CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

VACATION.

Catholic Columbian.

As the summer time has come again, the subject of vacations is most timely, and a chat on it may prove acceptable to many readers.

1. Everybody ought to have at least once a year a good rest from the usual occupations. Fathers and mothers need this recreation even more than do the young folk. A day off now and then is time well spent, but it is too short a period to give the perfect change of thought and living that is most beneficial to mind and body. Still, it is a good thing. This department is acquainted with a man who keeps a general store in a suburban town, and who goes away every Thursday for what he calls "a comfortable loaf." He has the most successful store in the place, and is apt to live longer and amass more money than any of his competitors.

A week for vacation is better than a day, and a month is better than a week. "While we journey through life, let us live by the way." We Americans keep our noses to close to the grindstone. We don't work to live, but live to work. We have only this one life—let us use it intelligently. We'll be dead soon enough and long enough. Meanwhile let us stop occasionally on the treadmill to live—to visit our friends, to enjoy nature, to get acquainted with our higher selves, to indulge in some innocent enjoyment that in a way will give us some idea of what life is in heaven when we'll have eternity in which to revel in bliss.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Of course they don't deserve a vacation who have not worked—at school, in the home, in the store, in the shop or in the office—somewhere and at something useful. The drones and the butterflies would do well to make amends for their worthlessness by giving to some fresh air fund the money that they now purpose wasting on an unnecessary outing for themselves.

And, by the way, this department would like to see Catholic women in every city buy an acre of ground in the suburbs, with a large house, and turn it into a resort for poor mothers, poor shop girls and poor delicate children, taking charge of it themselves by turns for a week or a fortnight at a time.

It is useful and profitable, therefore, in the opinion of this department, for every one who works to take a rest in summer for a week or a month.

It is best, but not essential, to go away from home. But even if one stays at home at night, one can go every day to a different part of the city or the suburbs—to parks, to the end of trolley car routes, to private picnic grounds, and to the homes of friends. The idea to pursue is rest, change of scene, and diversion of mind, with change of air and change of food, also when possible.

2. After one has made up one's mind to take a vacation, the next question will be—Where?

That question everybody must solve for himself, for the answer depends on his means, the places that he has already visited, his tastes, his needs, the amount of time at his disposal, etc.

But he need not go far. A long journey would take considerable of most men's money available for vacation. A fortnight on a nearby farm would be a delightful rest for most city workers. It is not distance from home that is so desirable, as a complete turning away from his ordinary life.

Nevertheless, if we can afford a trip by railroad or steamer, an additional novelty is at once introduced into most lives.

But wherever a Catholic goes, to stay over Sunday, he should not choose a place where he cannot assist at Mass. The obligation to hear Mass on Sunday is in force in summer time as well as at other seasons of the year.

3. Camping out. One of the most amusing ways to get close to nature is to camp out for a week or two.

But camping out, to be successful, must be conducted with a ripe discretion. Under right conditions it is the most fascinating and effective form in which to take one's summer outing. Mismanaged, it is the very epitome of all discomforts.

The problem is to avoid, on the one hand, the pseudo-civilization of those house camps, with "all modern conveniences," which are merely a bit of surburbia violently transplanted to the wilderness, and on the other those harsh deprivations which the hunter and trapper endure because they must. The first thought of the inexperienced, to whom the idea of camping out presents itself as a return to nature, as an escape from the dusty treadmill of convention, as a plunge into the coolest pools of peace, is that these delicious consummations will be best attained by an uncompromising course of "roughing it." Once let them get into the greenwood, they dream in anticipatory rapture, and their utmost needs will be compassed in food for a hunter's appetite and a dry place to lie down.

In this frame of enthusiasm they go, inexperienced and unequipped, to join the glad but rough fellowship of the wilderness. The first evening in camp, in spite of burnt supper and smoke that blows nowhere so freely as into the camper's eyes, is a carnival of song and strange exhilaration. But mosquitoes, black-flies, and those infinitesimal pests, the sand-flies—*bite-um-no-see-ums*, as the Indians call them—are playing the game steady, and toward bedtime enthusiasm is on the wane. The forest floor, imagined as a deep, fine-scented cushion of yielding moss, proves to hold a hummock or a knot for each several bone of the weary body. Level as the ground appears, strange and incalculable undulations develop themselves. Sleep refuses to come till near daybreak, and then the awakening is to a state of puffed faces, aching bones, and dire disillusionment such as sends the party back to town with execrations in their hearts.

At the other extreme is the so-called camp, which is built like a flimsy but luxurious summer cottage, crowded with guests and ruled by a tyrannous alliance of domestics and conventions. Except for bad roads, and pungent, woody smells, and strange bugs, and an occasional far-off peal of loon laughter, and a devoutly credited rumor of bears in the neighborhood, one might as well be at any fashionable summer resort. Custom still holds sway, and Nature is still kept at arm's length. She may peer curiously in at the windows, but she sets no foot across that alien threshold.

In medio tutissimus ibis applies to many matters besides philosophy and art. The camper may translate it for his own special use, as follows: You will camp with most comfort if you combine simplicity with common sense.

The best plan, for those who are not accustomed to any hardship, is to select a place that can be used for a permanent camp. Either buy a lot in a wood, by a lake or river, or get the owner's permission to build. Then put up a rough shanty as a refuge in rainy weather and a place where meals can be cooked when winds are high.

With that as the foundation of the plan, four to six young men can take a tent, a boat, fishing lines, some books, food, bedding and other equipment and go away from civilization for awile, with great peace and comfort to themselves.

But the chief requirement of an enjoyable camp is that the campers themselves be congenial company.

Then they must know what they go out for—change, rest, amusement, fresh air, exercise, long walks, rowing, and a quiet time close to nature.

They should be far enough from a settlement to be free from intrusion, pet close enough to be within reach of supplies.

If they have within themselves and their own society the capacity to enjoy the charm of camping out, they will find in it more attraction than in any crowded and noisy summer resort.

4. A tour on bicycles. If two or three friends have bicycles, they can spend an excellent vacation awheel. They can take a tent outfit, with blankets and cooking utensials (about twenty pounds per man), strapped to their wheels, and then they can have the enjoyment of camp life, added to the delight of constant change of scenery and surroundings. There need be no scorching reach town before night-fall or waiting at hotels for tardy breakfasts and waiters.

When the pangs of appetite are felt, a halt can be made by the side of a mountain stream or bubbling spring, a stone fireplace be hastily constructed, and in short order the coffee or cocoa is on the fire, the oatmeal cooking and the three-ply porterhouse is sending up its welcome incense from the broiler. Bills of fare can be arranged to show daily diversity and always touch the right spot. At sun set a good camping ground must be watched for. Sometimes it will be found near a hospitable farm house where buttermilk and eggs are sold at wholesale prices and hay or straw for bedding can be borrowed "if returned in good order." Again, out of sight of human habitation, baggage can be unlimbered and by the light of a glorious moon rising over the distant hills the tent may be strung up between two saplings and a bed made of brakes and rock moss. Then, commended to the care of Him who watches over the homes and dwellings of all His children, whether tent or palace, sleep sweet and sound will take possession of the pilgrims and leave them refreshed for a new day's journey.

Travelling this way much can be seen, at little expense.

There are other places and other ways for a vacation. The main thing is to get recreation.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

If You Please.

Always say these words when asking a favor. The Home Guard recently contained the following anecdote: "When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. When his servant handed it to him in a saucer and ask him if he would have it, he replied, 'Yes, if you please.' These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and had long used the throne of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is iii-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. Don't forget these little words, 'If you please.'"

Never be Above Your Business.

"Frank," said the head clerk to a young man in a large carpet establishment, "take this roll of carpet over to Mr. Craft's and see whether the pattern will suit. You may just as well take a rule, and measure the room while you are there."

"All right," replied Frank, putting on his coat and hat. But when he noticed the size of the roll,—a sample one containing about five yards,—he exclaimed, "You surely don't expect me to carry that big roll, do you?"

"It's only a sample and Mr. Craft is in a hurry for it," replied the clerk.

"But what are the boys here for? I think you might send one of them over with it. If there is anything I detest, it's carting bundles around town."

The proprietor, who happened to overhear part of the conversation, told the clerk, privately, to let the young man go and take his measurements, and to send the carpet after him. Frank had arrived at the house and was busy at his work when a man came to the door with a roli of carpet under his arm and was shown into the room where he was. Looking up, Frank was surprised to recognize his employer with the roll of carpet in his arms.

"Here is the carpet, young man. I hope I have not kept you waiting for it. If you have any other orders, I'll take them now," he said, as he set down the roll. The young man was so astonished he hardly knew what to say, and stood staring in amazement at his employer, who left the house with a polite bow.

"Well, did you get the carpet this afternoon?" asked the clerk, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, when the latter returned.

"Yes," said Frank, looking up from his desk, "but do you know I cannot understand why Mr. Green brought it around. I was never more surprised in my life."

"Well, Mr. Green told me to ask you to step into his office when you returned."

"My boy," said his employer, as he entered the office. "I overheard your conversation this afternoon, and what I did was for your benefit. A man should never be above his business,—that is, too proud to give personal attention to the smallest detail. He should be prepared to perform any duty that comes legitimately, and to obey orders from those in authority. You should consider no part of a business too unimportant for you to give it attention. Fetch and carry for yourself rather than miss a single point or risk the loss of a customer. Never be above your business."—Success.

The Little Mischief.

Interesting traditions belong to many paintings by the old Italian masters. Some of them are well known and often related. A traveler in Italy, familiar with the language and fond of chatting with the peasants, gathered from their lips not long ago one that is new, or at least unfamiliar.

It does not belong to a picture by one of the greater masters, but to one in a village church possessing antiquity and merit, although nameless. It represents a group of saints and angels, rich in color yet quaint and stiff rather than beautiful, except for two child angels in one corner, and it is to these children that the story belongs.

Their faces, exactly alike in feature, are quite different in expression, and they were painted from twin models—two little peasant sisters. As they were so alike, the artist, who had intended to use them for one figure only, did not care which sister sat for him, and sometimes one came and sometimes the other, as their mother found convenient.

One twin was a good, gentle, docile little girl who kept very still and made no trouble; the other, he soon found, was a restless, chattering, inquisitive little thing who could not seem to keep her pose and was continually leaving her place to flit about and examine his paints and sketches. Once she even pilfered a bit of ribbon from a rich dress he was painting, and again dipped her fingers in his colors.

At last he sent word that she must not come any more; he would only have her sister. From her the first of the two angels whom the peasants still call the "Good Twin," was completed.

A few days after the other had been forbidden the studio—and she felt very sad over her banishment—there was a great street pagean and procession in honor of a festa. Just as a heavy decorated car escorted by horsemen was entering the chief square, a toddling child ran out in front of it and fell, and another child a little older dashed after him and succeeded in pulling him from under the horses' feet, but was herself fatally trampled. It was the "Bad Twin."

Then the artist painted her from memory beside her sister, with rainbow wings and golden halo, as convention bade; but her face is as he remembered it—alert, alive, smiling and full of mischief. When the noble patron who had ordered the picture saw it he exclaimed:

"But that is not the face of an angel!"

"No signor," said the artist, "it is the face of a Little Mischief; but the others need not be ashamed of her."

Then he told how she had given her life for her baby brother, and her portrait was allowed to remain where he had placed it and is still called with affectionate familiarity, as he called it, the "Little Mischief."—Youth's Companion.

A Legend Beautiful.

The highest beauty dwells in sincerity. The following exquisite legend, which we find in an old number of the Ave Maria, may make this truth plain to our little readers.

In days long ago, in the ages of faith, there stood in a wooded valley an old gray monastery. Here for many long years had the brethren dwelt, praying much and laboring hard. Most of them were old, and at last it came about that not one of them could sing. So the Father Abbot agreed that many parts of the Office that were generally sung should henceforth be recited only. One exception, however, he made.

"We must, my brethren," he said, "always sing the 'Magnificat.' We must do our best for we can not content ourselves with only saying our Lady's song."

So every day at Vespers the "Magnificat" was sung—if such a word could rightly be applied to the discordant sounds that arose from the voices—some cracked, some tuneless, and all feeble—of the brethren. The birds outside were frightened and fled away. The brethren knew this, but in all humility of heart sang on. It was Father Abbott's decree—they had only to obey.

And this lasted for years. But one Christmas Eve a young man came to the monastery door and offered himself as a postulant. It turned out that among his qualification was that of a good voice. The monks bade him sing, and loud and clear there rose up the sound of a magnificent tenor.

The monks were enraptured. "Now," they said joyfully, "the 'Magnificat' will be beautifully sung." So they admitted the candidate and at Vespers that very evening there rose up a "Magnificat" from the monastery choir such as the monks thought must have been sung by a seraph.

The birds came flying back to listen. The monks were too much absorbed in prayer and praise to see the look of self-complacency on the young man's face: and they could not, of course, read his thoughts which ran: "What a gain I shall be to this community—the only one who can sing! I shall get on well! How lovely is my voice! How they are all admiring it!"

The night drew on and the monks were wrapt in prayer when suddenly amongst them stood stood an angel form. Very beautiful and glorious was that celestial visitant; but yet his face was sad, almost stern. He spoke and the monks listened in awe-stricken silence.

"I am sent hither," he said, "by my Lord and my King to know why no 'Magnificat' has been sung to-night. For many a long year a sweet melody hath floated up to Heaven from this choir, when with fervent, grateful hearts you sang His Mother's song and His own. Why, then, in the first blessed Vespers of the Nativity are ye silent? Not a sound has reached the ear of God."

He did not wait for a reply. How could poor mortals answer him? They fell prostrate on the ground and the angel passed away. Tho postulant departed and went to ponder over in another monastery the great lesson of humility he had been taught. And henceforth the monks, with hearts swelling with hope and gratitude, sang as loudly as they could the "Magnificat." The birds fled away again, but Jesus heard in heaven His Mother's song.

Tillie's Lesson.

When my grandma was young, little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes, and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll-clothes of those days must have been well made, because the "little mothers" were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting or knitting as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, grandma's mother called her three little daughters to her and said: "I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of socks; and how proud papa will be to wear them!"

Then she gave them Lucinda, Alida and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to "set up a sock" on three needles and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really "knit."

The maid, Dinah, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and "narrow" and "bind off," as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So every day, very soon, each little girl took her ball and needles, and went away to her own favorite nook; and for some time a lively race went on for the prize.

Then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew. Her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn, and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them. Every day she took her ltttle stool out into the grape arbor and diligently knitted away, through the shouts of the children paddling in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

"I will finish first," she said. "I will win the prize! I know I can!"

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, Tillie announced—it was on the day after mamma's return home — that her socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time and had more to show than just one-half of a sock, not very tidy-looking. Lucinda had finished one sock, and it was very prettily and evenly knitted; but she, too, was ashamed that little Tillie had outdone her.

Tillie laid the pair of socks on mamma's lap with a triumphant little smile.

The three little girls hovered near while mamma slipped one of the socks over her hand.

But what do you think?

There were about a hundred little holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

Mamma smiled as she said: "These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn."

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie, whose tears were failing softly over the careless work.

"Never mind, Tillie," she said, "you will get the prize, for you did knit the first pair!"

Well, grandma's mamma — grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit—a little work-box with needles, scissors, thread and tiny thimble.

"Tillie has learned something else, too, I think," said mamma, as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie her work-box, a pretty blue one, and said in a whisper: "Make haste slowly!"

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit, but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will never forget.—Little Folks.

No Double Ceremony.

The legislation of the Catholic Church does not countenance the celebration of the marriage ceremonial by any other official but the priest. If a Catholic party, proposing to enter the marriage contract with a Protestant, consents, for the sake of compromise, on religious grounds to have the rite performed in a Protestant church, or with Protestant ceremonial, such party becomes guilty of a public denial of his or her faith, separates himself or herself from the Church, and is, therefore excommunicated or deprived of the privileges which the Catholic Church grants only to members who profess obedience to her laws.

Nor is this verdict altered by the precedence which may be given to the Catholic worship in a case where the parties repair to the Protestant church after the ceremony has been solemnly witnessed by the Catholic priest.

No priest, Bishop Cardinal or Pope can legitimately bless a marriage if he knows if the parties are, of their own inclination, prepared to have the Protestant rite performed as a subsequent sanction to that marriage; for it would be a formal admission that such sanction any such worship are approved by them. —Ecclesiastical Review.

Devotional Pictures For the Young.

Children must be taught to know Jesus Christ as the Person Who died for them on the Cross, and to lisp His Holy Name: the crucifix and devotional pictures, such as those of the Holy Family and of Christ blessing little children, are most useful in a nursury, and are helps to parents in teaching their children. The Book of Ecclesiasticus says: "Hast thou children? Instruct them and bow down their neck from their childhood." When God had given His Commandments to Israel, through Moses, God added, among other instructions, the following: "Teach your children that they meditate on them;" "Set your hearts on all words which I testify to you this day, which you shall command your children to observe and to do, and to and to fulfill all that is written in this law." Tobias is an example of a father who fulfilled this law of God; for we read that "he had a son whom he called by his own name, and he taught him, from his infancy to fear God and abstain from all sin."—American Herald.

A SURPRISED DOCTOR

Said a Case of St. Vitus Dance could not be Cured.

CALLED ONE DAY AND FOUND THE PATIENT IRONING AND LEARNED THAT DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS HAD SUCCEEDED WHERE OTHER MEDICINES HAD FAILED.

The sufferer from St. Vitus dance, even in a mild form, is much to be pitied, but when the disease assumes an aggravated form the patient is usually as helpless as an infant, and has to be watched with as much care. St. Vitus dance is a disease of the nerves and must be treated through them, and for this purpose there is no other medicine in the world acts so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this statement is found in the cure of Miss Louise Luffman, whose home is at Poucher's Mills, Ont, who was cured by these pills after two doctors had failed to benefit her in the least. The young lady's mother tells the story of her daughter's illness as follows: "I do not think it possible anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus dance than that which attacked my daughter Louise. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn and finally her left side became numb as though paralyzed. Two doctors attended her, but their treatment not only did not help her but she grew steadily worse. Her tongue became swollen, her speech thick and indistinct, and she could neither sit still nor stand still. She could not hold anything in her hand, and it was necessary to watch her all the time as we feared she would injure herself. The last doctor who attended her told me she would never get better, and it was then that I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken two boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. Her appetite improved, she could sleep better and the spasms were less severe. From that on there was a marked improvement in her condition and one day the doctor who had said she could not get better called while passing and found her ironing—something she had not been able to do for months. I told him it was Dr. William's Pink Pills that was curing her, and he said, "Well, I am surprised, but continue the pills, they will cure her." She used in all eight or ten boxes and is now as healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not since had a symptom of the trouble."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hearts That are Diseased.

will never be cured by the false, unnatural stimulation of liquor. First increase your vitality, build up the system, strengthen and purify the blood—then the heart will respond and grow strong.

Ferrozone is precisely what to take, it gives you an appetite and a digestion that will look after everything that is eaten. Ferrozone improves nutrition, makes rich, vitalizing blood, and is positively the most powerful restorative and strengthener known to science; it improves the nerve tone, regulates the heart's action, makes the feeble strong and the sick well. Ferrozone will do you untold good and costs only 50c., at druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

DR HAMILTON'S PILLS STIMULATE THE LIVER

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat and lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

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