father, who not only ratified the judgment of Propaganda, but gave orders that the matter should not be re-opened. The decision is likely to cause a great sensation both in Rome and in America.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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