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Hamilton, London, or, Victoria.

THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

"We should find great peace if we could imbue ourselves with this thought; we are here solely to accomplish the will of God; that that will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his task unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully; that man can no more create his moral being than his physical. The greatest men are those who never planned their own destinies beforehand, but let themselves be taken by the hand and led..."

"HER BAPTISMAL NAME OF WHITE"

She smiled before me High Altar before the great White Throne In a rapture of infinite ecstasy...

She knelt at the shrine of Mary.

"The blessed mother of the young people's column, we contradict ourselves, she says. Now we say one thing and now another. 'H. P.' is mistaken. We do not contradict ourselves. If we truth cannot be contradictory. If we seem to say now one thing and now another it is because circumstances alter cases. You must consider the circumstances."

"H. P." writes: "Sometimes you condemn people for submitting to an unhappy environment, saying they have not grit and stamina to escape; if it is true that no one is a judge in another time you blame them for wanting to leave home where they are needed."

Now where is the contradiction there? Do you mean to imply that all home environments are unhappy? Would you have us tell young people to run away from home because, forsooth, they think it is unhappy? No one but you, yourself can see a contradiction in the above.

You are quite right in saying we teach children that he is ill-treated, and that a little preparation or a little innuendo may save you pain. It takes courage and character to tell the truth when to do so will be a temporary loss to you. It takes courage and manliness, to tell the truth when it gives a decided advantage to a rival. It takes courage to stand up squarely, with an unflinching eye, to the world in the face and tell the straight, unvarnished truth, regardless of consequences.

The reputation of being beyond price, of being unshaken by any selfish motive; the reputation of always, everywhere, under all circumstances telling the truth—not pretty nearly, but the exact

From an interesting paper in the Review of Reviews we take some remarkable figures.

Prior to the extensive immigration movement to the United States, which began towards the close of the decade from 1840 to 1850, America was practically Protestant. But to-day we find that while the Protestant churches record a five-fold increase, the Roman Catholic Church has increased thirteenfold. In a tabulated statement for the increase per thousand in the Protestant communion is practically nil, the Catholic membership has in every case more than doubled. And the Protestant observes, it is probable that the membership will remain what it is, whereas everything points to a continued growth in the Catholic Church.

America, the writer says, has been the meeting place, for the first time in history under entirely favourable conditions, of the two great opposing branches of the Christian faith, and he continues, the modifying effect of the two great elements each upon the other appears to have been in general highly beneficial to the nation. In his last paragraph he rejoices because, in 1900, exactly half of the population above the age of ten years were members of religious bodies. Really he is very easily satisfied. But what of the land half? And people call this land Christian. The badge is not from the true fold, thank God.

I must again apologize to my correspondents whose letters have not yet

Your One Cent Health

Will you let one cent stand between you and health? Send a one cent postal with your name and address, and we will send you FREE two little books that tell how health is regained without drugs or medicine. No fads, faith cure, juice, exercise, or health food. The means employed to regain health are scientific, therefore natural. No matter what the disease you suffer from, and for how long, one cent may save you years of suffering. Address

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been attended to, but "Columba" never forgets. Address "Columba," St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro, Ont.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE PLIGHT OF THE LIAR

Mark Twain, in one of his stories, says of a character that whatever station he chooses to make was entitled to prompt and unquestioning acceptance as a lie. There are a great many kinds of liars and a great many ways of lying. Mrs. O'Connell would not classify lies, as lies of vanity; lies of flattery; lies of convenience; lies of interest; lies of fear; lies of malignity; lies of malice; and lies of wantonness. Mark Twain, in taking account of stock, counts eight hundred and sixty-nine varieties of lies.

We all know the foolish liars who lie without motive from force of habit. We can understand a person's lying who has a strong motive for it, but to lie without any purpose whatever seems to the normal mind an unintelligible thing.

One very large class of liars are liars of carelessness, thoughtlessness; people who do not mean to lie, who are honest enough, but who are slipped in their mental processes. Their observation is faulty; they do not see or hear things with exactitude; do not see or hear what they are. This comes from not taking pains to get the exact facts about anything into their heads.

One of the most pernicious liars is the flatterer, the one who can not hear to wound you on your weak point. Then there is the polite liar, who prevaricates and deceives in order to be courteous. He wants you to think well of him and wants to make you feel good. He would rather deceive you than tell you unwelcome truths. Vanity liars can not bear to tell the truth when it reflects upon themselves or does not flatter their vanity. These liars may be believed in what does not reflect on themselves or put them in an unfavorable light.

Some so-called benevolent liars often escape condemnation because their motives are good. A good-natured man or woman, compelled to dismiss an employee, will sometimes give an undeserved recommendation, quite unbecomingly of the injury thus done a later employer.

Slander, the blackest of all the falsehood families, does not always require a lying tongue. There are a thousand ways of lying. A person may lie by his silence, by not telling the truth when it is his duty to speak. A man may lie by his manner, by insinuations, by inference, by a shrug of the shoulders or a glance of the eye.

One of the most pitiable of all liars is the weak liar, who has not moral stamina enough to tell the truth when it is disagreeable. Liars of this brand do not want to argue or defend their position; they go along with the lie of least resistance, prevaricate and deceive, because there is not time enough in the back-bone to enable them to stand straight and look a man in the face and tell him make him feel good at the time, and prefer that he find out the truth when they do not have to meet his gaze. I do not know how many of these liars are honest who can never tell the exact truth when it requires a little moral courage, and converts are always liars, but because they are weak.

It takes courage to tell the truth when you know that it may place you in an unfortunate light before the world, and that a little preparation or a little innuendo may save you pain. It takes courage and character to tell the truth when to do so will be a temporary loss to you. It takes courage and manliness, to tell the truth when it gives a decided advantage to a rival. It takes courage to stand up squarely, with an unflinching eye, to the world in the face and tell the straight, unvarnished truth, regardless of consequences.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

For the man who works with brain or brawn Kellogg's has the true food value—as nourishing as meat. Contains five times as much nutriment as oatmeal. Kellogg's builds both brain and brawn, never overtaxes the stomach, never causes distress. Always the same clean, delicious hearts of tender corn.

CORN FLAKES

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A STRANGE ADVENTURE

"I'm tired of being a boy. It's Johnnie, run down cellar and bring up the cream freezer, or the ice-cream maker, or 'Johnnie just run up stairs and bring down a chair; and I'm sure to be the biggest and heaviest one they want. It's a wonder they don't tell me to run up to the moon and bring down an armful of mountains, or else run down to China and bring up a few dozen laundrymen. Then it's 'Johnnie, run and do this, and 'Johnnie, run and do that; till I declare, I wonder they don't change my name to Johnnie Run and do it with it."

Johnnie threw himself on the lounge by the side of Daggers the cat, sleeping comfortably in a round fur ball.

"I'd much rather be a cat. He enjoys life and has nothing to do but eat, sleep and play. If he wants anything, he has to do it to let out a bowl, and everybody is ready to run and get whatever he wants."

Daggers, thinking himself addressed, rolled over like a cat, uttering a yawned, stretched, and began to purr affectionately at Johnnie's coat-sleeve, purring softly and sleepily.

Then there's Mary Ann, always and forever asking me to fill up the wood-box. Get up every forty times a day, seems so."

It was a hot day and Johnnie was tired, and just as he began to feel drowsy Daggers rolled over, then sat up, and to his surprise began to speak.

"You think a cat has nothing to do but eat, sleep and play. How would you like to live among a lot of giants who picked you up by one leg or by the head, just as it happened?"

"Well," answered Johnnie argumentatively, "that isn't as bad as being a Johnnie-run boy."

"If you wish to change places with me for a time I can arrange matters for you. I have often longed to have people know what some of our troubles really are, so that they would be more gentle with us. When they don't understand us they call us uncanny. We like to be called uncanny, and it frightens us and hurts our feelings when sharply spoken to. We distinguish our friends by the tone of their voices, and their words are full of us. Do you still wish to change places with me?"

"Yes, till I have had a real jolly, lazy time," said Johnnie eagerly.

"Then close your eyes tight and I'll go over to the rug by the fire, and stand on the floor, and you'll see me through the fire-board in the grate, and then you'll be I, and I'll be you."

"Well, now, this is comfortable, nothing to do but purr and sleep. I can have Daggers filling up the wood-box for me. He'll have to run for the milk pail, too. Wonder if he can unlock the post-office box—er-r-r-purr-r-r."

Oh, dear! how Ned startled me. Just as I was sleeping so sweetly too. I wouldn't mind his getting it if it wasn't so heavy-handed. He acts as if he was petting an elephant. Such petting shocks my nervous system, besides making me cough. Oh! the baby has rubbed both hands full of my fur and it hurts awfully. I just scratched coat, and waddled into the room. She reached the door, and I was there. I was standing when he fell in."

"What's the matter, Tommy?" he queried.

The youngster pointed to a boy's hat, which was bobbing up and down in the middle of the pond.

"My bruvver," he sobbed. But the brave cop waited to hear no more. In a flash he had divested himself of his hat, and waddled into the room. She came up at last, but with the hat only.

"Can't find him," he gasped. "Where was he standing when he fell in?"

He said, "He's over there. I was going to tell you he thrived my hat into the pond, but you wouldn't 'tend me fish."

WHAT THE BISHOPS OF IRELAND SAY

NO CARNegie MEDAL FOR HIM

The park policeman, seeing a young man standing on the brink of a pond, in his hand, accosted the youth.

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WIT AND HUMOR

THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT

Enraged over something the local newspaper had printed about him, a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible reporter.

"Who are you?" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.

"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his resentful gaze on the

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