CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Young Men and the Press, The persecution of the Church in France, and the false and unreliable news that is cabled to the European and American newspapers, coming through sources that are tainted, show the absolute need of a vigorous Caththe absolute need of a vigorous Catholic press to champion the principles of religious liberty that an infidel government would deny to its Catholic subjects. If our young men are to become the leaders of thought and opinion in this country, the Catholic paper offers them unlimited opportunities in this great apostolate. When we consider the far reaching influence of the printed word, and the able and splendie Catholic press that we can of the printed word, and the able and splendid Catholic press that we can boast of; the wonder grows on us that it receives such scant support from the great mass of our Catholic people. Constantly we hear of certain of our societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that we can be and the societies are societies and the societies and the societies are societies and the societies and the societies are societies are societies and the societies are societies and the societies are societies are societies are societies and the societies are societies societies resolving that "Catholic jour-nalism is the greatest power for good in the world, and it shall receive our support and encouragement." These resolutions, however, prove in almost every instance to be meaningless phases and empty words. There is hases and empty words. There is othing real or tangible back of them. If there was the prosperity of them.

If there was the prosperity of the Cath
olic press would be commensurate with
its great mission the world over, and
instead of a few thousand as heart instead of a few thou and subscribers, as each paper now has, every Catholic newspaper would have its hundreds of newspaper would have its nuntreus of thousands of readers in close touch with everything that concerns our holy faith. At times certain statesments are At times certain statesments are found in the daily and weekly press that re-flects on Catholic belief and practice, yet nowhere is anything done by our Catholic organizations to correct such

misleading articles.

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For years, in France, socialistic agitators have been allowed to circulate and distribute broadcast their literature and distribute broadcast their literature among the working classes, and now only too well do the people of that country realize the sad result of this propaganda that has shipwrecked the faith of so many in that unhappy land. The question, then, naturally arises, For what object are these societies banded together if not to de'end relig-ion and morality against the flippant oanded together it not to derend relig-ion and morality against the flippant attacks of newspapers and magazines? Societies of Catholic young men organ-ized for social purposes are good in themselves; better still if they devote a little of their apparent to good building a little of their energy toward building up a strong Catholic press whose infu-ence for good would permeate every nock and corner of this great country. A good Catholic paper takes the place of the school or college. It imparts to its readers an education that is solid What immense possibilities, then, there are in the undeveloped fields that some day our Catholic so neits that state and any titles will till for this great apostolate!

Not only the press, but other good works that wait should appeal to our young men, and which they should support-such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Church Extension Society. If our young men value their religion and fully appreci ate the magnificent heritage that is theirs, they can readily understand the for these in our own and other lands that sit in the valley of the shadow of death without the light of faith. A home that is supplied with Catholic newspopers in which every member of the family are interested, there you will find a high order of intelligence that makes for the better things of life. Many of our young men fritter away their valuable time in reading the daily spaper, with its scandals and sensations. lands that sit in the valley of the shadow paper, with its scandals and sensations—time that is wasted with opportunities that are lost and which can never recalled. The tendency of modern journalism is demoralizing, and every young man who values character should see to it that the secular paper, particularly the Sunday supplement, is barred from the Christian home, for it is an

unclean thing.
Catholic societies, by fostering and Catholic societies, by fostering and supporting Catholic literature and the press, can no much towards making our cities centers of Catholic thought and activity. In many places people are rapidly drifting into paganism through the reading of destructive theories advanced and put forth by our view of the single boy as she hurried transfer areas, that the teacher areas, the transfer areas, th through the reading of destructive theories advanced and put forth by our daily newspapers. The antidote to these vicious teachings is the Catholic press representing God's law and the authority of Holy Church, the greatest moral power in the world. A campaign of education is needed to make our people realize the importance and necessity of supporting the Catholic paper. Close to the great heart of Leo XIII., of happy memory, was Catholic journalism, for he thoroughly understood the need of sound and wholesome reading in an atmosphere of

wholesome reading in an atmosphere of doubt and unbelief.

Catholic young men, this appeal is made to each and every one of you. Give your earnest and loyal support to Catholic journalism. Build up a strong and able Catholic press that you will and able Catholic press that you will be proud of, and that will be a guide be proud of, and that will be a guide and teacher in every community. Up-hold and sustain the mighty work of our Catholic editors who are laboring for the honor of God and the glory of the Church. Become an active mission-ary in helping to sow the seeds of Cath-olic thoughts in the hearts of others, by circulating the Catholic paper among your non-Catholic friends. Thus, young men. your efforts will be crowned among your non-tathone friends young men, your efforts will be crowned with success and the great and enduring work of the apostolate of the press will become a reality.—John S. Welbank in the Parish Monthly.

Reassurance In a Handshake. James G. Blaine had, to a remarkable degree, the ability to bring people close to him, to bind them to him. He would to him, to bind them to him. He would shake hands with a stranger with a warm grasp and cordiality which not only put the man at perfect ease, and dissipated every bit of fear or restraint but also made the man think he had found a friend that he was really glad

Do not hold yourself back as though you were afraid you would give some-thing away which you ought to keep, or that you would say something which you would be sorry for.

Keep Going. "We must all either go forward or go back," said a reflective man of affairs; "there is no standing still in nature. This is a truth that applies peculiarly to the business world. Young firms grow because they have not yet become slaves of old time methods. Old houses of business have a tendency to drop out of existence, unless there is a constant infusion of a tendency to drop out of existence, unless there is a constant infusion of new blood. Habit and custom keep them in old ruts, and as it is becoming less and less possible to merely 'mark tim 'in commerce, they are gradually edged out of existence by stress of competition: "My advice, then, to those who want to succeed in life is to 'keep going." Keep putting out new 'keep going.' Keep putting out new ideas, new methods, and new develop

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ments. It is the only way to keep abreast of the world, whether in you individual life or in a business career.

-Our Young People.

THE LIGHT BEFORE THE ALTAR.

I will now tell you a little story, said the missionary, who, during the five days he had been preaching to the simple congregation that hung upon his words, had endeared himself to them in a wonderful manner. The people stirred expectantly in their seats, and the

priest began:

'A group of children were playing
in the school yard adjacent to the new
church in a thriving little western town, where, until recently, the Catholics had been obliged to hold services only once a month, and then in a large room over a grocery store. But now they had a pretty little church of their own; and to the school lately opened near it and to the school lately opened hear to —and taught for a mere nominal sum by a fervent, kindly old maid, who loved children and was capable of instructing them in their faith—several Protestant boys and girls came. One of these, a delicate, fair haired child of ten, now stood during the recreation hour gazing wistfully over the white paling through the partially opened door of

the church.
"The teacher, observing him from the porch of the school room, thought she would go and have a little chat with him. He did not see her until she stood beside him. 'Well, Her-bert,' she said, 'are you trying to read the inscription over the door?
The gold letters are confusing in this strong sunlight.

strong sunlight."
"'No, ma'am,' he responded. 'I
was trying to peep inside. What do
the letters say?"
"'Church of the Blessed Sacra-

"How pretty! I wish I might go in!"
"And so you may, dear, answered
the teacher. "Come, let us go to-

gether.'
" Do they allow Protestants to go

inside? he asked.
"'Certainly, Herbert, provided they
are respectful and do not talk aloud."
"'Taking his hand, she led him up the steps and into the clean, new church, with its dainty, flower-decorchurch, with its dainty, flower-decorated altar, for the previous day had been the Feast of the Assumption. She knelt on the lowest step of the sanctuary; the boy did the same.

""How very still and beautiful it is!" thought the child. "How lovely that light before the altar twinkling and smiling there to honor God! Than

and smiling there to honor God! They believe He is in that little room they call the tabernacle, and that is why the lamp is always burning.

"He would like to have lingered,

but the teacher arose, and they passed

to ring the bell.
"After that he went daily to visit the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes passing his entire recess there. If something happened to prevent him he could not rest until he had stolen to the church after supper—the time he really liked best, it was so calm and quiet, with that one quivering star of ruby brightness making a radiance in the dim twilight. And yet the boy, conscientious as he was, had some misgivings; for he had never told his parents of these visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He feared they might prevent him if they knew, so he had not the courage to speak. the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes pass

courage to speak.
"One evening his father and mother

"One evening his father and mother were sitting on the porch when he returned. 'Where have you been, Herbert?' asked his father.
"'Visiting the Blessed Sacrament,' said the boy, his heart beating rapidly.
"Oh!' replied his father, patting him on the head. 'You have been in a good place. I worked for Catholics when I was a boy and know something about their belief. If my mother hadn't been a Presbyterian and made me promise to stay in her church, those people mise to stay in her church, those people would have made me a Catholic years ago.

would have made mea Catholic years ago.
Not through any persuasion, my boy;
just by their example.'
""Many a time I've gone in myself
when I felt sad and lonely,' said the
mother. 'That was in N—, long ago,
when I was an orphan—before I met

your father."
" 'Ah!' sighed Herbert—but it was a happy sigh—'I am so glad you don't care II I co!' And he went to bed

warm grasp and cordiality which not only put the man at perfect ease, and dissipated every bit of fear or restraint to tails omade the man think he had to see.

"Many thoughts had that little boy as he knelt evening after evening before the ever-burning light upon the altar. There is nothing more fatal to personal popularity than a feeling of restraint, reserve, shrinking from people, shyness, oversensitiveness, or the feeling of antagonism. You must let your heart run out into your hand to your very finger-tips when you greet people with a handskake. Do not be afraid of giving too much of yourself to them.

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days that two or three days to come up here who would make your contession."

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days to come yiers to come up here who would make your contession."

"What! You would make your contession out here in all the noise and two there in all the noise and the light is the sign that He is believe that He is and the light is the sign that He is here with a handskake. Do not be afraid of giving too much of yourself to them.

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days to come up here who would hear my or come when would make your contession."

"What! You would make your contession out here in all the noise and turnoil of the London streets? Why not go to the nearest church? Confession."

I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar willingly wount feesion out here in all our churches this evening up to a late hour."

Send for my free Eye Tester today. Address,

Then he will and you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days to hear the will hear my or contession."

I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar willingly wounted fool of the London streets? Why not go to the nearest church? Confession."

The restraint, reserve, shrinking from people, shyness, oversensitiveness, or the feeling of restraint, reserve, shrinking f

the teacher's instructions, and gradually come to know a great deal about the doctrines of the Church.

*** They are taught, he would fur-ther soliloquise, 'that if they came to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with all their troubles and trials, He will help them and comfort them and show them what to do. If they are glad He will rejoice with them; if they are sad, He will console them. Why, then, do

they remain away?

"Again, looking at the crucifix above the altar, the wounded body of our Lord but faintly visible in the half darkness, he would think: 'He died for me, too—He died for all men. And what a loyaly thing it is to feel that He for me, too—He died for all men. And what a lovely thing it is to feel that He is here day and night in the taberasele, as Catholics do! But, oh, how can they leave Him all alone!

"And at length there came a day when the plentitude of faith descended are the abild and he cried out in the

when the plentitude of faith descended upon the child, and he cried out in the joy of his heart: 'Truly our Lord said: Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' And this is what He meant. And again: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood; do this in commemoration of Me.'

O my Lord and Saviour, I too, believe as the Catholics believe!"
"After that it was not difficult for the boy to obtain the permission of his parents to be instructed and baptized. In the providence of God he afterwards became a priest — a Father of the Blessed Sacrament, as I am—forever preaching devotion to the Blesset Sacrament, as is his mission and my

"Our divine Lord asks for so little from us, and yet that little we deny Him. Five minutes each day before the altar—yet how few of us can spare it from the occupations of this world! One half hour a week to kneel, adore and pray to the God Who wait silently for us in the halo of the undying ly for us in the halo of the undying sanctuary lamp—yet how many among us can declare: 'I give to H m that short half-hour?' I once heard a Protestant say: 'Could I believe that Christ is in the Sacrament. It seems to me I would never leave the spot where you Catholics are sure Hais conwhere you Catholics are sure He is con-O my brethren how thus are we not often put to sha e!"

The delicate - featured, fair-haired priest descended from the pulpit, and presently his beautifully modulated voice could be heard, as, kneeling in voice could be heard, as, sheeling in front of the tabernacle, he recited the devotional ejaculatory prayers to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with which he was accustomed to end his discourse. As the congregation joined fervently in the responses, there were few present who were not convinced, and justent who were not convinced, and just of ly, too that he was the same child of predilection who, in the days of his innocent boyhood, had loved to kneel and watch and pray near the light before the altar.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

A STRANGE PLACE FOR CONFES-SION

It was afternoon of the Saturday be fore Low Sunday. The numerous banks and large houses of business had for the most part closed early, as is usual in London on Saturdays; and the various employes—managers, cashiers, clerks, assistants of all sorts—were re-

pairing to their homes in the outlying parts of the metropolis. The "Tabe" and other electric underground railways were crowded with passengers, as were also the omnibuses on the road-way above. The vehicles that wended ther way cityward were, on the other hand, comparatively empty.
on the roof of one of these emnibuses a

Catholic priest was seated. He noticed that the driver glanced round several times in his direction with a doubtful, almost inquiring expression, and the conviction forced itself on him that the man was desirous of speaking to him. So as soon as the seat next to the coachbox was vacated—it was not one of the motor omnibuses—he took the opportunity thus afforded him of placing himself close to the driver, who looked round with a satisfied smile,

"[All right, Father!" The next moment, however, he added, with a sudden; anxious change of manner: "Is your reverence a Catholic priest a Roman Catholic ?"

—a Roman Catholic?"
(It must be remembered that the so-called High Church Protestant clergy dress in exact imitation of Catholic priests, and even call themselves Cath-

olics.)

'Yes, certainly," was the reply.

The conversation seemed destined to go no further; for the driver had to decrease. go no further; for the driver had to devote all his attention to hie horse, as he had got into a rather congested part of the city, and it required all the skill and congress of a practiced head to of the city, and it required all the sain and coolness of a practiced hand to steer his way through the crowd of vehicles. When progress was again more easy, the driver once more looked at the priest, as if to invite him to

what was the priest to say? He did not care to talk of the weather or the state of the streets, so he asked whether the man was a Londoner? No; he was an Irishman. Yet even the dear land of his birth did not appear to be an interesting topic, and the priest felt sure that the man had something on his mind about which he could not begin. Suddenly the thought struck him that Suddenly the thought struck him that this was the last day but one for fulfill ing the Easter precept, and, after a few more remarks about Ireland, he adroitmore remarks about freiand, he adroit-ly brought the conversation to that point, and put the question: "Have you been to your duties this

Easter ?' The man gave a sigh of relief.

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days

"The boy listened attentively to all not possibly go to a church. And as the next day was the last one for fulfilling the Easter precept, he was afraid it would be the same with him this year as it was last year. He had put off his confession till the last day; and though he got up early, and went first to one, then to two other churches, he found so many persons round the confessionals that he knew if he waited for his turn he would be too late for his work. In fact, he had only just had time to hear Mass before hastening to the omnibus

> "If you will not hear me, Father," he concluded, "there will be little chance for me again this year."

"Have you got yourself ready?"
"Sure I have, for some days past.
And I have said a 'Hail Mary' every
morning that I might get the chance."
The priest hesitated no longer. He
made the man promise not to put of made the man promise not to put off confession again in that way next year; then he said: "Now begin at once."

On the busy thoroughfare conveyances of every kind rolled more or les quickly on their way—heavily laden wagons, tradesmen's carts, motor cars, omnibuses, cabs, the elegant equipages of the rich, the trucks and trolleys of the poor. And amongst all this moving medley reckless cyclist threaded their perilous course. From the pavement on each side, above the din of the traffic rose the shrill cries of the vendors of newspapers, of flowers, of fruit, of cheap toys, and of all manner of wares, which they pressed upon the notice of

the passers-by.
Meanwhile not one of all the noisy crowd and bustling throng had the least suspicion of what was passing on the top of the omnibus. Only the the top of the omnibus. Only the angels of God beside the two individabgers of God beside the two individ-uals immediately concerned, knew that the confession had been made and the absolution spoken; that a soul hid made psace with God and been restored to a state of grace. A serene smile on the weather beaten features of the Irishman alone betrayed the gladness

of his heart.
The priest had been carried far beyond his destination. Coming from the yond his destination. Coming from the poverty-stricken East End of London, he had passed through the busiest, most crowded part of the West End, where the dwellings of the wealthy and leisurely classes are to be found. It need hardly be said that he did not regret the time thus spent. Refere alighting the time thus spent. Before alighting he asked the driver whether he had any objection to the incident being told to others; and the man said he might make ary use of it he liked. Then they part. ee, after a solemn injunction had been given to the Irishman to be sure to go to Holy Communion early on the morrow.

Whenever the priest went by that road again, he looked at the omnibus drivers, thinking he might see his new friend once more. He never did see him; but he does not forget him, though he has long since left London, and is now in a convent on the continent.-Ave Maria.

Vocations.

Do you know what is meant by a vocation? It means a beautiful fitness by which God has prepared your mind and soul so that you can preform the work in life to which He calls you. Sometimes He calls one of us to do some certain line of work, and to another He gives a different calling but to all He gives a different calling, but to all He gives the privilege of heeding that call or not, and that is known as "free will." Now, it is a great advantage to learn early in life just what your particular calling may be. If God desires you to be an electrician and gives you a mind and tastes suited to such work, and you should conclude that you wanted to be a lawyer or a blacksmith, the chances are you would not make a success of your work because it would not be your your work because it would not be your vocation. Or it might be that God has called some boys and girls to the religious life, but because they are fond of parties and skating and such worldly pleasures, they may prefer free will and attempt some work that will keep them in the wor'd, but all the while in the wor'd, but all the while, down deep in their hearts they will hear God's voice calling—calling—and after a while things of this world will seem trivial and small and you vocation is the religious life. Pray for enlightenment to your souls, that you may know the desires of God and follow may know the desires of God and follow his calling. And always when you want to be enlightened in your souls dear children, you must pray to the Holy Ghost, for you know it was not until the decent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles that they were fully enligtened and preapared to do God's work.

> O Sacred Heart, be Thou henceforth the sole object of my love; may I love all else in Thee and for Thee; be Thou my refuge at the hour of death!

SURPRISE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

One day when Artemas Ward was traveling, a man approached him in the train, sat down, and said:

"Did you hear the last the

e Greeley?"
"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus.
Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

"Horace Greeley? Who is he?"
The man was quietabout five minntes.
Pretty soon he said:
"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England.
Do you think they will put him in a Train? Train? George Francis

Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him." This ignorance kept the man quiet about fitteen minutes. Then he said:
"What do you think about General

Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they'll run him?''

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man" said Ward, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came and said: "You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "Adam? What was his other name?" -From an Exchange.



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aveling, a man approached him in the ain, sat down, and said: "Did you hear the last thing on Horand the Sacrament of Penance.

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