

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DISCARD THE FEAR THOUGHT

We are discovering that thoughts are things, that they are incorporated into the life and become part of the character, and that if we harbor the fear-thought, the lack-thought; if we are always afraid of poverty, of coming to want, this poverty-thought fear-thought, incorporates itself in the very life texture and makes us the magnet to attract more poverty like itself.

It was not intended that we should have such a hard time getting a living; that we should just manage to squeeze along to get together a few comforts; to spend about all of our time making a living instead of making a life. The life abundant, full, free, beautiful—was intended for us.

If we were absolutely normal, our living-getting would be a mere incident to our life-making. The great ambition of the race would be man-making, man-building, instead of dollar-making as now: to develop a superb type of manhood: a beautiful, magnificent womanhood.

The fact is, we live in our own worlds; we are the creations of our own thought. Each builds his own world by his thought habit. He can surround himself with an environment of abundance, or of lack—plenty or of want. God's children were made, not to grovel, but to aspire; to look up, not down. They were not made to pinch along in poverty, but for larger, grander things. Nothing is too good for the children of the Prince of Peace; nothing too beautiful for human beings; nothing too grand, too sublime for us to enjoy. It is the poverty attitude, the narrowness of our thought that has limited us. If we had larger and grander conceptions of life, of our birthright: if, instead of whining, crawling, grumbling, sneaking or apologizing, we were to stand erect and claim our kingship, demand, our rich inheritance, the inheritance which is an abundance of all that is good and beautiful and true, we should live infinitely grander, fuller, more complete lives.

Why should we not expect great, grand things. If we are made in God's image, we are gods ourselves and heirs of all that is His: all that is beautiful and opulent in the universe. The very holding of the mind open toward all the good things of the world and expecting them, appreciating them, will open up the sources of supply and have everything to do with our obtaining them.

There is something wrong, when multitudes of the sons and daughters of the King of kings, who have inherited all the good things of the universe, starve on the very shores of the stream of plenty, of opulence unspeakable, which flows past our very doors, carrying infinite supply. Our circumstances in life, our financial condition, our poverty or our wealth, our friends or lack of them, our condition of harmony or discord, are all very largely the offspring of our thought. If our mental attitude has been one of want, if we have dwelt much upon lack, our environment will correspond. If our thinking has been open, generous and broad, if we have thought in terms of abundance, prosperity, and have made a corresponding effort to realize these conditions, our environment will tend to correspond. Everything we get in life comes through the gateway of our thought and must correspond with its quality. If that is pinched, narrow, stingy, mean, what flows to us will be like it.

If you are dissatisfied with your condition, if you feel that life has been hard and fate cruel, if you are a complainer of your lot, you will probably find that what you have managed to get together in your home, your business, and your condition of happiness or wretchedness, are the legitimate offspring of your own thought, your own ideals, your own efforts.

Right thinking will produce right living; clean thinking a clean life, and a prosperous, generous thought followed up by corresponding intelligent endeavor to make your thoughts and your ideals real will produce corresponding results.

If we learn to trust implicitly the Great Dispenser of All Good, the source of Infinite Supply, in the Power which brings seed time and harvest, the power which feeds, which supplies, which bids us take no thought for the morrow but consider the lilies how they grow, and do our level best to better our condition, we shall never know what want is.

There is nothing which the human race lacks so much as unquestioned, implicit confidence in the divine source of all supply. We ought to stand in the same relation to the Infinite Source as the child does to its parents. The child does not say: "I do not dare to eat this food for fear I may not get any more." It takes everything it wants with absolute confidence that all its needs will be supplied; that there is plenty more where these things came from.

We do not expect half enough of ourselves; we do not demand the abundance which belongs to us; hence the leanness of the lack of fullness, the incompleteness of our lives. We are content with too little of the things worth while. It was intended that we should have plenty of everything that is good for us. No one was meant to live in poverty and wretchedness. The lack of anything that is desirable does not fit the constitution of any human being.

Hold the thought that you are one with what you want; that you are in tune with it, and will attract it; keep your mind concentrated upon it vigorously; never doubt your ability to get what you are after, and you will be far more likely to get it.

Success comes through a perfectly scientific mental process. The young man who becomes prosperous believes that he is going to be prosperous. He has faith in his ability to make money. He does not start out with his mind filled with doubts and fears, and all the time talk poverty and think poverty, walk like a pauper and dress like a pauper. He turns his face toward the thing he is trying for and is bound to get, and will not admit its opposite picture in his mind.

There are multitudes of poor people in this country who are half satisfied to remain in poverty and who have ceased to make a desperate struggle to rise out of it. They may work hard, but they have lost the hope, the expectation of getting an independence.

Did you ever think that your terror of poverty, your constant worry about making both ends meet, your fear of that awful "rainy day" not only make you unhappy, but actually disqualify you from putting yourself in a better financial condition? You are thus simply adding to a load which is already too heavy for you.

No matter how black the outlook or how iron your environment, positively refuse to see anything that is unfavorable to you; any condition which tends to enslave you and to keep you from expressing the best that is in you.

Instead of wondering whether you have as much ability as other people, instead of waiting around for something to turn up, just say to yourself: "Destiny has her eye on me. There is a superb place waiting for me somewhere and I am going to find it, prepare for it, and fill it royally. There is a great work waiting for me, and I am going to do it like a man."

Supposing a boy should try to become a lawyer without expecting or believing that he would ever amount to anything as a lawyer. We tend to get what we expect, and if, therefore, we expect nothing we get nothing. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain-head; no one can become prosperous when he expects, or half-expects, to remain poor.

But what philosophy can you expect poverty thoughts—thoughts of lack and want—to produce prosperity? Your condition will correspond to your attitude and ideals. These form the patterns which are woven into the life web. If they are slovenly, poverty stricken, your life-conditions will correspond; your ideal, your mental attitude will be built into your life.

The man who is bound to win believes he is going to be prosperous; he starts out with the understanding with himself that he is going to be a successful man; a winner and not a loser. He does not say to himself all the time: "What's the use? The great business combinations are swallowing up the chances. Before long the multitude will have to work for the few. I do not believe I shall ever do anything more than make just a plain living in a very humble way. I shall never have a home and the things that other people have. I am destined to be poor and be a nobody." A man will never get anything with such ideals.

Every achievement has its origin in the mind, every structure is first a mental structure. The building of the mind in all its details. The contractor merely puts the stones, the brick and other material around the idea. We are all architects. Everything we do in life is preceded by some sort of a plan.

So the man who expects prosperity is constantly creating prosperous conditions, building his financial structure mentally. There must be a mental picture of the prosperity first; the building around it is comparatively easy. It does not take as great a man to place the material around the idea, as to create the mental picture. This is not idle dreaming; it is brain building, mental planning, mental construction. Imagination is one of the most practical of faculties; the true dreamer is the believer, the achiever.

Let us put up a new image, a new ideal of plenty, of abundance. Have we not worshipped the god of poverty, of lack, of want, about long enough? Let us hold the thought that God is our great supply, that if we can keep in tune, in close touch with Him, so that we can feel our at-one-ment with Him, the great source

of all supply, abundance will flow to us and we shall never know want again.

When unfairness and all desire to take advantage of our brothers and sisters is removed from our lives, we shall get so close to God (good) that all of the desirable things in the universe will flow to us spontaneously. The trouble is that we restrict the inflow by a wrong mental attitude. Every wrong thought, every vicious deed is an opaque veil, another film over our eyes so that we can not see God. Every wrong step separates us from Him.

When we learn the art of seeing opulently, instead of stingily, when we learn to think without limits how not to cramp ourselves by our limiting thought, we shall find that the thing we are seeking is seeking us, and that it will meet us half way.

To be prosperous, we must put ourselves in a prosperous attitude. We must think opulently, we must feel opulent in thought; we must exude confidence and assurance in our very bearing and manner. Our mental attitude toward the thing we are striving for, with the intelligent effort to realize it, will measure our attainment. Everything must be created mentally first, and the thing created must follow its mental pattern.

Parsimonious saving by cheese-paring efforts does not compare ineffectiveness with the results of obeying the laws of opulence. We go in the direction of our concentration. If we concentrate upon poverty, if want and lack predominate in our thought, poverty-stricken conditions must result. There is no philosophy or science which will give us prosperity as the harvest of such mental sowings.

Poverty-stricken ideas keep us in touch with poverty-producing conditions. We must conquer inward poverty before we can conquer outward poverty.

It is very narrow and unworthy to confine the opulent thought to material things. Opulence, in the larger sense in which we use it, is everything that is good for us; abundance of all that is sublime, beautiful and magnificent; is everything that will enrich the personality, the life, the experience. This is what is meant by holding the opulent thought.

Real prosperity comes from the consciousness of being in tune with the Infinite; in touch with the infinite supply. We can not conceive of a greedy, selfish man, no matter how much money he may have, being prosperous in the highest sense of the term. True prosperity is the inward consciousness of spiritual opulence, wholeness, completeness; the consciousness of oneness with the infinite life, the very source of all supply, of possessing an abundance of all that is good for us, a wealth of personality of character that no disaster on land or sea could destroy.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
STORIES OF BOYISH KINDNESS
Several stories of boyish kindness and thoughtfulness have lately come under the notice of Uncle Jack in the Sacred Heart Review. Here is one:

"Into the car, one rainy morning, a woman came slowly with her hands and arms filled with bundles, to say nothing of an umbrella. She found it hard to reach a seat, for a bundle dropped, and while picking it up two more slipped to the floor; just then a lad sitting opposite came to her help. He smilingly steadied her to a seat, then gathered up all her bundles (some were wet and dirty), placed them beside her and with a bright look at her sad face, he returned to his book. Before long the woman signaled to the conductor and began to gather up her bundles. I glanced at the boy, who seemed wholly absorbed in his book, but he was watching with one eye, and he stepped right up to her and relieved her of a part of her load. Saying, 'Steady,' and supporting her with his hand, he got her down the steps where judging by the sound, all the bundles dropped. The conductor had his hand on the cord, but he waited, and the boy finished what his hand had found to do, with all his might. I did not hear the woman express a word of thanks, but as the boy lifted his hat and sprang up the steps, she said, 'How your mother must love you.'"

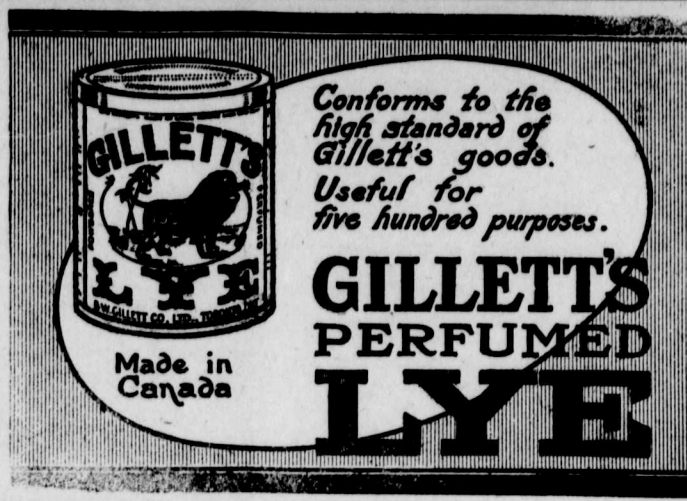
And here is another:

"A man, leaning heavily on his cane, dragged himself painfully along a crowded street. Reaching the curb he paused, fearing the attempt to cross the roadway. The busy passers-by hurried on. No one offered to assist him, fearing to intrude, perhaps, or too pre-occupied to notice him. Up the street came a cheery-faced boy. The paralyzed man extended his hand to the stranger boy. The good lad took the hand and placed it kindly under his arm. Leading him carefully over the road through which autos were speeding, the boy bade him a polite good-bye and was gone."

A LITTLE HERO
One of the bravest and most unselfish boys that ever drew breath was a little fellow, thirteen years old who lived in England. A church which he and a younger brother had to pass on their way to school was being frescoed, and they were greatly interested in the work. But it took a long time to complete, and nothing could be seen from below until the scaffolding was removed. Entering the church one day at the noon hour when no one was around, and seeing

of all supply, abundance will flow to us and we shall never know want again.

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a ladder leading to the floor of loose planks where the painters stood while at work, they thought it would be a good idea to climb up and see for themselves how the decoration was progressing.

In a few moments they had reached the top and were admiring the paintings. As they started toward the ladder to go down, one of the boards gave way and both went through it. The younger boy managed to catch hold of the beam which supported it, and his brother in falling seized him by the leg. There they both hung, waiting for the return of the young men, who would be back in five minutes. But the strength of the younger boy began to fail, and he said to his brother: "Dick, I'm afraid I can't hold on any longer." "Could you hold on if I were to let go your leg?" Richard asked. "I think may be I could," the other answered, not dreaming of what his brother intended to do. Richard let go, and in a moment lay dead upon the pavement where the workmen found his body after rescuing his brother, whose feeble cries for help had reached them as soon as they entered the church.

What a brave unselfish boy that was thus to sacrifice his life for his little brother!—The Ave Maria.

THE BOY HE WANTED
A merchant needing a boy put the following sign in his window: "Boy Wanted—Wages, \$4 a week; \$6 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself."

Many parents who had sons were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of themselves. However many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied the merchant asked him, "Can you read?" "Yes, sir," was the frank reply. "Can you read this?" asked the merchant, pointing out a certain passage in a paper.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you read it to me steadily and without a break?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper, he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily, and without a break, and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket, in which were a number of lively puppies, and turned them around the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see the puppies and note what they were doing was too strong the boy looked away from his reading, blundered and was at once dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment, till seventy-six were tried and proved failures to master themselves. At last one was found who, in spite of the puppies playing around his feet, read the passage through as he had promised. When he had finished the merchant was delighted, and asked him, "Did you see the puppies that were playing around your feet while you were reading?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know that they were there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what they were doing?"

"I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would."

"Do you always do what you say you will do?"

"Yes, sir, I try to."

"You are the boy I want," said the merchant, enthusiastically. "Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at \$6, with good prospects of increase."

How this incident points home to a great neglect in the training of our boys and girls; only one boy in seventy-seven trained to be a master of himself! While everything else is looked after, physical health and general education, do not forget to teach each boy to be master of himself.—Sacred Heart Review.

THAT BOY IS A FAILURE

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot see that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbors or to his friends so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.

A PRELATE'S VIEWS ON LITERATURE

Sacred Heart Review

Some excellent and most timely advice about the class of reading matter that should be found in the Catholic home was given by the Bishop of Northampton, England, in a recent pastoral letter. The Bishop rated the press as an almost boundless influence, for good or evil, according to its character.

In Catholic countries there is some restraint, through legislation prohibiting the use and circulation of bad books; but when such restraint is not in force the responsibility of priests, parents, and teachers is greatly increased. The civil law occasionally intervenes, but only in extreme cases. "Young people are deceived by plays, songs, pictures, novels and pseudo-scientific treatises which the public censor is unable to interdict."

Therefore the protection of the young must be assumed by pastors and parents the Bishop asserts:

"A Catholic parent's first duty is supervision. He is bound to know not only what company and what hours his children keep, but also what books they read, what places of amusement they frequent, and the character of the entertainments. Good parents and wise parents are faithful in the discharge of those obligations. But many parents are too careless to be good, and too world-

ly to be wise. They shirk their duties while the children are young. When the seeds of early corruption are bearing fruit they find their authority gone. A son grows up vicious because he learned to question the religious truths which would have restrained the first riot of his passions. A daughter grows up vain, selfish, purring, unruly and discontented because she has been allowed to feed herself upon unwholesome fiction, and misses at home the flattery and indulgence which she has come to regard as her right."

Bad literature must be banned; but that is not enough. Good literature must be provided. Too many Catholic homes are without such literature. And why? Not because there is not an abundant supply, but because of the indifference of the head of the family. The English prelate says truly:

"Years ago it might have been pleaded that Catholic literature was scarce and dear. That excuse is gone. Catholic newspapers and magazines are as cheap as any. Catholic books are brought out by non-Catholic as well as Catholic publishers, at the usual trade prices. For the benefit of our poor, the Catholic Truth Society and similar associations are actually able to undersell the market owing to the generous and gratuitous services of their writers and others concerned in their publications. Thus, for many years past, there has been a continual and copious outflow of cheap, varied and excellent literature, which has excited the envy if not the admiration of outsiders. Every class of readers has been catered for. There are grave books for scholars, and pamphlets for the working man; tracts on religious questions, tracts on social questions; biographies of saints and biographies of Catholics eminent in secular life; refutations of anti-Catholic calumnies, exposures of anti-Catholic bigots; answers to all the usual objections drawn from history and science; prayer-books, books of instruction and devotion, and the Book of Books, the inspired Word of God."

And for those who crave fiction there are stories by most talented writers, for the same small sum that buys the flamboyant, suggestive sheet or novelette.

The Bishop, after enumerating the various classes of Catholic writings, asks why this wealth of Catholic thought and feeling, this specific against the poison of an infidel and immoral press, is practically a buried treasure to the great majority for whom it is intended:

"The answer is unquestionable. For want of circulation. We are so accustomed to have everything brought to the door that we begrudge the infinitesimal pains requisite to obtain anything that is not 'stocked' by the trade. In most places Catholic books and newspapers can be had at a bookstall; yet how often is that medium of trouble taken? Public libraries will usually subscribe for Catholic books for which there is any demand; yet how seldom do we take the trouble to make the necessary requisition! Our Catholic novelists alone would exercise a wholesome influence on the largest and most susceptible class of readers, if only their work were 'pushed' as assiduously as inferior and exceedingly mischievous productions."

CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

That Indulgence permit them to commit sin.

That Indulgences remit their sins committed.

That Indulgences can be bought.

That the mere confessing of their sins to a priest merits forgiveness.

That they can have their sins forgiven without resolving to commit them no more.

That all sins are equally heinous in the sight of God.

That the slightest sin will damn a soul.

That they can pay for a Mass.

That they can buy a ransom of a soul from purgatory.

That sermons should be preached in Latin to English-speaking congregations.

-And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa!

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That God wishes to damn any soul.

That merely the going to Mass on Sundays is sufficient to save their souls.

That they are obliged to obey the Pope in matters purely temporal.

That a life of perpetual chastity is impossible.—Truth.

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If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dr-CO Dyspepsia Tablets, 50c, at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if it's all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "a tall right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "100 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month before they pay for it. Just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "100 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "100 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes, like a force pump might.

So said I to myself, I will do with my "100 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "100 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "100 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save you cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to day, and let me send you a book about the "100 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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