

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW SUCCESS IS WON
While Divine Providence gives one man health, brains, education, gentle manners, friends, special training, and opportunities, and denies some or all of these gifts to others, on most men in this country it bestows sufficient equipment and grants enough chances for a fair measure of success.

A certain writer insists that "man's fortune lies in his brain and character, and that fate is inside, not outside, a young man when he enters the field of struggle." Men succeed, not because they are born with position, influence, power or wealth, or without these things, but because they are willing to pay in firmness of character, steadiness of will and tireless patience the price of success.

In this author's view, "the chief sign of inefficiency is the dread of working overtime. The men who 'arrive' do not expect to count the hours by the way, nor do they keep a careful record of the force put forth. What they care for is the chance to work to the top of their bank. They are ready to do the work of the position beyond that which they hold."

The fear of working overtime is a sort of cowardice which defeats all noble ambition and condemns men to mediocrity.

An additional witness on this point is found in one of the active and highly respected business men of our country, who rose from poverty and who attributes his success in life to "thinking," "telling" "trying" and "trusting in God."

Times makes no changes in these foundation principles. The news record of every day has fresh proof that inherited riches, and fortunes obtained quickly by dishonesty, have more to do with failure than with success.

TAKE TIME TO BE COURTEOUS
The other day a woman discovered a fact which she thought might be of interest to a business man. Without giving the matter much thought, she sent a little message about the matter.

In the next day's mail she received a letter which was unusual. It was a note of thanks from the business man for the trifling favor done him. But it was not so much the fact that impressed this woman as the way in which he had done it. This very busy man had had to have plenty of time to be kind. The note was not the usual curt affair which in the minds of some betokens the busy person. It was courteous even to the point of leisureliness.

The letter was suggestive of the experience of a business woman who, when out of a position, half in a spirit of fun and half in earnest, made a tour of the avenue, stopping at every big establishment applying for a position.

"I wanted a position," she said, "but I wanted, too, to see how I would be treated. And the result was interesting. The more important the person I interviewed, the more courteous was my treatment. If, by chance, I was directed to the President of a big company, he took time to ask me carefully about my training and my aims. In the main the less the company the more scant was the kindness they offered."

Both experiences are rather startling proofs of that old motto which used to adorn class banners: "No useless Oblige." Rank imposes obligation.

The man or woman who is too busy to be bothered is often the person who is busy with little things. It is the great people who are really kind, the busy people who have time to be courteous, the important people who have the inclination to lend a hand to those less important.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILDREN'S AFTERNOON WITH PIUS X.

The Holy Father's love for you, dear children, was very deep and tender, says Aunt Bride in Sacred Heart Review. When you approach the altar rail to receive Holy Communion, you should never forget Pope Pius X, who granted you the great privilege of receiving the Blessed Sacrament so early in your lives.

Even in Rome, there are people who try to draw poor Catholic children away from the Church, and make Protestants of them. So some pious men and women formed a society called "The Society for the Preservation of the Faith," and they established schools, institutes, nurseries, and other good works, to save the Roman children from the proselytizers. A year after Pope Pius X was elected, this society asked the Pope to let the children come to see him. The Pope gladly consented, so one beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, there was great excitement in the court-yard of San Damaso, at the Vatican.

Nuns and Christian Brothers, and whole schools of children, and members of the society came pouring in until the court-yard was thronged. Where the girls were massed it looked like a field of lilies; Papist soldiers proved to be and fro; and Cardinals and bishops and priests went among the children. There was a platform at one end with a throne for the Holy Father, and the children who were tall enough were sure they could see him; and possibly the very little ones would be lifted up to catch a glimpse of "il Papa" as they called him. Now what do you suppose he did?

When he saw all those tiny guests, he just went down among them, caressing and blessing them as he passed, and the smaller they were the more attention they got. After that he went to his throne and the band played a hymn, and then the Pope came to the edge of the platform and talked to the children on the Gospel of the day, the beautiful Gospel of the miraculous draught of fishes.

One who was present said that when His Holiness spoke the words and leaving all things they followed Him—you could feel the silence in the great courtyard. The teachers and guardians of the children were so intent on the beautiful discourse that no one noticed some very tiny ones who had grown weary in the heat, steal out of the ranks and seat themselves on the steps. Their baby-minds wandered, and taking from their hot little heads the white veils, they folded them—happy and at home at their "Papa's" feet. And the Pope wanted them there, for he loved to gather little children about him, as His Master had done so long ago.

Very tenderly the Pope blessed all his children, big and little, and when they sang the parting hymn, he turned back to listen to the end. Surely this was a memorable day for these Roman children. Just at the last, some one set free a number of carrier pigeons, that rose and circled high overhead. The Pope, smiling with pleasure, watched their flight, but you may be sure that they carried his thoughts back to St. Mark's and all his young guests trooping merrily back to their homes, but the dear Holy Father would never again go back to his earthly home. He was the "Prisoner of the Vatican," but he is a prisoner no more, dear children, for God has set him free for all eternity.

THE IDLE BOY
The idle boy is the father of the shiftless, unsuccessful man. While subscribing to the correctness of this view, it is not necessary, however, to go quite as far as a specialist of the United States Bureau of Education goes when he declares that the school boy should never be permitted in his waking moments to be idle. The boy who fritters away his idle time and who, upon suspending work, does not take up with equal zeal the important duty of play, is forming a bad habit that will tend to his great disadvantage later on. But it is hardly fair to deny to the growing lad the right to enjoy those occasional periods of complete relaxation which, it is agreed, are beneficial to his elders. He should not be kept going at high speed all the time. To compel him either to work or to play is to compel him either to work or to play.

Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation. Don't snore in church. It's mean to keep others awake. Don't be satisfied to pay as you go. Save enough to married with the sole idea that misery likes company. Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten. Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else. Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction. Don't trust to luck. Nine tenths of the people in the world guess wrong. Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.

Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth. Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation. Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you. Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through. Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it—Lippincott's.

Don't let your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself. Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth. Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation. Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you. Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through. Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it—Lippincott's.

Don't let your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself. Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth. Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation. Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you. Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through. Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it—Lippincott's.

MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM. THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.

LOOKING FOR THE GOOD

"Anybody can point out anybody else's bad qualities. If you want to distinguish yourself go around pointing out good qualities. Pick out the man whom everyone dislikes. Select the one you feel could be best spared from your office, from your circle of acquaintances, from the community in which you live. Ask yourself if there isn't something good about him."

Put him on a mental dissecting table. Cut him to pieces and see what's in him. Remember—you are looking for the good. Throw away the bad in him and forget it. Make a list of his good qualities. It will surprise you how many you can find. The next time you hear him criticized, tell people the things you know about him—the good things. You'll at least be different and you'll find that it does you more good than it does him.

"How would you feel if you knew that people whenever they talked about you talked only about what was bad in you? You know it's there, plenty of it, but you'd rather not have it talked about. It's much nicer to have only your good points discussed. Give the other fellow the kind of a deal you like yourself. If you can say nothing good about him, say nothing. There are few people in the world we can't say something good about if we try. The trouble is, we don't try."

And yet, the more good you find in other people the more good other people will find in you.—Young Catholic Messenger.

A GENEROUS NON CATHOLIC

Bishop Lillis of Kansas City, at a recent banquet of the Knights of Columbus, related the following: "A gentleman who is not a Catholic—I can mention his name, and I do it with a great deal of gratification—called at my house and asked me what charity I would like to have helped at the present time. I told him that nearly every one of the charity institutions in the city were always in need of help, and that just at the present time the House of the Good Shepherd seemed to be the greatest in need. He and I visited the House of the Good Shepherd. He came back and he said, 'Let's go to the Little Sisters of the Poor.'"

"And when he came back to the residence after visiting these institutions he handed me over \$10,000—\$5,000 for the House of the Good Shepherd, \$2,500 for the Little Sisters of the Poor, \$2,500 for the Orphan Girls' Society; and that man is Mr. Ford Harvey. I want to say to you that he appeared to have a great deal more pleasure in giving that \$10,000 than I had in receiving it."—True Voice.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MASS

When I recall my first impression of the Mass as it in my bewildered mind he said to have received any impressions whatever—I assure myself that the majority of Protestants and unbelievers, who look coldly or curiously upon the altar, are as little mindful of the sacred significance and as unworthy as I was. Oh, the loss of those! Do we not see in the gravity of the celebrant as he bears the chalice to the altar Our Lord entering the garden of Gethsemane? It is the first scene in the mystical drama and every breath is hushed. The Divine One is burdened with a foreknowledge of His doom. He kneels in the garden; we kneel with Him, and are to follow Him, step by step to the end. At the Confiteor He has fallen upon His face, bathed in the sweat of His blood. He is betrayed with a kiss, led away captive, grievously smitten and denied. The celebrant turns to us at the Dominus Vobiscum, and in his glance we see the conversion of Peter. Our Lord is led before Pontius Pilate—at the unveiling of the chalice—scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate washes his hands of the crime, and at the moment the celebrant moistens his fingers. "Behold the man!" cries Pilate; and the voice from the altar pleads, Orates fratres. At the Preface we hear the warning bell. The awful progress of the tragedy is crowded in breathless silence; only from the organ loft comes the wail of the singers. The bell rings; He is condemned to death and made to bear the cross while His brow is wiped off with the handkerchief of Veronica, and the effigy of the sorrow-

and want of exercise in the Vatican seriously disturbed his health. Not that the Vatican affords no space for exercise. The Vatican and grounds enclose a space as large as the city of Turin within its walls. But the Pope hated to be followed everywhere by the noble guard and his relatives.

Pius X. disbanded his cavalry on ascending the throne and used to descend, unseen, a secret stairway, cross the courts, and lose himself in the Vatican groves. Then there was great excitement because he could not be found. It was feared that he had run away to Venice. After a long search his retreat was discovered.

The monsignori of the noble guard gave the alarm to the barracks of the noble guard, ran to the stables, had carriages harnessed in haste, and noble guards and carriages went off full tilt in search of the Pope, who had hid in the thicket and watched the amusing attempts of his pursuers to find him.—Intermountain Catholic.

STRENGTHENED BY PERSECUTION

"The history of the Church from the very beginning shows," says the True Voice, "that in every age she has encountered opposition. In many cases this opposition developed into the most bitter persecution. Even as her divine Founder was hated, the Church has been hated and the children of the Church have been made to suffer for no other reason than that they are the followers of Christ. Yet persecution has been always a means for purifying the Church. It has strengthened her, instead of destroying her, as the persecutors intended. The campaign that is now being waged against Catholics and their Church in this country is but one phase of the opposition that she has had to encounter from the beginning, and doubtless will have to encounter to the end. We need not fear for the Church. She thrives the better for opposition. Indifference is the enemy she has to fear. Men do not fight a dying institution. The fact that those who fight the Church to-day are so frantic in their efforts to oppose her is the best proof of the power of the Church. They stoop to unscrupulous methods because they are desperate when they realize that the Church is growing and prospering in spite of their hatred. They represent a lost cause, and they publish this fact by resorting to vileness, calumny and filth, instead of reasonable argument, for its support. Catholics need not be disturbed by their antics. No thinking non-Catholic is deceived by them."

A WOMAN'S WORK WORTH WHILE

A man's work in the world looks so much bigger and more important to a woman than her work in the home, and every one in a while even the best of mothers catches herself sighing as she reads or hears of some piece of vital work done by man. That it is a tremendous privilege and responsibility to be doing a man's work in the world admits of no question. But what the woman forgets is that it is by far a greater privilege and an infinitely greater responsibility to shape and control the early influences and the environment that are to create the man who is to do the work. The greater work doubles the great "worthwhileness" of every hour in a mother's life compared with that of a man. He does what he is created and shaped to do, but the mother has created and shaped the man to do it. That is why we hear successful men so often say "What I am I owe to my mother; the credit is hers. She shaped; I did."—Catholic Bulletin.

STORIES TOLD OF THE POPE

POPE AND ARCHITECT
Pope Pius was in a way the Abraham Lincoln of the Popes. He never acquired the grand ways of his predecessors. Following are some stories related about him. Constantine Scaider, the architect of the Vatican, one day called upon the Pope to submit some plans. "Mr. Schneider," said the Pope, "you and I must be related."

The architect looked at the Pontiff in astonishment. "Yes," pursued His Holiness in the most serious fashion. "My name, Sarto, in Italian, means tailor. Your name, Schneider, is German for tailor. We certainly belong to the same tribe."

Pius loved to refer to his humble origin and to the commonness of the name he bore. He had been on the throne but a short time when somebody called his attention to the many discussions then existing in the Italian Church. "Never mind," he said, "I'll fix all that. I am a prime tailor and can sew it all together."

THE POPE'S WATCH
Another story is told of the Pope's fondness for his watch, which was of the Waterbury variety. A French Bishop once offered to give him in exchange for it a costly and elaborate gold watch. Pius examined it, studied the works, and admired the jewels and case. Then he replaced his own 5 franc time-piece in his pocket. "No, no," he said, "I cannot accept your generous offer, for this old watch is very dear to me. I held it in my hand, watching my mother's life ebb away during her last illness."

TOOK LONG, SOLITARY WALKS
Custom forbids the Pope to walk on foot unaccompanied. But Pius X. took his walks all the same. As Patriarch he was an active man

THE CONSOLATION OF PRAYER

It was an awful fate which threatened the thirteen-year old girl who was kidnapped by a burly negro janitor and flung into a vault, writes Rev. Wm. P. Cantwell in the Newark Monitor.

The child was a Catholic and that first Friday morning she had received Holy Communion and was on her way home after her devotions when she was entrapped by her assailant.

As she was about to be thrown into the vault, she pleaded with the negro to retain her prayer book. For hours she was kept in the dingy and noisome vault without food and most of the time without water. It was a fearful experience for the child; but she was sustained by prayer. She prayed to God without ceasing to uphold her and to deliver her from the power of her cruel and inhuman oppressor. And God answered her prayer. Even as he broke the chains of St. Peter in prison and liberated him through the agency of an angel, so before the strength of prayer, the things which bound this New York child, melted away and the rescuers came in time to save her life.

Were it not for prayer, the mind of the child would have been unbinged in such desperate surroundings and if her life was finally saved, she in all probability would have been a raving maniac.

And just as prayer was the hope and consolation of this captive child, so is prayer the strength and comfort of millions. Only for prayer their lot might seem as dark and desperate as that of the envailed child. Sometimes they are cut off seemingly from all hope and succor—their best efforts are in vain, the friends are afar, their prospects gloomy with unbroken blackness. But they pray and they continue to pray and penetrate the horizon brightly; the voice of helping friends is heard and their hearts, buoyed up by the hopes aroused, feel again the pulse beating fast with anticipation and success stretching out before them.

It was a child who answered the scoff of the infidel—"God always answers our prayers. Sometimes he says 'yes' and sometimes 'no'." But God's 'no' brings its own consolation—the strength to bear and to suffer, the patience to accept, the spirit of facing adversity with composure, the self-denial which conquers even when it is overcome. The sweetest of all triumphs is the triumph of failure.

ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA

In 1408, St. Vincent Ferrer once suddenly interrupted his sermon to declare that there was among his hearers a young Franciscan who would be one day a greater preacher than himself, and would be set before him in honor by the Church. This unknown friar was Bernardine. Of noble birth, he had spent his youth in works of mercy and had then entered religion. Owing to a defective utterance, his success as a preacher at first seemed doubtful, but by the prayers of our Lady this obstacle was miraculously removed, and Bernardine began an apostolate which lasted thirty eight years. He raised his voice in turn against the civil strife, licentiousness, and superstitions of his time, and by his burning words and by the power of the Holy Name of Jesus, which he displayed on a tablet at the end of his sermons, obtained miraculous conversions, and reformed the greater part of Italy. But this success had to be exalted by the Cross. The Saint was denounced as a heretic and his devotions as idolatrous. After many trials he lived to see his innocence proved, and a lasting memorial of his work established in the Church. The Feast of the Holy Name commemorates at once his sufferings and his triumph. He died on Ascension-eve, 1444, while his brethren were chanting the antiphon, "Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men."

HOW TO HONOR

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
Make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Salute the Blessed Sacrament in passing a church by lifting your hat, bowing the head and saying, "Sweet Jesus, I adore Thee in the Sacrament of Thy love."

Receive Holy Communion. When praying turn towards the nearest church where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. Make a spiritual Communion, saying: "My Jesus, I believe that Thou art truly present in the Blessed Sacrament; I love Thee; I desire to possess Thee within my soul. Come into my heart; I embrace Thee. Never permit me to be separated from Thee."

Make an offering of flowers or ornaments for the altar on which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. Assist at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Read a book treating of the Blessed Sacrament. Keep a picture of the Blessed Sacrament in your room. Distribute reading matter or pious articles treating of the Blessed Sacrament. Encourage and aid children and adults who have neglected it to prepare for First Holy Communion. Memorize a hymn to the Blessed Sacrament.

Attend the Forty Hours' Devotion or the Holy Hour. At the elevation of the Sacred Host during Mass, or at any time on seeing the Sacred Host, salute it, saying: "My Lord and my God." When genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament say: "O sweet

ESTABLISHED 1856

Great Reduction in Price of Hard Coal P. BURNS & CO. Limited 49 King East, TORONTO Telephone Main 181 and 132

HOTEL POWHATAN WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL OF AMERICAN IDEALS Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Streets To seekers of a hotel where luxurious quarters may be secured, where charm and congenial atmosphere prevail, and where excellence of service is paramount, the Hotel Powhatan offers just such inducements. Rooms with detached bath may be obtained at \$1.50, \$2.00 and up. Rooms with private bath, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up. Write for booklet with rates. CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Manager

Church Bells Peal Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells, Peals, Chimes. Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected copper and steel. Guaranteed for 10 years. Free estimates. E. W. VANDEUSEN CO. 1217-1219 E. Superior St. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Luxury of a Turkish Bath right in your own home, without the trouble or expense of traveling to a Bath House. Why? By keeping the pores free from dirt and sweat by keeping the system cool and through helps the work of the excretory functions. A splendid agency proposition in selected territory for real live hustlers. The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., Limited 810 Robinson Bldg. Walkerville, Ont.

If You Have Rheumatism Write your name and address here Name Address CUT OFF HERE

Send Today for this FREE BOOK Tells how to get rid of Rheumatism, no matter where located or how severe, without Medicine My method has created such a sensation all over the world by its extra-ordinary simplicity, as well as by its certainty in bringing prompt and permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your kind of Rheumatism is, I take all the risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my book, without a cent in advance.—To Try Free. Send after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Draft. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide and I take your word. Send TODAY for my Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address: F. A. DYER, Dyer Dept. Pk39, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon.

Rheumatism Treated Through the Feet

permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your kind of Rheumatism is, I take all the risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my book, without a cent in advance.—To Try Free. Send after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Draft. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide and I take your word. Send TODAY for my Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address: F. A. DYER, Dyer Dept. Pk39, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon.

permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your kind of Rheumatism is, I take all the risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my book, without a cent in advance.—To Try Free. Send after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Draft. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide and I take your word. Send TODAY for my Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address: F. A. DYER, Dyer Dept. Pk39, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon.

permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your kind of Rheumatism is, I take all the risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my book, without a cent in advance.—To Try Free. Send after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Draft. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide and I take your word. Send TODAY for my Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address: F. A. DYER, Dyer Dept. Pk39, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon.

permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your kind of Rheumatism is, I take all the risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my book, without a cent in advance.—To Try Free. Send after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Draft. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide and I take your word. Send TODAY for my Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address: F. A. DYER, Dyer Dept. Pk39, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon.

permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your kind of Rheumatism is, I take all the risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my book, without a cent in advance.—To Try Free. Send after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Draft. If not, Keep Your Money. You decide and I take your word. Send TODAY for my Drafts and My Illustrated Book, by return mail prepaid. Address: F. A. DYER, Dyer Dept. Pk39, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon.