

FEBRUARY 1, 1918

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A LENTEN SUGGESTION

To most people, especially the young, the seven weeks of Lent seem interminable. The season of merry-making, theatre-going, and general amusements, which comes in now such a rush after Christmas, is now brought to a standstill for all who are worthy of the name Catholic.

Even what is called "society," is forced, by common decency, to conform, at least exteriorly, to the penitential customs.

Now every one, the young and the old, should bear in mind that something is required of them during the season—all, in imitation of our Lord must make some sacrifice. So few there are who think themselves obliged to fast or abstain, that the great majority are obliged to invent some means of mortification, which, while it will not injure their health, or prevent them from fulfilling their duties, will, at least, make them feel the spirit of this holy time.

"I don't see any harm in going to a theatre during Lent; it isn't a mortal sin," says some young simpleton. No, it is not a mortal sin; but it shows that you have very little love of God in your heart—for you are likely one of those who maintain that you cannot fast. Would you also persuade yourself that you are capable of no practices of mortification, even so slight a denial as this?

Lent is the time of self-denial, penance and prayer, and therefore penance and public amusements are out of place. Your evenings should be spent at home with your family. Invest yourself in good reading or in works of charity. Try to be home every evening in time to join in with the family in the recitation of the rosary. All these things will prepare your soul for a happy Easter. No one is worthy to rise with Christ at Easter who has not denied himself during Lent.

Strive to conquer resentment, over-sensitiveness, coldness, unkind suspicious, harsh words. No one becomes holy in a day, and on the other hand, no one usually separates from God by a sudden rupture. Dangerous reading, a prayer neglected, a fit of day-dreaming that we have indulged in, a light, frivolous friendship that we have kept up; these are the little things that form the starting point of a ruinous course. Let us make serious resolutions for the future, and let us put them into practice during this holy season of Lent.

DO PENANCE

Penance has not a very pleasant sound; it is one of the hard sayings which few can endure. It is one of the things that made the young man, who asked Christ how to be perfect, turn away sad. It is one of the follies of the cross, a word the worldly wise never understand. Even some Christians think that it is out of fashion in our day, that only the saints ever practiced it, and that with an excessive rigor which is more to be marvelled at than imitated.

And yet Christ, Who is to be imitated by all who hope for salvation through Him, did penance, and His long fast in the desert was not the only penance He did. He warned us also: Except you do penance, you shall likewise perish. He has dignified the virtue of penance, by making it the chief factor in the sacrament by which sin is forgiven; and He has commended it to us by the parable of the Prodigal Son, by His mercy and love for Mary Magdalene.

Christ did not need to do penance, for He was sinless and could not commit sin. We need to do penance by the sorrow of our hearts for our sins and our effort for our disposition to commit sin; by sincere resolve and effort to amend our lives, to master our unruly passions and avoid the occasions of sin; by fasting; by watching, by almsdeeds, and by other means of self-denial and mortification, which may help us to make satisfaction for the past, to repair its evil and to chastise our lower appetites into subjection to reason.

As we enter the holy season of Lent, we should pray that we may begin and end it with a humble and contrite mind, and with appreciation of the wisdom of the Church which imposes and regulates our penances, and with the disposition to do all we can in order to share more abundantly in the benefits of the virtue of penance, and of the sacrament also, which is recommended to our piety especially at this time.—Church Progress.

GOD'S OWN GENTLEMEN

Recently I read a story of a man bitterly wronged by a woman. While he was at the point of death his sweetheart married a scamp, writes "A Looker-On" in the Boston Pilot. He saw the account of the wedding as he was slowly recovering.

Health and happiness were gone forever, but he went back to duty as city auditor. The scamp was a city employe, and had stolen \$3,000. The auditor found it out. The scamp begged for mercy, as he had a wife and child. The auditor paid back the money out of his own pocket, and even saved the scamp from disgrace by interceding with the chief. All for the sake of a woman he had hoped to call wife, and who was unworthy.

A friend told the story, and when he had finished, remarked: "Yes, he was one of God's own gentlemen." He was.

per to the ambulance surgeon "Don't tell mother." He was one of God's own little gentlemen, too.

So we meet them here and there in life, and mankind is better that they have lived. Not especially wise or successful, but so kind and true and strong that there is an aura around their names like the halo depicted above the head of a saint. They represent human nature at its best. They help us to imagine dimly what sort of men might now be peopling this earth had not Adam sinned.

You may say that they are rare. All good things are. But they are not so rare as you think. There are men on your own street, these men whom you meet every day, who are bearing the burden of harsh fate gallantly and smilingly. They will never tell you. Heroes do not tell their own stories.

Take up your morning paper, and there, wedged in between murders and divorce suits, you may chance upon a short account of heroism so fine that it will make your eyes dim. Neither you nor I could have done it. This man did. He was one of God's own gentlemen.

Certain characters in fiction shine out of the printed pages. Such was Colonel Newcome, Thackeray's masterpiece. Chamber's "Malcourt" was another, albeit stricken with madness at the end. But they are plentiful in real life, too. We do not see them, because our eyes are bent on successful men, who stride to power over the necks of others or borrow their way to the top. Winning means everything to-day.

HOW SPOONER STOPPED SMOKING

A story from real life illustrating some display of strength of character is more influential than a long sermon.

"Have a cigar?" said John C. Spooner, formerly United States Senator from Wisconsin, to his visitor as he pushed a box of perfectos toward him. The senator sat in his den looking out upon Central Park, New York City, with the floor strewn with law books, which he had been using in preparing a brief upon an international tariff question.

Declining the proffered cigar with the remark that he did not smoke, the visitor was surprised to hear the senator say: "Neither do I, and the way in which I came to stop smoking is a queer story." Then he told how he gave up the "nicotine habit."

For thirty years I was an incessant smoker," said the senator, "and had a cigar in my mouth nearly all the time. Cigars soothed my nerves when I worked hard. At least that was my belief. I knew the habit was filling me with nicotine, but it did not seem to effect my health much.

"My son Charles, who had been graduated from a law school and was preparing to go West and put out his shingle in a new country. He and I sat together one night before the time of his departure and as we conversed I thought that before he left it would be a good idea to have the boy quit drinking. At the time I did not really know whether he was addicted to the habit or not, but I thought that as he was going away it would be a good idea to have him promise not to drink."

"Do you drink, Charlie?" I said to him, and he responded, "Once in a while. Why?" "I would like you to promise me," I said, "that you will not touch intoxicating liquors. You are going far away to begin your career in a rough country, and I would feel better if you promise me before you go that you will not drink. We probably won't see much of each other again for a good many years, and it would give me great consolation to know that wherever you are you are in no danger of being ruined by drink."

"Coolly looking me over, Charlie said: 'Father, you smoke too much. You are filled with nicotine. I am going away and we will probably not see each other for some time. This smoking is ruining your health. I wish you would like to feel while I am away that your health is not being ruined by this dangerous nicotine habit. I'll tell you what I will do. You quit smoking and I will quit drinking.'"

"My son," said I, "you have touched me in a very weak spot. I take great delight in smoking a good cigar, but if you are game so am I. We will both quit our bad habits. I have a good deal of hard work to do between now and the time the Senate adjourns for the session, and I think I can do better if I have a cigar in my mouth. But when the Speaker's gavel sounds for the last time I will throw away my cigar and will never smoke again."

The senator said he and his son shook hands on the compact and that both of them have kept their pledges.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE PRETTIEST GIRL

"I know who will get the prize," laughed Dorothy. Half a dozen girls were on their way home from school and something very unusual had happened. Mrs. Nailor, the wealthiest woman in Dover, had visited the school that day, and not only that, but she had offered a prize to the one whom for three reasons, she could pronounce the prettiest girl in the school.

Mrs. Nailor's beautiful home on the hill was a great source of entertainment to the children, who never tired of peering through the high iron bars of the fence at the deer darting in and out among the shrubbery and watching the sparkling fountain and the shining gold fish darting about in its crystal waters.

Mrs. Nailor had said that she knew all the girls and that they must be very careful for she would be watching them when they were unaware of it—and she would not tell when she would make school inspections.

"I'm so tired of taking beauty prizes!" exclaimed Elsie, pettishly. "I must be hard to be so pretty!" snapped Alice, spitefully. Alice had a pretty face, too, but very unhappy disposition.

"I wish I was pretty," sighed Bess, mournfully. "There's no danger of Katherine getting the prize," laughed Alice. Katherine's lips quivered, but she looked up with a brave smile and said sweetly: "Elsie is so beautiful I just love to sit and look at her, and sometimes I think Alice is almost as pretty."

"Why don't you curl your hair and get some pretty earrings, you might get the prize sure enough if you kept your face away from the light and—"

"Hush," interrupted Dorothy, "there's Mrs. Nailor passing." "I wonder why she walks when she has such splendid carriages and an automobile," said Bertha, half aloud.

"Because walking makes one strong and well," replied Katherine, solemnly. "It was true that Katherine was not beautiful. Her face was plain, her complexion dark, and her hair a dull brown, but her eyes were her charm—large, clear and truthful—and her teeth shone like pearls. Her simple black dress and hat were anything but becoming, still there was an indescribable sweetness in her expression.

"I'm going to buy that light blue accordion plaited dress at Rayner's and charge it until I get the prize money," said Elsie. "Mrs. Nailor sits right opposite us in church and she'll be sure to notice what I have on."

The month passed by as usual and all were assembled in the auditorium of the school, which was crowded to the doors with parents and friends. Elsie sat in the first seat, resplendent in the light blue silk.

The presentation of the prize was the last feature on the program, and when Mrs. Nailor took the platform a hush fell upon the assembly. She was not a beautiful woman, but there was something queenly in her bearing.

"Dear girls," she said, "if I could only express to you the thrill it gives me to look into the sea of bright and beautiful faces before me, you might understand and thus appreciate how hard it is for me to come to a decision. During the month I have watched and studied you all very carefully that I might be perfectly just and make no mistake. My observations have taught me many things. First of all, I looked for beauty of character, where I saw beauty of face, and I regret sincerely to say that in every instance I found conceit and selfishness accompany beauty of face. The day I offered the prize I overheard part of a conversation, one sentence of which made a lasting impression upon me: 'I'm so tired of taking beauty prizes!' I wish to stamp indelibly upon your minds now at this awakening period of your lives the true ideal of beauty. For my heroine I have chosen one of whom I consider endowed with the three requisites needful to take the prize, namely, beauty of mind, heart and soul. I pronounce Katherine Sharp the prettiest girl in the school."

And the thundering applause Katherine was seen to wipe her eyes and when she came to the platform, dressed in her plain white dress, she scarcely lifted her eyes, and it was noticed that she carried one arm in a sling.

Only a week before her grandmother, with whom she had lived since her father and mother died, had been sitting beside a log fire, and falling asleep, a brand had ignited her dress, and just at the critical moment Katherine came in, and throwing a rug about her succeeded in smothering the flames, but not until she had burned her arm so

badly that she would probably bear the scar through life.

"She bears a scar," said Mrs. Nailor, "homely, perhaps, to those who are ignorant of its origin, but to those who know it is like a crown of glory."

"And now before we separate for the summer, let me urge you to seek rather for the heart's treasure of beauty than mere beauty of face and form; work for it, wait for it, pray for it. It is God's to give and yours to win."—True Voice.

BE HELPFUL
Look out for others. If you are strong, so much the more should you keep an eye out to see where and when you can help one less favored than yourself.

A number of robust, active boys were busy in playing baseball, while a little lame fellow, about twelve, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game. Indeed, he seemed to lose sight of the fact of how much his infirmity unfitted him to join in the sport of his stout and healthy companions. The other boys good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand on one side, and let another take his place; but they were thoughtful enough to put it on the ground that they were afraid he might get hurt.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, at last, forgetting himself for a moment, "you can't run, you know." "O, hush!" answered another, the tallest boy of the party. "Never mind, I'll run for him, and you can count it for him."

So saying, the noble fellow took his place by Jimmy's side, saying to the other, in a lower tone, "If you were like him, you wouldn't like to be told of it all the time."

WHAT IS A BOY?
That was a good answer which was given when a visitor asked the question: "What is a boy?" "A little fellow started from his seat, and replied: "A boy, sir, is the beginning of a man."

FAMOUS SURGEON
SHOWS THE FALLACY OF WHAT IS CALLED THE DARWINIAN THEORY
The award of the Nobel prize for medicine to Dr. Alexis Carrel, New York, in recognition of his achievements in the suture of blood vessels and the transplantation of organs has had an unexpected result in France. The first accounts of Dr. Carrel's work met with undisguised skepticism in Paris, which even the fact that he was French born failed to dissipate; but an award of the Nobel prize to the doctor changed public opinion, which is now anxious to know why such a scientist was lost to France.

Inquiries at Dr. Carrel's birthplace, Lyons, show that he left a record of being a painstaking student and a conscientious house surgeon, with dexterity of fingers resembling that of a Chinese, but no more.

One of his contemporaries vouches for the following story: Among Dr. Carrel's patients was a young woman who was suffering from a disease which was invariably regarded as incurable. She declared that as human science was useless, she would go to Lourdes and beseech divine intervention. Dr. Carrel, although himself a believer, said in the presence of witnesses that if she were cured by supernatural intervention and would undeniably manifest it, the direction of his future life would be clear and he would enter holy orders. The woman returned from Lourdes cured, and Dr. Carrel thereupon determined to expatriate himself as a compromise, thus failing to keep a hasty promise, which was made however, to man, not to God, but retaining the profession to which he was devoted and for which he was most highly gifted.

A few days ago Dr. Carrel, in an interview in a New York paper, thus paid his respects to what is called the Darwinian theory: "Recent discoveries in science tend to refute the Darwinian theory rather than to confirm it. Various sections of the anatomy of the monkey, when transformed to the human body in surgery operations, do not thrive as well as those organs taken from some of the lower animals such as the sheep, the dog and the cow."

"Many men of much learning for years have argued that the similarity of the construction of the two—man and monkey—was a direct proof that the former must be the more highly developed species of the latter."

"Their contention was that generation after generation of civilization tended to change the formation of the anatomy of the monkey to the standard of the man. Thus they accounted for the diminution of the tail, the transformation of the paw to the hand, the claw to the toe, and so forth."

"Physiological and anthropological science deducts from a different standpoint, however. This standard regards the formation and similarity of the various tissues and glands, their natural longevity of life, and their ability to thrive when trans-



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ferred to the opposite being as the fundamental basis for comparison. "This being accepted as the true standard for reasoning, then, most assuredly man never had an ape or an orang-outang as a prehistoric ancestor."

ONLY VENEER OF CHRISTIANITY
"Our present lax code of morals would make the ancient pagan draw himself up with scorn if he were to see them as they are to-day," said Prof. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., of Boston college in a lecture before the Holy Name Society in the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Bechtom.

"We must understand our age," he said, "and realize that the world is no longer Christian—it is pagan. Outside the Catholic church you will find only the thinnest veneer of Christianity. Modern biblical criticism has sapped the very foundation of Protestantism and the new theology has completed the wreck. The old truths have crumbled away in the hands of the Protestants and they are left with no foundation for their religion. They have builded on the shifting sands, and the next great storm will sweep them completely away."

"When was there a time when there were so many incentives to vice, coming as they do from the cheap 5-cent theatres, the immoral

stage and a dissolute method of conveying so-called daily news? What, too, is a plainer demonstration of our paganism that the present condition of divorce?"

"It is the professors of our great universities who are defending, disseminating and popularizing these new doctrines on marriage. Prof. Giddings of Columbia university said: 'It is not right to set up a technical legal relationship as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of man and woman.' This, translated is a plea for free love."

"Prof. Charles Zueblin has said: 'There can be and there are hollier alliances without the marriage bond than with it.' And recently before the woman students of Vasuar he made a plea for free love that would bring the blush of shame to the faces of the most pagan in the community."

THE CARDINAL'S CONVERT
When the late Cardinal Cullen of Dublin, Ireland, lived, there was a sick call from a priest from the Cathedral. The sick person was at a hotel, the proprietor of which was a Protestant.

A stormy, wet, dark night it proved. As soon as the messenger got there a priest started. Through mud and slush he made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person and gave him the sacraments. Everything went off as usual thus far but now the curious part began. The proprietor of the hotel, a good-natured, earnest man, thinking to do a little proselytizing, invited the priest to come into his own sitting-room. After administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelist let himself out.

"To think, father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of those Bishops and Cardinals! Is it not monstrous? I warrant now that, while the Cardinal has sent you on this long tramp through the muddy snow he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch."

"I think you're wrong him," "Why?" "Because he is doing nothing of the kind." "You don't tell me. But how do you know?" "I know by the best of reasons. You haven't asked me my name." "Your name? What is it?" "Cullen—Cardinal Cullen." In a moment the hotel keeper was on his feet—his hat off.

"Will Your Eminence forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for Your Eminence?" "Oh, no; I can go back as I came. I am used to such journeys." The Cardinal departed.

A few days afterward the hotel keeper went to a priest for instructions and was finally received into the Church.—London Truth.

The motto marked upon our foreheads, written upon our doorposts, channelled in the earth, and wafted upon the waves is, and must be, "Labor is honorable, and idleness is dishonorable."—Carlyle.

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A DRUGGIST IN WINNIPEG

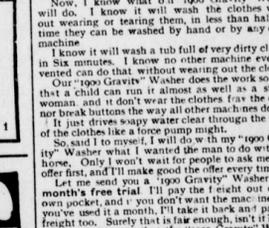
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No greater compliment could be paid GIN PILLS than to have a druggist who, Mr. Rogers being in the business, tried all the ordinary remedies, but it was not until he used GIN PILLS that he was cured of a severe pain in the back.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

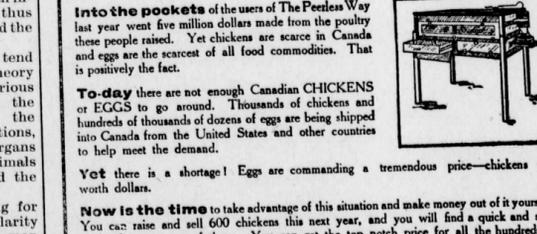
A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know any horse men. I asked the man very much about horses much. And I didn't want to buy a horse unless the man very much either.
So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you must pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."
Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "falling right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I were parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it bad. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines; the "1900 Gravity" Washer.
And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as though about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.
So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.
You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.
Now, I know what a "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.
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It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump machine.
So, said I to myself, I will do with the "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.
Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and you don't want the machine after a month's use. I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?
Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?
And you—do you pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 30 cents to 75 cents a week over that in wash money. If it saves you 10 cents a week, that's 52 cents a week. I'll pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 25 cents a week, that's 1.30 a week. I'll pay for it out of what it saves you. I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.
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