

cloth, his collar had a rim of purple, a ring sparkled on his hand, while a heavy gold chain was around his neck and across his breast.

"I dare not speak to him," she thought, "he is too grand, and he is a bishop!" so the little Jewess drew back.

But Bishop Macdonald had seen her. He stopped, raised his jeweled hand, and beckoned: Rachel came towards him blushing, and glowing with pleasure. In a moment, she was at her ease, chatting as freely as she did when he took sweets out of his pocket long ago and gave them to her.

"I was afraid of you, Father Macdonald, you looked so grand," she said laughing, and then she caught herself. "But you are a great Bishop now. What must I call you? My Lord? Your Grace? Don't they say that?" she added seriously.

How Bishop Macdonald laughed. "Yes, dear child, they do say that. But I am not My Lord or Your Grace, to you. Just say Father Macdonald, like you did when you were small. You have grown to be such a big girl I would hardly know you."

"And you have been to Rome," she said in an awed tone; "and in the big cities, where there are grand cathedrals. And you wear that splendid gold chain and ring. I could never call you just Father Macdonald now! You must be very near to God!" she added, in a low, reverent voice.

The Bishop looked at her silently. Rachel's cheeks were glowing. Her beautiful dark eyes were sparkling with innocent joy, the pure soul shone through them. An expression of worship rested on her face; it was a beautiful face and good to look at.

"Near to God!" mused the Bishop. "I hope so, Rachel, and I trust you are near to Him also, that you are a good girl, obedient and docile to your father and mother."

"They are so dear and kind they let me have everything I wish," she said smiling. "I don't think they would refuse me anything—except—and she suddenly dropped her eyes.

"Except what?" said the Bishop. "Oh, nothing," said the girl; "but my dear Father Macdonald, will you stay here long?"

"Not this time, but I will be back soon again. God bless you Rachel until we meet again." And he took her hand, pressed it kindly, and went his way.

Rachel stood a moment, looking after him, heart fluttering, her face full of longing. He stood for something that she longed for. Oh! what was it?

And Bishop Macdonald said to his companion: "Why don't you look after that little girl, Father? It seems to me she is strongly drawn to the faith."

"Why I never heard her speak before," was the reply. "Would you have the whole Hebrew population about my ears? The parish would not hold me if I attempted Rachel's conversion. Her father and mother are strong Orthodox Jews, and all her connection likewise."

"Well, that may be, but something draws me to that child," said the Bishop musingly; "perhaps it is her innocent soul." And then changing the subject, he talked of other things, but in his heart he sent to Heaven, a prayer for the little Jewess that she might some day see the light.

The weeks and months passed on. Rachel spoke often at home of her "dear friend Father Macdonald," of the day she met him by the fountain, how princely he seemed in his purple and jewels, and how kind he was. Just the same "dear Father Macdonald." How he stopped and spoke to her and called her "dear child" and said, "God bless you!" She seemed to thrill over the words. Her parents were pleased that the newly made Bishop noticed so publicly their beloved daughter, they had great esteem for Father Macdonald since he was made a Bishop, a High Priest of his Church, and they were quite satisfied that Rachel should know him, and speak of him constantly.

In her little heart this guileless child was saying, "I wish I was as near to God! I must be good like he told me, and maybe I'll see him again."

One day Rachel complained of a severe headache. Her eyes were glittering, her cheeks burning, her hands hot and restless. She was put to bed and the physician summoned. He shook his head gravely, and said little to the terrified parents, who saw at once there was something serious the matter.

In a few days Rachel was in the throes of typhoid fever of the worst form. Her mother could not leave her side, her father was in and out of the room, restless, anxious, fearing and hoping alternately. Rachel grew steadily worse. She became delirious and would call out over and over again:

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!"

"What on earth does she mean?" cried her mother, while her father looked into her dark, unseeing eyes, and tried to win a ray of intelligence; but in vain.

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" cried Rachel—hour after hour. The doctor shook his head, he could not make it out.

"Is she religiously inclined?" he asked. "She must mean Jehovah!"

But the mother said through her tears, "She has no stain to fret over, she is innocent itself, as pure as a white rose! Jehovah has girded her round, all her life, with His Angels! She has never given us a moment's pain."

Daughter! she wailed, "tell us, off tell us what you want!"

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" moaned the child.

And so the days went on, and lengthened into weeks. Rachel was dying; but it seemed she could not die. Friends came, and their hearts ached seeing how dreadfully spent the little form became, how fragile were the little hands, how white and thin and pitiful the childish face. Day after day they waited to see her die. Not once did she regain consciousness and yet she feebly whispered:

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" The physicians said they knew not what kept the spark of life in that little frame; there was nothing, naturally, to feed it. She lay on her pillow, motionless, not once, and if her lips moved, and they bent to listen, they heard the weak voice barely audible:

"I want My Lord, I want His Grace!" What did it mean? The townspeople began to talk. Why did she not die? They were saddened and awed. Bishop Macdonald finally heard it one day when he visited his old parish. Without a moment's delay he repaired to Rachel's home. Her father met him, and knowing how much the child loved him, bade him welcome, and immediately acceded to his request to see her.

"We have allowed no one but her mother and myself to enter the room," said the broken-hearted parent, "she is delirious and the doctors say they don't know what keeps her alive! she is muttering about 'My Lord and His Grace,' when we know Rachel was a good daughter, faithful to the God of our fathers, and overflowing with His grace. But come, Bishop she always loved you as her best friend."

The Bishop started perceptibly, when the poor father said "My Lord, Your Grace!" The memory of that day by the fountain long ago, when Rachel said she must call him so, flashed into his memory. He made up his mind what to do. He entered the room. It was a sad sight. Rachel's eyes were closed, and her poor little white face bore no shadow of resemblance to the beautiful child he last saw. The small head was sunk in the pillow, the little transparent hands lay limp on the white coverlet, the shadowy outlines of her spent and emaciated form filled him with pity. Her mother turned and the slight movement roused Rachel. The great dark eyes opened and looked steadily at the Bishop who stood at the bedside, holding one little thin hand. A flash of recognition lighted up her face with a great joy.

"My Lord! Your Grace! at last!" she whispered.

"She knows him!" exclaimed the mother.

"Rachel!" said the Bishop, "shall I baptize you?"

"Yes! yes!" whispered Rachel—"I have waited for it, but you were so long coming! Baptize me, my lord." And the Bishop, seeing there must be no delay, took a glass of water that was on the table beside her, and poured a folded towel under her head, said the solemn words before any of that Jewish family had time to remonstrate.

"I baptize thee Mary—Rachel, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And he gently wiped the trickling water from her brow.

One beautiful glance from those dark eyes, now soft and intelligent, and then Rachel closed them. A smile seemed to hover over the pale face, a restful sigh came from her lips. The room was so silent, it was heard. "Look!" cried her mother, "she is going!" and father and mother pressed closer to the pillow. The Bishop raised his hand for the last Plenary Indulgence, and with that smile still hovering on her lips, little Rachel in her baptismal robe went forth to meet the King.

She had only waited for baptism. Deeply shaken, the Bishop quietly left the house. The stricken parents were scarcely conscious of his going. Bishop Macdonald was strangely moved for this little soul, and from the depths of his heart welled up a cry of thanksgiving that he had been chosen out of all the world to lay this *White Flower*, this child soul, pure and spotless, at the Master's Feet! Surely there was new music in Heaven that hour.

Years passed by. The crypt of a stately cathedral opened one day, to receive the mortal remains of the saintly Bishop Macdonald. Full of years and crowned with noble deeds, he had passed to his reward. On the hillside in a little Jewish cemetery in a Canadian town, the grass was green on a small grave, the grave of Rachel. But can we help thinking that the soul of an angel-child welcomed to Paradise the great soul of the friend who opened to her the gates of the Holy City?

A CHANGE

The staid London Tablet goes fairly into hysterics over the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in London. "Nothing like it was ever seen before," says the Tablet, "and though it may and will recur again, such repetitions, however like, will stand to Friday of last week in the relation in painting of a fair copy to the original masterpiece." And so on for more than a page, the Tablet bubbles over with enthusiasm over the "wearing of the green" in London on last St. Patrick's Day. The "blind hysterics of the Celt" are mild in comparison to the Tablet's utterance. Well, this war has wrought a change, surely.—Sacred Heart Review.

A PROTESTANT PROBLEM

A popular magazine has given us a series of articles entitled "The King's Business." These essays present-day means, light on certain present-day means, methods and problems of Protestantism. Such sub-titles as "The Minister's Job," "The Wife of the Minister," and "Should the Church Advertise?" are significant. But it is the third paper of the series which affords most interest and invites most comment.

A brief introductory editorial qualifies this particular article as "probably the most serious arraignment of the modern churches that is possible of conception to a practical mind." Truly a sweeping appraisal, not clearly exclusive of Catholicism! If the editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, however, really intended to include the Catholic Church in this "most serious arraignment," it can be readily and easily shown that such intention was unjust and unwarranted.

Mr. George Innes is the author of this criticism: "Suppose They Did?" is the breezily informal title; the object is an answer to the question: If a "thousand more decided tomorrow to give up their lives, before the church would do with them?" This interrogation Mr. Innes gloomily answers, in part, by recounting his own unsatisfactory attempts to "break into the Church."

It appears that the gentleman had neither desire nor vocation to be a preacher; but, realizing, from the constant preaching of ministers, that God wanted men's lives, he desired to devote his to Him. Yet when he presented himself before a particular evangelist, and like Samuel of old, declared, "Here I am," the astonished, exclaiming: "But good gracious, man! Don't get excited. Put on your coat, keep quiet; you mustn't take us as literally as that!"

From this and kindred experiences, Mr. Innes was driven to conclude that the "church" has become an exclusively corporate body; not other than her established trade, and that at present there are enough employees on the clerical list. The church would let only a select number render service to it in person, but would have all men advance its work by financial proxy. In other words, the institution appears to want only a few men's selves, all men's silver. Such cold commercialism sends a chill through the soul.

True or exaggerated as this may be of some churches, it is strikingly false of the Catholic Church. What a pity that Mr. Innes did not bring himself into communication with the oldest of all churches, before passing his scathing commentary! If he did so, how neglectful of him not to mention it! The Catholic Church, like the Protestant, is constantly exhorting men to devote their lives to God; but when, led by the Spirit, some of them actually come to her to lay self at her feet, she never dreams of crying: "You mustn't take us as literally as that!" She gladly receives, deeply respects, and immediately employs the precious gift. She realizes well that any of her children may have religious aspirations which are not priestly; consequently she has established Brotherhoods, "Third Orders," Confraternities, Sodalties, and so forth. In this way she manifests her esteem and providence for every grade of the spiritual life. If a thousand men were to offer themselves to her tomorrow, she would by no means be at a loss to assign labor to them. She has always had more objects to work for than subjects to undertake the work. She is ever seeking and stimulating vocations; yearly thousands of chaste young hearts, directed by Divine love, dedicate themselves to her service. Protestantism, on the other hand, in no very notable way provides for those of her noble children whose life desires are not exalted enough for the ministry but whose native virtue prompts them to consecrate self to God in a more especial manner than an ordinary life in the world allows.

Clearly it is a just complaint which Mr. Innes registers against the self-separated section of Christendom, for certainly Christian traditions are united in teaching that church work must not be confined exclusively to preachers. At the same time, however, his contention is a bit extreme when he almost stultifies ministers for calling men and refusing them when they respond. Ministers constantly invoke men, to carry the skin of life toward the skies and to place it in God. A life in the world is not worldly, if it is lived with the thought and fear of God. Ministers, like priests, realize that most men must weave out their salvation on the humble loom of ordinary existence. The clergy are the overseers and directors. If we were all overseers, there would be nothing and no one to oversee, or rather there would be such confusion that all the overseers would simply have to be overseen. Obviously Mr. Innes' difficulty must deal with ecclesiastical gradation and the absence of it in Protestantism.

The Catholic Church is organized on the plan of a perfect scale, comprising a place for every degree of perfection and vocation; the Protestant is not. The step from pew to pulpit is a high one. All cannot take it, and if they could, the pulpit would not be big enough for all. Protestantism gives small consideration

to this commonplace truth; with the result that she lets much discontent seethe between nave and chancel, in the hearts of such of her children as are qualified to live nearer God than the folk in the nave, and, for some reason or other, cannot live so near God as those in the chancel. Protestantism must make this division between clergy and laity less severely pronounced, if she would produce more content in her ranks. Plainly the only way she can do so is to imitate Catholicism in this matter. The latter has been quite free from such a problem, because she solved it centuries and centuries ago, long before Luther

Mr. Innes tears the mask from the church of today and reveals the prime agents of ill: ecclesiasticism and denominationalism. Among the first defect he finds that many leading men in the church seek self rather than God, using their positions as cloaks of personal dignity and credit. Thus the ministry, which should be too exalted above all professions to be classed with any, is tipping to a commercial plane. Mr. Innes' thoughts, translated, would frankly mean that many men who go into the ministry busy themselves to get what they can out of it. If this is so, our separated brethren must blame themselves in no small measure. It is a well-known fact that the eloquence of a man is, with them, often the gauge of his proficiency for a pastorate. Naturally the minister who is made to realize that his tongue is of chief consequence to his congregation, is forced to put an excess of time on the cultivation of oratory. Indeed it is a matter of bread and butter for his family. Under such conditions, it is no wonder if the ministry has become competitive and professionalized, but rather surprising that it has not grown more so. That happily it has not, can be attributed only to the nobility and sincerity of ministers themselves. It is to be deplored that, unlike priests, they are not able to depend on their clerical character and zeal for unfailing favor with the people. Let us hope that the day will come when the Protestant minister, like the Catholic priest, will be esteemed eminently because he is an agent of good and God, more preeminently because he is a tickler of ears and an antidote to drowsiness. In that day, Protestantism will have made one of her greatest steps back to Apostolic tradition. The ministry will have ceased to be a mere avocation, and will have attained to the dignity of a sublimely selfish vocation.

As for Mr. Innes' second grievance, denominationalism, really nothing can be prescribed as a real cure so long as Protestantism itself, the cause, reigns. Protestant Christendom simply has to be "a house divided against itself," for it possesses no center to keep it a unit. There is no greater calamity than religious disunity, which is a chain of calamities; falling from Rome, the religion of revolt broke into several sections which fell from one another. What can put the ecclesiastical humpty-dumpty together again except the truth? And how can the truth be found without an earnest search for the pure dispensation of Christ? Until the day when unity is restored by a return to the central pivot, which Catholics believe to be in Rome but which Protestants have been content to find in Bedlam, sects will continue to contradict one another, to falsify God who is really simple truth, and to pierce with doubt the human hearts which Christianity was intended by Christ to soothe with confidence.—Edmund E. Sinclair, in *America*.

A LITTLE LIGHT ON A LARGE SUBJECT

There is a complaint among sectarian clergymen of all denominations of a falling off in church attendance and they declare they don't know how to account for it. Some assert that there is quite as much religion of the zealous, self-sacrificing sort as there was thirty years ago; a deep interest in religious questions, a general demand for Bibles and the literature that used to be classed as "divinity." But—the sad fact remains that people who are induced to attend church unless a revival is going on.

One prominent preacher has expressed a desire to have light on the subject from any source. He insists that appearances are deceptive; that people may talk a great deal about religion and yet have little or no personal interest in it; and he maintains that if the present generation of Americans were as religious as they are supposed to be, they would attend church better than they do.

Ministers of the Gospel are generally credited with goodness, but they do not, as a class, enjoy a reputation for good sense. It is astonishing how unwise those pious men sometimes prove themselves to be. They complain of empty pews, and yet they themselves are the cause of it. It is true that many persons have no real use for religion, and, seemingly, no belief in a hereafter. But it is also true that grace is superabundant—like water and air and sunshine. And preachers ought to remember that grace is oftentimes wondrously swift in its action. Like St. Paul's jailor—who was ready to commit suicide one minute and was on his knees the next, crying, "What must I do that I may be saved?"—countless persons who are entirely taken up with worldly affairs for six

days of the week are sometimes eager to hear the Gospel preached in all its sternness when the seventh comes round. But, instead of taking advantage of these good dispositions, and reminding their flocks of the hereafter, and the judgment that awaits them, too many ministers discourse on secular subjects, thus emptying the pews which they complain are not full.

A non-Catholic gentleman of our acquaintance once sent us a clipping from one of the Chicago papers recently having this headline in bold type: "Five Leading Pastors on Foremost News Topics of the Day." Dr. Jackson talked on politics, the Rev. Mr. Salter discoursed on strikes, Brother Lazenby expounded his views on the war, etc. Not one of these pious men preached on the Gospel or gave out what the Scotch call a "comfortable Scripture." The audiences hungered for bread, and the speakers reached them a stone. As a rule pulpits discourses that are entirely appropriate are entirely too long. The preacher who aims at exhausting his subjects is sure to bore like a long-winded preacher. His auditors are at his mercy. To get away they can, to sleep they are ashamed. Instead of exercising patience, as they should, they are apt to execrate the preacher, as they should not.

The wonder is not that so many Protestant persons seldom go to church, but that they go to church at all.—Ave Maria.

A MISSAL FOR THE LAITY

Because the average churchgoer objects to carrying a bulky prayer-book the Missal printed in the vernacular has not come into general usage by the laity. Since the Missal contains the exact prayers said by the celebrant at the altar—the official prayer of the Church, unequalled in dignity and sublimity of thought and expression—it follows that the laity assisting at Mass can use no better prayer-book.

Quite the handiest and most compact arrangement of Missal prayers is found in a small volume just prepared by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., and dedicated to His Grace Archbishop Ireland, at whose suggestion, the compiler states, this work has been prepared. "The Mass, the Holy Sacrifice With the Priest at the Altar" is a prayer-book that will burnish no one. Its dimensions, 6 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches, 1 of an inch in thickness, make it anything but cumbersome. It contains 576 pages, printed in large type on thin, opaque paper.

Despite its modest size and large type it contains a translation of Of prayers said at Mass on all Sundays of the year, on the principal feasts and holidays of obligation, in addition to those said at Requiem, Nuptial and other Votive Masses; during the Asperges, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and on other special occasions.

Just as the priests' Missal has a number of ribbon markers which the celebrant arranges before Mass for his own convenience, this little Mass-book has its set of markers which the user may place in proper position before Mass begins. The ordinary of the Mass is found in the first pages of the book, the proper, varying with every Sunday, in the order in which the Sundays and feasts occur.

Archbishop Ireland and Father Wynne have done a good work for the laity in giving them so useful a Mass-book. Those who use it regularly

cannot but grow in appreciation of the majesty, beauty and value of that supreme act of worship at which so many assist with an indifference and listlessness that indicates how little they realize their precious privilege. Last and not least there is the price to commend this Mass-book. The cheapest edition, bound in linen, costs 25 cents; a better cloth binding, 50 cents, and in the best French Morocco, \$1. The Home Press, New York, are the publishers.—New York News.

YOUR EXPERIENCE

MUST BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH OF THIS

"Who are they, who reproach religion with being too wearisome? Those who do not practice it."

"Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines? Those who believe in the worst fooleries and in the most absurd superstitions."

"Who are they who reproach the Church for not recognizing the dignity of man? Those who claim the monkey for their father, change for their master, pleasure for their law, annihilation for their end."

"Who are they who upbraid the Church with being a religion of money? Those who despoil her of her goods with the utmost cynicism."

"Who are they who accuse the Church of being intolerant? Those who cannot allow any one to hold an opinion differing from their own."

"Who are they who charge the Church with being an enemy to light? Those who, despising liberty, have closed Catholic schools and driven out the nuns and the religious teachers."

"Who are they who reproach the Church with being the enemy of the people? Those who, ignorant of history, are persecuting the charitable institutions established by religion (hospitals, orphanages, workshops, etc.)."

"Who are they who indulge with the most utmost audacity in violent tirades against the Church and her teachings? Those who know nothing whatever of religion or of what its precepts require."

Born under persecution, growing up amidst heresies, strengthened by controversies, if the Church had no longer adversaries, we would need to despair of the promises of her Founder. But as long as struggle and opposition continue, she will live.—Brunetiere.

ONLY ONE IN THREE PROFESS RELIGION

The latest census of the United States tells us that out of our population of 100,000,000 only 32,000,000 profess any religion whatsoever. Of these 16,000,000 are Catholics. Sixty-eight millions of our people practise no religion whatsoever! When men have lost their knowledge of God and their hope of eternal life there is nothing for them to aim at except what earth can give. If there is no destiny for man in eternity, and if all his hopes are bounded by the little span of his present existence, why should he not strive to get by any means in his power whatever may help him to any real or fancied happiness? No wonder if many of the 68,000,000 of our people who have no religion should fall victims to the theories of anarchy and social unrest that are so widespread. No wonder that divorces grow more numerous, crime increases, and that the press gives so much detail of moral decadence. Serious men see the danger to the States and to the individual, and are seeking a remedy.—N. Y. News.



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