

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THROUGH THE EYES OF AN OUT-OF-WORK

"You should think more and read less. Think by the yard, read by the foot—and talk by the inch," said a father who had never been to school, to a son who was a very fine cultured fellow indeed.

"I thought it rather a joke that my father should lecture me on reading. I was rather inclined to patronize him. . . . I wonder often just what his feelings were in those days.

My reading was intellectual drama, drinking, drug-taking—call it what you will. A fresh book was opened as soon as its predecessor was closed (just as a cigarette flend lights a fresh cigarette on the stump of the old).

His superior attitude towards his father grew more marked, but "he had the laugh on me before the end."

The despised father rose to be manager where he had been a laborer, and spent his spare time happily in his garden or green-house, with his pipe between his teeth.

At 5:30 I was dead beat, no nearer a situation than when I started off, and the total amount of cash in the exchequer was threepence!

A visit to the pawnshop brought "ten bob" on the young man's bag, enough to keep him alive for several days of tramping from town to town.

He had a cup of tea and some food ready when I was finishing the notices, and, as I was eating, he, noticing that the very light shoes I wore had given way under the strain, brought me a pair of heavy boots which he told me to put on.

I don't know if Mr. S— has given a thought to the matter since, but I shall always be grateful to him, not only for the material but for the spiritual (if I may use the word with being misunderstood) help he gave me.

Let us hear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will overpay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRLS AND THE ROSES

"My pink rose bush is going to be planted right here where folks can see it," said Amy, showing a sunny place on the lawn that was easy to see from the street.

"I'm afraid I can't plant mine where folk can see," said Bess, soberly. "We have such a teeny weeny lawn, and it's so crowded now."

"I don't suppose it will," said Bess. "There's so many folks who need pink roses that maybe there won't be enough to go around."

"Your roses will do only one person good, while mine will make lots of folks happy," said Amy. "I'm so anxious to hear what they'll say when they see the lovely flowers."

"For me!" cried poor old Grandma Curtis, when the first fine rose was laid on her lap. "This is the most beautiful flower I ever saw. Dearly, will you put it in a glass of water where I can see it all day?"

"Your rose bush hasn't anything on it either?" said Amy, one day in August, when she happened to see the bare rose bush in Bess' yard.

"Mine has bloomed all summer!" cried Bess, in surprise. "I took a big rose to Aunt Letty only yesterday."

He was a boy, most likely just such a boy as you are. He grew up and did great things for his country; and when General Outram died it was written of him, "For truth and right this hand has always striven."

Did you ever think—that a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem appreciated it has yet made you better, and braver because of it?

OF USE

M. Emile Vandervelde, announcing himself socialist, internationalist, and republican, writes in the literary tongue of Belgium an article on the present and the future of his country in the Nineteenth Century.

He found me three days' work. On an upturned packing case in his workshop this article has been written, and after the short rest the three days' work has enabled me to enjoy, I am assuming my Odyssey.—Sacred Heart Review.

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JUNE—THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

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GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT. THE BEST CLEANER AND DISINFECTANT KNOWN. USED FOR SOFTENING WATER-FOR MAKING SOAP. REMOVES GREASE AND CRUST FROM FRYING AND ROASTING. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. MADE IN CANADA. E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL.

LIFE

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THE SUNDAY MASS

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to sit out interminable games of cards, to hear all the dreary yarns and chestnuts that helped Sham, Ham and Japnet to while away the time in the ark, to read all the trash of the Sunday papers. The fact is that such persons are not straight and honest with themselves. What they need is a good talking. The pastor cannot be there to do it in all cases. Let the laymen lend a hand. This is the age of the lay apostolate, and right here is the place to begin.

NO NEW CATHEDRAL FOR DUBLIN

Great disappointment has fallen on the people of Dublin. It was only a few weeks ago that Catholic hopes for a suitable mother church of Ireland, a Cathedral in Dublin worthy of the nation, were raised to the highest pitch by the announcement that Archbishop Walsh was in negotiation with the City Fathers for the acquisition of an important site on Ormond Quay for the new edifice, the money being already in hand.

The Archbishop, however, has found vested interests too strong for him. In a letter he has just sent the housing committee of the city council, all His Grace says that the opposition shown by certain of the tenants on the quay site would make the cost of

acquiring such site prohibitive, and he is forced back to the conclusion he came to twenty years ago, that there is no adequate site in Dublin obtainable for a Catholic Cathedral. The city council has therefore decided to proceed with their scheme for dwellings in the proposed area, which they had abandoned in deference to the plans of the Archbishop. Speculation is rife as to the influences which have been at work to nullify this fine project.—Church Progress.

MGR. BENSON

Mr. Arthur C. Benson in his book "Hugh"—which is the story of the life of his brother, the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson relates an incident that showed his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The brothers were accustomed to talking freely and openly on all subjects, and sometimes argued on religion.

"Once I remember his exhibiting very strong emotion," Mr. Benson recalls. "I had spoken of the worship of the Virgin, and said something that seemed to him to be in a spirit of levity. He stopped and turned quite pale. 'Ah, don't say that,' he said. 'I feel as if you had said something cynical about someone very dear to me, and far more than that. Please promise not to speak of it again.'"—Sacred Heart Review.

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA. An illustration of a young girl in a dress pouring water from a pitcher into a large tub.

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