

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TRAGEDY OF "GETTING SQUARE"

What an awful price people pay for the determination to "get square" with those they fancy have injured them!

A bitter, revengeful thought is a boomerang which is hurled back to the thrower. It is impossible to injure another either in thought or in deed without receiving the blow ourselves.

What a terrible price many people pay for their revenge—a price which often staggers their advancement, kills their efficiency, ruins their characters.

I have known people to carry for years feelings of bitter hatred and revenge for a fancied wrong, to hold a revengeful determination to "get square" with those who injured them, until their whole characters were so changed that they became almost inhuman.

No one can carry a grudge against another, a hatred thought, a revengeful determination, a desire to injure another, without a fatal deterioration of character as well as serious impairment of his getting-on ability and his happiness.

People little realize what they do when they harbor these happiness-destroying, success-killing thoughts towards others. Such feelings kill spontaneity, blight the character, and stifle self-expression.

No one can do his best work while he harbors revengeful or even unfriendly thoughts towards others. Our faculties only give up their best when working in perfect harmony.

Just think how unmanly it is to be waiting for an opportunity to injure another, or to "get square" with some one! If you wish to make the most of yourself, and have peace of mind, never retire at night with an unkind feeling towards any one in the world.

You can not afford the fatal rankling of these hatred and revenge javelins in your soul. They are success-killers, happiness-destroyers.

LOOK YOUR BUSINESS IN THE FACE I know a most excellent man whose business has been shrinking for years, and although he is conscious that it is running down, he has not the moral courage to look things squarely in the face, to find the diseased spot and apply the knife.

There are multitudes of business men in a similar position. Many of them have artistic temperaments, sensitive natures. They shrink from trouble or discord anywhere, and they will do almost anything to keep peace and harmony, even when they know that things are going on which are seriously injuring their business.

Many a firm drifts on this way until it lands in bankruptcy, just because the proprietor shrinks from looking his business squarely in the face and going to the bottom of the trouble and rooting out the evil, cutting out the diseased part before it involves the whole institution.

I have in mind another business acquaintance, head of a large enterprise, who is one of the most agreeable of men, but who knows absolutely nothing about the details of business.

His has unconsciously been drifting toward bankruptcy for years, until he now begins to realize that he is standing on the brink of failure; but he still meets his friends as blandly, and is as generous as ever toward his employees, all of whom know that he is near the end.

Nothing seems to wake him from his lethargy; he seems helpless to take the initiative of going to the bottom of his affairs, and adopt heroic measures for the necessary relief.—Success.

CULTIVATE PATIENCE Be patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They cannot see your heart and may misunderstand you. They do not know what is best for you, and may select what is worst.

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Be patient with your pains and cares. We know it is easy to say and hard to do. But you must be patient. These things are killed by enduring them and made strong by bite and sting by feeding them with your frets and fears.

There is no pain or care that can last long. None of them shall enter the City of God. A little while and you shall leave behind you all troubles, and forget in your first sweet hour of rest that such things were on earth.—St. John's Bulletin, Omaha.

WHEN WE GO TO MASS The Church commands us to attend Mass every Sunday. We should attend Mass because we owe everything we have to God; because we have sinned and we wish through Jesus Christ to be forgiven and to sin no more.

What would you do if you were on the hill of Calvary and saw Jesus dying for you; the wounds of His hands and feet; the thorns in His head; the whole body covered with blood and torn with pain; the loving eyes looking in their last gaze upon you; the white lips asking God the Father to forgive you? What would you do then, do now at the Mass, for when you are at Mass Jesus is asking for your love.

When you go to Mass, put before your mind Jesus, the loving Jesus on the altar; tell Him that you are sorry that you ever sinned against Him; tell Him that you will never sin again; that you will avoid those with whom you sin and the places where you sin.

"DAD NEW CENTURY WASHING MACHINE" advertisement with image of a woman washing clothes.

Tommy was much interested in hearing for the first time in his language lesson the other day about a pair of little boys that the teacher said meant "ditto."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BE ON THE WATCH A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign that told him messenger-boys were to be had inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you in now?" "Six," was the reply. "It's dull today." "Then they're all here," said the gentleman looking around, while the boys themselves were all attention, wondering "what was up."

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it." A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as, "A blind man?" "You're fooling!" "What could a blind man see?" and "You can't see it that way."

"I'm not joking; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who said nothing, he asked: "Well, what do you think of it?" "I think it could do it," was the reply. "Yes, I'm sure I could, sir."

"How do you propose to make him see it?" "Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it." "You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theatre, and the blind man and his guide and others in the audience became most interested in the messenger-boy and his companion, who, though carrying on an animated conversation, seemed absorbed and excited in every thing that went on. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than did the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger-boys and after a few words with the manager, said: "Boys, there was a chance offered every one of you yesterday—a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world—my friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might find some pleasure out of life if he could find some young man to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report intelligently. My stopping here yesterday was with the thought that possibly such a pair of eyes might be found here. It was an opportunity held out to every one of you, but only one understood and grasped it; for the rest of you it was a lost opportunity; for my friend is delighted

DRINK CURE A MIRACLE? No. Just Sound Science. Many drunkards are sent to jail when what they need is medicine. Drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomach and nerves, until the craving must be satisfied, if it is not removed by a scientific prescription like Samaria.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, gives etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this offer. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

with the experiment—says he is sure to hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger-boys are easy to get; but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. And yet you might—well, you see that boy though he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came, he knew how to manage it. It is the only way to keep good opportunities from slipping away, boys; you must be on the watch for them.—"Ann" Weston Whitely in S. S. Advocate.

"Dear father: I hope you are all well. Mother is well. Dick is well. Grandma is well. Sister is well. Grandpa is well. You would send me some money. Your affectionate son, TOM."

THE THREE CROSSES Do the boys and girls know the difference between the Latin, Greek and St. Andrew's crosses? Many grown people do not, and it is reasonable to assume that the younger readers may need the information. The Latin cross is one with which we are all familiar. The lower limb is a good deal longer than the upper limb. The Greek cross, on the contrary, has all the limbs of equal length—two pieces crossed in the middle at right angles. St. Andrew's cross is in the form of the letter X. The Greek cross is sometimes called the Cross of St. George, and is blended with that of St. Andrew to form the union jack of the British flag.

THE PRIEST IN BATTLE There is one chapter of especial interest to Irishmen in that historical romance, "The Special Messenger," by Robert W. Chambers. The story, which acts as she does throughout the story from a sense of loyalty to the Federal flag. The episode from which we quote below is the opening of a charge by the Irish regiments under General Sheridan in Missouri. Secret information has been systematically given to the enemy by a Confederate gentleman, the spy is discovered in the person of one of the Sheridan's own staff, who has successfully impersonated a dead officer, and at the very moment of the battle is engaged in signaling work. Father

Corby is an army chaplain, whose remains have since been honored by the Republic. The fiction from which we quote is founded on a grim incident in the Civil War, and the brilliant author, who is not, we believe, a Catholic, has done it historic justice. Here are the passages, with most of the connecting story eliminated: "What are those troops over there General?" pointing through the doorway. "The Excelsiors—Irish Brigade."

At intervals during the afternoon orders came to the hill; one or two general officers and their staffs arrived for brief consultations, and departed at a sharp gallop down hill. About 3 o'clock there came an unexpected roar of artillery from the Union left; minute by minute the racket swelled as battery after battery joined in the firing.

Behind her the signal flags were fluttering wildly once more; a priest, standing near her, turned nodding: "Our B's are doing well in before sundown," he said quietly. "Are you Father Corby, chaplain of the Excelsiors?" "Yes, madam."

He lifted his hat and went away knee deep through the windy hill grasses; white butterflies whirled around him as he strode, head on his breast; the swift hill swallows soared and skimmed along the edges of the smoke as though inviting him. From her rocky height she saw the priest enter the drifting clouds. A man going to his consecrated duty. And she? Where lay her duty? And why was she not about it?

A moment later the troopers mounted and cantered off down the hill, veering wide to skirt the head of a column of infantry marching in; and when the Special Messenger started to return she passed masses of men threatening to separate her from her prisoner—sunburnt, sweating, dirty faced men, clutched their rifle butts with red hands. Their officers rode ahead, thrashing through the mist grass; a forest of bayonets swayed in the sun; a flag after flag passed, blaring the masses of blue.

She and her prisoner looked on, the flag of the 63d New York swept by; the flags of the 69th and 88th followed. A moment later the columns halted. "Your Excelsiors," said Moray, calmly. "They're under fire already. Shall we move on?" "Father Corby, the chaplain," she murmured. A soldier in the ranks, standing with ordered arms, fell straight backward, heavily; a corporal near him doubled up with a grunt. The Special Messenger heard bullets smaking on rocks; heard their full impact as they struck living bodies; saw them knock men flat. Meanwhile the flags drooped above the halted ranks, their folds stirred lazily, fell, and scarcely moved, the pattern fire rolled on unbroken somewhere out in the smoke beyond.

A priest passed them in the smoke; her prisoner raised his hand to the visor of his cap. "Attention! Attention!" a far voice cried, and the warning rang from rank to rank taken up in turn by officer and soldier. Father Corby was climbing to the summit of a mound close by; an order rang out, bugles repeated it, and the blue ranks faced their chaplain. Then the priest from his rocky pulpit raised his ringing voice in explanation. He told the three regiments of the Irish Brigade—now scarcely more than three battalions of two companies each—that every soldier there could receive the benefit of absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and resolving, on first opportunity, to confess. He told them that they were going to be sent into battle; he urged them to their duty; reminded them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers of the Republic, and ended by warning them that the Catholic Church refused Christian burial to him who deserts his flag. In the deep battle field silence the priest raised up his hands; three regiments sank to their knees as a single man, and the Special Messenger and her prisoner knelt with them. "Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego, auctoritate ipsius, vos absolvo ab omni vinculo." The thunder of the guns drowned the priest's voice for a moment, then it sounded again, firm and clear: "Absolvo vos a peccatis—amen." The roar of artillery blotted out the words; then again they rang out: "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti! Amen."

HEADACHE ACHE "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers advertisement.

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The officers had remounted now, their horses plunging in the smoke; the bags were moving forward; rivers of bayonets flowed into the mainstrom where the red lightning played incessantly. Then from their front crashed out the first volley of the Irish Brigade.

"Forward! Forward!" shouted their officers. Men were falling everywhere; a dying horse kicked a shell into confusion. Suddenly a whole fell in their midst, another, another, tearing fiery right away.

The Special Messenger, on her knees in the smoke, looked up and around as a priest bent above her.—New York Freeman's Journal.

God so values time that He gives it to us only day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment. And he never gives us a moment without taking the last away.—Cardinal Manning. See to it that your life is an ascending life. Make sure that this day finds you at least a little higher than yesterday. Plan for another step upward tomorrow. If the best you can do is to take a little step today, or even one a week, that is all required of you.

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GET THE WASHER RUN BY GRAVITY!

Advertisement for a gravity washer with image of the machine and descriptive text.

MY VARICOSE VEINS WERE CURED COMPLETELY BY ABSORBINE. I have suffered from this disease for many years, and have tried every remedy, but have failed to get any relief. I have used Absorbine and I am now cured.

DYOLA advertisement for home dyeing with image of a woman dyeing clothes.

A SINGLE SOAP FOR BOTH LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD—FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY. Monday—that's wash day; then Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday each demand soap for their own particular purposes—and even on Sunday the dishes have to be washed.

Sunlight Soap is the household soap—the soap for every need of every housewife. Sunlight Soap has in it just that quality tone to dissolve the dirt and wash all kinds of clothes pure and clean so that either hard or soft lukewarm water can be used.

There is no free alkali or chemicals in Sunlight to injure fabrics, hands, woodwork or anything on which it may be used; there are no unsaponified fats to leave grease or musty odors. Nor is there a single trace of foreign—bleaching or cleansing—acids of any kind in it; Sunlight is free from "loading" or "filling" materials. We will pay \$5,000 to anyone proving otherwise. That offer has been standing for years now—and no one has ever taken it up yet!

Sunlight Soap leaves clothes snow-white and clean-smelling without boiling or rubbing—leaves woodwork with all the pristine lustre that it had the day your house was built and with no blue, soapy scum over it—makes common glassware sparkle and glisten like cut-glass—washes every particle of grease from dishes and leaves them perfectly clean to dry without polishing until your arms are tired.

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.