

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NOT TO JUDGE RASHLY
 Could we but draw back the curtain
 That surrounds each other's lives;
 See their hearts as God can see them,
 And the end for which each strives.
 Often we would find it safer,
 Purer than we judge we should;
 We would love each other better,
 If we only understood.
 Could we judge all deeds by motives,
 See the good and bad within;
 Often we would love the sinner,
 All the while we loathe the sin.
 Could we see the powers working,
 To destroy all parity;
 We would judge each other's errors
 With a lenient charity.

Could we see the cares and trials,
 Know the efforts all in vain;
 And the bitter disappointments,
 Understand the loss and gain;
 Would the grim eternal roughness,
 Seem I wonder just the same,
 Would we help, where now we hinder,
 Would we pity where we blame?
 Ah! we judge each other harshly,
 Knowing not life's hidden force;
 Knowing not the fount of action
 Is less turbid at its source.
 Knowing not amid the evil,
 All the golden grains of good;
 And we'd love each other better,
 If we only understood.

A MAN AS BIG AS HE LOOKED

Many pleasantly interesting stories illustrating the simplicity, good nature, humaneness, etc., of the late Chief Justice White are being related by his friends and admirers at the Capital, observes Ave Maria. "He always looked like a judge," they declare; but "off the bench," he often acted like a school boy." He was kindness itself.

One day, an old colored woman, with a heavy basket, boarded a street car in which the Chief Justice was a passenger. Every seat was occupied, and several persons were standing in the aisle, clinging to the straps. The old "mammy" deposited her basket on the floor, but was at a loss to know what to do with herself. She was small and bent, and the straps were high. Seeing her predicament, Judge White arose and offered her his seat. "Mammy" accepted it with many smiling thanks, wondering who the portly, distinguished looking gentleman might be.

When he had left the car, a passenger who knew him whispered: "Chief Justice White, of the Supreme Court." The old colored woman was overcome with astonishment, but finally managed to say: "I might have known it was some great man; he's as big as he looks." Then, as if speaking to herself: "An' I'm thinking he's de most sensible person what you could find anywhere in de United States."

THE HABIT OF GRUMBLING
 Among bad habits, that of grumbling holds high rank as a destroyer of happiness in the home, or anywhere else that it exhibits itself. There are times when protest is right and necessary—a duty, in fact—but there is every difference between honest disapproval or protest and the constant whining against anything and everything.

There are some people who are never done fault-finding. Everything goes wrong with them. According to their ideas, they are victims, whereas, those who are the wronged are they who are compelled to put up with such peace-killers.

The habit is a childish one, and when grown men and women show signs of it the balanced individual attributes the fault to defective early training, or to a too intensive cultivation of personal feelings, likes, dislikes, etc.

It would be a kindness to the grumbler to let him or her realize that selfishness lies at the root of the trouble. Unselfish people are rarely grumblers. They are too engrossed in wholesome, helpful thoughts and deeds to be everlastingly whining over personal woes, real or imaginary.

In one family the father makes Sunday morning a dark time for wife and children until he goes off to Mass. Nothing is just right. His linen isn't stiff enough or it is too stiff; the children have tampered with his brushes; "that cub," meaning his eldest son, on the verge of manhood, has borrowed his tie without asking for it; heedless Mary hung up his coat so that it creased; even the baby is an object of wrath for leaving his toys strewn on the floor or where papa can stumble over them.

As for the mother of the family, all the crimes of omission and commission in her housekeeping are rehearsed, particularly as

breakfast is served. Every dish gives an opportunity to bewail waste, high prices, bad management, etc. At last faultlessly attired and with the assistance of the entire family, the grumbler departs, his last word being a denunciation of a jog in the stairway that banged his hat.

A bad husband and father? No, indeed. He is a model that his pastor holds up to other men for his sobriety, provision for his family and other merits that he undoubtedly possesses. The pastor never sees him in the grumbling role, and his family are too loyal to complain of him. In truth, they would warmly resent a suggestion that he is not perfect, for despite the grumbling, they love him dearly, and the very fact that young John would borrow his tie without asking leave shows a strong bond between father and son. "Papa is a darling except when he grumbles," is his girls' estimate of his character.

But not in every family is the bond strong enough to withstand the strain of the grumbling habit. When this happens to be the case home is only a place to stay in when no escape from it is possible. If the mother is a grumbler, then indeed does misery fill the home. There is no respite for the children, and their father seeks refuge in club or elsewhere from the cheerless place that should be the dearest on earth.

When people realize, or are made to realize, the havoc wrought by what so many regard as a minor fault they will strive to overcome the grumbling habit.—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN IRISH TUNE

Will you listen to the laugh of it,
 Gushing from the fiddle:
 More's the fun of half of it,
 Than e'en an Irish riddle.
 Sure, it's not a fiddler's bow
 That's making sport so merry;
 It's just the fairies laughing so—
 I heard them oft in Kerry.

Will you listen to the step of it,
 Faith, that tune's a daisy:
 Just the very leap of it
 Would make the feat unaisy.
 Hold your tongues, ye noisy rogues,
 And stop your giddy prancing;
 It's me can hear the washee brogues
 Of Irish fairies dancing.

Will you listen to the tune of it,
 Sweeter than the honey,
 I'd rather hear the croon of it
 Than get a miser's money.
 Sure, my son, it makes me cry—
 But don't play with any other;
 May God be with the days gone by
 I danced it with your mother.

—REV. THOMAS F. BLUNT

SUCH A LITTLE THING!

"It's such a little thing!" thought Margaret disdainfully, in answer to her guardian angel's suggestion that she should pick up a rusty tack lying in the very middle of the sidewalk.

"Somebody might walk on it and get hurt," persisted her good angel, but Margaret hurried on, repeating: "It's such a little thing." As she proceeded on her way, she indulged in high-flown day-dreams of the wonderful things she was going to do for God and mankind—some day!

There might be another war, and she would go out as a Red Cross nurse, and do wondrous deeds of heroism on the battle fields, winning medals and decorations, and finally saving the life of a marvelously handsome reigning duke who would fall madly in love with her and wish to make her his duchess. But, refusing all the happiness and honors offered her, she would, to the despair of her family and friends, enter a convent and finally go to nurse the lepers in Molokai. There she would be the good angel of the poor afflicted ones, their sunshine and inspiration, and at last, in the prime of her youth and beauty, she would become a victim of the loathsome disease and die a martyr to her charity—and so forth—and so on. Margaret was almost ready to weep over her charming self thus sacrificed on the altar of love, but, nevertheless, she had left that tack lying on the sidewalk, because it was not in any way a heroic deed to pick up a tack!

Now the weather was very hot and little Frank Daly had begged his mother to let him run bare-footed that day. At first she had refused, but he had finally coaxed her into granting the permission he desired. He generally managed to coax people into doing what he liked, for he was such a winning little lad, with his bright brown eyes, fair hair, and rosy cheeks. He was his parents' youngest child and only boy and the darling of the whole family.

He came along merrily on that bright summer afternoon, whistling a tune as he hastened to catch

up with some comrades he saw ahead of him. Suddenly he stopped with a sharp cry of distress, for he had trodden on that rusty tack and it had run right into the ball of his foot. In great pain he sat down on the sidewalk and finally succeeded in pulling it out, but his foot hurt him so that instead of going after his friends, he started to limp home. What a long, long way it seemed! "Oh, mother," he cried, on finally reaching home. "I wish I'd listened to you and put on my shoes! I ran a tack into my foot and it does hurt!"

Much concerned, his mother bathed the foot in hot water, tried to get all dirt and poison out of the little wound and then put on what she thought the best remedy. It seemed to be successful, for in a very few days the place healed and the foot seemed so nearly cured that the little fellow was allowed to go to school again. Two days later, however, he refused to get up in the morning, said he felt very sick and complained of a bad pain in his throat. His mother could see no sign of any sore throat, but still, as the child seemed to get worse, she grew anxious and sent for the doctor.

As soon as he saw Frank he looked alarmed and asked if he had had any accident. The mother told of the hurt from the tack, adding:

"But that seems to have quite healed up."

"I wish it hadn't," answered the doctor bluntly, as he began opening up the wound again. But in spite of all his efforts the child grew rapidly worse, and before long had fallen into convulsions. A few hours later, he died in great agony of lock-jaw—all through that "little thing"—a rusty tack!

"His mother was so prostrated with grief that for awhile her life was despaired of and though she finally recovered, she was never the same. The joy had gone out of the lives of what had once been such a happy household.

And all this pain and heart-breaking sorrow could have been avoided if, instead of dreaming of heroic deeds which she was never likely to accomplish Margaret had listened to the voice which told her to pick up that rusty tack.

Little things! dear children there are no little things, no little duties. We never know what tremendous consequences the smallest thing may have. Carelessness in posting a letter, dropping a piece of orange or banana peel on the sidewalk, leaving a needle about, may have fearful results that the regrets and efforts of a whole lifetime could never atone for. Therefore, don't dream of great and improbable things, but do the little things that come to hand, and if you accomplish them for the love of God and offer them up to Him, they will be great in His eyes and win for you an infinite reward.—By Henriette Eugenie Delamare in Rosary Magazine.

GREEN EYES

It is good for Christian womanhood to have the example of nuns before it. While the generous instincts of women make them leaders in deeds of charity, yet their greatest temptation is to be uncharitable in thought and in word, especially to members of their own sex. We have heard men speak uncharitably to one another, but we have heard women speak uncharitably of women much oftener. We have seen men sneer at other men, but we have seen more sneers for women on the faces of their sisters. Smaller things provoke the antagonism of women for their own sex than provoke the antagonism of men for theirs. It's only a short way from uncharitableness to jealousy, which is one of the meanest vices in womankind. The most beautiful face in the world is spoiled by a sneer. The prettiest mouth is made ugly by slander. Gentle eyes are always attractive, but one cannot have gentle eyes with green in them. People are usually in the place that God destined for them, and if God destines a place for anyone it is the best place for that person. Why, then, should we lose charity through jealousy? There is very little beauty beside the banks of a river that runs through a desert. It has the power for good, but it has nothing to work on; so there is very little of contentment and beauty in the life that drives itself through barren places. The people around us are like the banks of a river. We pass among them, and give of ourselves to them, and they return our gifts as generously as

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the trees, the grass and the flowers return them to the river. The uncharitable tongue is found in the body that wants to live for itself alone, and selects the desert way. "Kindness costs nothing." That is a very old saying, but always true. The things that cost nothing usually give us little satisfaction, but it is different with kindness. It costs nothing, but it pays most generously. It is the one thing that even the poorest possess; and it repays them with a lavish hand that seems to belong to God. If we were starting out in life again we would make many resolutions, but the first resolution would be never to speak evil of anyone.—Extension Magazine.

WITH OUR BEST FRIEND

The holy and sustaining truth of the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is a real power in the lives of those who, beyond the exacted duties of religion, find time to be present at Mass on week days, and to make a visit to some convenient Church in the course of the day.

Our Churches in the centres of activity bear continual testimony to this proof of real religion in the hearts of our people. The wonder is that so many good, practical Catholics neglect these intimate personal relations with our Saviour. How many Catholics could at the cost of small inconvenience, especially these bright Spring mornings, sanctify and enhearten their day's toil by spending the short time of Mass in the presence of and in near companionship with the One who is their whole hope and trust. How often, too, could a few moments be found to spend in some silent Church in the sole company of God. Such treasured moments are their own reward and are sure sources of comfort and new hope in the humdrum and weary routine of daily life.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS

A good old Catholic custom, which nowadays appears to be more "honored in the breach than the observance," was that of saying grace before and after meals. It is still followed, of course, in genuinely Catholic families, as in religious communities; but all too often it is abridged to a perfunctory Sign of the Cross, if it is not entirely forgotten or suppressed. Very many twentieth century Catholics would be benefited by some such lesson as King Alfonso of Aragon once gave his courtiers.

Observing that they did not ask a blessing before their meals or return thanks after them, he invited a beggar to the royal table, forbidding him most strictly either to make a bow on entering the dining hall or to express his gratitude on departing. The beggar obeyed orders, and went away without word or sign of thanks. The courtiers were highly incensed at this lack of good breeding, but the king checked their complaints, saying: "Is not this exactly how you yourselves act towards your Heavenly King? You neither ask a blessing nor return thanks, and accordingly He has much more reason to be indignant with you than you have to abuse that poor mendicant." Truth.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, and now repeated and hardened into usage.—Emerson.

The Christian religion proclaims doctrines which satisfy the highest aspirations of the human intellect and gratify the legitimate cravings of the human heart. It solves those problems which baffled the researchers of the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, and which bewilder the investigations of the thinkers of our day who are not guided by the light of revelation.—Cardinal Gibbons.

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