

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

POLITENESS IN BUSINESS

A man recently called, by appointment, at a business house in New York. He called because he had it in his power to do a considerable favor to the firm, and meant to do it, unsolicited. They did not know this, however, and he had hardly entered the office door before he was met by a series of rebuffs, from the incivility of the office boy up to a curt, discourteous reception by the junior partner. He said to himself: "This is the mental attitude of the firm—rudeness and lack of perception. What use is it to do such a favor?" It ought to be done for a better firm. So he went away without offering them what he had to give, and gave his help to someone else.

Another big business man went to call on his lawyer, and did so, unannounced. The attendant at the door received him with insufferable conceit and lack of courtesy. The millionaire argued thus to himself: "The lawyer who trusts his unknown callers to such an assistant cannot be a very wise man, after all. Therefore he is not wise enough for me, for I want the best." So he went away and put his hundred thousand dollars in the hands of an equally well known lawyer, the rule of whose offices was politeness to all, famous or obscure.

These true stories are recorded in a business magazine, and it comments on them thus: "It is no wonder that our successful men lay stress on the importance of the simplest elements of moral character as necessary to success. It is a serious question if the biggest lesson in business are not due rather to some form of self-conceit and indifference to the rights of others than to the blunders of the simple."

GO FORWARD BRAVELY

Keep your head cool, your heart warm, your hands busy and your conscience clear. Be ready for the work that comes to you and do it so heartily and faithfully that you will never stop to ask whether it is work you like or not. If you stumble—physically, mentally or morally—get up and go on again, and whistle down the tears; the tears are useful only as a token of real contrition, but the whistle may encourage some one else. Don't whine, don't pity yourself, don't bar the way by lagging and down-heartedness. Do your best, help your neighbor, and trust God to bring the crooked things straight.

PUT YOURSELF INTO YOUR WORK

"When a man once puts his very life into his calling he unconsciously trains himself to like it, no matter how much he may have detested it before," said a successful business man, an enthusiastic in the very work from which, as a beginner, he had only been eager to escape. Everything in the world holds value for us only according to what we put into it, and half-hearted work cannot awaken enthusiasm. It is only by putting ourselves into our labor, our friendship, our service for God or our brother that the reward of enjoyment can come to us.—Catholic Columbian.

IGNOMINY

No man's character is complete until he has passed through the valley of ignominy. The contempt of his fellowmen is a whip that stings when laid on a man's back, and the way he acts under that lash shows whether he is a thoroughbred or not.

The knowledge that you are hated is bitter medicine, but wholesome. Defeat, failure, shame and despising are supposed to crush men. They do crush small men. They are the makings of great men.

There never was a man who reached the age of forty with a strong character but that had most of his excellencies driven in his soul by hard blows.

Neither goodness nor greatness (and in an accurate analysis they are the same thing) is a hothouse plant maturing under careful protection. Rather they are metals that become perfect only by the pounding between hammer and anvil.

I used often to wonder why the old mystics laid so much stress upon the need of having the contempt of men in order to grow saintly. Reflection and experience have convinced me that they were psychologically correct.

For it is under ignominy that a man is forced to examine himself and see if his principles are sound, his motives honest, and his cause worthy.

So long as we are favored and fortunate we may be rotting in our souls and never know it.

Our greatest friend is our enemy who tell us unpleasant truths and tramples our pretensions underfoot.

It is then we are thrown back upon ourselves and must needs convince ourselves that we are worthy to live.

"When men shall revile upon and persecute you, and say all manner of evil lies against you, rejoice and be exceeding glad," for so have they done to every honest and brave soul since the world began.

It's good for us. We are never powerful until we learn humility. All vanity is weakness, and there is nothing like a swarm of spiteful, vigorous enemies to clear our souls of those "magic mists of vain glory" of which Thomas a Kempis speaks.

There's never a nobler moment in a man's life than when he finds himself alone and at bay, backed up against God, the world snarling and barking at him.—Dr. Frank Crane.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S RESOLUTIONS

Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, in whom the name of Daniel O'Connell will ever stir up the deepest feelings of gratitude and high patriotism, would do well to read over occasionally the following resolutions which he once made during time of retreat. They serve to show that the great Liberator, even while working so nobly for the welfare of his country, did not lose sight of the welfare of his soul. It is one of Ireland's grandest proofs that her truest sons cannot forget their God.

1. To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself to my Crucified Redeemer, begging Him by all His infinite merits and divine charity to take me under His direction and control in all things.
2. To meditate and make mental prayer for at least a half hour every day.
3. To aim at pleasing God in all my actions, striving to be influenced by love of God rather than by hope of reward or fear of punishment.
4. To avoid all voluntary occasions of temptations.
5. To appeal to God and to invoke the Blessed Virgin in all real temptations.
6. To say every day the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity.
7. Every day to say an Act of fervent Contrition.
8. Every day to say the "Memorabilia" and the "Sub Tuum," adding many ejaculatory prayers to our Blessed Mother.
9. Every day to pray to God, His Blessed Mother and the Saints for a happy death.
10. To avoid carefully small faults and venial sins.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A VACATION CHAT

There never was a boy or girl of any worth, who, reading of the heroes and heroines whose names and deeds a grateful world holds in love and reverence, and offers to each succeeding generation as models, but wished an opportunity to do heroic acts might come to him or her. The wounded soldier on the battlefield giving the last drop of water to another; the brave girl starting out in the teeth of the storm to light the lamp to warn sailors of their danger; the dying boy carrying the news of the victory to the general; the Knights who rode about redressing human wrongs—you know how it fires your bosom to read of these splendid people, and you grow sad to think you have no opportunity of doing noble things.

Now that is where you are making your mistake, boys and girls. Every day of your lives, the opportunities to be brave and kind, and generous and courageous crowd in; until, if you grasped but half of them, you would measure up to any of the heroes and heroines you admire.

For this week, let us talk about kindness to animals. With vacation time on your hands, you are going to find yourself often at a loss for some new diversion; and quite likely, some one will suggest that you rob birds' nests, or shoot at birds, or capture the young ones and put them in cages, if they are of the singing sort, otherwise kill them, maybe by torturing them. Stop and ask yourselves if you think the spirit that prompted the soldier to give his last drink to another, was fostered by such deeds? Had it been, he would have drunk the water himself, and we should never have heard of him.

God gave life to all the little birds, and He told them to build their nests and raise their little birds, so that there would continue to be song in this world, and the pests that destroy the trees and the crops would not overrun the earth. I need not tell you what great service is rendered by the birds to the farmer and gardener, for your school books have done that; as I hope your teachers have urged protection of the birds upon you. Let one of your vacation resolutions be that you will not injure the birds in any way, and you will prevent your companions from doing so.

Another creature that suffers much in summer from the thoughtless child, is the dog. To leave a stone at an unoffending dog is cruel; to tie a can to his tail and turn him loose, is dangerous as well as cruel; for in hot weather, many a dog has gone mad from such treatment, and bitten cattle and people, causing their horrible deaths. Don't do that, little children. Let the dog pass, with a kind word. Man has no more loyal friend than the dog, and every child should own one, for there is no better playmate.

You would like to do some good things this summer, I know; so I want every one of my little readers to do this: keep a pan of water for the birds and another pan of water for the dogs that pass along the street or road. Think how warm you often are, and how thirsty, and remember that dogs and birds are likewise. We are told that many a dog has gone mad because it could not get a drink. You cannot imagine what amusement it offers to place a pan of water for the birds, and then hide and wait for them to come up for a drink or a bath. You will often see them disagreeing, like naughty little children; probably, the big blue jay will drive all of them off until he has finished. But the others will come back. Then maybe you will see a strange bird in the company some morning, and you will be so interested

that you will ask some of the grown-ups about it, and they will send you to the library; and—well, I think you will find the stories the books tell about birds as interesting as any fairy or Indian tale.—Catholic Telegraph.

THE POWER OF A WORD

"Mother, may I stay up with No. 29 again to-night?" The speaker was a sweet-voiced little Irish nun, whose soft brown eyes looked so appealing that one could scarce refuse their mute request.

"But, Sister Gertrude, you were up all last night, and in the laundry this afternoon; aren't you undertaking too much?"

"Oh, no, Mother. I think she will die to-night, and I should like to be near her. Miss Adams says she has refused all nourishment to-day, and is very weak."

"Well, you may remain till midnight. Miss Mullen will relieve you then."

With a grateful smile Sister Gertrude left the community room, passed down the corridor to the chapel, where for some moments she remained, with the same appealing gaze on the Tabernacle door as that which had won her request from the superiors. Thence she softly wended her way down to Room 29.

A faint light revealed its furnishings—a little white cot, an undraped dresser, two chairs and a polished floor.

On the bed lay a woman, still in the prime of life, but whose wasted form and haggard features told all too plainly that she had been earning the "wages of sin." She languidly opened her eyes as Sister Gertrude entered, but made no response to her kindly, sympathetic inquiries. And when, not rebuffed by her coldness, the Sister seated herself near the bed and began to tell her beads, the patient deliberately turned her back.

"Devoutly the good nun prayed that the sufferer be granted the grace to repent, for hadn't she an Irish name? And wasn't that proof positive that the generating waters of baptism had been poured on her head? And probably the Sacred Host, too, had rested upon lips which now opened only in complaints."

Decade after decade slipped through the Sisters' fingers, but at last she arose and went to the window. The moonlight shed a soft radiance on the beautiful landscape. The sensitive heart of the nun was touched by the contrast between the majestic calm of the night and the unrest of that soul fast nearing eternity.

"Oh, my God," she prayed, "Whose mercy is infinite. Thou canst not refuse this poor soul the grace of repentance. Thou didst pardon the thief in his dying hours. Grant her the same mercy, for Thy Holy Name's sake!"

Slowly a clock in the distance tolled out the hour of nine, and the Sister turned to give her patient the prescribed draught.

"Here take it ashore; it will help you." The woman started violently, gazed wildly at the nun, and burst into tears.

"Take it ashore!"

What a flood of memories that word "ashore" had awakened. She is again a child, tossing in fever on her little bed; her mother stands over her, glass in hand, with a look of tenderness, which can always be seen on the face of a mother who watches a suffering child.

"Take it ashore," she hears, and feels again the cool liquid on her parched lips.

Ah, but bitter memories follow—her mother's death—leaving home for the great pitiless city. These pictures flash through her mind, and she sobs aloud in self-pity. Slowly the storm subsides, leaving her weak and exhausted.

Sister Gertrude quietly leaves the room, to return in a few moments with a priest, who hears her life's story, and the soul glides swiftly and peacefully to her God.

The priest and Sister said the "De Profundis," but the sweet Celtic term of endearment was God's way of bringing one of His erring children home.—New World.

HOW TO RECEIVE COMMUNION

While at the sanctuary rail, hold the head erect, keep it perfectly still during the moment the priest extends the Blessed Sacrament toward you. Do not move the face one inch forward to meet the priest's hand one half way, as so many do. A moving face worries the priest terribly, lest he should drop the Host. The more you keep your head as still as a statue the more respectfully you receive. Open the mouth moderately. Extend the tongue so as to cover the lower lip completely. The priest does not wish to push the Sacred Host into an open mouth. He wishes to lay it flat on the tongue and press it down gently with his thumb lest it may fall off when you draw it in.

After receiving, draw the tongue in slowly, allow the Host to moisten, and swallow it devoutly. If you have received two or more particles, it makes no difference. Do not stay at the altar rail too long. If others are waiting for the place you occupy, retire with eyes cast down modestly and hands clasped or arms folded respectfully. Our Lord may not care how the hands are if the heart is alight. He may not care if the clothes are soiled, unless the soul is clean. And yet we owe Him all possible respect in neatness of attire;

in this regard, both rich and poor stand on equal footing. Outward respect costs nothing. When done for God's sake, it is an act of worship. Let us show to those who see us at our Lord's Table that we really believe in His Divine Presence.—True Voice.

WHY CATHOLICS REAR LARGE FAMILIES

SIOUX CITY PRELATE CHALLENGES STATEMENT THAT THEY ARE ENCOURAGED SO THAT PROTESTANTS MAY BE OUTNUMBERED

Bishop Garrigan, at the Cathedral of the Epiphany, Sioux City, delivered a striking sermon a few weeks ago in which he paid his respects to a local ranter. He took for his text the words of Our Lord:

"Unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. v.)

Those Pharisees, dear brethren, were a Jewish sect who stood up boldly for all the claims and doctrines of orthodox Judaism. This sect at the time of Our Lord had degenerated, having become a class of sanctimonious people, sticklers for law, hypocritical, and full of pride and avarice. We have, I am sorry to say, some men among us, religious teachers, who are not indeed Jewish Pharisees, but a modern species of the same genus, sticklers for law, critical of their neighbors, a holier-than-thou set, who claim to regulate religion, politics and social betterment according to their own limited ideas.

The Catholic Church is a common object for their invidious attacks when there is nothing more sensational in view. These modern Pharisees do not like this old church, no more than the Jewish Pharisees respected Christ Himself. She does not consult them, does not even notice them, but, to their chagrin, pursues the even tenor of her way in this world with a seriousness and dignity becoming her divine mission.

A representative of this class of modern Pharisees makes an ingenious attack recently in his pulpit, upon the motives of the Catholic priesthood and people in a matter of the most sacred and vital character; the promotion of large families for the sole object of the numerical supremacy of our Church.

I take this occasion, which to me is very unwelcome, to resent and refute that insult to the clergy and laity of this church. A preacher brought in, as backers of his vulgar view, the Protestant people to support him in his false insinuations. It is commonly believed among Protestants, he is reported to have said, "that there is an understanding between the laity and clergy of the Catholic Church, that may account for the large families of Catholics. The Catholic clergy believe in large families; more children in the homes of the laity means more Catholics at large eventually. . . . If the advent of the baby in the home is encouraged for the purpose of outnumbering the Protestants, the purpose is an unworthy one. A Catholic-Protestant race for babies to insure ecclesiastical growth is a discredit to the Christian faith."

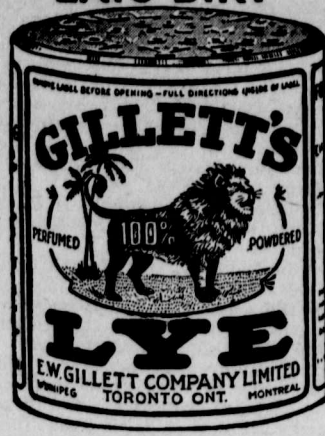
Now dear brethren, I must emphatically deny that it is "commonly believed among Protestants" that there is an understanding between the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church for the promotion of large families in order to outnumber the Protestants. I have too much respect for the intelligence and honesty of that class of people to impute to them such a honorable and vulgar understanding of any such conspiracy between the Catholic clergy and laity.

Our neighbors, among whom we live and who know our lives, know the principles and the morals, social and religious, of the Catholic people better than any preacher pretends to know; and I believe he misrepresents them when he asserts that it is commonly believed by them that a conspiracy exists in our church to promote large families in order, one day, to outnumber the Protestants. This is a vile insinuation, made on a false basis.

Catholics, generally, have large families because they honestly live up to the obligations of the married life as taught by their church. They respect and obey the natural law under which God established wedlock and they are still further guided and strengthened in the discharge of their domestic duties by the positive teaching of Christ Himself. God in the beginning pronounced man and wife,

two in one, blessed them, and bade them increase and multiply, and Christ the Son of God, said, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," raising the first natural contract of marriage to the dignity of a sacrament of the new law. This in brief, is the belief of Catholics founded upon the natural law and teachings of Christ and His Church, and this is the true reason why Catholics have large families. They are wisely instructed not to expose themselves to the punishment of Onan.

GILLETTE'S LYE EATS DIRT



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ANDREW AND THE BISHOP

Bishop Warren Candler of the Southern Methodist Church is saying very hard things about Andrew Carnegie, who has lately figured in what he described as "glittering function" with the Kaiser at Berlin. Andrew was always fond of the "glitter." According to the Bishop, he is "an aggressive, agnostic steel monger"; an interfering individual who is "dangling money before the public, influencing legislators and seeking to disintegrate, denature and destroy a Christian university, in order to raise on its ruins an institution after his own image and likeness. He is impudent and ignorant, and is provoking the indignation of the Christian people of all denominations and incurring the disapproval of all thinking men."

It promises to be a very interesting and illuminative altercation; and we sincerely hope that many will join hands with the righteously indignant bishop and that no more colleges will be "Carnegieized." But we doubt it. The canny alchemist of the blast furnace who has so successfully transmuted iron into gold well knows the value of the yellow metal in sealing the eyes and searing the consciences even of the elect. Many great religious institutions have already fallen down and adored him. It is the golden age, and only he who has the coin counts for anything; but it will be a wonderful tale to tell in times to come that the man who couldn't spell was the arbiter of educational fitness and an iron founder was the founder of universities. Law, medicine, libraries, literature and science he has clutched them all, but unlike the average Scot, he doesn't like theology. He is afraid of the Almighty, though the right kind of fear might give him the right kind of wisdom, at least the beginnings of it. Nor does he recognize the grimy fact, though it is before his eyes in riot and anarchy, that if you cut religion out of men's lives you make them savages and savages educate themselves in war, which is Andrew's favorite aversion.—America.

CANOSSA?

The French Government is reported to be making advances toward the Vatican, with a view to resuming diplomatic relations. Cardinal Vanutelli went to Paris last month ostensibly, it was said, as Cardinal Protector, to preside at the Ozanam Centenary celebration, but in reality to discuss matters with M. Pichon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. "France has not yet fully grasped what ten years of Radical and Socialistic government has cost her, but France has dire forebodings," writes Frédéric Vallenberg in the July British Review. "From time to time a murmur is heard: 'We want peace with Rome, we want order, peace and civility taught to our children, not algebra and chemistry.' This murmur is growing louder, and the Government is becoming uneasy."

"She (France) gave notice to quit to the Roman Catholic Orders, her trusted old governors," he continues, "and announced her intention to instruct her children personally for the future. The result of this action" he says, "is that her position as queen of the world. The young generation educated in the new schools of the Government is far from attractive. Middle-aged Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are the first to complain of the insolence, the impoliteness, the laziness and the immorality of the boys and girls, of the young men and young women. Gallic courtesy and Gallic industry are fast disappearing from Paris—Gallic brutality and Gallic greed reign instead. The foreigner in the eyes of modern Paris, is only an individual to be fleeced and insulted. A Radical and Socialistic Government has also made the beauty on the Seine careless of her attire. The streets that once were her pride are now dusty and uneven, and the wood pavement in the best of them would

be a disgrace in any part of London."

Then to increase the Government's anxiety, the birthrate keeps falling, and the Socialists are violently opposing the addition of a year to the period of military service. So, perhaps, some of the shrewder men among those that now rule France are beginning to see that the religion they proscribed, though it is, of course, an outworn superstition, conferred on the country social and economic benefits that nothing else can supply. To see the Government, in the person of M. Pichon, going to Canossa would be exceedingly diverting to the rest of Europe.—America.

ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES

Father Hull, S. J., gives these suggestions in regard to ecclesiastical modes of address in the Bombay Examiner:

"Vicars General used to be addressed 'Very Rev.' but by a recent decree they have the title 'Right Rev.' which, however, has not come universally in vogue. In general it is safe to use 'Very Rev.' for any ecclesiastic holding a special dignity above the ordinary rank and file of the clergy; and it is not of much practical use entering into niceties on this point.

The addition of D.D., or the prefix 'Doctor' or 'Dr.' to the names of Archbishops or Bishops is not necessary, and is not in conformity with the best usage; as 'Dr.' does not of itself indicate any sacred dignity or office, but is merely an honorary title acquired ipso facto by the elevation to the prelature. Thus, 'Bishop Mourin' would be better form than the familiar 'Dr. Mourin.'

For ordinary priests the proper and sufficient usage is 'The Rev.—Rev. Father; or Rev. and Dear Father,' or even (for a stranger) 'Rev. Sir.' It is bad taste to write 'Very Rev.' except where the title really exists; and it is superfluous to write 'Rev. Father.'—All overloading and superfluity of titles is a vulgarism highly prevalent in this country; so prevalent that some people, when they see such excesses avoided, imagine that some slight is intended, whereas the omission is merely a sign of proper taste. Pious persons sometimes become wearisome by constantly repeating 'Yes, Reverend Father,' 'No, Reverend Father,' in conversation.—True Voice.

TIME TO SILENCE CATHOLICITY'S DEFAMERS

Up to the past few years Catholics in America have allowed themselves to be swayed by false timidity, that has proven deleterious to the best interests of religion.

Now, in the name of common sense and decency, are we continually to stand the sarcasm, the sneers, the "proud man's contumely," the unwarranted bigotry of a number of narrow-minded enemies of logic and justice? Shall we stand passively by and listen patiently to the hoarse rantings of an aggregation of fatuous, rancorous, vacuous upstarts?

We realize that many of our fellow-citizens are sincere in their belief, though that belief differ from our own. With them we have no quarrel; we respect them. But there is no way for them to stop the mouthings of a certain coterie of feather-brained members of their ministry?

It were well if frequently, as Catholics, we took cognizance of the diatribes that are hurled continually at us. It were well if we reminded such unloyal citizens that by attacking the Catholic Church they are placing themselves in line with their ancestors who disgraced the fair name of liberty in every country of Europe; for these narrow-minded bigots are at this moment pouring broadcast on the quiet waters of the Republic the gall and bitterness which they have inherited from others, and which they endeavor to nourish at the cost of all that is sacred and just and noble not only in the Catholic Church, but in the very marrow of the Constitution.—Catholic Bulletin, St. Paul, Minn.

GOD'S POWER AND WISDOM

The New York Sun thought it worth while the other day to stop considering big political questions a few minutes, while it turned its attention to the exploit of "Sunny Jim," an American homing pigeon which flew from Rio Janeiro to Jeanette, Pa., a distance by air-line of 4,200 miles in 48 days. Said the Sun:

"How weird this racing pigeon is! What strange mental compass guided his uncharted flight through the hottest part of the torrid and temperate zones? And all the time making nearly a hundred miles a day!"

"Instinct? Yes, but in what strange ancestral necessity was born that instinct which can enable a little brain of its size to steer direct to its coop through 4,200 miles of space? Mankind had best give up the usage of the contemptuous term 'pigeon-headed,' lest 'Sunny Jim' call them 'man-headed,' stupid creatures that need stars and a compass and the sun to guide them.

"In a fog men are lost. Where is their instinct?"

This is only another illustration of the power and wisdom of Almighty God, and the love He bears His creatures. It is related of Lord Tennyson, the poet, that after a careful examination of a tiny flower, he exclaimed in the deepest reverence: "What an imagination God has!" So may all of us stand amazed at the perfection of the work of His hands, whether manifest in man, in the

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lower animals or in the plant creation.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHO CAN FORGIVE SIN?

But the priest absolves, and he is a man; how dare he? Because he is himself sinless, or pretends to be? No, but because God has given him authority to do what only could be done by God's delegation. Jesus Christ said that He gave the power, and delegated the authority; do those who deny the power not believe that He is God? Or do they deny the authenticity of the words? There are no plainer in Scripture; Christ did not in any Scripture more plainly declare His own Godhead than He declared His delegation of the power of binding and loosing. To believe Him and His words in their plain sense is not to despise Scripture; to admit that He could Himself forgive sins is to admit that He was God, to refuse Him the power is to refuse to confess Him God; and if He be God and Almighty He can delegate any function He chooses. He said that He did delegate His own authority of binding and loosing. He must have meant something; is it arrogance, is it impiety, to believe that He meant what He said, and that He could do what He said?—John Ayscough.

OBEDIENCE TO AUTHORITY

The teaching office of the Catholic Church was well brought out recently by Bishop Vaughan in an address at the laying of the cornerstone for a new church in Manchester, England.

"With the Catholic Church," said the Bishop, "there is no compromise, there is no private judgment, there is nothing left to the individual peculiarities of certain men and women. The Catholic Church teaches; she does not argue, she does not enter into long controversies, she does not bandy words with her children, she stands as witness, and says: 'This is what Christ taught and this is true; that is false and this is true'; and because she speaks 'as one having authority,' is the reason why Catholics are absolutely united with the Church, and in consequence of that unity with the Church, Catholics are united with one another."

If love gives all the graces of beauty in the eyes of men, it is just as true that it makes them beautiful in the eyes of God. Love it is that makes all good that is in us well pleasing and acceptable to Him.

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