



ANGLICANISM

An Anglican clergyman once told us that his friends asserted that he belonged to the Anglican body because it never interfered with his politics, his morality, or his religion. It was said by way of a joke, and it was a good joke, but it was a significant joke. It was the joke of the cynic, and it wounded because it told so much that was unpleasantly true.

A man can believe practically anything in the Anglican body, provided he is good-natured about it and lets his neighbor enjoy the same license that he claims for himself. Where there is no authority which can enforce conformity with religious standards, where in fact, the very standards are in question, there is no way of enforcing conformity with any moral standards except such moral standards as the law of the land or public opinion may impose and enforce. The Anglican Church is just drifting, and those that love it because they have always been of it, know that it is drifting. What the end will be, no man can tell.

Anglicanism is interesting because it is Protestantism in miniature. It is a little bundle of sects within the bigger bundle of Protestantism. It is not a valuable miniature. In fact, it is done in clay, and in very much of the earth, earthly. There are some rare and precious souls in that clay. The High Church sect in Anglicanism is most interesting and most appealing to us Catholics because it loves much that we love, and has many devout and even holy souls within its ranks. We realize that its adherents want to be called Catholics. We are constrained between courtesy for them and loyalty to truth.

It is not honest to call any sect a Catholic sect. Such words are mutually contradictory. It would be as absurd to designate any sect as Catholic, as it would be to speak of a square circle, or of organized chaos. The Church Catholic must be of all Christian times as well as of all Christian peoples at any one time. And it must be a vital whole and not a heap of fragments however beautiful the fragments may be. No people can make a National Church and keep it Catholic; and no group can make a Branch Church and call it Catholic. We are willing to compromise on any designation which does not imply denial of the truth that there is only one Catholic Church.

There are too many Anglicans who don't care whether High Church or Low Church ideas predominate, as long as it is socially pleasant to be an Anglican. No organization puts such a premium upon indifference to its very constitution and continues to live as does the Anglican body. In fact, Anglicans who dream the biggest dreams are possessed by the delusion that the clashing of all kinds of religious and moral standards makes Anglicanism the hope of Christendom. This delusion is evidently based on the theory that where two or three or more differ among themselves Christ likes to take up His abode in the midst of them. His own words to the contrary, notwithstanding. Everything that ever claimed to be Christian may be represented within Anglicanism, but that does not seem to us a promising condition. Chaos may contain the elements of a universe but it is essentially different from a universe. It certainly is no place for any one to stay who can get out of it.

Anglicans say that the religious world needs a common ground as the place for building the Kingdom of God. They do not realize that the Church is an accomplished fact, and has never ceased to be complete and cannot cease to be such if there has been a Living Church of Christ at any time. But if men were to be its builders, common ground would not be a promising site for it. Common ground is generally a dumping ground. Scavengers may find many valuables lost in the rubbish, but in so far as they are valuable they are out of place in a common dumping ground. Weeds grow as they please and encumber the earth, and pools and swamps, become the breeding spots of insects and disease. If Anglicanism insists that besides offering a common ground, it offers a structure which can either be enlarged to house the whole Church, or incorporated into a larger structure and thus help to reconstitute the Catholic Church, we fear that they are unmindful of the Word of God which declares that "unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it."

confounded, and serves no good purpose, except incidentally. Oftentimes its turmoil and its conflict of many tongues hurry men forward to the land of spiritual peace and the Church of the Living God. But the Tower of Babel itself neither promotes nor sustains the Kingdom of God on earth. It must surely fall. Out of the wreckage many noble souls will come, as they have been coming for all these years, back to Mother Church.

By accident Anglicanism does serve some of the great ends of religion. It has a social influence which it wields to good effect. There are many devout Anglicans who hunger for the Bread of Life. It is a pity that they are made to feed upon husks. There are many noble clergy with priestly hearts and aspirations who waste their lives in perpetuating a horrible mockery. So long as they are honest, they may be happy in functions that have lost all religious value because their altars are set up against the altar of the Living Church. Alas for them if they be not honest!

Some months ago we received a letter from an Anglican clergyman who is the rector of a parish where none will suspect him, if we quote from his letter. If there were any possibility of violating his confidence by quoting him we would not refer to his words of lamentation. He wrote us that he could not make his submission to the Church as he had promised to do. He could not ask his wife to face possible want. But he said, "I am suffering the tortures of the crucifixion." We answered him, "It is not the tortures of the crucifixion which you are enduring, but the tortures of hell. The tortures of the crucifixion were the sufferings of the Innocent for the guilty, your tortures are the inevitable sufferings of the guilty."

The words seemed harsh as we wrote them, but honesty demanded from us the cruel truth. In deepest sympathy our hearts went out to this unfortunate victim of rebellion against the Living Church. Whatever his guilt, greater yet is the guilt of the cruel builders of the Tower of Babel, and the wicked defenders of its rebellious battlements. Vain is the conflict against the Living God, and wicked and cruel are those who have any share in the continuance of it. We judge not how far any who speak in the name of Anglicanism are its sponsors or its victims. This much we know, that they delude themselves who think it is a small matter to be a watchman on such a tower. This much we know, that those who preach a false gospel by their very presence on its parapets cannot condone their offense by maintaining that they teach what they call Catholic doctrine. "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth."—The Missionary.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF IRELAND

(By Dr. Kuno Meyer the famous Celtic scholar)

The true history of Ireland yet remains to be written, if for no other reason, for this, that all those who have attempted the task hitherto, are ignorant of the Irish language and literature. To write the history of a nation without a knowledge of its language and literature is impossible.

For the time before the conquest, English writers of Irish history, unable to deal with the facts, invented the myth that before the coming of the English the Irish were a semi-barbarous people, to whom their conquerors brought the first rudiments of civilization. The truth is that Ireland can look back upon an ancient civilization of which any country could be proud. It will always remain a cause of wonder how an island in the Atlantic, so far removed from the continent, was able to play so important a part in general European affairs. We shall never understand it unless we realize that the English conquest and English policy have completely altered the natural and historical position of Ireland with regard to the rest of the world. England has usurped the trade of Ireland, has cut her sister island off from all direct communication with the continent, and keeps her, as it were, concealed from the world, while so long as Ireland was free and independent, she, lying in the direct route of trade, carried on a thriving commerce with Spain, France and Scandinavia, and was as much a part of Europe as any other country on that continent.

By this intercourse, which goes back to the earliest times, it came to pass that the island, though never conquered by Rome, shared in the general civilization of Europe. This we can best see from Irish art, in which Roman, Greek, and even Oriental influences are plainly traceable. When, in the fifth century, Ireland had become the heirress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire, a period of culture was ushered in which reached its climax in the sixth and following centuries, "the golden age of Irish civilization."

The charge that is so often levelled against Irish history, that it has been, as it were, in a backward, where only the fainter wash of the larger currents reaches, cannot apply to the period just mentioned. For once, at any rate, Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world, not, as so often in later times, by her unparalleled sufferings, but as the home of rest in a world overrun by barbarians, as the great seminary of classical and Christian learning, the quiet habitation of sanctity and

literary culture. Her sons, carrying Christianity and a new humanism over Great Britain and the continent, became the teachers of other nations the tutors of princes, and the counselors of kings. For once, if but for a century or two, the Celtic spirit dominated a large part of the Western world, and Celtic ideals imparted new life to a decadent civilization.

Since the conquest it has been the chief object of English diplomacy to keep the Irish people in a slavish subjugation and to exploit the rich resources of the country for the benefit of England. No attempt was ever made to build up a common civilization. From the time of Henry VIII. into the last century the history of Ireland is a tale of unmitigated woe. No country, no people ever suffered so long and so much. But we see with astonishment and admiration the resistance of the people, their wonderful recuperative powers, and the survival of the national spirit through all. In the words of the French historian Thierry: "This indomitable persistence, this faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, and of never despairing of a cause always defeated, always fatal to those who dared to defend it, is perhaps the strangest and noblest example ever given by any nation."

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL ON THE MASS

Augustine Birrell, the English Secretary for Ireland, contributed to the "Nineteenth Century Magazine" of April, 1896, a remarkable article, headed "What Did Happen at the Reformation?" in which he laughs to scorn the silly pretensions of some non-Catholics that there was no break in the continuity of the Anglican Church and that they are members of the same Church as that of St. Anselm and St. Thomas a Becket. He urged vehemently that the Eucharistic Sacrifice was abolished by Protestantism, and that this change was fundamental and cut off the Elizabethan Church from all that had gone before; that Catholics alone are the representatives of those who built the glorious cathedrals of Catholic England. Mr. Birrell proceeds to speak of the Mass as "a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of the saints."

"If," he further says, "the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the Miracle of the Altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all in a chill historic past. It is the Mass that makes the difference—so hard to define (so subtle is it)—yet so perceptible between a Catholic country and a Protestant one—between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer."

Lord Ripon said once to Archbishop Bourne (now Cardinal) that it was precisely the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament that brought him into the Catholic Church—that if God would to come down upon this earth, He must still be present somewhere.—Catholic Columbian.

GODLESS NEW YORK

That New York, no less than darkest Africa or China, presents a field for missionary activity of the most energetic kind, was the discovery recently made by the Open Air Evangelical Committee of the National Bible Institute. From a carefully prepared map it was shown that the "un-churching population" of the great metropolis numbers 2,900,000 souls. The basis for this computation is the census of 1910, in which out of a total of 4,766,000 inhabitants, 1,230,000 are said to be practising Catholics, 200,000 Jews who attend synagogues, and 325,000 church-going Protestants. The rest, it is concluded, are without any church connections.

Without vouching for the complete accuracy of the statistics, we may take them to be sufficiently suggestive of the truth. Judged from the standpoint of observance of religious practices, New York must be classed as a pagan city. If it were not for the mighty leaven of Catholicism, to which no statistics do full justice, the condition of religion itself would be desperate and the state of Christianity all but hopeless. Missionaries might well be summoned from afar to preach the gospel to the millions of souls who have not even, as the Greeks of old, an altar dedicated to the unknown God. Many probably have a vague longing for religion and a general belief in a Divinity; but so, too, had the unfettered aborigines who wandered over these same places when they were still happy hunting grounds.

Is this an argument against the foreign missions? At first glance it certainly would seem to be. Yet it leads to the very opposite conclusion. When Christ gave His Apostles the commandment to go forth into distant lands, there was sore need of them in Palestine. Christianity had hardly taken root in the native soil, and He Himself was soon to ascend to the right hand of the Father. Yet His words were absolute: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." Paradoxical as it may seem, herein lies a partial solution of New York's

problem. By developing the missionary spirit, according to the desire of Christ, and arousing interest in the missions afar, that same spirit will show its fruit in conversions wrought at home. If Catholics have not done as much as they could have done for the conversion of America, one reason is to be sought in the fact that many do not fully comprehend the meaning of the word "Catholic." Had the apostles remained at home their whole lives, neither Palestine nor the world would have been converted.

An intensive missionary spirit in the faithful will apply itself with the same apostolic zeal to assisting the distant missions and bringing the light of faith to those at our door. The early Church is proof sufficient of this truth. Its spirit must be renewed in us if we would convert New York and the world. We have set out upon the right path in seeking to promote an earnest interest in the propagation of the Faith. But during the time that this interest is growing, no apostolic methods that the Church sanctions for winning our cities to Christ should be neglected. Indeed, the pity of it is that many old-time Catholic practices, such as dignified street-preaching, are not in use in this country.—America.

DEATH OF SISTER M. DE LOURDES

Loretta Duncan, in religion Sister M. de Lourdes, of the Order of St. Dominic, died at the Mother House of the Order at Adrian, Mich., on Friday last. She was the daughter of Mrs. John Duncan, of Seaford. The funeral ceremonies were largely attended, over sixty religious and three hundred pupils of the Academy being present to pay a last mark of respect to the deceased sister who had labored eight years with them in the cause of education. Sister M. de Lourdes is survived by her mother, four sisters, Mrs. Frank Waller, of Bradford, Mrs. S. Huyde, Ruby and Margaret, of Seaford; and four brothers, Andrew, of Stratford, J. W., of London, W. J., of Seaford, and George, of the 101st Regiment. May she rest in peace.

A THOUGHT

Hearts that are great beat never loud,  
They muffle their music when they come;  
They hurry away from the thronging crowd,  
With bended brows and lips half dumb.  
And the world looks on and mutters—"Proud."  
But when great hearts have passed away  
Men hurry in awe and kiss their shroud,  
And in love they kneel around their clay.  
Hearts that are great are always lone,  
They never will manifest their best;  
Their greatest greatness is unknown—  
Earth knows a little—God, the rest.  
—Rev. Abram J. Ryan

"THE FAILURE OF ANGLICANISM"

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN EX-ANGLICAN CHAPLAIN  
(Bernard Henry Berlin, in London Universe.)

I have read with very considerable interest the most true and excellent article under the above title. It is the more interesting to me because it gives an entirely correct representation of a state of affairs which influenced me in no small degree to seek that peace and certainty which can only be found in the City of God. At the time of the outbreak of war I had occupied, for some few years, the position of senior curate of a High Anglican church, situated in a very poor district. There was more than sufficient work there for all four of the clergy, and I had the privilege of working with a vicar and colleagues of whom it is certainly true to say that their hearts were wholly in their work and for all of whom I always had, and still retain, the profoundest affection and respect.

I cannot take up your space by relating the various reasons which brought me gradually to realize that our work, however hard and conscientiously done, must always end in failure. It is sufficient to say that the work done among the parishioners and others (even if the results were seldom more than temporary), the constant worship at the church, and the care that was taken by us only to visit other "Anglo-Catholic" churches and entirely to ignore the rest, sufficed to keep our minds from dwelling more than occasionally on the fearful insecurity of our position, and to defend us to the ominous cracks and rumblings in the fabric which heralded inevitable disaster. The secession of the Brighton clergy, of minister after minister, of layman after layman, of Caldey Abbey and Milford Haven, and finally the Kikuyu controversy followed in rapid succession, and each had to be explained away by us as best it could to the unfortunate laity who came to us for comfort, and who never knew from one moment to another who would be the next to go or where to look for security.

Then came the war, and in the second month I applied for and obtained a temporary chaplaincy after a short lecture in which I was warned that being one of the first

High Churchmen to be appointed, I was to be careful not to indulge in the tactless whim of showing a crucifix to a dying man, in case he might, in his last agony, be involved in controversy (!) This over, I was dispatched, somewhat sick at heart, to a garrison town, where I was informed there was a nice church where they had "a celebration on Sundays at 8 a. m. with lighted candles for those who liked them, and another without candles for those who did not like them (and he—my informant—was personally one of those) at 12 noon." Here again I was fortunate in my chief—a man most sincerely and justly honored in the Service—and I can truly say that a more devoted, sincere, and personally devoted man I have rarely met with than the clergyman who at that time occupied the position of senior chaplain. But what a hopeless task it was! Of nearly 35,000 men in that garrison, at least 18,000 were officially designated "Church of England," and although on Sundays there were two Communion services in the big church, and one in the district church, the total number who communicated seldom exceeded sixty, and that number included women in both places! Less than sixty out of eighteen thousand men, any one of whom would, in a few months, quite probably be dead! Was this the great "Catholic revival" in the Church of England after sixty years? How many hundreds, how many thousands of those who never came except when forced to do so must have been brought up in High Church parishes? Here was the real Church of England at last.

It was the most disillusioning and terrible experience of my whole life. In vain we preached, exhorted, and warned. We visited barracks, hospital, and prison. Man after man, even among the grievously wounded, took no interest in the Sacraments, not poor fellow, because he was hostile to them, but because they meant, and always had meant, nothing to him. It was impossible in most cases (of course there were a few exceptions) to give them what they had never known in life, and did not desire in death. They could only be left to find, as we trusted, a mercy and happiness in the fuller life of which they had been deprived in this one. In striking contrast to these unfortunate men were, of course, the Catholic soldiers. It is true that they were not all saints—far from it—but to see them crowding round their priest even on the departure platform to receive Absolution before going to the front, to see their intimate knowledge of what to do, even though in their lives they had fallen far, to see them returning desperately wounded and in all cases seeking the priest as soon as the doctor, was to one who for some months had witnessed the mournful and palpable failure of the notion of Catholicism, of which he was still a minister and teacher, the last deciding factor.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Here in the most terrible scourge which has ever visited the world, when if ever men turned their thoughts to God and used the religion they knew it must be then, I saw the fruits of the two systems—and I knew them. Of those who were there, Catholics and Protestants, the great majority had, but a few years before, been at schools where their religion was taught them. Perhaps quite a large proportion of the Catholics had not been devout in their religion and had even ceased to practise it. But here it was waiting for them unchanged, the Faith which, once learned can never be forgotten, and which never fails or falters. And in the hour of their need they turned to it as naturally as a child to its mother.

When I saw, in that terrible time, something of the real Catholicity of the Church, the French, English, Belgian, and even German prisoners, all receiving the same Sacraments from the same English priest, the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw the Catholic Church as I never had before. A month later, I had the happiness of being received into the Church of God.

IN MEMORIAM

HEININGER.—In memory of the late Mrs. George Heinger, of Winnipeg, Man., formerly of Midway, Ont., who died May 9, 1915. May her soul rest in peace.

DIED

McINTOSH.—On Friday morning, May 5, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Ellen Mary Harris, beloved wife of Hugh F. McIntosh. May her soul rest in peace.

GRIFFIN.—On Thursday, April 20, 1916, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Green, Fergus, Ont., Catherine Kenney, relict of the late Michael Griffin, aged eighty-nine years. May her soul rest in peace.

AS TO "STOPPING THE PAPER"

"As a very worthy subscriber wrote us in the past week," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "to stop his paper, since it published an item on prohibition that in a measure approved of the same. . . . Candidly we are loathe to part with a subscriber to our paper, for such a reason, which is lacking in common justice. Every man has a right to take a paper or to stop it for any reason or no reason at all. The men who insist that the paper they read should never say anything contrary to their views are the ones who in a large measure are responsible for the craven cowardliness and the weathercock propensities of modern journalism. When

convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When convinced that it is unclean, stop it! When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous and clean because the editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours or somebody else's, for if you do you are putting a premium on insincere journalism, and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers, instead of what he honestly believes to be true."

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I was saved This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it. It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid, and determined me, if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world. The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters have saved their men-folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

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