

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS ARE FOR YOU

No man has a right unless he can not help himself, to remain where he will be constantly subjected to the cramping, ambition-blighting influences and the great temptations of poverty. His self-respect demands that he should get out of it. It is his duty to put himself in a position of dignity and independence, where he will not be liable, at any moment, to be a burden to his friends in case of sickness or other emergencies, or where those depending on him may suffer.

There are plenty of evidences in man's construction and environment that he was made for infinitely grander and more superb things than even the most fortunate of men now possess and enjoy. There is plenty of evidence that he should be happier than the happiest of us is now. Want, lack, unhappiness do not fit man's divine nature. The trouble with us is that we do not have half faith enough in the good things that were intended for us. We do not dare to fling out our whole soul's desire, to follow the leading of our divine hunger, and ask without stint for the abundance that is our birthright. We ask for little things, and we expect little things, pinching our desires and limiting our supply. Not daring to ask to the full of our soul's desire, we do not open our minds sufficiently to allow an abundant inflow of good things. Our mentality is so restricted, our self-expression so repressed, that we think in terms of stinginess and limitation. We do not desire with that abundant faith which trusts implicitly and which receives accordingly.

We are not dealing with a Creator who is impoverished by granting our requests. It is His nature to give, to flood us with our hearts' desires. He does not have less because we ask much. The candle loses nothing of its light by lighting other candles. The rose does not ask the sun for light, only a tiny bit of its light and heat, for it is the sun's nature to throw it out to everything which will absorb it and drink it in.

One of the great secrets of life is to learn how to transfer the full current of possible divine force to ourselves and how to use this force effectively. If man can find this law of divine transference, he will multiply his efficiency a millionfold, because he will then be a co-operator with divinity on a scale of which he has never before dreamed.

When we recognize that everything comes from the great Infinite supply and that it flows to us freely, when we get into perfect tune with the Infinite, when the brute has been educated out of us, and the dross of dishonesty, selfishness, impurity burned out of us, we shall see God (good) without the scales which make us blind to good, for only the pure in heart can see God.

Do not be forever apologizing for your lack of this or of that. Every time you say that you have nothing to wear, that you never have things that other people have, that you never go anywhere or do things that other people do, you are simply etching the black picture deeper and deeper into your consciousness. As long as you recite these unfortunate details and dwell upon your disagreeable experiences, your mentality will not attract the thing you are after; will not bring that which will remedy your hard conditions.

The mental attitude, the mental picturing has to correspond with the

reality we seek. The vision is incomparable to the architect's plans which must precede the building.

Prosperity begins in the mind, and is impossible with a mental attitude which is hostile to it. We cannot attract opulence mentally by a poverty-stricken attitude which is driving away what we long for. It is fatal to work for one thing and to expect something else. No matter how much one may long for prosperity, a miserable, poverty-stricken mental attitude will close all the avenues to it. The weaving of the web must follow the pattern. Opulence and prosperity can not come in through poverty-thought and failure-thought channels. They must be created mentally first. We must think prosperity before we can come to it.

How many take it for granted that there are plenty of good things in this world for others, but not for them—the comforts, the luxuries, the fine houses the good clothes, the opportunity for travel, leisure. They settle down into the conviction that these things do not belong to them; that they are in a different class from the fortunate ones.

But why are they in a different class? Simply because they think themselves into another class; because they think themselves into inferiority; because they place limits for themselves. They cut off abundance, make the law of supply inoperative by shutting their minds to it. They work for one thing but really expect something else. And by what law can they expect to get what they believe they can not get? By what philosophy can they obtain the good things of the world when they are thoroughly convinced that these things are not for them?

One of the greatest curses of the world is to believe in the necessity of poverty. Most people have a strong conviction that many must necessarily be poor; that they were made to be poor. But there was no poverty, no want, no lack, in the Creator's plan for man. There need not be a poor person on the planet. The earth is full of resources which we have scarcely yet touched. We have been poor in the very midst of abundance, simply because of our own blighting limiting thought.

Resolve that you will turn your back on the poverty idea, that you will vigorously expect prosperity, that you will hold tenaciously the thought of abundance, the opulent ideal, which is befitting your nature; that you will try to live in the realization of plenty; to actually feel rich, opulent. This will help you to attain what you long for. There is a creative force in intense desire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HER REWARD

It was the 30th of September. Little Mary Granger, just ten years old, came home from school with a look of eager excitement shining in her blue eyes and an unusual color in her pale face. Mrs. Granger said nothing as she pushed back the hair from her child's forehead and gave her the "angel kiss" that Mary loved; but she had not long to wait for the cause.

"O, Mother," Mary exclaimed, "Sister Anastasia told us to-day that tomorrow we will begin the month of the Rosary, and the month of the angels. Every day we are to go to the chapel and say the rosary together—that's for the Blessed Virgin. Then, what we never had before, Sister gave each of us a country or a state, and as many times in the day as we can remember, we are to say, 'I

salute all the guardians angels in Arizona,' and then name our state; and, Mama, what do you think? I got Arizona."

The mother drew the child closer to her with a hand which trembled slightly, and Mary continued,—"and Sister Anastasia didn't know either; and I'm sure it was God sent it to me, and I know the angels will find Frank. Mama, don't you love the angels?"

"Yes, dear, how could mama help it? You know she has a little angel of her own."

Mrs. Granger sighed as she looked at the beautiful little face so close to hers and at the trail little form which her arm encircled. Mary had, even from babyhood, an unearthly beauty about her, a spiritual something in her fair face, and a far-off look in her blue eyes; but since her first Communion, which she had made in the previous month of May, this look had been more noticeable. And Mrs. Granger had sometimes wondered if Mary saw what they did not. Now the thought came to her, "What if the little girl were to be taken from me?"

It really seemed that she belonged to the angels rather than to this world. Mrs. Granger felt a cold chill run through her. It was just a year since God had taken her husband from her. Would He ask another sacrifice?

Mary seemed to feel something unusual in her mother's manner, and kissing her gently, she said: "Are you tired, Mother dear, or are you thinking of Frank? I know the angels will bring him back now; I never thought of asking them before." Making a strong effort to appear natural, Mrs. Granger said: "Yes, dear, I know they will; we must both ask them very earnestly."

Francis, or Frank, as he was usually called, was the eldest son of the Granger family, just twenty-five years of age. But where was he? Was he even living? His family could answer neither of these questions. Five years ago he had left home after a quarrel with his father, and for the first year afterwards, his mother had had an occasional letter. Then more than a year had gone by without a word. Then another letter came, saying that he had gone to Arizona and had a good position there.

That was now three years old and no other had followed it, though she had repeatedly written to the address he had given. Within those three years how much had happened! The father's health had begun to fail, and after a long illness he had passed away, leaving his wife to the care of their second oldest boy. Charles had striven hard to take the place of father and oldest son in the family, but it was a heavy burden for one so young. They had never been rich as the word is commonly understood, but they had enjoyed all the comforts that belong to a moderate income. The father's death, however, had made a great change, and after all expenses had been paid and his business affairs settled, it was decided best for them to remove to a smaller house. Charles was received into the office of an old friend of his father, and this same kind gentleman also furnished writing to an older daughter, Margaret, who was thus enabled to remain at home as companion for her mother, and yet furnish a small contribution to the slender income of the family. Three children between Margaret and Mary had died, and thus the little one became the darling object of each one's love and devotedness. She was attending as a day pupil the Academy of the Sisters of Notre Dame, a few blocks from her home.

It was just three weeks after Mary had come home happy in the thought that "Arizona" had fallen to her share, and ever since she had been most faithful to her practice. Morning, noon, and night, going and coming, studying or playing, she did not forget to salute the guardian angels of Arizona. "I salute all the guardian angels in Arizona, and won't you please bring Frank home to mother?" had grown so familiar to her, and was so often on her lips that sometimes she said it in her sleep; and often in the day-time her mother saw the little lips framing the words though no sound came.

This afternoon Mary had remained at school after the other children, in order to make a visit to the Sisters' chapel, a permission which was freely given to the children in the afternoon. The kind portress was always on the watch for those who came from the chapel and saw them safely started for home with a fervent, "God bless you, child." Her salutation was even more tender when it was the blue eyes and pale face of Mary Granger that were lifted in response, for as she said to the other sisters: "I always feel nearer to God when I see that child."

The door had just closed behind her and Mary started down the stone steps, when seeing that it was beginning to rain, she endeavored to raise her umbrella. It stuck, somehow, and in her efforts to loosen it, her school-books slipped from her arm, fell down the steps, and reached the pavement in wild confusion. In her anxiety to keep her new books clean and neat, Mary ceased to concern herself with the umbrellas and hastened after her treasures. But someone was before her. A tall man with heavily bearded face was bending over her "English Grammar," the cover of which had opened and disclosed on the fly-leaf in childish hand, the name "Mary Granger." Underneath this was "250 Maple Street."

In a second the man had read the words and by the time Mary had reached the foot of the steps, he was gathering the books together. Only then did he glance at the child, but Mary was astonished at the look as he handed her the books and yet spoke no word.

"Oh, thank you," she said in her gracious little way; "I am so sorry to give you that trouble, but I could not get my umbrella open."

"Can I open it for you?" he said eagerly, and something in his tone made her look at him again.

"If you please," she said more shyly, beginning to think she ought not to talk to a strange man.

In his strong hands the umbrella was soon open and restored to Mary, who with another "Thank you," hurried on her way. She had been taught not to turn round to look behind her on the street; but had she done so, she would have seen that the man was standing just where she had left him, and that he had, as she afterwards remembered, no umbrella to protect him from the rain. He did not think of this, however. He knew that he had just seen his sister and that she was most probably going home to the mother he had always loved; but now that he knew where to find her, he had not the courage to follow the child. There was not the least doubt in his mind. Mary's blue eyes had his mother's look, and there was the name on the fly-leaf of the book. Only the address "250 Maple Street," was unfamiliar, but there was no likelihood that he would forget it, for it furnished him with the reason why on the day before, when he had gone down the street past his old home, there was nothing of the familiar look about it.

When Mary Granger reached home she told her mother of the accident and of the man who had assisted her; but she seemed to be much more interested in examining her beloved books to see whether or not any harm had come to them. Her mother, of course, attached no importance to the incident; but Charles, who liked, once in a while, to tease his little sister, told her that maybe it was a disguised prince who had come to her assistance.

"Rather," said Margaret, "it was one of Mary's angels who took human form."

But Mary only laughed good-naturedly; she did not mind their teasing. The next morning when she was starting out to school, her mother accompanied her to the door, as she always did, when she did not actually go with the child. Just as Mary reached the pavement and turned to wave a last kiss to her mother, she saw going down on the other side of the street, the man who had come to her assistance the day before.

"Mother," she called softly, "that is the man."

The mother looked down the street, but no glimpse of the face could be seen. Yet there was something strangely familiar in the man's walk, and without being able to account for it, she was all in a tremble when she closed the door and returned to the breakfast-room.

That day Mary remembered even oftener than before to salute the guardian angels. Perhaps it was because of her sister's teasing about the angel in human form, or perhaps it was because Sister Anastasia had reminded the children that the month was drawing to a close; however it was, the thought of the angels and of her brother was constantly with her. When she reached home in the afternoon, there, standing near the house was the man, and to her astonishment and even terror, he addressed her.

"Mary," he said, "I know your brother Frank. Do you remember him?"

That was enough. Mary's voice rang out in glad surprise, "Oh, come and tell Mother. She will be so glad. I knew the angels would find him."

The brother hesitated, for he felt sure his mother's eye would know him in spite of his changed appearance, and he feared the shock it would be to her. His sister's joyful exclamation, "Oh, come and tell Mother," had removed his last fear of the reception his pride dreaded he might meet, though his heart had always told him that nothing but love would be waiting him.

"Mary," he said, with almost child-like eagerness, "you go in and tell your mother that there is somebody downstairs who knows Frank, and ask her to come down."



Long they sat and talked, forgetting time until Mary, wondering at the length of the visit the stranger was making, ventured near the door. Her mother, catching sight of the white dress, and reminded of her to whose innocent prayers they owed this return, called her.

"Come, dear, here is a surprise for you, and for Charles and Margaret when they come home."

Mary entered, but when she saw her mother's hand clasped in the stranger's, and the look of joy on her face, she understood.

"It is Frank!" and with one bound she was at his side and her arms were round his neck.

"I knew the angels would bring you."

That evening when the family gathered round the grate fire for a happy reunion, Frank told the story of those five years. He had indeed gone to Arizona and secured a good situation; but he was taken ill with fever, was removed to a hospital, and for months was unable to do anything. Meantime he had lost the situation and being alone and unknown, as well as physically weak, he had never succeeded in getting anything again that seemed to him worth while. It had been his ambition to make a fortune and then come home, and it cost his pride very much to return even poorer than he had left. But somehow, he said, for the last weeks he had been, as he were,

forced to return, his longing to see his mother had been so great.

"I know," said Mary, "it was your guardian angel who made you come."

Even after reaching the city, however, he hesitated. Then he had gone to take a look at the old home and found that it was no longer his home. It was just after this that, wandering aimlessly along, he passed the convent and little Mary's books fell almost at his feet. Then he learned where home was, and that night after a struggle with himself, he made up his mind what he would do.

"And to think, Mother," said Mary, "if I had not stayed that afternoon to say my rosary in the chapel, I would not have been there when Frank passed, and he would not have found us."

"But the angels were fixing matters, weren't they?" said Frank.

"And Our Blessed Mother was watching over us," added the happy mother.

"After all, Mary," said Charles, "was it the Blessed Virgin or the angels who brought Frank home?"

"It was both," Mary unhesitatingly answered, and with a happy little laugh she nestled closer to her mother while Frank's hand still clasped hers. Who will say she was not right?—Sunday Companion.

The stayer wins whether the weapons be drawn or brains. The best work of art is by hard work.—Archbishop Spalding.

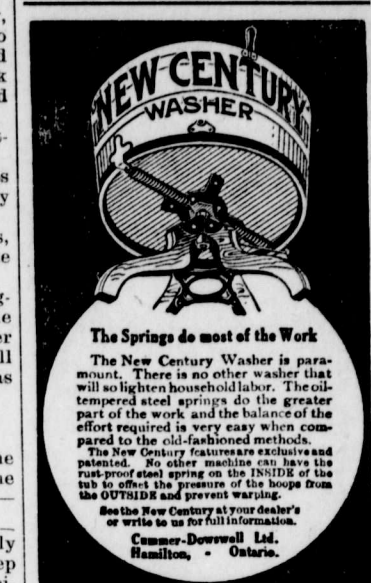
The tepid Christian is spiritually blind, like one walking in his sleep or standing on the brink of a precipice ready to topple over at any moment from the dizzy heights into the frightful abyss below, and all the time wholly unconscious of his danger and thoroughly satisfied with himself and his position.—Rev. John E. Graham, D.D., F.R.S.E.

The man who lives without ideals can hardly be said to live at all. The man who does not strive after the unattainable will never gain the attainable in the highest perfection. It is the men of ideals who have accomplished the highest in the world—the dreamers, those who imagine almost impossibly great things and then accomplish them.—Rev. M. J. Riordan, O.F.M.

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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 the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "all right" and that I might have to pay for him. I was a little nervous, but I gave him my money and he gave me the horse.

So I said 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?

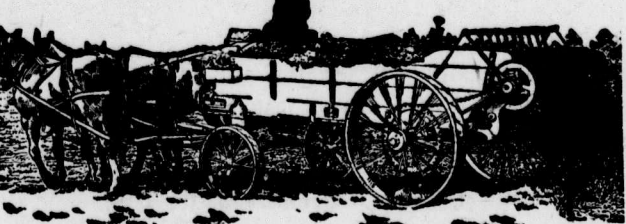
And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, it wears and tears on the clothes alone. And then it will save you cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what 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.

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What Three Bushels More to the Acre Means

EIGHT years ago the farmers in a central state raised average crops that ran three bushels less to the acre than they now get. Suppose each acre of farm land in this country were so tended that it produced an equal increase. How much more money would farmers have, with which to buy the luxuries of life that they earn and deserve?

What others have done, you can do. Your share in this prosperity depends entirely upon yourself. The first step for you to take is to fertilize your land properly with manure spread by an

I H C Manure Spreader

Corn King or Cloverleaf

Manure cannot be spread as it should be unless a machine is used. An I H C spreader covers the ground with an even coat, light or heavy as may be needed, and pulverized so that the plant food elements in the manure combine with the soil to best advantage.

The spreader that does this work as it should be done must have many excellent mechanical features. The apron should move without jerking; the beater should meet the load at exactly the right point to pulverize the manure without too greatly increasing the draft of the machine; the speed changes of the apron should be positive whether the spreader is going uphill or down, otherwise the spreading will be uneven. All these features are provided for in the construction of I H C spreaders.

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