CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

JUST TO GO BACK!

There's a little town where the street is wide And the days are dull and the weeks are long; Where the roads run out to the

countryside.

You were still a rollicking boy back

There's a little town near a winding stream Where a mai len walked in the dusk

Where you packed your satchel, and turned from play To take your chance among eager

Who judge according to each man's And what is the price you would give today If you might be a boy back there again?

There's a little town where the its health.

In the si Where a cottage crumbles in slow decay;

In the graveyard out on the silent

Long since they watched o'er you to his friend.

A Wise Man, writing many years previous to the Christian Era, tells us that nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold or silver is able to counter-vail the goodness of his fidelity.

Since this time, down through the ages even to our own day, countless philosophers, essayists, poets and moralists have written on this

Nowadays it would seem that the appellation, friend, is used in a very broad sense, and that it is made to embrace all that in the strict sense of the word is understood by acquaintance. The innumerable acquaintances which a man meets in social life or in the business world are not the friends of whom the Wise Man spoke.

A friend is one with whom we have an equality of mind and heart, When the city breeze is dying in the to whom we turn in the more exalted moments of inspiration, for companionship, for interchange of thought, for counsel, for solace. One to whom we can reveal things which press deeply in the hidden citadel of our souls when the time comes that an outpouring of the heart is a necessity. That which we would hesitate to reveal to the acquaintances whom we prize most dearly, we are not ashamed to confide to a friend.

Let us see what the pagans of old said of friendship: Cicero says: 'To whom can life be worth living who does not repose on the mutual feeling of some friend? What can be more delightful than to have one to whom you can speak on all subjects just as to yourself? Where would be the enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice equally in it with yourself?
And adversity would indeed be difficult to endure without someone

It is southwarm heart is mellow, and his cheek is swarthy yellow, but there's coolness and there's whiteness in his rusty-lidded who would bear it with even greater regret than yourself." And one of the early kings of Rome in his banishment, said that upon going into exile he found out whom he had as faithful friends and whom negatiful the could be could unfaithful, since he could then show no gratitude to either party.

show no gratitude to either party.

One of our modern essayists speaking of friendships, says that "many are the dangers to be encountered, equinoctial gales and reefs ere a man may sail before the constant trade winds."

True friends may be said to combine the beauty of two summer days in one. There is nothing which brings greater satisfaction and happiness to a man than the knowl-

happiness to a man than the knowledge that there is someone who has all his interest at heart, who is always "at home" when the heart

A beloved prelate of the Church now deceased, was accustomed to spend the day frequently at the summer cottage of another church-man, his friend, situated in the

heart of the pine woods.

One day in particular he had arrived as usual, and the two men were seated on the piazza, by turns were seated on the piazza, by turns reading and meditating on the quiet beauty of the scene. Soft scents of pine needles stole to their nostrils, wafted by gentle zephyrs that stirred faintly the topmost boughs of the trees. Now and then the perfect solitude was broken only by the dropping of a pine-cone, or the gnawing of a squirrel among the branches. The sky formed a perfect canopy of peerless blue above the cottage, and no sound from the

sun began to cast lengthening shadows over the tips of the fir trees. Beyond the distant hills night crept stealthily onward, and the sum of those who get the nightest may don't always get the nightest may don't always get the nightest may be a sum of those who get the nightest may be a sum of those who get the nightest may be a sum of those who get the nightest may be a sum of those who get the nightest may be a sum of the s the sky was dimly overcast.

The two men had laid aside their

books and papers, and rose simul-taneously. Said the visitor. "What

countryside,
And the Courthouse clock has a mellow gong;
Where men are friendly and much inclined
To think in June that the world is fair:
And what would you give to awake and find
That, instead of doing a daily grind,
You were still a rollicking boy back

taneously. Said the visitor. "What a beautiful time we have had!"
They had not spoken a single word during the course of the afternoon, and yet they had enjoyed one another supremely, for they were friends. Friendship needs not the exposition of speech; the presence of one beloved may be enough. Sometimes we may imagine that these two friends lifted their eyes from the printed pages to contemplate the vastly more wonder-interesting details: There is in our interesting details: There is in our

In the histories and biographies that tell of the deeds of famous men how often do we find a tragedy of broken friendships to mar the perfect outline of the ideal? Many have been the episodes similar to these. In friendship a man must be satisfied simply to trust. Friendship is a delicate plant and a breath may scorch as well as blast it. The least unworthings vitiates The least unworthiness vitiates

In the story of most friendships of men there are paragraphs which must be inserted to make the account complete. But to a man, looking back over the pages, there A stone that was white is becoming gray.

It is long since they have been grieved to see

One of the pages, there comes a pang of regret that on such occasion, in such a manner, he has sullied this fair flower. By distrust of his friend's motive, by coldness or the pages, there comes a pang of regret that on such occasion, in such a manner, he has sullied this fair flower. By distrust of his friend's motive, by coldness or the pages, there comes a pang of regret that on such occasion, in such a manner, he has sullied this fair flower. By distrust of his friend's motive, by coldness or the pages, there comes a pang of regret that on such occasion, in such a manner, he has sullied this fair flower. By distrust of his friend's motive, by coldness or the pages, there can be a pang of regret that on such occasion, in such a manner, he has sullied this fair flower. By distrust of his friend's motive, by coldness or the pages of the pages of the pages. Or soothe the bruises and ills you or inattention, by weariness, or carelessness in something of import

Long since they watched of Fyou lovingly.

And what would you offer if you could be A boy in that little old town once more?

The Irish Weekly FRIENDSHIP

A Wise Man, writing many years as they think best, and, if they are worthy they will not abuse the sacred privilege of liberty.

Confucius says: "Never contract of this will be say they will not abuse the sacred privilege of liberty.

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Confucius says: "Never contract friendship with one who is not better than thyself." By wisely choosing and faithfully treating our friendships, which should be few and precious, a man will soon discover that friendship is indeed an intelligence above human language and when that parting comes which is inevitable, there will be no sadness of regret because one both have proved unworthy.-The

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE HOKEY-POKEY MAN When the humid hours hang heavy,

through the steaming, sultry noisome alley-ways,

He trots around the corner with his precious little van— O the comfort of the coming of the Hokey-Pokey Man! See the golden earrings shining

where his croppy curls are Hear his broken speech in baritone

of Anglitalian: 'Yo gotta ana penna For a Hoka Poka Man!" The alley children love him-watch them running to his call!

They're of twenty ragged races, yet he seems to know them all; He gives them heaping measure to

their little hearts' content, And the fairies see a profit in a hokey-pokey cent! His South-warm heart is mellow,

whiteness in his rusty-lidded

Now have you any penny For the Hokey-Pokey Man? Ah, the penniless are many in the narrow, dusty street,

Where little tongues are parching for a little penny treat!

Does earth hold nothing sadder than hope, that, hoping, dies?

Yea, sadder far is hopelessness in wistful baby eyes! Hear our vendor: "Isna pita t' have allas in a cita?

To be chil'ren in d'allas—littla lips so dry like tan— An'—notta ana penna An'—notta ana penna For a Hoka Poka Man ?'' —Honor Walsh

and found it a quick and easy method of solving problems. There is another kind of cancellation, not so commonly used, a kind that should be taught to all boys and girls, and that becomes a valuable habit in time.

Two boys were one day speaking Talbor.

of an absent classmate.
"He is so slow in the games,"

great heart of the world penetrated tion," answered the second. "Ard the peaceful spot.

You know as well as I do that many
The afternoon waned, and the of those who get the highest marks

"He has so little to say."
"But no one heard him tell a
. He is the most truthful boy in

Every unkind word, you notice, which the first boy spoke, was cancelled by a kind word from the second boy. It is a plan worth

came into our possession, wrote a Holy Ghost mission father in far-off Africa. And then he tells these interesting details: There is in our contemplate the vastly more wonderful page of Nature's mysterious book, complied by the Hand of One Who is an omniscient Artist.

interesting details: There is in our mission house here in Zanguebar a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary which came into our possession, be-Where a mailen walked in the dusk with you:

Where you promised lightly, and learned to dream

The dreams that never, alas! come true;

Where you packed your satchel and who is an omniscent Arts.

Sometimes, — for they were advanced in age,—we may imagine that they dozed for a few moments.
—but neither spoke. Where there is perfect enderstanding, there is an intelligence above language.

Where you packed your satchel and the dusk with they were advanced in age,—we may imagine religion when it adorned the Episcopal mission chapel. The statue always reminds me of a very remarkable incident, the conversion of an intelligence above language. an Anglican minister to Catholicism in the jungle of Africa whither he had gone to convert the benighted pagans to Anglicanism.

pagans to Anglicanism.

One beautiful morning Father Superior called me to his room.

"One of the Anglican ministers is down stairs," he said, "go and see what he wishes." I found there a tall jovial man, wearing a white cassock with a black cord around his waist yery much like the ging. his waist very much like the cinc-

"I just gave extreme unction," responded the Anglican minister, "to an old negress of our mission and the satisfaction I experienced from that one act of sacred ministry alone, is more than adequate com pensation for all the sacrifices I made in breaking all home ties and coming out here to the jungles of

The conversation drifted along The conversation drifted along for some time, when finally the minister glanced at my cincture and asked: "Father, can you get me a cord like yours. Mine is too heavy

in this warm climate."
As the cincture is a part of our distinctive religious garb, the question rather embarrassed me. I excused myself and ran up to Father Superior to tell him: ter asked for one of our cinctures."
The Superior hesitated for a

"Give him one," he said fianally.
"Tassels also?"
"Yes you may as well give him
the cincture complete with the tassels. It cannot harm him."

A month later the minister came back to the mission again, wearing the cincture of the Catholic priest. This time, however, he came not to request the externals of the Catho-lic Church; he came to ask the in-ternal seal of the true faith; he came to abjure heresy and receive Baptism again if that were necessary for his admission to the fold of Rome, the only true fold of Jesus Christ. He then set out for Rome where he was later ordained to the Catholic priesthood.

If the Rev. X. were to return to Zanguebar today, he would be greeted by the sweet smile of a statue of the Blessed Virgin high up on the stairway of the Catholic mission, I am sure he would not be less astonished to learn how and why the statue is there.

Not long after the departure of the "traitor," (as Rev X. was called) the Anglican bishop came to our mission and asked to see the Rev. Father Superior. He said he had some business to transact with him. In his flock he had several black sheep, heretics, who could not s and the sight of a statue of the Virgin, which he had procured from England for his mission cathedral. He was obliged to get rid of the statue or lose three-fourths of his flock. He wished to place it where it would be duly honored. Would the Catholic mission accept it? Yes and so it came to the place of honor it now occupies.—Catholic Transcript.

LATIN-MADE BISHOP BY ORIENTAL RIJE IN A MESOPOTAMIAN CITY

Mossul, June 3.—Not since 1857 has the consecration of a Latin bishop in an oriental country and by the oriental rite been witnessed in Mesopotamia. Such an event, extremely rare in ecclesiastical CANCELLATION

Most of the boys who read this article have studied cancellation and found it a chief rod.

Berre authorized him to select from among the Oriental Catholic prelates the bishop he desired to consecrate him and the two assistants. The latter were Msgr. Habra, Syrian Archbishop of Mossul, and Msgr. Manna, Chaldean titular bishop of

The ceremony was performed according to the Chaldean rite, in the language of the Assyro-Uhal-

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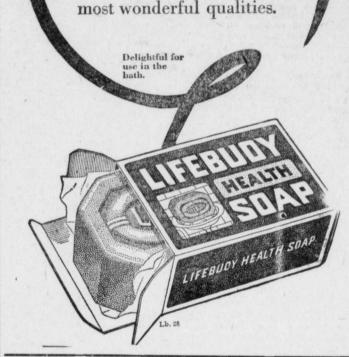
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