

EMPIRE-BALTIC

The Separator with the MILLION DOLLAR BOWL

THE first impression you get when you see an EMPIRE-BALTIC is—simplicity. Almost automatically the design which brought efficiency brought simplicity also. For efficiency demanded compactness and freedom from "ginger-bread work"—a machine that could be used and misused without affecting its efficiency in skimming. The EMPIRE-BALTIC, the Separator with the Million Dollar Bowl, is the product of years of study and experiment by a score of the foremost separator engineers. It sets a new standard of separator performance.



The Million Dollar Bowl is self-centering and self-balancing; practically no vibration; and so does not agitate the milk; it skims clean all the time; it is easy to turn, frictionless; once adjusted it is adjusted for life; its discs are interchangeable—a great convenience in cleaning and assembling. It is the last word in Bowl construction—Simple, efficient, convenient and practically everlasting.

You'll find other separators as good looking as the EMPIRE-BALTIC—no manufacturer has a corner on good looks. You'll find other Separators made, like the EMPIRE-BALTIC, out of the best materials obtainable—anyone can buy the best grades of materials. But you'll find only one Separator with the Million Dollar Bowl—an exclusive EMPIRE-BALTIC feature—fully covered by basic patents. Clip and mail the coupon below.

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The "Family Coat of Arms" of the leading line of Dairy Machinery—EMPIRE

Andrew's Church for years and years and never missed a Sunday. She helps all she can too. I know she isn't practical, but she is big in her views. I tell you there are half the elders in our church that are not her equal spiritually. She reads aloud delightfully, and she loves company. It's just stupid to send Miss Craig to the Refuge."

"Well, my dear Ethel, everything you say is true, but what can we do?" This was the conversation of two office girls who didn't even have the franchise.

Mrs. Amette sat in her cosy sitting-room when the telephone rang. In a moment she turned to her son a lad of fourteen. "Miss Craig wants to come here for the night, what shall I say?"

"Say no! That's what! What do we want with that old thing. Everybody laughs at her. You know when she once comes, you can't get rid of her."

Mrs. Amette, sweetly, "I am so sorry, Miss Craig, but I am expecting Miss Porter for the night, and I have just that extra bed. How are you getting along? Ah! I am very sorry! I hope you will soon be nicely settled."

Then Miss Craig tried the McGees and the Olivers, and the Shermans' but always the same result; at last poor, tired little Miss Wendall, a private teacher, gave up her bed, while her father raged.

This state of affairs lasted off and on six years, but everybody said, "Let her go to the Refuge, she's a nuisance." Could they have heard the prayers that God heard they would have been stricken in their hearts.

There lived in that same town a stenographer—a woman with strong, clear mind—much above the average in intelligence. She watched all these little dramas in and out the church with increasing disgust. The insipid, cheap, social phase, passing for religion, moved her to wonder what our covenanting ancestors would think of it all.

Then there came a time when she was called to other work, and other scenes, but she carried with her the memory of that solitary woman so valiantly fighting against the Refuge.

In Western boom days she had invested in lots in a town, and like others began to think the money lost. What was her surprise one day to receive a letter from a business man of that city who, wishing to have a branch confectionery across the river, offered her a thousand dollars for her lot.

"This is found money!" she said as she looked at the cheque—"and now what to do with it!"

There was the old house at home—badly in need of repair. Paint and verandahs would make it look very fine. She would like to do that. Then she had often thought she would like to have a little business of her own—a children's clothing store—and then she was sure the time had come for that apartment she had always so wished to have. There were twenty possibilities under that thousand dollars. The thought of the apartment brought up Miss Craig. How many times she had said to herself, "If I had the money I would help her!" Would it not be throwing money away, though? Miss Craig was improvident. Business men said she was wholly impractical. Then she tried to put herself in Miss Craig's place, and the Refuge looming before her. A well-bred woman, and fighting for her life without adequate weapons. She should help her. The thought grew to a conviction. The conviction to a determination, and that to a deed. The thought gave her a deep satisfaction. The other things must wait.

She thought of a Scotchman in that town—a lawyer—she knew he sympathized with Miss Craig, she had heard him take her part many times; and she knew he had paid her rent two years at least that no one knew about. She would write to him.

The sun was setting over the bay. The sky was flooded with a golden light that fell with a soft radiance over the freighters and barges in the channel. A rosy flush spread over the dingy, rear window of a business office, and threw into strong silhouette the man at the desk. Before him was spread the letter, but his eyes were looking far into the golden horizon beyond.

He read the letter once again: "I have come unexpectedly by this money, and I wish you to help me to secure some place

where Miss Craig can be housed and spared the Refuge. I am sending you four hundred dollars. I do so hope you can help me in this. It will give me much satisfaction to help her fight that seemingly hopeless battle. Your business position will show you how to do the best you can. Thanking you."

Yours sincerely,

Joan Andrews.

He folded the letter and put it in his breast pocket, turning again to the fading brilliance of the sky. A week later Joan got this letter.

"My Dear Miss Andrews:

"I cannot say how pleased I am to help you with this matter. It gives me keenest pleasure. I have this to propose. There is a small house belonging to the navigation company no longer in use. It could be cleaned, repaired and painted and placed on a lot I have near the Union Depot for \$700. I would like to add the other three hundred if that meets with your approval. I am sure Miss Craig would be all right there."

Sincerely yours,

John Dalrymple.

"As if anything could be better!" exclaimed Joan.

So it was arranged that Miss Craig would be finally settled with all her belongings in a neat, little cottage near the Union Depot. To be sure it had but two tiny rooms and a kitchen, but Miss Craig's gratitude was soulful.

"I wish you could tell me how I got this?" she said one day to John. "Couldn't you tell me anything? I do believe it was you, yourself that did it."

"Indeed, you are mistaken! I'll tell you one thing. It was a woman who planned it, and a woman you must thank for it. That's nothing new I suppose."

"Then the city didn't help me one bit, did they?"

"The city never gave you one cent, nor the church either. Rest assured of that!"

"Well, you tell that woman that if an old woman's prayers are worth anything, she shall have mine as long as I live."

"Dear Miss Andrews:

"The deed is done. Miss Craig is duly installed with all her household goods, including that museum of fancy boxes and crochet patterns she always carried about. I left her on Saturday night sitting by her fire in that one-armed rocker, very comfortable and very, very happy. She desired me to say that she would remember the woman who gave her this on her knees as long as she lived, and she meant it."

I had a pang at not being included because I needed those prayers, and for other reasons. You have increased the world's happiness, and made right more secure. I see that clearly; you have given me a stirring up too and I hope this will not be the only business you will entrust me with."

Yours very sincerely,

John Dalrymple.

A month later Joan was sitting in her room, cold and a little lonely, courageous soul though she was.

"Next year I mean to afford that apartment," she was saying. "I am going to have a real fire, and live like a human being." A gentle rap interrupted these soliloquies. "Miss Andrew, a visitor downstairs for you!"

"Very well, Mary. In a minute."

Everything was quiet as Joan came down expecting to see Mrs. Allenbound for the never-ending Guild. She stood still in surprise for there was John Dalrymple.

"Really! I am so glad to see you!" she said heartily. "I never dreamed to see you here."

"To tell you the truth," he said, when the greetings were over, "I had something really important I wanted to say to you."

"An investment?" queried Joan. "You know I spent all my money and lawyers can't do anything without money?"

"You are unfair there; you helped Miss Craig to happiness, and now I want you to help me! I have a house on Glen Avenue that I want to go and live in. Could I persuade you to come and try it out with me?"

Joan had a curious trembling feeling. "You want a house-keeper?" she said. "Now what would you pay me?"

"With devotion Joan. I want a wife—a real human being—with an intellect and a soul of human kindness—who can help me and whom I can help sometimes."