

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IF YOU WERE BUSY
If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who were sad,
Although your heart might ache
A bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

USE THE PRESENT

Always at some future time it is
our intention and expectation to be
what we are not today—to be better,
differently, to make more of our lives
and work. Isn't it so with you?
Aren't you always looking forward to
the day when your besetting sins
shall lose their grasp upon you,
when the best part of your nature
shall assert itself and you shall be
the individual you think it is
in you to become—in other words,
you crush your weakness and give
your best nature a chance?

Of course you are—you wouldn't
be much of a man if you didn't keep
such an ideal before you, if you didn't
strive each day to improve upon your
performance of the day before. You
would be standing still, absolutely
stagnating if you did not make such
effort.

It was George Elliot who said: "It
is never too late to be what we might
have been;" and it's true, too, isn't
it? If you draw a blank yesterday,
it doesn't follow that you will today.
You have a new opportunity; you
can begin to do what you might have
done; the golden present is yours to
make of it what you will.

We dream dreams of the things we
are going to do in the future. Isn't
this present good enough for us?
But we are always saying "to-
morrow." Why not "today"?
There's never a better time than
right now.

Do you know that because we have
this putting off habit, because we
have learned to say "tomorrow"
instead of "today" we miss half the
joy of living; we miss the pleasure
that is in hand looking forward
to the pleasure that may be; we
miss the chance of doing good work
because we are thinking of the fine
thing we are going to do next week.
We walk along blind and deaf to so
much that is ours for the taking—we
re really only half alive, most of
us, we use neither our bodies nor
our minds to their fullest and best.

We need to have these ideals, to
reach higher always, to look ahead,
but don't let's miss the present; don't
let's lose all of today in thinking of
tomorrow.

IMPOSSIBLE

What do you want to be? What
would you like to accomplish? De-
cide for yourself. Will it firmly.
Use the necessary means. Keep
after it persistently. And you'll
get it.

Every day we live we see the thing
that is "impossible" performed, the
dream of some man with vision com-
ing true. Men said that it was im-
possible to float a boat of iron and
send it across the ocean—and lo, it
was done. Men said that it was
impossible to talk over a wire—and
we do it every day without even
thinking of the wonder of it. They
laughed at the thought of a vehicle
moving by its own power, but today
the automobile is too common to
cause comment. And the thought of
a man flying—impossible again!
Look at the place the air craft is
taking in the great war. What is
impossible? Let no man say.

We take up our appointed task, it
looks difficult to us, well-nigh im-
possible. We're very sure we can't
accomplish it, it looms before us
mountain high—but we can do this
thing. We don't do it in a day nor
in a month, but we can do it by keep-
ing it ever before us, by climbing
inch by inch. Sometimes we slip
back and sometimes the jeers of
others, the wet blankets, the prophets
of evil, those who have no faith, no
vision, discourage us, but we must
learn to look ahead, to keep our eyes
and our mind on the task in hand.

STRIVING TO IMPROVE

Edison, with his marvelous achieve-
ments, has taught us what those who
can do take for their motto, "I can
do better." When, after a long trial,
he received a satisfactory report from
the superintendent of his cement
plant, the one remark Edison made
was: "The only way to keep ahead
of the procession is to experiment.
If you don't, the other fellow will.
When there's no experimenting
there's no progress. Stop experi-
menting and you go backward. If
anything goes wrong, experiment
until you get to the very bottom of
the trouble."—Catholic Columbian.

"God," says St. John Chrysostom,
"thunders long before striking with
His lightning; and, even then, He
strikes but with one spark." God
awaits us patiently, pardons us with-
out delay, and triumphs at our
amendment.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOY WHO TRIES

The boy who wins is sure of praise,
And yet I somehow prize
Through stress of dark and cloudy
days
The gallant boy who tries.

The lad whose valor hold its own
In presence of defeat,
Who falls and rises makes no moan
In dust, or cold or heat.

A thousand praise the boy who wins,
But twice ten thousands rise
Beyond this world of clamorous din
To praise the boy who tries.

LEGEND OF THE SCAPULAR

The following beautiful incident is
related in the "Chroniques du Car-
mel": A Christian named Joseph
Gemonat, was on his journey toward
Baghdad. He passed through the
desert of Killa, in which there were
many lions. Whilst nearing Samona,
Joseph suddenly heard the roar of
the dreaded beast, and in another
moment saw it furiously rushing
toward him. The poor traveler
abandoned all hope of escape, and
his horse stood and shook with fear.
Death appeared certain. Gemonat
recommended his soul to God and
then taking his scapular from his
breast held it before the lion and
said: "In the name of the Blessed
Virgin, I command thee to do me no
harm." At this the lion stood still,
ceased to roar, turned and fled. The
Prefect-Apostolic, together with many
other people of Baghdad and Bors-
zail, listened to the story of Gemonat
and bore testimony to its truth.
Thus on many occasions was
verified the promise of our Mother,
that the Scapular is "a safeguard in
danger."

LEGEND OF NEAL MOR

There is a great hole or well near
the River Suir, always filled with
water, whose depth no man has yet
fathomed. Near is a castle, which
in olden times belonged to a power-
ful chief called Neal Mor. One day
while his servants were saving the
hay, a violent tempest of wind and
rain came on, which quite destroyed
the crop. Then Neal Mor was filled
with rage, and he mounted his horse
and drew his sword, and rode forth
to the field; and there he challenged
the Lord God Himself to battle.
And he swung his sword round his
head and struck at the air, as if he
would slay the Great Invisible Spirit.
On which suddenly a strange thing
happened, for a great whirlwind
arose and the earth opened and Neal
Mor, still astride on his horse and
with the sword in his hand, was
lifted high up into the air and then
cast down alive into the great hole,
called Poulmor, which may be seen
to this day, and the castle is still
standing by the margin. But no
trace of Neal Mor or his steed was
ever again beheld. They perished
utterly by the vengeance of God.

But, some time after his disappear-
ance, a rude stone figure seated on a
horse was cast up out of the earth;
and then all men knew the fate of
the terrible chief who had braved the
wrath of God, for here was his image
and the sign of his destruction.
The stone figure is still preserved at
the castle, and tradition says that if
it were removed the whole castle
would crumble to pieces in a single
night and be cast into the Poulmor.
—The Monitor.

TWO CHILD SAINTS

On May 12 is celebrated the feast
day of one of the young virgin mar-
tyrs of the early church, St. Flavia
Domitilla. She was the little niece
of Domitian, one of the cruel
emperors of Rome, and also a niece
of St. Flavius Clemens, one of the
emperor's consuls. After Domitian
plut to death her uncle he banished
Flavia Domitilla to a far island
called Pontia, because she, too, was
a Christian. During her banishment
on this island she lived with two
holy servants, and spent her time in
exercises of devotion.

After the death of Domitian
another wicked emperor ruled in
Rome by the name of Trajan.
Flavia Domitilla returned to her
native city, but was burned to death
by the order of Trajan because she
would not sacrifice to false gods.

Another youthful saint and martyr,
whose feast day is also on the 12th
day of May, is St. Pancras.

Hundreds and hundreds of years
ago, to be exact, in the year 304, a
very wicked emperor ruled in Rome
whose name was Dioclesian. He did
everything horrible to the Christians
to try to make them give up their
religion and adore the heathen gods.
Sometimes he would give them to
the lions, at other times torture
them on the rack and yet again at
other times he would have them
beheaded.

During one of these persecutions
a little boy named Pancras was
brought before the emperor and
accused of being a Christian. The
cruel king tried to make Pancras
sacrifice to the false gods, but the
little boy knew that would be wrong.
He knew that Christ had died for
him, so he was brave enough to
willingly give his life for the faith of
Christ. He was only fourteen years
old when he was beheaded by the
order of Dioclesian.

MOTHER

Children, look in those eyes, listen
to that dear voice, notice the feeling
of even a single touch that is be-
stowed upon you by that gentle
hand! Make much of it while yet
you have that most precious of all
gifts, a loving mother. Read the un-
fathomable love of those eyes; the
kind anxiety of that tone and look,

however slight your pain. In after
life you may have friends, fond dear
friends, but never will you have
again the inexpressible love and
gentleness lavished upon you which
none but a mother can bestow.—
T. Macaulay.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON ST. PATRICK AND HIS WORK

In his profoundly interesting pair
of volumes devoted to "A Retros-
pect of Fifty Years," His Eminence
Cardinal Gibbons has a special
chapter on "The Apostolic Mission
of the Irish Race," in which the
almost miraculous Avator of St.
Patrick on Ireland is dwelt upon in
most impressive periods, as to its
significance in the province of his-
torical development and the theory
of the eternal fitness of things and
the choice of instruments by Divine
Wisdom, among the multitudinous
races of mankind, by which to carry
out His mighty plans. The fact that
a single Apostle converted a whole
nation of Pagan people highly gifted,
emotional and warlike, but yet so
lofty and spiritual in their native
aspirations that their national symbol
was the beautiful form of a winged
woman, radiating into the shape of
a stringed harp, without the spilling
of one drop of human blood while
the transformation was taking place,
has no parallel in history, before or since.
The additional fact that that nation,
won to the Christian religion solely
by love and the grace of God, has
clung to it with a constancy that no
power of persecution or temptation could
shake, for fifteen hundred years, is
not less remarkable, in a world of
change and vicissitude. Cardinal
Gibbons has, no doubt, emphasized
the significance of these portents, on
more than one occasion, as explana-
tory of the title which Ireland had
for centuries before the Christian era
borne—the Isle of Destiny. In his
"Retrospect" he selects a discourse
delivered by himself in St. Patrick's
Church, Baltimore, on March 17, 1871.
We select a few of the most striking
passages from the noble discourse, as
follows:

The conversion of Ireland was
effected without bloodshed. The
Apostles of other nations had to
add the Gospel with their blood before it
bore fruit in the hearts of the people.
"The blood of martyrs is the seed
of Christians." The pioneer mis-
sionaries of America and of China,
as well as the first Apostles of Con-
tinental Europe generally sacrificed
their lives in the cause of Christian-
ity before their labors were crowned
with success.

But to the honor of Ireland be it
said that her children were never
stained with the blood of martyrs.
St. Patrick gained over them a blood-
less as well as a rapid victory.

The conversion of the nation bore
abundant fruit. So numerous and
so flourishing were the religious in-
stitutions which sprang up on the
island that it has been justly called
the "Island of Saints" (Insula
Sanctorum). The venerable mon-
uments scattered over the country,
and imposing even in their ruins,
attest the splendor of her ancient
churches and monasteries.

Ireland deserves also the title of
Island of "learned men," (Insula
Doctorum). During the Fifth, Sixth,
Seventh and Eighth Centuries,
Europe was devastated by hordes of
barbarians who rushed like a torrent
from the north, carrying with them
ruin and devastation everywhere.
The Goths and Vandals invaded
Italy. The Saracens overran Spain.
The Anglo Saxons took possession
of England, routing the native Britons.
During these disorders and revolu-
tions, literature was abandoned and
religion was more or less neglected,
for "during war laws and letters are
silent."

Meantime Ireland was in the enjoy-
ment of comparative peace and de-
voted herself to the pursuits of science.
While the sons of Europe and Britain
buckled on the sword, the sons of
Ireland were wielding "the pen which
is mightier than the sword." The
consequence was that a multitude of
young men flocked from the continent
and England to Ireland, to pursue in
peace the paths of literature which
were closed to them in their own
countries.

The Venerable Bede informs us
that poor scholars were not only
educated gratuitously in Ireland, but
that they were also supplied with
books and board, free of all expense.
Indeed a temporary residence in
Ireland was then considered almost
indispensable to acquire literary
fame.

But Irish saints and scholars were
not content with fanning the flame of
religion and knowledge in their own
country, they also carried the torch
of faith and science to the most dis-
tant parts of Europe. Irish mission-
aries could be found on the banks of
the Danube and in the Apennines.
They spread the Gospel in Denmark,
Sweden, Norway, Gaul, Switzerland,
the Low Countries, and even in
Britain.

And is not Ireland repeating to-day
for the United States what she has
already accomplished for Europe?
Is not this country chiefly indebted
to her for its faith? There are few
churches erected from Maine to Cali-
fornia, from Canada to Mexico which
Irish hands have not supported and
in which Irish hearts are not found
worshipping.

She contributes not only to the
material but also to the personnel of
the Church in this country. A large
proportion of our Bishops and clergy
are of Irish origin or descent.

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Children of Erin, whatever may be
said of Irish misrule, which has led to
so much forced emigration, adore in
silence the mysterious providence of
God who has been pleased to make
you the instrument of His mercy in
the propagation of the Gospel
throughout the land! Say with
Joseph banished to Egypt: "It is not
by the counsel of men that we are
sent hither, but by the will of God.
Who hath made us His humble
agents in the salvation of souls."

The Catholic religion is as intima-
tely interwoven with the annals of
Ireland as the golden threads which
are interlaced in a garment of cloth.
And as the fibres of the gold give
beauty and brilliancy to the tissue,
so the ecclesiastical annals of Ire-
land, intertwined in her secular his-
tory, impart to it a thrilling interest
and brighten every page.

Tear from Irish history the golden
annals of her religious struggles, her
fiery persecutions, her triumphs of
faith—leave these out, and Irish his-
tory becomes a thread-bare narrative
without interest, without connection,
without glory.

Ireland without her Church, and
her priests would be like Rome with-
out St. Peter's majestic dome, or like
that Basilica itself without its
Supreme Pontiff.

Ireland without the Church would
be like Jerusalem of old divested of
her sacred Temple and her venerable
High Priest. Ireland without the
Church would be like her own deso-
lated and ruined monasteries,
stripped of her ancient glory, with
altars dismantled, shorn of their
interior beauty, with nothing of
them left save tottering walls yield-
ing to the decaying hand of time.

In a word, the history of Ireland
without her sacred traditions would
be like the records of the Jewish
nation with their religion left out.

The Hebrew race are interesting to
us not simply because they are de-
scendants from Abraham or because
they went down into Egypt, or
because they settled in the Promised
Land; but because they alone of
all the nations of the earth preserve
the true religion and because amid
all their faults, they still remember
Sion.

So are the people of Ireland inter-
esting to us, because in every vicis-
situde they "kept the faith once
delivered to the Saints," and because
they displayed an indomitable reli-
gious heroism worthy of the primitive
days of the Church. — Philadelphia
Standard and Times.

CONVERT TELLS OF HIS HIGH CHURCH EXPERIENCE

A convert to the Catholic Church,
a former Episcopalian, has given
The Denver Catholic Register an
insight into some of the things that
led him to Catholicity, and his story
is decidedly interesting, particularly
in view of the claims put forward by
the High Church party to being a
branch of the Catholic or universal
Church.

This gentleman was reared a
Presbyterian, but never formally
affiliated with that Church, turning,
instead, to Episcopalianism when he
was old enough to decide for himself
what fold he wished to join. He
was then a resident of New York state,
living in a semi-rural district close
to New York city, working in the
city. The rector of the Episcopalian
church there was an extreme low
church man.

"Many a time," said the convert,
"after communion I saw him throw
the fragments of the bread left over
to the birds."

Can you imagine this happening
with a genuine priest? The mis-
ter, undoubtedly, did not believe in
the Real Presence, hence his act,
from his point of view, was not at
all sacrilegious. But many High
Church Episcopalianism do adhere to
the Real Presence, and, in their
eyes, the action of the minister was
as profane as if a Catholic priest
were to open the tabernacle and
throw the consecrated Hosts to the
birds. While it would be an aid to
unity were the Holy Catholic Church
able to recognize the validity of
Anglican orders—this question was
definitely settled in the negative by
Pope Leo XIII.—it is fortunate
indeed, from our standpoint, that
the New York clergyman was not a
genuine priest. His case, however,
is very unusual. Few Episcopalian
clerics would act as he did.

"Not only in this case, but in
others," declared the convert, whose

name we are willing to give to per-
sons interested in the matter, "have I
seen this clergyman do things that
were extraordinary, to say the least.
I saw him administer baptism on
several occasions when I am posi-
tive that the sacrament was not val-
idly given. I did not pay much
attention to it at the time, but I have
often thought about it since."

In this, the convert coincides with
a view expressed recently in Amer-
ica by Floyd Keeler, an Episcopalian
minister who has made his submis-
sion to the Church of St. Peter. Mr.
Keeler showed that there is grave
necessity for conditionally baptizing
converts from the Episcopal church,
due to the carelessness of ministers
in giving the sacrament. He gave
as his basis, based on personal
observation, that baptism was not
given validly in many cases by the
Episcopal clergy.

To resume our original story, the
gentleman who was a member of the
suburban congregation later joined
the parish of St. Mary the Virgin, in
New York city. This is one of the
"Highest" churches in the Anglican
fold. The clergymen are all called
" fathers," like our priests, and mass
is celebrated regularly, in English.
The services differ in some points
from ours, but they look so much
like Holy Catholic rites that an Irish
girl, according to a story that is
told, attended them for an entire
year before she knew that she was
not in a Catholic church. The Eng-
lish, when chanted or used in the
mass prayers, can scarcely be distin-
guished from the Latin as used in
our churches. Confessions are
heard regularly.

The clergymen of this parish be-
lieve in consubstantiation, but not
transubstantiation; in other words,
they believe that, in the Mass, Christ
becomes truly present in the bread
and wine, but they do not accept the
Holy Catholic teaching that the
bread and wine become the Body and
Blood of Christ.

Bishop Potter, Episcopalian, was a
low churchman. He did not go to
St. Mary the Virgin's to confirm un-
less it was necessary, and, when he
did go, the priests used to remove
the Host and leave the tabernacle
door open. They did this, said the
convert, because they were afraid
that the bishop would do something
which might be construed as disre-
spectful, in order to show his lack of
belief in the Real Presence.

"Finally," said the convert, "the
inconsistency of it all came home to
me, and I started to investigate,
with the result that I am a Catholic
today."

Scarcely any conversion to the
Holy Catholic Church is without a
struggle. This man was forced to
undergo a terrific fight with himself.
He feared that his conversion meant
the severing of all ties that bound
him to the past. But he was brave
enough to take the step, and has
since had the consolation of having
another dear relative follow him
into the Church.

"This same relative, when he was
converted, said to him: "You had
better deed over all your property to
me before those Catholic priests get
it."—Denver Catholic Register.

THE ROSARY

Devotion to the Rosary has been
the salvation of many a home, for
what harm can enter into the place
where the Mother of God is loved
and honored. Our Holy Father has
given to her the beautiful title
"Queen of Peace" and has ordered
this title added to the Litany. Re-
ferring to this fact the Archbishop of
Cashes recently made an eloquent
plea for "the family Rosary" as a
means of obtaining the blessings and
graces essential to happy living.

"I specially recommend you to
have the family Rosary," said the
Archbishop. "Say it at home with
your family, that will bring a blessing
on every member of the family.
Have a fixed, definite hour, and insist
that every member of the family will
be in for the Rosary. By doing that
you will bring down the grace of God
on your family, and will save every
member of your family from tempta-
tion. I hope that this grand old
Irish practice of saying the family
Rosary every night will be fully and
entirely carried out in the parish."

A pious hope that we trust will be
realized not only in Cashel, but
everywhere. Now is a good time
to revive this beautiful practice that
we learned in our youth, but that
children to-day are not learning,
because worldly interests are crowd-
ing the Mother of God out of her

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—Sacred Heart Review.

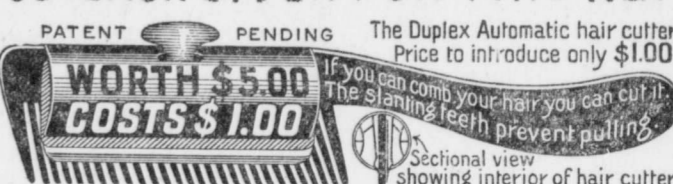
USE OF INFALLIBILITY

St. Paul says in one place that his
apostolic power is given him to edifica-
tion and not to destruction. There can
be no better account of the infallibility
of the Church. It is a supply for
a need, and it does not go beyond
that need. Its object is, and its
effort also, not to enfeeble the free-
dom or vigor of human thought in
religious speculation, but to resist
and control its extravagance.—Cardi-
nal Newman.



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The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

- Black tea—1 cupful (5 fl. oz.) 1.54
Green tea—1 glassful (8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice) 2.02
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. 1.21
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. 1.12

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.