CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure, you are viewing,
Any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him,
Tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation

'Till the parson makes oration And he lies with snowy lilies O'er his brow.

For, no matter how you shout it, He won't really care about it, He won't know how many tear

drops You have shed. If you think some little praise is due him Now's the time to slip it to him
For he cannot read his tombstone,
When he's dead.
More than fame and more than

money Is the comment kind and sunny And the hearty, warm approval
Of a friend; For it gives life a savor,

And it makes you stronger, braver, And it gives you heart and spirit To the end. If he earns your praise, bestow it,
If you like him, let him know it.
Let the words of true encouragement be said,

Do not wait till life is over And he's underneath the clover, For he cannot read his tombstone When he's dead.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates where a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. Enthusiasm is faith in action; and faith and initiative Before the altar steals. rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieve the unheard of and miraculous. Set the germ of enthusiasm afloat in your business; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like a contagion and influences every fiber of your industry. It begets and include the special productions are supplied to the special production of the special production. industry, it begets and inspires effects you did not dream of; it means increase in production and decrease in costs; it means joy and pleasure and satisfaction to your workers; it means life real and virile; it means spontaneous bedrock results - the vital things that pays | Press gladly in God's Name, dividends.-Electrocraft.

JUST BE KIND Wouldn't this be a nice world if people made only kind remarks to one another instead of indulging in ill-tempered and mean criticism?

Even the bravest of us, the most self-reliant, the ones of us who are most liberally endowed with common sense, have our moments of yearnings for sympathy, the periods when we want some one to tell us that

we are just what we should be.
Of course we won't believe it, any of us, but it makes us feel good just the same, and it helps us to work a little harder, and to be a little more diligent, and to postpone for a little longer the day that just

seems to end everything.
Families often indulge in unkind criticism of one another. Kind remarks are unheard of in some homes and natures that would blossom into new beauties and

work more easily; things glide along on wheels devoid of friction, the duties that looked mountain high dwindle down to hill-like pro-portions, and all because some one has been nice enough to say a word that made you feel at peace with the world and yourself.

And since unkind criticism hurts

so much, and since praise leaves such a pleasant impression, let us all turn over a new leaf and be nice to each other as we journey along.
What does it matter if some one accuses us of "jollying?" We are big and strong and can stand having

gladness into some one's life.
So let us from now on, as James Whitcomb Riley says in one of his poems, "Just be kind."—The Echo.

that said to us when we know that we are infusing a little cheer and

NOT QUITE LIKE MOTHERS' Fred F. was driving from the city to his-farm home. Passing his old home which he had left with his bride a short time before, he stopped in to see his mother. It was nearly noontime and the odor from a big noontime and the odor from a big steaming kettle of soup was in the port avenue, Chicago, on Christmas air. "Gee, mother," he exclaimed, "that soup smells good. No one into the hearts of the fire laddies can heat you making soup." "that soup smells good. No one can beat you making soup." His mother did not take the hint. "The soup that 'Em' makes is all right. It's good. But—I—well—there's something—it isn't just like yours," and he eyed the kettle and the row of soup bowls on the pantry shelf. "Now see here, Fred," said the mother, aiming to nip an evil in the bud, "you married 'Em," now go home and eat what she cooks for moment the gong sounded and he

Emma did so and, when seated at the table, Fred exclaimed: "Oh, you have soup for supper. Yes, 'Em,' this soup is good but not just like mother's. I don't know what it is, but you don't quite get it.'' Emma stepped to the phone, and picking up the receiver, called: "Hallo, mother, this is 'Em.' Fred says this soup is not quite as good says this soup is not quite as good as what you make." Tell him to come to the phone." Fred went, and returning to the table after a considerable time, during which the party at the other end of the line did all the talking, he said: "'Em,' I'll get you whatever you want if you don't say anything about it."—Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILD JESUS

Come children all whose joy it is To serve at Holy Mass, And hear what once in days of Faith In England came to pass.

It chanced a Priest was journeying Through wildering ways of woods, And there, where few came passing A lonely Chapel stood.

He stayed his feet, that Pilgrim Priest,
His morning Mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
That near the altar lay.

who shall serve the Holy Mass?— For all is silent there: He kneels him down, and patient

Before the altar steals. And down beside that lonely Priest An Infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass; His voice is sweet Like music soft and low, With downcast eye, and ready hand And footsteps hushed and slow.

Et Verbum caro factum est,' He lingers till he hears-Then turning to the Virgin Shrine In glory disappears.

So, round the altar children dear For once to serve at Holy Mass The Infant Jesus came.

THE ASCENSION

There will be observed on Thursday, May 29, the feast of the Ascension of our Lord, and in the days intervening until Pentecost, the liturgy will be concerned chiefly with this great event. The feast itself and its octave commemorate the passing of the visible presence of the incarnate God from this earth and the restoration of the glory to the Son of Man which was His Here through these weary years of before the world began. On the fortieth day after His resurrection from the dead our Lord appeared to from the dead our Lord appeared to His disciples "led them out as far as Bethania, and, lifting up His hands, ent accumulation of misery such as He blessed them. He departed from them and was carried up into Heaven." The apostles and others Kind remarks are unheard of in some homes and natures that would broader development under the influence of praise, are starved and dwarfed and stunted for its lack.

A pleasant feeling for yourself helps you to get through your given in the prepare is broader development under the influence of praise, are starved and dwarfed and stunted for its lack.

A pleasant feeling for yourself helps you to get through your given in the apostles and others at time. When the Germans won the eastern ridges, the low swell of wooded ground three miles from the city, they could look down into Ypres at short range. They brought up their heavy guns and began the long bombardment that the manner of whose wreckage was living in huts near

> Lord from the sight of the disciples, Christian faith may penetrate, and from the contemplation of Heavens joys and glories receive anew the strength and grace to persevere in goodness with the blessed hope before us of one day seeing Him as He is in the eternal home of glory into which He entered when the cloud received Him out of sight.—
>
> The Monitor

A FIRE-FIGHTING DOG

When a lame dog hobbled into home and eat what she cooks for moment the gong sounded and he leaped quickly to his place behind

"Felix." "He's just an ordinary dog in many ways," he says; "no pedigree, no remarkable looks, but the just the kind of a dog that the ordinary boy would like to own and learn to love. Felix may be down the street a whole block, but the moment he hears the gong sound, back he rushes at full speed, and up on to the truck. He's not going to miss a single fire if he can help it, and he's also determined to ride in style. No, he has been of the greatest help to us firemen in finding stairways and exits. Once he went down into a cellar that was started by exploding shells that it seemed a marvel it still stood erect. Workmen were busy strengthening and securing it with stone and concrete. I visited a convent nearly completed, and destined for the Poor Clares. Its little central cloister, and its small chapel combined real artistic beauty with the simplicity that marked it as the future home of these daughters of the "Poor Man of Assisi."

I wandered through the ruins on went down into a cellar that was filled with ammonia fumes. The men who went down had on their special equipment, but Felix simply crawled down without any protection whatever. When he came up, he was carried out nearly dead, but he's like a cat—he has nine lives. We're having a special blanket made for him with pockets on both sides and when he's fitted up with sides, and when he's fitted up with that, carrying first aid equipment, he will be our Red Cross dog and worthy of the best liver sausage that our dimes can buy. How about it, "Felix?" And Felix at once sends a wire-less signal with an affirmative wag of the tail.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE RESURRECTION OF YPRES

A Hilliard Atteridge in America

In the years before the World War, years that now seem to belong to a vanished age of peace and goodwill, the name of Ypres was for the tourists, who had visited the old city, a reminder of quaint, wellkept streets, grassy ramparts looking down on a wide moat, many churches and convents, and in the midst of all one of the most marvelous groups of medieval Gothic buildings, the great Halle aux Draps with its massive square tower and long facade, the Hotel de Ville, and the beautiful cathedral. Here was the life of old Flanders glorified was the life of old righters glorined in art, the art of the artist-builder, religion, civic freedom and industry, each with its home and its monument, erected in the far-off centuries before the blight of the misnamed "Reformation" had brought rival creeds, despotic rule and the degradation of the workers to western Europe. For Irish people the name Ypres, thanks to Davis's of Ypres, thanks to Davis's ballad, recalled the story of the British standards won by the 'Old Brigade' amid the rout of Ramillies, and sent to hang in 'Ypres choir,' the chapel of the Irish convent in the Flemish city.

The World War came and made Ypres world-famous. Here in the autumn of 1914 the tide of invasion autumn of 1914 the tide of invasion was stayed, and for four years Ypres was the center of a battle-field where some 200,000 men laid down their lives and at least twice that number were borne wounded from the field. ent accumulation of misery such as perhaps no such space of ground has seen in all the world for so long

by. But at last it was decided that the place should be restored. The ruin as a permanent monument of first task was not only to clear the ruins but also to restore the sewers and the water supply, so as to make on the suggestion that rebuilding of the place habitable. Hardly anything in the way of rebuilding could be the crowning glory of the city's be attempted till more than two be attempted till more than two years after the armistice. By the spring of 1921 the preliminary work had been completed, and the first buildings were going up. Some of the Ypres people were coming back and starting housekeeping again, mostly in army huts. In the summer of that year, when I paid a visit to Ypres, reconstruction was making steady progress, but threefourths of the site was still covered with ruined buildings. The sight of this devastated region showed how complete the destruction had been. this devastated region showed how complete the destruction had been. The work of restoration had been concentrated at first on the reluing of dwelling houses, schools and

both laughed heartily. As the younger woman prepared to leave, the mother said: "Emma, take a pitcher of soup home with you; there is plenty of it left over, and I always liked warmed over soup."

I a well-chosen inscription to tell front on side walls fallen down or that the defense of Ypres cost, and staircases hanging at a steep angle that seemed to threaten a further downfall. The huge tower of the where in four years of War so was placed.
Lieutenant George Scott, of this company. No. 25, pins his faith to "Felix." "He's just an ordinary dog in many ways," he says; "no nedigree, no remarkable looks, but the same of the predigree, no remarkable looks, but the same of the predigree, no remarkable looks, but the same of the predigree of

> I wandered through the ruins on I wandered through the ruins on the east side of the city and passed out by the Menin Gate on the great battle-field. The famous gate, through which tens of thousands marched out to death, is only an open cutting by which the road passes through the old rampart, and then a bridge crosses the wide most then a bridge crosses the wide moat. The solid brick wall that forms the facing of the earthen rampart is to the satisfaction not indeed of pitted with shot marks, but it has bigots, but of men of sense of whatstood the battering well. Outside ever cast of opinion."—Cardinal stood the battering well. Outside was the town cemetery, ravaged by shell fire, but with its great crucifix still erect. Like so many of the crucifixes of the war zone it sur-vived the storm of fire, though I am told that once a German shell buried itself at its base—but it did not burst. Along the road work-men were busy grubbing up the stumps and roots of what was once its long array of shade trees, and preparing to replant a new avenue. Everywhere on this wide battle-field the trees had been swept away. Bare stumps, never more than a man's height, marked the site of the forests that once clothed the slopes of the higher ground. The lower ground near Ypres had been cleared, and in places tillage had begun again, and new farm houses had been erected, but that day when I walked out to Hooge and along the heights to Zonnebeke, were abundant traces of war. Not a house of the old days remained. One came upon barbed wire red with crete-built "pill boxes' with their loopholes for machine guns; shells that had failed to burst still lying on the track that led across a weed covered wilderness to Zonnebeke; here and there a rusty rifle, with its stock decayed into crumbling matchwood; rusting shell-shattered tanks; shell craters, marked by little round ponds of rain water. Near Hooge was a great cemetery, with more than a thousand white crosses standing rank on rank like a battalion of memorials to the dead But this is one of the smaller cemeteries round Ypres. Another on the western road has more than 10,000 graves. Near Zonnebeke I came upon a khaki-clad British

Some 4,000 workmen have been employed and are still busy on the from Heaven recalled them to them selves by bidding them to prepare for the coming of the Holy Spirit upon them, who would invest them with power from on high that they might better perform the work that was before them.

The Ascension of the Saviour is a feast day of Heaven. It raises our thoughts to where our humanity in the person of our Lord sits at the right hand of God the Father. It tells us that there is prepared for us a place in the eternal home God has provided for all who serve Him. Through the cloud that received the Lord from the sight of the disciples, and foul with broken sewers and more of whose wreckage was leveled to the ground as the months were them and more of whose wreckage was leveled to the ground as the months who was been by. All but a handful to its 18,000 people went away to seek with grand England. A roadway was kept open through the city for troops and convoys moving out of the firing line. These movements were made in the night. No one ventured into the wide expanse of ruined streets. They were blocked with debris, overhung by tottering walls "and shattered has provided for all who serve Him. Through the cloud that received the Lord from the sight of the disciples, and foul with broken sewers and the reduced the place to a ruin, more rebuilding of Ypres. Some are living in huts near their work, others are brought each day by corwded trains from Bruges and Ghent. As the houses are completed the people come back to their new homes. In four years the city for troops and convoys moving out of the firing line. These movements were made in the night. No one ventured into the wide expanse of ruined streets. They were blocked with debris, overhung by and corpses rotting under the fallen wreckage.

After the War it was at first doubtful if Ypres would ever rise from its ruins. There was for awhiletalk of building a new city near awhiletalk of building a new city near burners. It is possible, though not certain, that the vast Halles aux Draps will also be rebuilt. There

burial party commanded by a cheery-looking sergeant, who told

me they had been busy for weeks

searching for scattered graves on

that ground where once the battle front swayed back and forwards.

"We have found none of the dead today," he said, "but we generally find some." The dead thus found were coffined and transferred to one

of the cemeteries. Unless this were done the land could not be

ploughed again, for these hasty war

burials in the fighting zone were made in shallow graves. Thus while

Ypres is being rebuilt the lands around it are being cleared of the

boud, you married Em, now go home and eat what she cooks for you."

If e. He was all attention the home and eat what she cooks for you."

Slightly crestfallen, Fred started for the short drive to his home. Thinking of the soup that he didn't get, he saw a humorous side to it and laughed. Sitting down to dinner with his wife, he told her of the soup and they both laughed heartily, Emma being pleased at the stand his mother had taken. Going over there in the afternoon, Emma repeated the story, over which they

LEARN TO SPEAK OUT

"I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie

main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory.

"You ought to be able to bring out what you feel and what you mean, as well as to feel and mean it; to expose to the comprehension of others the fatigment of the comprehension. of others the fictions and fallacies of your opponents, and to explain the charges brought against the Church

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