

repeated the prohibition been given with it, and then, these canonized found protection under the arm of St. Fillan, he now turned to your majesty secrets, and to nerve your a redoubled trust in the

As he finished these words, he touched a spring ingeniously arranged in the frame. As if by magic the veil lifted and I saw the object of my lifelong curiosity.

It was a masterpiece. No picture of his that I had ever seen could compare with it. I drew back in astonishment, and studied its details from a greater distance. On one side was a portrait of my father himself, with lines in his face such as I never remember having known. He was kneeling, but the expression of the countenance was not such as is ordinarily depicted as that of a devotee. I should rather describe it as the essential type of a man to whom some ray of hope had come in a moment of despair. A short dagger lay at his side as though having just fallen.

In the center was a more conventional representation of St. Joseph holding the Holy Child. One finger of the saint was pointed toward my father, and the Child's hand was upraised, as though expelling some evil force. On the other side of the saint was the picture of my mother, her face calm and sweet, turned toward the center, as she knelt in that attitude of devotion in which I think we both remembered her best. Despite my unaided doubts, I had difficulty in restraining myself from kneeling to join the group of worshippers.

When I had looked at the picture for some moments my father began to tell me its story.

"John," he said gently, "the doubts that you feel are the heritage that I have left you. You have known that I was a convert. You have not known that I was brought up in utter agnosticism, as indifferent to religion as though God had never existed. When I was married to your mother, I made the usual promises as to rearing my children in the Catholic faith. I did so, because I had not the slightest interest as to what faith they should embrace.

"For two years after that things were quite prosperous with me. My pictures were selling well. I had a little money in the bank, and a good sum invested. I built this house on a plan of monthly installments, because it was better than withdrawing my funds from where they were paying dividends enough to cover the payments on the house.

"About six weeks before you were born there came a financial crash that wiped out my savings in the twinkling of an eye. The publishers on whom I had relied for most of my income, failed in one case; another firm stopped taking new work for a year. People who had promised to buy my paintings cancelled their orders in the common stress. The bank in which I had kept a small account was the one thing that held. I had a \$1,000 there, and it lasted until a few months after your birth. I watched it steadily dwindle toward nothing. Not wishing to alarm your mother who never became strong again, I kept the knowledge of our condition from her.

"Things went on from bad to worse. No one was willing to give me credit when every man feared his neighbor. There was none to whom I could go for a loan. I missed one payment on the house, a heavy premium was coming due on the life insurance I had carried since before marriage. I dared not curtail expenses for fear of arousing your mother's suspicions. I drew my last \$20 from the bank. It carried us for something over a week.

"And then came the day when I drew out of my pocket the very last dollar. I can see it yet. I sat there and gazed at the dark figures on its green surface. I can remember the pictures that floated before my mind; the loss of our home, your mother and yourself in want—even starving. I stared, fascinated with the engraving on the dollar note, until all things seemed to blur before my eyes in one vast darkness of despair.

"Remember, I was without any religion. But, until that day, I had a way maintained a fairly strict moral code. In the moments that I looked at that figure '1,' my moral sense failed me, as it surely will some time fall the man in whom it is not backed by faith. I saw things as they are not. Right and wrong, honor and theft, lie and death—all became confused in the dull blackness of that hour; and I resolved on a desperate expedient.

"I put the banknote back into my pocket when I heard your mother approaching. I knew she was coming for money with which to do the morning's marketing. As she entered the room I took it out and pretended surprise at it being no more.

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'this is all the cash I have. Will it do? Will you be able to save me carefree down to the bank?'

"'It will be plenty,' she replied. 'I have only a few things to buy to-day—and 10 c-ts for a candle for Saint Joseph's altar.'

"In my heart I rebelled against this last expenditure. But I handed over that dollar with the air of one who has only to draw his cheque for hundreds more. She stooped to kiss me good bye, as you remember, she always did when setting forth for the shortest absence. I kissed her, and promised to listen if you think of the answer of her saint to the prayer she daily offered in my behalf.

"As soon as she was gone, I unlocked a drawer of that desk and took out a little pistol I had bought when there were rumors of burglaries in the neighborhood. I examined the weapon carefully, taking out the cartridges to replace them with new ones, trying the springs in my mind to secure for you and your mother the amount of my insurance by dying.

"No, I did not wish to die. To be sure, there had been little pleasure in life these last months, but I could not help wishing to live on until times should brighten. I wished that there were some way to borrow a little. If there had been any prospect in those hard times of getting any sort of work, I would have preferred it. The thought that I was deliberately scheming to defraud the insurance company did not occur to me. The idea that it was a terrible thing to destroy the life of God's child, I shall never forget. I gave me beyond my mental horizon. I only hated to die, only felt that I was making a sacrifice for others that was bitter but necessary under the circum-

stances. Fifteen thousand dollars at the cost of my life, was what I had to give my family of two. I was determined to die.

"But, suddenly, I reflected that I must needs be very certain of the result of so serious an act, I grew a little perturbed as to whether the date for presenting the premium was not already past, and drew the policy from the pigeonhole in the top where I kept it.

"You know the habitual disorder in which I have always kept that desk. The papers were piled up on it then just as they are now. I suppose my trembling hand shook it a little, and a small card from the top fluttered down to the writing tablet. Your mother must have put it there; it was a picture of Saint Joseph and the Holy Child. I tossed it back to the place from which it had fallen, so carelessly that it hung unbalanced, waiting a breath to bring it down again.

"And the motion of opening the sheet of parchment was sufficient to cause it to fall once more. It dropped upon the page opposite that on which I began to search for the date. The plan of self-destruction which was uppermost in my mind probably helped to attract my attention to the word at which the corner of the card pointed. I read the line: 'The insured agrees that this policy is not payable in case insured dies by an act of willful suicide.'

"For a moment I was overpowered with insane rage at the thwarting of my design. I started to vent my spleen upon the picture which had shown me the impossibility of my scheme. I tore it into scraps, and I have kept it for years. The bit which still retained the face and arm of the child fell so that the crude print pointed to another clause of the engraving. I do not think I had every carefully read the terms of that policy. The agent who sold it to me was a personal friend, and I took his word that it was one of the most liberal to be had. I now discovered a feature hitherto unknown to me. The tiny fingers on the bit of cardboard indicated a scale of loans which the company would make upon the policy as security.

"Through the mist that gathered in my eyes, I read that I could obtain \$700.00 upon what I had paid. Think of it. Seven hundred dollars to a man who believed that he and his family were on the verge of starvation; money enough to see me through three months of expenses, even as high as they were; money enough to give me courage enough to begin again and keep fighting; I gathered up the fragments of that little card and pressed them to my unworthy lips in the first act of devotion I had ever performed.

"I put the pistol back into its drawer. It is there now, but I have lost the key. When your mother came in I took the cartridge and went down to the office of the insurance company. As I returned, having placed the most of the money in the bank, I passed the little church to which we have always gone. The old priest was standing at its door. I asked him to show me the statue of Saint Joseph inside, and he did it. It was my first instruction for holy baptism.

"That picture, of course, idealizes the situation a little. I have kept it for myself. Whenever I felt an inclination to doubt the goodness of God or the power of prayer I came and looked at it. I hoped it would never come to pass that you should need to know of it or its story. My son, the picture has been blessed; let us say a prayer to the Foster Father and the Child for light."

With my father I knelt and prayed. But I know it was not so much Faith I needed then, I wanted to go to confession. George A. Cain in Extension

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The teacher who gives as premiums Catholic books of literary merit. Such books are usually kept, and always find their way into many hands. Often they are the first Catholic books read by the recipient or his relatives. The choice should be select, and no book not well written should be given as a premium. The reason for this is evident. When a reader takes up a Catholic book for the first time, he will be either favorably or unfavorably impressed by the author. If favorably, he will want more such books to read; if unfavorably, he may not read any more Catholic books.

In schools and colleges especially, but elsewhere also, the best opportunity presents itself of carrying on the apostolate of Catholic reading. The teacher lends a number of good Catholic books and lends them to his pupils to read in conferring upon them a priceless blessing. Students are great readers, and recommending a book to them will usually be the means of getting them to read it. One book will be the forerunner of another, and thus by degrees the student will have cultivated a taste for Catholic reading.

The writer has entered this field of Christian endeavor with considerable success, and it is in the hope of encouraging others to take up the same worthy work that he has thought it well to have a list of good Catholic books published.

The following is a list of Catholic books which may be obtained from any Catholic library. Priests or editors of Catholic papers may be consulted as to the character and contents of Catholic books.

ENGLISH BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Sermons Preached on Various Occasions—Newman.

Discourses to Mixed Congregations—Newman.

Apologia—Newman.

Sin and its Consequences—Manning.

Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost—Manning.

Faith—Wiseman.

Life and Letters of Father Faber—Bowden.

Spiritual Conferences—Faber.

The Christian Inheritance—Hedley.

The Light of Love—Hedley.

Our Divine Saviour—Hedley.

A Bishop and His Flock—Hedley.

The Holy Eucharist—Hedley.

Bishop Hedley's Retreat.

The One Medicine—Hamphrey.

A Day in the Cloister—Camm.

Thoughts for All Times—Vaughan.

Faith and Folly—Vaughan.

Life After Death—Vaughan.

The Bible: Its Use and Abuse—Vaughan.

Arbitrators—Vaughan.

Life of St. Thomas a Becket—Benson.

My New Curate—Sheehan.

Marian Crown—Sheehan.

Life of St. John Bechmann—Goldie.

Life of St. Anthon Rodriguez—Goldie.

Life of Cardinal Manning—Gasquet.

Life of Cardinal Newman—Harty.

Life of the Spirit—Maturin.

Laws of the Spirit—Maturin.

Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline—Maturin.

Principles and Practices of the Spiritual Life—Maturin.

Life of St. Augustine—Moanudy.

Life of St. Bernard—Rattisbonne.

Life of St. Francis Borgia—Clarke.

Cure of Ars—O'Meara.

Life of St. Dominic—Drane.

Life of St. Catherine of Siena—Drane.

Life of Father Thomas Burke, O.P.—Fitzpatrick.

Adelaide Pouchon's Poems.

AMERICAN BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Faith—Our Fathers—Gibbons.

Education and the Higher Life—Spalding.

Things of the Mind—Spalding.

Opinions and Reflections—Spalding.

Means and Ends of Education—Spalding.

Opportunity and Other Essays—Spalding.

Socialism, Agnosticism and Education—Spalding.

Socialism and Labor—Spalding.

Glimpses of Truth—Spalding.

As the gates of Cambuskenneth the abbot appeared at the head of his brethren, and, without uttering the grief that shook his aged frame, he raised the golden crucifix over the bier, and, after leaning his face for a few minutes on it, preceded the procession into the church.

On the steps of the altar the bier rested. The Bishop of Dunkeld received the sacred deposit with a cloud of incense, and the organ, answered by the voices of the choristers, breathed the solemn requiem. The frankincense parted its vapour; and a wan but beautiful form, clasping an urn to her breast, appeared, and, stretched on a litter, was borne towards the spot. It was Helen, brought from the adjoining nunnery, where, since her return to these shores, she had languished in the gradual decay of the fragile bonds which alone fettered her mourning spirit.

All night had Isabella watched by her couch, expecting that each breath would be the last her sister would draw in this world. Helen earnestly implored Isabella to bid her nuptials with Bruce. Isabella bowed her head. As Bruce approached to take his part in the sacred rite, he raised the hand which lay on the pall to his lips. The ceremony began; was finished! As the bridal notes resounded from the organ, and the royal pair rose from their knees, Helen held her trembling hands over them. She gasped for breath, and would have sunk without a word, had not Bruce supported her upon his breast; she looked on him with a grate full smile, and with a strong effort spoke: "Be you blest in all things, as Wallace would have blessed you!" Bruce and Isabella wept in each other's arms. Helen threw herself prostrate on the coffin.

In this awful moment the Abbot of Inchaffray, believing the dying saint was prostrate in prayer, laid his hand on the iron box, which stood at the foot of Wallace's bier. Before the sacred remains of the once champion of Scotland, exclaimed the abbot, "let this mysterious coffer of St. Fillan's be opened, to reward the deliverer of Scotland according to its intent!" If it were to contain the relics of St. Fillan himself," returned the king, "they could not meet a holier bosom than this," and, resting his head on the coffin, he unlocked the lock, and the regalia of Scotland were discovered! At this sight Bruce exclaimed, "Thus did this trust of human beings protect my rights even while the people I had deserted, and whom he had saved, knelt to him to wear them all!"

"And thus Wallace crowns thee!" said Dunkeld, taking the diadem from its coffer, and setting it on his head.

"Hearst thou that, my beloved Helen?" cried Bothwell touching her clasped hands.

She spoke not; she moved not. Bothwell raised the clay cold face. "That soul is dead, my lord!" said he; "but from you eternal sphere they now together look upon your joys."

Before the renewing of the moon, the aim of Wallace's life, the object of Helen's prayers, was accomplished. Bruce reigned in Scotland. The discomfited Edward died at Carlisle; and his son and successor sent to offer such honorable terms of pacification that Bruce accepted them; and a lasting tranquillity spread prosperity and happiness throughout the land.

THE END.

### THE VEILED PICTURE.

My father was an artist. Without ever becoming truly famous, he succeeded in making a very comfortable fortune from pictures which were, to say the least, above the average. He and I had been the most perfect of comrades, from my earliest remembrance. I cannot recall ever being refused admission to his studio. He talked and painted, and he set up his easel, and he called to me to bosom of their native land, the remains of Wallace. "If you your homes and your liberty; men a grave to him whom some you repaid with treachery and

news had spread to the town, and tears and lamentations a vast collected. Bruce ordered the to raise the cords, and he was compeled; but he was not to be denied the remains. The whole allowed, as if each individual had dearest relative. Scrymgeour standard of Scotland upon the

cannot be cured but it can be prevented.

could must be taken seriously, care taken in selecting effects, care such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine.

consumptives are being taken care of, but being of one who is going to fight pneumonia, seems each year to claim more victims.

the children and older people held most readily to this disease, and the system run down or from exposure it is to be looked for as

the doctors are experimenting to see why they do not all we can to it this dreadful ailment by taking cold seriously and using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine to ally the inflammation of the tubes, to aid expectoration, to keep the cough free and loose, to keep the chest clear, and to keep the system run down or from exposure it is to be looked for as

one of any similar treatment. proven its extraordinary value, cure of coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and asthma and people have to trust it implicitly and to constantly at hand.

J. F. Dwyer, Chesterville, Ont. writes: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. I was unable to leave this world, as her case was beyond the doctor's treatment. After two doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine the child began to get better and we are thankful to say she is now well again after seven days." 25 cts. a bottle at all drug stores or Edmanson, Bates & Co.

### THE APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC READING.

BY A CONVERT.

From the Catholic University.

In one of his excellent books Bishop Hedley makes the strong statement that without some Catholic reading it is impossible to keep the faith in a country like ours. And the reason he gives for this is that the moral and religious position of the moral and religious position of the reading of Catholic books and papers.

When a Catholic Bishop of world-wide fame writes in such forcible language of the pernicious effects of profane reading, it certainly behooves all who prize their holy religion to do all they can to promote in themselves and others a taste for the reading of Catholic authors. If any man takes the trouble to look into

the matter, he will find no dearth of Catholic books written with real literary power. At the end of this article the writer has given a list of books of such a character.

How easily great good may be done by lending or giving presents of instructive and entertaining Catholic books. Christmas and birthday anniversaries are opportune times for presenting books of this kind to a friend or relative. And even if they are not read at the time, they will be kept as remembrances, perhaps to be read later on, not only by the recipient, but also by others. This is a real apostolate inaugurated.

An even wider field is afforded the teacher who gives as premiums Catholic books of literary merit. Such books are usually kept, and always find their way into many hands. Often they are the first Catholic books read by the recipient or his relatives. The choice should be select, and no book not well written should be given as a premium. The reason for this is evident. When a reader takes up a Catholic book for the first time, he will be either favorably or unfavorably impressed by the author. If favorably, he will want more such books to read; if unfavorably, he may not read any more Catholic books.

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Religion and Art—Spalding.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua—Stoddard.

The Lepers of Molokai—Stoddard.

A Troubled Heart—Stoddard.

The Man of the Family—Reid.

A Child of Mary—Reid.

The Last Chisel—Elliott.

The Passion of Christ—Elliott.

Plan Facts for Fair Minds—Searle.

A Masonary's Notebook—Alexander.

Life of Bishop Waltham—Walworth.

The Brothers of Holy Cross—Trabry.

The Priests of Holy Cross—Cavanaugh.

The Young Converts—De Goebbaugh.

The Life of Vincent de Paul—Hyndrich.

History of the Catholic Church in the United States—O'Gorman.

First Lesson in the Science of the Saints—Meyer.

A Story of Fifty Years—Rita.

Chronicles of the Little Sisters—Mannix.

Letters from a Nun—O'Neill.

Father Tabby's Poems.

Books and Reading—Azarias.

Phases of Thought and Criticism—Azarias.

Seedlings—Cotton.

All the Year Round—Keane.

Thoughts of a Recluse—O'Malley.

The Catholic School System in the United States—Cotton.

Life of Father Jogues—Shea.

Father Ryan's Poems.

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PRINCIPALS

### "IF WE PERISH WITH THE BODY."

(The following is an extract from a sermon of the celebrated French preacher, Massillon, of whom Louis XVI. said: "Other preachers make me displeas'd with myself.")

If we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, those maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practised, what are they but empty words possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if we have hope in this life only?

Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all are or will be nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasure—if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are sweet ties of kindred? What the tender names of father, mother, child, sister, brother, husband, wife or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence? Would we take thought of posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying, what sanctity have they more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all; if we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws insane servitude, rulers and magistrates are the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarranted infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, an usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honesty and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, perjuries, the most heinous crimes and the blackest crimes are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets applied to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed upon the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is the social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate as being the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; all the relations of life are confounded; all the

ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; the most inviolable laws of society vanish; all moral discipline perishes; the government of States and Nations has no longer any cement to hold it together; all the harmony of the world politic becomes discord; the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, demoralized, with no other check than passion, with no other God than irreligion, with no other God than death!

Such would be the world impiety would make. Such would be this world, such a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

### SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

The better sort are driven back on themselves, away from the noise and strife of the crowd; for only in quietude and remoteness are pure thought and love possible. It were not rash to say that the purpose of education is to accustom us to live in our own minds and consciences. The finest natures are the most lonely. The genius seeks the solitude where none but high spirits dwell. The saint loves only the company of God and of holy thoughts. Among animals the noblest are the most solitary. Nevertheless human qualities can be awakened and developed in society only; in other words through companionship and the interchange of good offices. The warp and change of our life are made by society. Of it and in it we are born and grow and become capable of thought and love. One could never rise to intelligence and conduct in isolation, could never learn to be generous or kind or just or helpful.

But one cannot become a man in the true sense, if he live much in the company of his fellows; for unless he often withdraw into himself he can neither holy nor love the best, can be neither holy nor wise, can neither rightly live nor die. The noblest keep aloof and cherish solitude, not alone because their thoughts are tyrannical and over-mastering, but because they feel that in society what they best know and most love is as the witchery of sweet music to the deaf, and as bleated shadings of softest colors are to the blind.—Bishop Spalding.

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