

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone. For the brave old earth must borrow its mirth.

It has trouble enough of its own. Sing, and the hills will answer. Sigh, and it is lost on the air; The echoes rebound to a joyful sound.

Rejoice, and men will seek you. Grieve, and they turn and go; They want full measure of your pleasure.

But they do not want your woe. Be glad, and your friends are many. Be sad, and you lose them all; There are none to decline your nectared wine.

But alone you must drink life's gall. Feast, and your halls are crowded. Fast, and the world goes by; Forget and forgive—it helps you to live.

But no man can help you to die! There is room in the hall of pleasure For a long and lordly train.

For one by one we must all march on Through the narrow aisle of pain.

SAINT JOSEPH

The month of March is devoted to the honor of one who is particularly dear to the Heart of God.

We read that when God finished the creation of the world He looked at it and said that it was good. If we can think of God standing in awe of anything, we might believe that He stood in awe before the soul of Mary, who was to be the mother of His Son.

We, too, may confidently put our trust in Saint Joseph. God trusted him more than any man, and he was not disappointed.

WORDS OF WISE MEN It is a waste of time to grasp an opportunity unless you know what to do with it.

One can judge a man more surely by what he says of others than by what others say of him.

We can't all win in the battle of life, but if fortune doesn't favor us we can at least try to be good losers.

Few men succeed because they are naturally brilliant. Success is due usually to perseverance, determination and ambition.

The idealist knows exactly where he wants to go, but he has no means of getting there; the practical person gets there and finds that he is in the wrong place.

He who can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of heart, for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.

If a blessing is removed, don't make yourself miserable by lamenting its loss. Look around and see if there are other blessings within reach that you have never made the most of.

Guilt may be blustering and desperate, but it holds within itself the elements of weakness; only purity of purpose is really strong.—The Tablet.

WORK A SACRED DUTY The common complaint so frequently heard in all walks of life is the failure of men in all ways of life to fulfill the duties of their state.

The conception of work as a task to be grudgingly performed to obtain a promised wage is a direct result of the Jejuné doctrines of a world given over to materialism.

The consecration of labor as part of our testing in the sight of God is entirely lost sight of in the attitude of the workman who skimps or shirks.

That the task before us in the state of life to which we are called is made holy by the motive of patient and cheerful faithfulness in executing it, is part of the comfort that makes possible Christian perseverance through these years of probation.

It is part, therefore, of a Catholic man's religion that he do his day's work faithfully and well; and while not excluding his purpose of providing for himself and those dependent upon him to the best of his ability, he nevertheless lifts that work by his high motive out of mere drudgery into a sacred duty acceptable to his Maker.

It is with confidence, therefore, that we maintain that the practical Catholic finds in the ordinary duties of his religion the means of sanctifying his day's work, and that he can be held as an efficient contributor to the common weal, whatever be his station in life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. JOSEPH'S ANSWER

Josephine and Gabriel were twins, and their birthday was the feast of St. Joseph. Gabriel thought it too bad that he couldn't have been named after the great saint whose day was his own natal day, but it happened that his oldest brother bore the name of Joseph.

However, his mother consoled him by saying that Gabriel was a very beautiful name to have, as it was borne by the angel of the Annunciation—the heavenly messenger who told the Blessed Virgin that she was chosen to be the Mother of God.

But Gabriel protested that "it sounded an awful lot like a girl's name." Then when his playmates began to shorten his name to "Gab," he became greatly agitated.

"That isn't a bad idea," his father said, smiling at his son's chargin' "the name fits pretty well. You're quite a talker, you know."

"You mean he's got the gift of gab, don't you, dad?" put in Joseph, who had stolen his smaller brother's name "or chewing the rag—it's all the same thing."

Gabriel became nettled. "Yes, I'd like to know who chews it worse than you do," he retorted. "You even chew the rag in your sleep, so I have to stay awake lots of times listening to your crazy talk."

Joseph laughed at this allusion to his propensity to talking in his sleep, and then his mother endeavored to calm the troubled waters by intervention.

"Now, boys, don't quarrel over nothing," she advised. Laugh instead, and look at the funny side."

"There's no funny side to look at, as far as I can see," grumbled Gabriel, and if those fellows don't cut out that 'Gab' business I'll call them names they won't like."

Mrs. Miller smiled, for she knew that Gabriel's "bad names" would not be anything objectionable.

"You do that, Gabriel," urged Josephine, who was always ready to stand back of her brother in all circumstances. "What will you call them?"

"I'll give you a list of good ones," suggested Joseph. Then he mentioned a lumber of formidable epithets for Gabriel's use:

"Bonehead, Daffy, Simp," were a few of the choicest names proposed. About a dozen were rattled off, the last one suggested being, "Nobody Home."

"Of course you must give the right name to the right fellow," Joseph added, very seriously, "or you may get into trouble with the bunch."

But when Gabriel had the opportunity of applying these strong and suggestive terms his courage failed him. After all, he didn't want to show any ill-feeling. The boys didn't mean any harm. He'd just insist upon their calling him by his full name and no abbreviation about it.

But to this the others objected, saying it was altogether "too much of a mouthful"—took too long to say. So "Gab," short and to the point, they continued to call him until in time Gabriel became quite accustomed to this vestige of his full name, and thought no more about it.

The twins were greatly devoted to each other, and if Josephine was ever ready to champion her brother's cause, Gabriel was just as generous to always take sides with his little sister.

Josephine had very bright red hair that always attracted attention wherever she went. One day she and her brother were playing out on the lawn. A strange boy whom they did not know came along up the sidewalk.

"Gee! look at the red-hair!" he insolently exclaimed. "Hello, Reddy; you'll set the house on fire if you ain't careful. Better call the fire brigade before the flames spread."

At once Gabriel was ready to defend Josephine against this onslaught. He was only a very little fellow at the time, but he was courage personified.

"Don't you talk that way to my sister," he commanded, drawing himself up to his full height and passing an arm about the little maid in his side.

The other boy laughed, derisively. "If I had a sister with hair like that I'd give her away. Let me warm my hands," and he advanced nearer.

At this Gabriel stooped and picked up a stout stick that lay on the ground, and made a pass at their tormentor, but the latter dodged the blow.

"Going to show fight, are you?" he questioned. "Say, you're a dangerous guy to leave running loose!"

He darted off, with Gabriel following in his wake, the big stick brandishing furiously, while Josephine looked on with mingled fear and admiration.

The aggressor would permit his pursuer to approach almost close enough to administer a whack, but would then jump out of harm's way each time and leave Gabriel beating the air.

This afforded the older boy plenty of amusement, and he laughed in great glee at the small lad's attempt to deal a vigorous blow.

Thus the two continued on their way until the stranger reached his domicile. Then with a parting derisive retort to his adversary he disappeared inside the door.

Gabriel stood at the steps a long time in hopes that the boy would reappear, until tired out and disappointed, he retraced his steps back to Josephine.

She was relieved to see him again for she had feared that "that mean boy" might have done something terrible to her brother—maybe grabbed the stick from him and hit him so hard that he wasn't able to come back.

"I waited for him to come out again, and I was going to give him an awful swat," Gabriel explained. "But he didn't come out—I guess he was afraid."

And Josephine declared that her brother was "just awful brave" and that she thought he'd make a fine man when he "grows up."

All of which pleased the young man exceedingly. Mrs. Miller from the first taught her children to have a great love for St. Joseph, and the twins in particular, were very much devoted to the guardian of Jesus and Mary, a devotion that increased as they grew older.

And all during the month of March they never failed to spend some time in prayer before St. Joseph's altar after they made their daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The statue of the great saint was a beautiful one, and represented the Infant Saviour nestling in the arms of His foster-father. He appeared to be sleeping, and His little head rested trustingly against the saint's shoulder.

Josephine and Gabriel were fond of this statue, in seemed so real to them. St. Joseph gazed, down at them so kindly and the dear Babe, to use the little girl's expression, "looked just like He was having the nicest little nap, and you wouldn't be surprised if pretty soon He'd open His little eyes and blink them at you."

The children were spending Lent piously, as all Catholic children who have good parents are sure to do. They gave up little things that they were especially fond of, and when a famous and very excellent circus came to town they did not dream of going, although someone gave their father complimentary tickets and the temptation was very great.

But their mother often told them that there were many Catholics who spent this Lent season carelessly, with little or no thought of doing penance, and that it was a good thing to offer up acts of self-denial for such as these. So the children offered up their good works heroically in reparation, and many of their devout practices were done in honor of their favorite, St. Joseph, during the days of his month.

Josephine and Gabriel were always very confidential, and as they grew older they began to discuss their future vocations. Gabriel was now an altar-boy, and he had quite made up his mind to be a priest, so he told his sister one day.

Josephine thought that was grand, but she wished she was a boy so that she could be a priest too. Then an inspiration came.

"I know what I'll be. I'm going to be a Sister. It'll be the next best thing to being a priest." She was greatly delighted over this decision, and Gabriel, too, thought it was simply splendid.

"Even if we're separated far apart," he told her, "we'll always seem near, 'cause we'll be praying for each other and doing the same kind of work—work for God, you know." And their dream came true one day.

So the minds of the twins were firmly made up regarding their future careers, and their parents were happy to know of the choice they had made.

One year the month of March opened mild and spring-like. The acacia trees were gorgeous in their golden robes, and the fruit trees with their soft, fluffy blossoms—pink and white—were a real delight to behold.

"Looks just like pink snow fell on those trees," Josephine cried joyously, as she and her mother went out to the back yard one lovely day. The Miller family had quite a little orchard of their own.

As the month advanced the warm sunlit days gave place to clouds and chilly air, and finally, rain and blustery weather.

"What's that old saying—if March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion?" quoted Josephine as she and Gabriel came home from school one stormy afternoon.

"That's just what it's up to, all right," responded her brother as a gust of wind swept Josephine's umbrella out of her hands into the miniature river that was racing

along the curbing. Away it floated, and Gabriel, laughing at the funny, situation, splashed deep into the water and pursued the floating object until it was rescued. But it was dripping wet after its voyage, so the twins resumed their way under the protection of Gabriel's umbrella.

Josephine was troubled over the fact that her brother's feet had received a thorough soaking, and as he already had a cold she feared he would be sick as a result of the wading through the water.

The matter was reported to Mrs. Miller, and she ordered a hot bath at once. But what Josephine had apprehended came about, for by the next morning Gabriel was very ill. For days he tossed in fever, and doctor stated that pneumonia was his ailment.

Poor Josephine was heart-broken when she learned that the physician after a few days pronounced Gabriel's case hopeless and his recovery unlooked for.

St. Joseph's Feast was approaching, and this thought encouraged the little girl's heavy heart. Every spare minute was spent before the tabernacle and then at the foot of her dear saint's altar.

With tear-filled eyes Josephine begged and pleaded that Gabriel should be spared, and as she gazed at the Infant tenderly folded in His protector's arms she gained confidence.

"Dear good St. Joseph, you must love all children, I'm sure," she whispered, "for the sake of the dear little Jesus. Do please ask Him to spare my brother. Oh, I'll miss him so if he dies. But I must be resigned, so dear St. Joseph, help me to say, 'Thy Will be done,' with all my heart."

It was the day before the Feast of St. Joseph, Gabriel was dying—he might pass away at any time, said the doctor. Despite her sorrow, Josephine carried an armful of lilies from the garden that she and her brother had always carefully tended, to the church, for the saint's altar was being decked for his own day.

With unusual fervor she prayed before the beloved statue today. Gabriel had received the Last Sacraments. His parents were sure he would die but they were resigned to God's Will. Still Josephine did not abandon hope. St. Joseph had heard her prayers lots of times. She would keep on praying. So she reminded him that the morrow would be his feast-day. Oh, how lovely it would be if he granted her request on that occasion!

It was very late that night when Josephine was aroused from her sleep by her mother. A change had come over Gabriel, and the end must now be at hand. Sobbing, the child followed Mrs. Miller to her brother's room. His parents with Joseph and Josephine knelt around the bed. The patient lay quietly as though asleep.

After about five minutes Gabriel opened his eyes. He smiled in recognition at the little group. Then he said joyously: "I'm better, mother, I had the loveliest dream. Saint Joseph—I'm sure it was St. Joseph—he came and stood near the bed, and he told me I was cured. And I feel—oh, I feel so well."

Josephine beamed with joy. "Oh, I knew St. Joseph would listen to me," she glanced at the little clock near by. It was past midnight. "Oh, look there mother! If he didn't answer our prayer on his beautiful feast day, too!" —Irish Catholic.

The way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to hunt after grand far fetched ones for ourselves.—Can n Kingsley.

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