CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

Let me but live my life from year to

forward face and unreluctant Not hastening to, nor turning from,

the goal Not mourning for the things that

In the dim past, nor holding back in

From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To Youth and Age and travels on

with cheer. So let the way be up the hill or

down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy.
Still seeking what I sought when but

a boy, New friendships, high adventure, and

a crown; I shall grow old, but never lose life's Because the road's last turn will be

> -HENRY VAN DYKE THE ART OF REPROVING

When we speak a word of admonishment or reproof, it should be spoken in the right spirit, and manner. The ability to give warning, or to suggest improvement at the proper place and time and in a tactful way, is one of the finest accomplishments, and is worth striv-ing for in the most diligent manner. We all need more friends who will tell us of our faults, with the noble motive of aiding us to overcome them. It is a great art to help others to be true to their best, and

great honor and praise.

The next time you are tempted to find fault with your chum, friend, we come back laden from our questionstends or anyone, ask your-self these two questions: First, will is in the Book our mothers read. it do any good? Second, am I doing it in the right spirit? If you cannot answer these questions affirmatively, then silence will be golden.—True

the one who can do this is worthy of

SELF RELIANCE

If possible find something to do without depending upon others. Anything, anything is to be doing, if it only keeps soul and body together for a while. But it will not be for long, for the very effort, mixed with a serious situation, something that only manhood can solve. Laws, institutions, customs will not consider the constitutions of the constitution of the const Men must depend upon themselves and not upon others for work or subsistence. It happens in the logic of events that there must be more or less social reliance, but at the same time it must not be an absolute dependence. The solution of the dependence. The solution of the future social and industrial problems the man; and that manifests itself where no man is cut off from self-support, which is the crowning feature of our civic life. We are at feature of our civic life. that point now when this high estate is reached and the opportunity opens to reveal the measure of our citizen--whether we own ourselves or -Ohio State Journal.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS

'Science as it is today is arrayed against Revelation. To go forth into this unbelieving world as the defenders of Christ's Revelation without a fund of knowledge, and without being able to use it with tongue and pen, were a crime, It crime against God and His

he can talk about them, I say there is something in him. By taking in was it? The questions crowded he can talk about them, I say there is something in him. By taking in knowledge he is able to give it out. When you meet a man who talks of books, people may say it is humility, but I say it is vacuity. So my now, when he went to sleep it was advice is, cultivate a passion for not yet noon, probably he was long, but I say it is vacuity. So my now, when he went to sleep it was not yet noon, probably he was long, make inquiries; nothing make inquiries; nothing

A love of books drives away the which is not of earth. Then, love study, love it today, love it tomorrow, love it always."—Archbishop Ire-

THE BIG IDEA

A man is not a success in life till a dominant purpose takes hold of him, to which all other procedures and measures and all the powers of his being are subordinated.

Sorrowful is the state of the man who, at any age, has let himself be tamed and chastened down to an unseeing, unthinking jog trot in the same old rut, day after day.

A man is not old till he refuses to admit new light, embrace fresh experiences, entertain thoughts that never occurred to him before, open the doors and windows of his mind

to the morning.

Perhaps we hugged to ourselves the delusion that we were doing the best we could. It is so easy to feed the aspiring spirit upon that anodyne. It is easier to dream than to make an effort; easier to accept things as they are than to change easier to conform than to quarrel.

Then comes a vision of what we might be and are not, and it challenges us and will not let us rest.

We must be up and doing. We know at last what we were made for, what we were sent into the world to do. Life becomes purposeful, and each waking minute has its mission.

questioner,

"No sir," came back the manly feet again Fatl reply, then half playfully, half sadly, even to drive.

It is so easy to drift with the crowd, to accept what each day brings, to throw the sop of complac-ency to conscience, to admit that

from pillar to post, a sort of hobo among industrial concerns, subsist-ing from hand to mouth. Suddenly teere is imported into it a man with a "big idea" and a fund of energy better than a fund in dollars—to give it the driving power that it needs. He puts the solid asset of irrelevant. He knows when to throw a dollar after a dollar (realizing that one must spend money in order to make money), and he knows when to clutch the purse strings

tightly.
A life is transformed when it has found the spur, the incentive that it needs. A man who dawdled and was indifferent wakes up; he fairly comes to life. He starts out at last to redeem the exceptation that his friends had of him. He turns their disappointment to gratification has ceased to be the shambling, mumbling misfit that he was; he has found himself, and he comes finally into his own.—Tablet.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE IMMORTAL BOOK

We search the world for truth ; we The good, the pure, the beautiful,

From all old flower-fields of the soul: And, weary seekers of the best We come back laden from our quest

> -JOHN G. WHITTIER THE GOAL

His name was Art Shea. He knew that much about himself. He knew also that he once had a kind mother and that he lived in a house sur-rounded by velvety lawns where it was fun to play. Things were so different now that the past was only a pleasant dream; the present was incongenial, a fight for existence. The smoky railroad yards of Omaha

learned to sell papers, to live on a few pennies' worth of food from a cheap lunch counter, to sleep in any convenient shelter he could discover. Gradually he made acquaintances among the soot - begrimed railroad men and his pennies increased, for he would run errands for them between paper selling hours. At last he gave up the papers altogether and "An

car and snugged up for a little rest. The youngster must have been awfully tired for the car in which he lay asleep was put into a long line of empty freights and hurried west-wards. The little fellow slept the sleep of childhood and still the train roared and rattled on, far from the

railroad yards he knew as home. The moment he awoke terror seized his heart, something was wrong. He felt the motion of the car, he sprang to the doorway and slid the door partly open. A green sweep of rising and falling prairie land met his gaze. "I think a man may be judged by his library. When I go into a priest's study and see many books, and when I left behind. How far was he away? It by any chance this little fellow books; it will give you arms for the long miles away from his railroad make inquiries; nothing to be said

It seemed an age, but it was only devil; it prevents idleness. Study a few minutes before the train began brings down upon the mind the to slow up, the brakes hissed on, and perennial freshuess of eternal truth; Art was able to drop from the it illumines the mind with the light car and look about him.

discover. Perhaps there was a town on the other side of the track, he would crawl between the cars and try the other side. I not then the cars and try the other side. I not then the cars and the cars are cars a try the other side. Just then the train gave a jerk and began to move. Arty sprang back, he knew the make him quiet and thoughtful bedanger of crossing between moving cars. He tried to regain his position in the boxcar but the train was

going too rapidly, he must wait and see where he had landed. The train moved away and a station, three or four stores, a half dozen houses and around them the vast rolling prairie, no more. A sense of loneness came to the little

fellow, he was by himself out here where boys had no place. But Art had fought his way on inlife before thus, so now he would try again. A slight boyish figure he was as he trudged up the track towards

the station. "Hello, youngster, where did you

"From the train that just pulled than his nephew had: out, I came —" began Art half Father Shea was in

Then the whole story came out The stranger became interested, for-got all about the goods he had come to bring over to his store. When Art finished what he had to circs metances have mastered us.

But if we give room and chance to the same driving impulse, life is no too, did some rapid thinking.

Inger the same.

As it is in life it is in the world of isn't a good place anyway. What do business. One sees a moribund on you say to living right here in Shelterprise that barely crawls along don. You can help around the store and my folks can find room for one more.

The offer sounded like a business proposition and Joe Burns meant it so. He saw that the little fellow was used to business and he spoke as man to man. The fact was Burns needs. He puts the solid asset of character into the day's work, but above all, he has the forceful genius to see what is essential and what is itsele waif however and he irrelevant. He knows when to knew his wife would second his

Art thought for a moment, recollected his friends of the railroad yards and then looked about him. Sheldon was only a handful of houses and—, but the great sweet smelling country appealed to him, he never knew that the world was so large and bright.

"Please sir, thank you-I-Iwould be glad to stay with you."

The offer was accepted, the con-

tract closed. Art Shea had a home It is hardly worth while to tell of the following days. Art found a mother in Mrs. Burns and his quick, ready feet were on the go to try and repay his new-found friends. There were plenty of odd chores about the house and store and Art was always on hand to do them.

The most interesting thing to Art,

towever, was the mysteries of the country. Everything was new to him. He had dropped into another, a beautiful world. The horses, chick ens, crops, the wild flowers and above all the great sweeping prairie, all were wonders of delight to the town boy. When the day's work was over he would ask nothing better than to sit on the steps and watch the great red sun slip down into the prairie, far westwards.

The Burns' family were Catholics, at once to the Burns home.

"Father, Mrs. Holmes is dying,

Blackstope.

If was two weeks after Art's arrival that Father Shea drove into

I'm glad to see you, Mr. Burns. How's the family, Nellie, Jim, Joe, all of them and first of course your good wife, how is she? But—hello, who is this?" as Art came into the

who is this? as Ar. came into the store. "How do, my little man, where did you come from?"
"I am working for Mr. Burns. I came from Omaha and Mr. Burns told me I could stay." Father Shea was taken at once

And your name, my boy ?"

Art came forward and shook hands, he even didn't know what a priest was but he felt that Father Shea was his friend and his own name too.
When Art was gone Father Shea

turned to Burns. Joe Burns, I wonder if-" Oh, there's no chance of that."

"Of what, Father, may I ask?"
"I had a brother living in Kansas City but about three years ago. I lost all trace of him. Our correspondence was poorly kept up even is by any chance this little fellow could be his son? No, not likely, but somehow I felt strangely drawn

looks like my brother John. The conversation continued and the outcome was that Father Shea decided to go to Omaha himself and

to Art, however, until, perhaps, his relationship was established. Days slipped into weeks before the busy old missionary got a chance to make the trip. In the meanwhile elevator some distance up the track was all the signs of life he could discover. Perhaps there was a free distance which he had never lost alteration. was acquiring of the religion that was his birthright expanded and broadened his mind and tended to

yond his years.

"Art, I have a story to tell you I know you will be glad to hear it," Father Shea had just come back from

Art was all attention; perhaps it

was about his parents.

"Art, I've been to Omaha and have good news : your father was my dear brother John. I'm your uncle, Art."
For a moment the boy stood, scarce comprehending the meaning of what Father Shea said. And then the truth came home. His eyes filled with long pent up tears, he had found his relations and he could lean

towards someone. Art remained for some time with the Burns family; Father Shea had "Hello, youngster, where the grant family; rather one come from?" sang out a great beard the dwesterner as Art reached the no home, the saddle was his home, and he could not wish a better home

Father Shea was by no means a young man and the wear and tear of Beating your way, eh? Running away from home?" broke in the questioner,

"No sir," came back the manly reply, then half playfully, half sadds.

GOITRE

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weak to get around alone any those of heaven. He had The plan had come to him him with the apostolic spirit before but Father Shea did not like to ask the sacrifice.

time then, won't I?"
And so it came that Art Shea lived

in the buggy, driving from hamlet to village, from village to town, living the life of a missionary. Those days well of yere.—Newsboys' Journal. were never forgotten by Art—driving over the wind-swept prairie, his uncle at his side.

Sunshine and zephyrs were not always to be met with and often in the bleak, bitter winter Art would be almost frozen during their trips, but he never complained, the spirit of an apostle seemed to have come into him and he was almost as eager as his uncle for the seeking of Christ's wandering sheep.

It was early spring once more, the last snow had vanished, but the great spring rains were holding away. Art and his uncle had arrived at Sheldon and were stopping with the Burns family. Father Shea had been un well all winter and now his strength seemed ebbing quickly away. He needed a complete rest.

A rider splashed into Sheldon

through the terrible mud and came

they depended on the occasional visits from Father Shea, who lived nearly thirty miles away and the condition that the condition the condition that the condition Mr. Burns, Art, and a few others who happened to be present tried to dissuade Father Shea from going. It was ten miles; the roads were terrible; he was sick and must die of exposure; he owed it to his flock

Shea had heard the trumpet call of duty and he would respond. Sadly Art harnessed the team, helped the Father in and they set out. The roads were at times almost covered with water, a steady rain beat down on them and a piercing wind cau with the manly straight forward little even young Art to tremble with the

One day, it was springtime in the country, Art's work was over for an hour or so and he crawled into a box car and snugged up for a little rest.

The youngster must have been seriously "But even if we aren't, let's be friends."

Snes, why that's my name, may be a relations." The priest happy eternity. Scarcely had Mrs. Holmes died than Father Shea took timed more seriously "But even if we aren't, let's be friends."

ce again Art stood alone in the world.

"Art, would you be willing to give pour good home and help me? I ever—no not in worldly goods, but He had imbued

It took years and the struggle was a hard one, but the day came at last Sure Father, that will be just when Art Shea stood at I'll be with you the whole God, the minister of the Divine

Sacrifice.

He volunteered for the missions

If the effort of thy life is to be truthful, brave, chaste and loving, thou art, or shalt be, gentle, wise and joyful. -Bishoo Spalding.



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