

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.

—Southern Messenger

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."

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 wilder ways of woods, And there, where few came passing by,

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.

But who shall serve the Holy Mass?— For all is silent there;

He kneels him down, and patient waits The peasants' hour of prayer—

When lo, a child of wondrous grace Before the altar stands, 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, Press gladly in God's Name, 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 progress of recent years in medical research is little short of marvelous. Daily, science kills germs by the million.

Science is winning. What were once regarded as serious diseases are now laughed out of countenance by the hands. Fearlessly they plunge naked

into swarms of them, their only precaution being to rinse their hands afterwards with a reliable germicidal preparation. We are witnessing the birth of an era when the world will have little to fear from microbes.

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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, well-kept 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 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, deplorable rule and the degradation of the workers to western Europe.

For the Irish people the name of Ypres, thanks to Davis's ballad, recalled the story of the British standard 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 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.

Here through these weary years of strife the guns were never silent, hundreds of thousands lived a half-subterranean life in trench and dugout, and there was a permanent accumulation of misery such as perhaps no such space of ground has seen in all the world for so long a 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 reduced the place to a ruin, more and more of whose wreckage was leveled to the ground as the months went by.

All but a handful to its 18,000 people went away to seek refuge in France and England. A roadway was kept open through the city for troops and convoys moving out of the firing line. The 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 gables, and foul with broken sewers 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 awhile talk of building a new town. But at last it was decided that the place should be restored. The first task was not only to clear the ruins but also to restore the sewers and the water supply, so as to make the place habitable. Hardly anything in the way of rebuilding could 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 three-fourths of the site was still covered with ruined buildings.

The sight of this devastated region showed how complete the destruction had been. The work of restoration had been concentrated at first on the rebuilding of dwelling houses, schools, and hospitals, the station buildings and a temporary Government office. The beautiful old churches were still, as they are even today, roofless, shattered ruins. Mass was being said in two temporary wooden churches, large army huts. Close to the new buildings, houses of red brick with tiled roofs and of a design that recalled the former beauties of the old Flemish city, one

still saw ruined houses, roofs gone, front on side walls fallen down or torn with shell bursts, floors and staircases hanging at a steep angle that seemed to threaten a further downfall. The huge tower of the once splendid Cloth Hall was so scarred 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 the east side of the city and passed 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 moat. The solid brick wall that forms the facing of the earthen rampart is pitted with shot marks, but it has stood the battering well.

Outside was the town cemetery, ragged by shell fire, but with its great crucifix still erect. Like so many of the crucifixes of the war zone it survived 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 workmen 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, all over the higher ground there were abundant traces of war. Not a house of the old days remained.

One came upon barbed wire red with rust; hollows of old trenches, concrete-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 planks; rusted 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 military cemetery, which I took to be a cheery-looking place, when I 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 buried 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 grim traces of War.

Some 4,000 workmen have been employed and are still busy on the rebuilding of Ypres. Some are living in huts near their work, others are brought each day by crowded trains from Bruges and Ghent. As the houses are completed the people come back to their new homes. In four years the population of the new Ypres has risen from less than a hundred to over 18,000.

The work has been planned and directed by four Belgian architects and engineers, men of the Flemish lands, who have shown a constant care to preserve in the new Ypres the artistic beauties at the quaint character of the old city. They are now taking in hand the rebuilding of the shattered churches. It is possible, though not certain, that the vast Hallen aux Draps will also be rebuilt. There has been an idea of leaving the ruin as a permanent monument of Ypres' day of trial, but there is now a tendency to look more favorably on the suggestion that rebuilding of this splendid Gothic edifice would be the crowning glory of the city's resurrection.

Another project that has been actually adopted is open to some serious criticism. A gigantic triumphal arch on classical lines is to be erected at the Menin Gate. It will be utterly out of keeping with all the architecture of Ypres, and it will completely change the whole aspect of this historic spot. The designs show an archway that will be something like a short tunnel. The sides of it are to be covered with tablets bearing the names of those who fell in the defense of Ypres. They were a multitude of tens of thousands, and in any such roll of names the individual disappears in the crowd. The great Arc de Triomphe in Paris bears the names of the generals of Grande Armée and of their victories. But though this is a shorter list than that of Ypres, here, too, the name of any individual is difficult to find. One regrets that the Menin Gate is not to be left as it was in the old days, with no other monument than a tablet with

a well-chosen inscription to tell future ages of the great sacrifice that the defense of Ypres cost, and to remind them that the Menin Gate was the way to the battle-field where in four years of War so many thousands of many nations gave their lives to stem the tide of invasion.

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 the 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 fictions and fallacies of your opponents, and to explain the charges brought against the Church to the satisfaction not indeed of bigots, but of men of sense of whatever cast of opinion."—Cardinal Newman.

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