

Men and Women Boomerang Targets

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How often we hear the phrase, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." But no truer words were ever inspired by the divine sources of all truth, whether your bread is sweet or sour, wholesome or poisonous, it shall return to you "after many days." Thought is a boomerang. It sometimes is long in proving itself to be of this reacting nature; but the greater the delay the stronger will be its force when the backward swing begins.

There was a man who set forth early in life to accumulate a fortune. He said to himself: "All is fair in love and war." The love of gaining an independence for my mature life and the warfare such an effort necessitates must be included in that aphorism. No man can be blamed for selfishness in business matters—it is a part of financial acumen. But I must not antagonize the moral world. I will join a church, and subscribe to charitable organizations. Then I will go forth and get the better of my fellow men who are scrambling for the almighty dollar. "To the victors belong the spoils, to the swift the race." So he spares neither friend nor foe as he proceeds on his way. He considers friendship and business as two distinct relations! No man from whom he can squeeze a dollar by any process, however objectionable, is to be leniently treated because he is a friend.

"Let each man look out for himself. Self-preservation is nature's first law." This is the way he reasons. He makes his millions; he builds a church and endows a hospital.

But he finds life unsatisfactory and wealth disappointing. At middle age, when contentment of achievement should be his, his heart is filled with dissatisfaction and loneliness. He complains that humanity is selfish, and that no one cares for him save for what he can give in a material sense. His own children are mercenary and ungrateful, and he finds the world a cold and dreary place as he gazes down the valley of old age. His boomerang has struck him! The thoughts he sent out secretly all through early life—loveless, selfish thoughts—have surrounded him with loveless, selfish people, who regard him in the light of a money bag—the thing he sought to be.

Two men start together in life, and one makes a deity of his appetite; the other starves himself, and goes without the necessities of a comfortable existence in order to save his pennies and gain wealth. The one who gives full license to every appetite finds his gold turned to a demon before he has proceeded half way on his journey—and the boomerang strikes him with stunning force. He is a wretch, his life a failure.

The one who has taken the other extreme waits longer for the same result, but it comes inevitably. When he has obtained the prize of wealth he sought, and endeavors to enjoy himself, he discovers that he has lost the power of enjoyment. He denied himself books and music and social relationship so long that the brain cells, intended by nature to give intensity to those methods of recreation, have dried and withered away. He cannot concentrate his mind upon a book, and his ear has lost the art of conveying pleasure to the senses through musical sounds. Absence from social gatherings has given him a consciousness of unfitness when he attempts to associate with his friends and discuss anything but business; and his digestive organs, for years accustomed to a monotonous diet, refuse to assimilate more nutritious food. He has wealth, but it is useless to afford him happiness. His boomerang of avarice and miserly economy has struck home.

Are you constantly criticizing your associates and your neighbors, even to yourself? Are you thinking how many faults they display, and dwelling upon their shortcomings and errors? Then,

rest assured, the boomerang of adverse criticism will strike you, by and by, and you will be grieved and wounded, by the comments of people on your own conduct.

The habit of restless discontent and unhappiness is the worst boomerang of all. There is a discontent which is wholesome and creative of better things. But the discontent I refer to is that which causes a man or woman to be forever desponding to-day, regretting yesterday, and longing for an imaginary to-morrow, when dreams will come true. For such a person there is no to-morrow. There are men who, as boys, hated school life, and longed to get into business; yet, once in business, they complain of its hardships and sigh for the lost days of boyhood, but work on, doggedly, in the hope of being able to retire in time, and enjoy life in travel and social relaxation and domestic contentment. They do not realize the truth that happiness must be practical all along the journey of life, or it never can be put into exercise later.

Unless we find something every day to be happy over, we never shall be able to enjoy fully any blessing which may come to us. Continual discontent shapes the mind for unhappiness, and no amount of good luck can twist it back into harmonious proportions.

The man who never has learned the lesson of contentment and happiness in some degree in his hard days never will find it in his easy ones. When he undertakes to enjoy travel, society, or home, he will find the only demon of unrest is with him—his relentless boomerang.

This special order of boomerang more frequently strikes women than men. Women are more restless and discontented than men, as a rule. A man's discontent more frequently is constructive a woman's destructive. I have known many women who made a constant outcry against the cares of housekeeping, and who, as soon as they abandoned these cares, mourned for the lost comforts of the home; women who craved travel, and hated its discomforts the moment they set forth; women who craved the mountains when they were at the seashore, and the seashore when on the mountains. What pitiful targets for their own boomerangs they will be in their old age! for what is more dreadful than old age which has not learned repose or calm, or the contentment of patience?

There is another boomerang—of disloyal thought—which many people, both men and women suffer from. They blame fate instead of their own minds for their bruises. The disloyal friend or the faithless lover, sets currents in action which inevitably must bring disaster in time. I do not mean the friend who outgrows the other, the lover who finds it impossible to continue loving. Those sad experiences sometimes occur with the most loyal! But I refer to those who repay trust with trickery, confidence with deceit, yet who cry out against cruel destiny when they are forced to suffer from the same qualities in others.

It is in the nature of human events that every mortal must pass through trials and sufferings of various kinds during a lifetime; no one is exempt. Sorrow is the soul's gymnasium.

But, whatever forms the main features of our earthly lives—success of failure, usefulness of uselessness, health or sickness, peace or discord, comfort or misery—can be traced back to our own mental emanations, which persistently have gone forth to create conditions and bring natural results.

It may hurt one's self-love to acknowledge this, but it is true.

Our thoughts are shaping unmade spheres, And, like a blessing or a curse, They thunder down the formless years, And sing throughout the universe.

A Talk about Yourself

Now just sit down with me, so to speak, and let us have a short, plain talk about Stomach Troubles and Dyspepsia. If you have that ailment, or have any friend who suffers from it, you will be glad to know just what it is, and what it isn't. Most people have no idea what is inside of them, or how they are made. To them disease is simply a name for various kinds of pains and aches. They have no better knowledge or idea of the operations that go on inside their own bodies than they have of the interior of the moon. They swallow medicine as blindly as men follow the politicians, and women follow the fashions. The proprietors of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup desire that people should use this medicine, not in the dark, but with a clear understanding of why they use it, and the process by which it helps them. And this is why we are going to make this talk as short and as plain as we can make it.

All the food you eat goes down into a little bag or sac, called the stomach. But it must not be allowed to lie still there. It must be disposed of somehow, for the object of food is to build up your body and to give you strength and life. So your stomach begins to work at the mass of food it holds in this way. By its power of contraction it begins to turn it over and over, and churn it up, and mix into it a fluid, formed in the walls of the stomach, called the gastric juice. After a few hours of this process, the contents of the stomach look much like a thick broth. Then all that part of it that is good for nourishment is absorbed into the walls of the stomach, and is changed into blood, and in that form is carried to every part of the body. Remember that all there is of you—every bone, every muscle, every ounce of flesh—is made out of the blood, which is merely another form of the food that was churned up in the stomach.

That is digestion, and all there is of it. But how mysterious, how wonderful it is! Nature alone comprehends it. When digestion ceases the child ceases to grow, and a man declines so fast that in a few days he is dead, starved to death. What a simple and yet what a terrible thing! One point more; please fasten it in your mind: everybody who dies of any long sickness, dies of starvation. The doctors call diseases by a hundred hard names, but when we get down to the bottom facts, nearly every one of them is, in reality, or arises from Indigestion and Dyspepsia, or in plain words, stomach troubles. When for any reason the stomach is not able to change the food into the proper fluid mass, but lets it lie sour and rot, that is indigestion.

When this becomes a habit, and is kept up for a long time, the trouble, whatever it is, has become fixed, or as it is called "chronic."

Here are some of the symptoms: Depression of spirits; a sense of heaviness in the stomach after meals; a sour taste in the mouth; belching of wind; gas, or wind in the bowels; irritable or impatient disposition; nervous alarm, worry and weariness; costiveness, or irregularity of bowels; nausea, sick-headache, dryness of skin, changeable appetite, bad dreams, and restless sleep.

Now, why should these miseries result from the mere fact that the food lies dead and useless in the stomach? Here is the reason: all this quantity of meat, bread, potatoes, and whatever else you have eaten, ferments, becomes putrid and corrupt, as it would if it stood in an open pail exposed to the sun's rays, or to the air. Presently poisonous acids and gases arise from it, which penetrate to the blood, and are thus carried to every part of the body.

Rheumatism, gout, liver complaint, kidney disease, bronchitis, consumption, eruptions on the skin, bilious disorders, and a whole string of lesser maladies arise from, or are aggravated by, this very indigestion that many people are careless and ignorant enough to think is not dangerous. The fact is that, considered in itself and as to its far-reaching effects, indigestion is responsible for more suffering and a greater loss of life than all the other so-called "diseases" put together. It has killed more people than were ever slain in war, or destroyed in epidemics, floods or accidents. It is the terrible danger, menace and fatality of our civilization. Stick a pin through that fact and study it at your leisure. If you are sick, whether you think you know what ails you or not, you can do no harm, and are pretty sure to do good by taking a course of the right medicine for Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

What is the right medicine? We know what we are talking about when we say the right medicine is Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will not injure the tenderest child, nor the most delicate and confirmed invalid woman. It quickly relieves constipation, stimulates the torpid stomach to action, opens the pores of the skin, promotes the proper flow of bile from the liver, expels all waste matters by way of the bowels, and makes life a pleasure instead of a burden. It there is any other remedy in the world which will do this as gently and surely as Mother Seigel's Syrup will do it, we do not know what that other remedy is, nor where to look for it.

And so ends our talk. We hope it will be of benefit to you.

FOR

INDIGESTION

AND ALL
STOMACH
TROUBLES

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