

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## THE HEART OF JESUS

O Heart of Jesus Pleading,  
How strong and sweet Thy prayer,  
Where Thy love for us lies bleeding  
In Tabernacles fair!

My soul is wrenched with the strife  
Of life's perplexing woes;  
I thirst for Thee, O Fount of Life,  
And seek Thy prayer's repose.

Thou art my Life, my Hope, my Love,  
My soul's true Fount of health;  
Oh, give me from Thy heaven above  
Thy peace—my soul's true wealth.

How sweet my prayer, when full of  
peace—  
The forest of Thy home!  
Let peace and pleading love increase:  
Jesus, Thy kingdom come!

O Heart of Jesus Pleading,  
How strong and sweet Thy prayer,  
Where Thy love for us lies bleeding  
In Tabernacles fair!

## DISCOURAGEMENT

Discouragement is one of our worst  
enemies. It is against our success in  
business, in society and in affairs of  
the soul. It is an agent of Satan.

Even if you have never read the  
familiar fable of folk-lore concerning  
the Devil's Wedge, you have touched  
in passing many a man whose accom-  
plishment of work was paralyzed by  
Discouragement.

The fable describes it to a T.

The story goes that once upon a  
time the Devil made public announce-  
ment that he was going out of busi-  
ness and that he would offer his tools  
at public auction. On the evening of  
the sale folk gathered to look them  
over and found them most attractively  
displayed. There were Malice,  
Envy, Hatred, Jealousy, Sensuality,  
Vain, and Deceit, and over in one  
corner all by itself lay a wedged-shaped  
device bearing a higher price than  
any of the rest.

Being questioned concerning it  
The Devil made answer:

"That is Discouragement, the most  
useful weapon in all my aggregation  
of tools. It is worth more than all  
the rest put together. I can pry  
open and get inside a man's con-  
sciousness with Discouragement  
when nothing else avails me."

"And," went on The Devil to  
explain, "it is so much worn because  
I use it on nearly everybody, for as  
yet there are very few folks who  
know that it belongs to me."

At the conclusion of this recital  
which recently I read its narrator  
added:

"It hardly need be added that The  
Devil's price was so high that Dis-  
couragement was never sold. He  
still owns it and is using it daily."

Which reminds me of the antidote  
found by The Man.

"Time was," he told me, "when I  
was so easily discouraged that if  
things didn't come my way at once, I  
would begin to doubt the goodness of  
God, begin to entertain fear and  
anxiety and all the string of deviliz-  
ing mental conditions which follow  
in the wake of Discouragement."

"One day in the midst of a mis-  
erable attack of the blues there rushed  
into my thoughts a beautiful experi-  
ence that had been mine that day—  
an unexpected manifestation of Love  
and Goodness. The memory of it  
brought me a sudden sense of grati-  
tude. The more I thought of the  
happening the more grateful I  
became and to my astonishment  
Discouragement fled."

"Soon after that the mis-  
ma gripped me again, and I remembered  
that Gratitude had before proven an  
antidote so I employed it again.  
Nothing unusual had marked my  
experience that time, but there is no  
human being who, if he tries, cannot  
uncover in his consciousness the  
thought of something worthy of  
Gratitude. I found my something  
and clung to the contemplation of it  
until again the potency of my anti-  
dote was demonstrated."

"There is no man sick with Dis-  
couragement who cannot be cured  
with a good stiff dose of Gratitude,"  
commented The Man, whose life has  
gained proportionately in the success  
with his recognition of this beautiful  
Truth.—Julia Chandler.

When beset with "the blues," see  
if the body is out of order, for  
depression of spirits often comes  
from a disordered stomach. A dose  
of medicine, a tonic, a rub-down, and  
a good night's rest, will frequently  
drive off melancholy and make the  
sun shine again into our life.

But if the seat of the trouble is in  
the mind, in the conscience, in the  
soul, get right with God through  
reception of the Sacraments and then  
count your blessings. Think of all  
the good things you have received  
from Him—life, good parents, health,  
a Christian education, employment,  
friends, security, a home, good  
society, graces without number,  
special favors from Heaven, and the  
right to hope to be eternally in  
Heaven.

In view of all God's goodness to  
you, why give way to despondency  
because of this trouble or that loss,  
this disappointment or that suffering  
which is not too heavy to be endured  
and which will some day pass away?  
Some day there will be no more  
sorrow, no more tears, but light, and  
peace, and bliss for evermore.

## COURTESY IN BUSINESS

Courtesy is to business and society  
what oil is to machinery. It makes  
things run smoothly, for it elimi-  
nates all jar and friction.

Every sort of business institution  
is beginning to find that courtesy  
pays. Big business and little busi-  
ness alike are realizing that human  
nature is so constituted that people  
will often put themselves to great

inconvenience, will even put up with  
an inferior article or with discom-  
forts rather than patronize houses  
that treat their customers rudely.

That courtesy and affability of  
clerks in one store will pull thou-  
sands of customers right by the door  
of rival establishments where the  
clerks are not so courteous and ac-  
commodating. Everybody appreciates  
courtesy, and a little personal  
interest goes a great way in attract-  
ing and holding customers.

A New York business man who has  
been eminently successful in estab-  
lishing a large number of stores says  
that "Thank you" has been the  
motto on which he has built up his  
enormous business. He once sent a  
telegram to every one of the firm's  
thousands of clerks, which read:  
"Did you say 'Thank you' to every  
customer you waited upon today?"

There is no other single expression  
in the English language which does  
so much either in business, in the  
home or in public intercourse to oil  
life's machinery as "I thank you."  
There is no day in our lives unless  
we are absolutely alone when we  
cannot use it to great advantage  
many times. "I thank you" has  
made a way for many a poor boy  
where better ability has failed to  
get on.

## LATE SUCCESS IN A NEW FIELD

It is a grievous delusion to imagine  
that there is no success ahead for  
those who have not achieved it early  
in life. Why, some of the greatest  
successes in all history began their  
upward career long after they had  
reached middle age.

It is never too late to begin to do  
better; and the very reversal of the  
attitude of mind, the turning about  
and facing the sun, that the shadows  
fall at your back, will be a great  
encouragement to go forward.

A man of fifty, sixty, or more, ought  
to be ashamed to say there is no  
chance for him. Read the life stories  
of those who never did anything of  
importance until they had passed the  
half century mark, and of those who  
have done great things after sixty,  
and you will be ashamed to give way  
to discouragement.

Life is a journey of progress, and  
there is no reason why we should  
not continue to develop, to improve,  
to the very end.

There are many young men who  
could save \$5 a week out of their  
incomes and who, after four years of  
economy, could have a cash capital  
of \$1,000. With \$1,000 in hand, they  
would soon have \$2,000 and then  
\$20,000 would not be far off. It is  
the first thousand dollars that costs  
some self-denial and will-power.—  
Catholic Columbian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## TO THE SACRED HEART

O precious Fount of life and love,  
With pity come our lives to bless;  
Cleansed with Thy blood our sinful  
souls.

In streams of heavenly tenderness,  
Bereft of strength to Thee we pray,  
To soothe our cares, to calm our  
fears,  
And lead us on o'er life's dark  
sea—  
A sea of sin, and strife, and tears.

Thy head for us was crowned with  
thorns,  
For us Thy sorrowing tears were  
shed,  
Thy hands and feet nailed to the  
cross,  
Thy Heart's blood poured in torrent  
red.

When deep into its inmost core  
The accused spear with force was  
sent,  
Lord, open wide our sinful eyes,  
And teach us how we may repent.

Poor ingrates, we Thy priceless  
love  
With sinful acts too oft requite,  
Unmindful of each gift Thou dost  
Bestow on us by day and night.

Awe of These stems not passion's  
tide,  
Thy mercy from us brings no praise,  
In sin's vile chains our hearts are  
bound.

Calloused our feet in sinful ways,  
O Sacred Heart! for all the love  
Thy Virgin Mother showed to Thee,  
And great St. Joseph's tender care,  
Look down on us with clemency,  
And smooth the thorny paths we  
tread.

With wayward steps and life's dark  
days,  
And grant our souls may rest with  
Thee  
For endless years to sing Thy praise.  
—J. J. MACDONNELL

## UNNOTICED

Once in a while when we have been  
doing our best, we grow discouraged  
because nobody seems to notice that  
we are making an effort toward im-  
provement. When we have been  
untidy, and are turning over a new  
leaf, we rather expect to be praised,  
and when we fold the towel instead  
of laying it in a heap, and put the  
comb and brush where they belong,  
and make the bed beautifully instead  
of putting on the quilt askew, we are  
disappointed if our behavior  
makes no impression. But we must  
not do right that we may win  
praise.

We must do right because it is  
right. All the while the busy mother  
and the busy teacher may not say  
very much, but they do note that  
we are going forward in a new  
direction. There is a friend who  
takes notice of our efforts and helps  
us many a time in the little things  
as well as the big things of life.—  
True Voice.

## READING ALOUD

It is a great pity that the good old  
practice of reading aloud should have  
fallen so sadly out of favor as it has  
done of late years. For certainly no  
pleasanter method of passing a long  
evening can be found than for one  
of the party to read aloud some  
interesting book while the rest are  
sewing or engaged in some other  
quiet occupation.

One great advantage of reading  
aloud is that only really good litera-  
ture can be read aloud; poor or  
flimsy literature becomes intolerable  
when every word is properly em-  
phasized and when "skipping" is  
made impossible.

In the same way a taste for poetry  
is often aroused in those who have  
the opportunity of hearing good  
poetry read aloud; they become  
interested in what they hear, and  
are tempted to read further for  
themselves.

## A GRAIN OF SAND

"Mother! Mother! There's some-  
thing in my eye! Please take it out  
quick!"

Flossy came hurrying to her  
mother's room. Her blue eyes were  
bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and  
the tears were running down her  
cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her  
mother as she put her arms around  
the child.

"I don't know; it's an awful big  
thing. The wind blew it in my eye a  
minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted  
eye carefully, but could find nothing  
except tears.

"I don't see anything in it,  
dearie."

"But it's there, mother; please  
get it out. It makes me so uncom-  
fortable."

The mother looked again. Then  
she bathed the hurt eye with warm  
water and told Flossy to keep it  
closed for a time; but the poor eye  
did not get any better. Something  
was in it—something as big as a  
marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had  
better go to Dr. Wright and see what  
he can do," said her mother, after  
trying everything she could think of  
for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor  
Flossy loved, and she stood very  
quietly with her face in the light as  
he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an  
instant he held his instrument  
toward her. "Here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother. "I  
don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy; "but  
my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand,"  
replied the doctor; "too small to see  
unless you know where to look for  
it."

Some days after, Flossy was tidying  
about the room where her mother  
was sewing. It was rainy weather,  
and out of doors and Flossy was in a  
bad humor, nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her  
mother, over and over again. "You  
make me very uncomfortable. If  
you don't stop worrying, you must go  
away by yourself!"

Flossy sat down by the window,  
pouting. In a little while her face  
brightened and she came to her  
mother and put a little soft kiss on  
her cheek.

"I'm like that grain of sand,  
mother, don't you think so?" she  
said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make  
people uncomfortable when my  
temper gets in the wrong place. I  
love you, mother, I love you truly,  
and I would not hurt you as that  
sand did me for anything. The  
sand could not help itself, but I can,  
and I will, right away."

## SOCIAL ASPECTS

## OF RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS

The world has supreme need of a  
method that will guide humanity to  
meet the problem of making the  
individual while merging him into  
the social process. The thought of  
the world has done this under the  
direction of the providence of God.  
It is the mission of human rights to  
maintain the individual. It is the  
mission of social obligations or  
duties to merge him. Rights are  
extensions of our personality built  
into and through the confusion of  
the world in order that we may not  
be crushed. Social duties indicate  
the manner of thought and of action  
demanded of us in order that social  
groups may be strong, helpful and  
orderly. We gain, we receive, when  
we enjoy our rights. They are our  
social dividends. We give, we sur-  
render, when we do our duties. They  
are our social taxes. Duty is our  
measured contribution toward the  
social whole, immediately for the  
welfare of the whole. Natural rights  
are defined, not created, by the group  
for the immediate sake of ourselves,  
ultimately for the sake of our souls.  
Our rights separate us. Our duties  
merge us. Justice individualizes.  
Charity socializes.

Concurrent testimony of many of  
our leaders in every walk of life  
declares that re-statements of many  
human rights must be made in the  
work of social reconstruction. Of  
what will this avail, unless the work  
of re-construction re-educate the  
world in the understanding of duty  
and of its place in the moral balance  
of the universe. Social reconstruc-  
tion must be, of course, to a great  
extent institutional. But to a greater  
extent it must be moral, social and  
spiritual. New understanding of the  
place of society in the life of the  
individual is imperative. No social

institution that is founded on rebel-  
lious hearts can be stable. Our  
moral, spiritual, social and cultural  
agencies must undertake to purify  
and strengthen the general sense of  
duty; to convince the world of the  
social, no less than the spiritual, value  
of renunciation and sacrifice. They  
must uncover to the eyes of men the  
deeper and purer charm of duty.  
All else without this is vain.

If religion has this social mission  
in the work of personal welfare, may  
we not feel reassured since our own  
dear Church brings so much of truth  
in its message, so much of promise in  
its sacramental ministry, so much of  
spiritual appeal in its effective words  
and its historical power. If each of  
us will but understand the glory of  
this present opportunity for us and  
for the Church, may we not hope that  
as a body we shall stand forth our  
own witness by the Grace of God.  
The Church must do her honorable  
part in standing before a world that  
is now the unhappy victim of divided  
council, and point the way to peace.

New understanding of social values,  
keener sense of duty, respect for the  
discipline that spiritual and social  
ends offer to selfishness, are first  
steps in any serious social recon-  
struction. And these steps lead  
toward God. How shall we find  
peace apart from Him?—William J.  
Kerby, Ph. D. in Catholic World.

THE VERDICT OF  
HISTORY

The verdict of history often  
reverses the popular estimate of  
contemporary chroniclers. This fact  
is borne in upon us by the events  
of today. Many of the great men  
whom the world honors will be for-  
gotten a hundred years hence, many  
will be plucked by posterity from  
present obscurity to shine as stars  
in the world's firmament. A news-  
paper has recently discovered by  
searching through old files that  
after the celebration at Gettysburg  
the daily papers gave several  
columns to the two hour address of  
Edward Everett, and merely noted  
that among the speakers was Presi-  
dent Lincoln. Yet Lincoln's two  
minute address at Gettysburg has  
become a national classic and  
Everett's two hour speech has been  
forgotten. The contemporaries of  
Socrates put him to death because  
he was accused of corrupting the  
youth; yet history enshrined him  
among the immortals.

Along the avenues of time are  
innumerable monuments erected by  
discerning posterity to heroes who  
were without honor in their time  
and country. Colossal failures in  
life become heroes after death. But  
perhaps the strangest example of the  
reversion of thought in these  
modern times is presented by the  
scene enacted in Rome at the  
canonization of St. Joan of Arc.

Five hundred years ago French  
soldiers betrayed this hero maid.  
English soldiers participated in her  
execution. Yet during the World  
War the name Jeanne d'Arc was the  
watchword at the battle of the  
Marne, French soldiers saluted her  
statues wherever they were met,  
and English soldiers, descendants  
of the troops who participated in  
the dastardly affair at the market-  
place of Rouen five centuries before,  
saw gallily of her deeds, tipped their  
helmets to her guided statue in  
Paris, and drank in new courage at  
the shrines of Joan, the Maid.

The Church has enrolled the name of  
Joan of Arc among her Saints. The  
spirit of Joan of Arc in years of  
agony and terror entered into the  
heart of France and touched it with  
undying admiration, and communi-  
cated its unflinching faith to the  
American and English troops that  
passed through the bleeding fields  
of Northern France.

A rare tribute to the genius and  
supernatural endowment of France's  
Saint of patriotism is paid by Philip  
Gibbs who says that, "looking back  
on this girl's history, plainly chroni-  
cled at the time, with evidence that  
none can doubt, one sees that she  
was a maid apart from all others,  
uplifted beyond mere human cour-  
age, and touched with some divine  
mystery which we must reverence  
though we do not understand. She  
stands there in mediaeval history,  
beautiful and shining in that dark  
time of murder and treachery, so  
that she may be unthought  
through the coarse life of soldier's  
camps, where foul speech was  
silenced by her presence, so brave  
that she was more reckless in  
danger than knights and men-at-  
arms, yet so womanly and pitiful  
that she wept at the sight of  
wounded enemies. She was the  
greatest captain of France, so that  
even Dunois and d'Alençon, veterans  
of War, were astonished at the  
cunning of her generalship, which  
they obeyed and always in victory  
afterwards when she was  
betrayed to her agony and death,  
she had a sanctity which put a  
spell of awe upon even the most  
brutal of men. It was Dunois, most  
famous of French soldiers and close  
to Jeanne in all her time of triumph,  
who said upon his oath after she  
was dead: 'I think Jeanne d'Arc  
was sent by God and that her  
behavior in war was a fact divine  
rather than human.'"

Joan of Arc, Saint of the Church,  
has united France. The Irish pre-  
late who died for the Catholic faith,  
the Apostle of the Sacred Heart who  
zealously endeavored to unite all  
mankind in love of the Sacred  
Heart, the saintly Passionist novice,  
and the Foundress of the Sisters  
of Charity have occupied but a brief

THE TORTURES  
OF RHEUMATISMHappily Stopped When He  
Began To Take "Fruit-a-tives"

3 OTTAWA ST., HULL, P. Q.

"For a year, I suffered with Rheu-  
matism, being forced to stay in bed  
for five months. I tried all kinds of  
medicine without relief and thought  
I would never be able to walk again.

One day while lying in bed, I read  
about "Fruit-a-tives" the great fruit  
medicine; and it seemed just what I  
needed, so I decided to try it.

The first box helped me, and I  
took the tablets regularly until every  
trace of the Rheumatism left me."

LORENZO LEDUC.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.  
At all dealers or sent postpaid by  
Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

space in contemporary chronicles.  
But history will yield them a larger  
place than many who today tread  
the front of the stage. The canon-  
izations but lately celebrated at  
Rome will accomplish more for the  
unification of the world and es-  
tablishment of peace among men  
than battles and armies, than paper  
agreements and Leagues of Nations.  
History will prove it.—The Pilot.

AN INTELLECTUAL  
BLOCKADE

Perhaps one of the most valuable  
lessons that the thoughtful readers  
of the daily press have learned since  
the War ended is the realization that  
much of the so called "news" offered  
them is quite untrustworthy. "Every  
edition of every newspaper," asserts  
Mr. Charles Grant Miller, sometime  
editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer,  
"is tintured with lies, and every  
sensible editor knows it." He com-  
plains that for the past five years  
we have suffered from a "world-wide  
famine in facts," and continues:

"Assertion is little indication of the  
truth. The news of Russia, the Bal-  
kans, the Bosphorus and Central  
Europe mostly originates in London  
or is trimmed to London's shifting  
interests; tidings of conditions in  
England, France and Italy are care-  
fully strained through the foreign  
lens centers of Wall Street; and  
where all the rest of the world of  
interest is not interesting misin-  
formation comes from the Lord only  
knows."

A similar indictment of the "kept  
press" is made by Sir Philip Gibbs,  
the English Catholic war correspon-  
dent, in a paper on "The Profession of  
Journalism" he contributes to Black-  
friars for May. He writes:

"At no previous time has the read-  
ing public been so suspicious of the  
'press' presented to it by the Eng-  
lish newspapers as it is today owing  
to the suppression, exaggeration or  
falsification of news for political  
reasons. . . . Formerly the news-  
paper-reading public believed that a  
statement of fact, the report of a  
speech, the description of an event,  
might be read as 'gospel truth' and  
that news was undistorted and un-  
censored. Now they have perceived  
that by emphasizing some aspect of  
the day's news, by omitting vital  
details, by the arrangement of type  
giving prominence to one set of facts,  
while another is hidden away in  
small type or suppressed altogether,  
the history of the world is distorted  
as in a convex or a concave mirror  
according to the control of its news  
services, and is often by no means a  
faithful, complete and truthful re-  
flection of events."

Ruthless and disastrous as was the  
blockade against the Central Powers  
which was maintained by the Entente  
nations long after the armistice was  
signed, perhaps its effects will prove  
in the end no worse than are  
those of the blockade of men's minds  
which is still mercilessly enforced by  
the news controlling agencies of the  
United States, the Continent and  
particularly of England. Since the  
War began, and since it ended too,  
so many downright falsehoods have  
been published even by our "most  
reputable papers" about the Holy See  
and about Ireland, to name but two  
of the press's favorite objects of  
calumny, that the cautious Catholic  
reader has learned to regard with  
deep suspicion dispatches that come  
via London from Rome and Dublin.  
As long as journalism continues to be  
a "business" rather than a "profes-  
sion" and unscrupulous capitalists  
and politicians are allowed to dictate  
the quality and quantity of the  
"news" we are to read, this deplora-  
ble intellectual blockade, from  
which the world has been suffering  
during the last five years, will prob-  
ably go on. Let us hope, however,  
that the day is not far distant when  
we shall have an international Catho-  
lic news service that will be so  
effective and trustworthy that every  
paper in the land will be glad to use  
it.—America.

The best part of a man's treasure  
of merits and the things he has left  
unsaid.—Father Faber.

Para hero worship is healthy. It  
stimulates the young to deeds of  
heroism; it stirs the old to unselfish  
efforts and gives the masses models  
of mankind that tend to lift human-  
ity above the commonplace mean-  
ness of common life.—Donn Platt.

## \$50,000.00 REWARD

The following rewards have been offered in connection with the  
disappearance of Ambrose J. Small from Toronto, on December  
2nd, 1919.

\$50,000.00 for information leading to the return  
to Toronto of Mr. Small, if alive.

\$15,000.00 for information leading to the dis-  
covery of the present whereabouts of the body if dead.

\$5,000.00 for information leading to the return  
to Toronto of John Doughty, the former Secretary of  
Mr. Small, who is missing since December 28th, 1919.

The above rewards are subject to the conditions recorded at Police  
Headquarters, Toronto.

Address all communications to—"Chief Constable, Toronto."

**CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION**  
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DAILY SERVICE  
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