

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**  
**LENTEN THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN**

As to our real friends, we must choose them with the greatest care, and consequently we must limit ourselves to a very small number. Let us have no intimate friend who does not love God and whom the pure maxims of religion do not govern in all things; otherwise your friend will be your ruin, however kind his heart may be. Choose for your friends, as much as possible, those who are a few years older than yourself; in this way you will mature more rapidly. Be warm, disinterested, faithful, sincere, and constant in your friendships, but do not ever be blind to the faults and various degrees of merit of your friends; let them find you whenever they have need of you, and never let their misfortunes weaken the warmth of your friendship.—*Fennell's Letters.*

**REMEMBERING**

You often hear the expression: "That fellow has hosts of friends; people will do anything for him; how does he manage it?" The answer is easy. He remembers. Had he been a young man of twenty on Melanchole's doubtless he would have pointed out that the worst insult one man can give another is to forget him. It is mental assassination, for the same reason the very flower of compliment is to remember one who thinks he has forgotten long ago. It is as if you carried all these years some little keepsake he gave you as a boy. Years ago I knew slightly an eminent man. He had been Governor of the State. He had a large law business. He was deep in politics. He was one of the busiest men in the city. An old friend of mine celebrated his silver jubilee. There were many gifts, of course, but I recall one particularly from the ex-Governor. It was a fine five leaf beautiful roses. I used to wonder how that man had gained his high position. The roses told the story. In all his varied occupations, sufficient to tire a score of men, he took care not to let that occasion pass without sending his offering. It was one of those who remember. It is a strange thing that most of the men who have earned enduring fame, whose figures loom up in history like colossi, all had a marvellous memory for names and faces. Cesar never forgot anyone. Napoleon knew his soldiers by name. O'Connell was as much at home in the western counties of Ireland as in the House of Commons. Once he met a man he knew him always. Mr. Blaine, a man whose genius never receded its heights, is now dead many years, yet I doubt much whether any statesman now living is loved by Americans as the Man from Maine. I have heard old men speak with enthusiasm of meeting him in a crowd after twenty years and hearing him call them by name, recounting some episode they had all but forgotten. Go over your records and you will find that the men who have been loved by thousands, the men for whom soldiers have gladly died in battle the men who have built up waste places, like Mr. Hill, were all men who had in their hearts a niche for the lowliest of their friends.

It is not a trick, a knack of recalling past associations. It is something deeper than that. It is the memory of the secret of power. Nothing can take its place. Organization, money, eloquence; all have their part in aiding a man to gain eminence, but if one wishes to have large numbers of men follow him he must get down to the individual. In the last analysis of an election it is the individual who casts the ballot for this man or that, and in ninety-nine chances out of a hundred he votes for the man who knows him and shakes hands when they meet. In the last analysis of a battle the general wins whose soldiers fight like domestic animals. Notwithstanding Napoleon's dictum about the heavy battalions, the smaller army often gains the victory because it is a unit with the chief, and some of the greatest victories bear out the statement.

The brain of a great man is one of the busiest spots in the universe. He is thinking about a dozen things at once, and they must all be well done. He has numerous plans, numberless things to recall, numberless dangers to avoid. He is constantly meeting all sorts of people. His memory is as crowded as a great railroad station. Every moment of his life is precious. Perhaps you know him years ago in a small town. With infinite pains you secure a hearing with his secretary, who rises to put you off. You are amazed at the rush, the wealth, the magnificence of his offices. You make up your mind to give up and go home. He will never recall you. The door opens. The man comes in. His eye lights up. He says: "Why Jack, how are you? Are Bill Jones' apples as good as when we stole them together?" The interview passes in a flash. The years roll back. On your way home you think about it. "Why, he remembered me after all these years as if we parted yesterday?" Yes, and that is one reason why he is to-day a national figure.

When the good Lord makes a great man He plans him on a large scale, like Adam, in His own image and likeness. Nothing is so humble that the Lord fails to see it. Every man is a distinct personality to God. There is in reality great men a reflection of this cosmic sympathy. Everything makes an impression on them. Monarchs and ditches are both men, recalled for some reason or other. No man can be truly great unless he is a democrat, unless he rates men for themselves, regardless of accidentals.

Ambitious reformers fail because they rate men in masses. The politician considers individuals. The reformer sees an idea. The politician sees a man, and never forgets him. If you wish to succeed in any walk of life, be it as grocery man or as statesman, paste this sentence in your hat, and look at it every morning before you go out: "If you want to win, remember."—*The Pilot.*

**THE ART OF HAVING TIME**

The people who work the hardest and accomplish the most are not those who complain of lack of time. Those who constantly put their time to good use do not excuse themselves from duty on the plea of lack of time. The people who

have the most iron in the fire are those most ready to receive and forge another. Goethe, one of the busiest men that ever lived, has said: "Time is endlessly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one will readily fill it up." And again, "One has always time enough if he will improve it well." But we are also to remember what another wise German has said: "To-day is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be on the morrow?"

**THE VIRTUE OF WISHING GOOD TO ALL**  
Everybody can be a success in the good will business, and it is infinitely better to fail in our vocation and to succeed in this, than to accumulate great wealth, and be a failure in helpfulness, in a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward others. The habit of wishing everybody well, of feeling like giving everybody a Gospelsend, ennobles, and beautifies the character wonderfully, magnifies our ability, and multiplies our mental power.

Longanimity is planned on lines of nobility; we were intended to be something grand; not mean and stingy, but large and generous; we were made to God's image that we might be God-like, fish-like, and gress dwarf our nature and makes us mere apologies of the men God intended us to be.—*Church Progress.*

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**  
**"NO PLACE LIKE HOME"**

The Baltimore Sun, a secular publication, sends out the following note of warning to girls who long to leave the tender care of parents and the sanctity of home to "see the world" and mix up in its dangerous pleasures:  
"Little girl, you may think your life is dull, and that the rest of the world is enjoying itself in one long round of pleasure. You may think your parents are rather uninteresting people, and that by their rules and restrictions they are just keeping you from having a good time. But there is many a girl who has wandered away out into the world who looks and prays for some sheltered nook where love and peace and quiet happiness dwell. . . . Once you go through that door into the outside world you leave the charmed circle and find yourself in a maze of dangers of which you never dreamed. It is a magic, but seldom opens again to those who have passed through it and try to return. When a girl wanders out into the wide world, she finds a thorn in every rose, a serpent at the bottom of every sparkling glass."  
Would that all secular newspapers might follow the example of the Baltimore Sun in warning girls against the dangers and temptations that beset their lives when they step out of home into the sin traps of cities and the allurements of associations that seek the downfall of innocence, comments the Michigan Catholic. Why a girl leaves her happy home, where all is peace and the blessing of heaven rests, to venture into the companionship of strangers, is, to an eminent writer, one of the most deplorable of instances where girls have been induced to leave home by companions of childhood. The roseate vision of early days, these companions of early days present to the "girl at home" too often is it an attraction that causes parents to grieve over the departure of a daughter from the family circle to go into the danger point of crowded centers of population.

There is no place like home, girls. It is the safest and most happy nook in the world. We would advise those who have a spell of wanderlust to stick by the old spot to cling to those that are dear to their hearts, even if parents sometimes become critical and corrective. A mother's advice is better than that of strangers; a father's counsel is given for a daughter's own good. Here's a Home Sweet Home, no matter how humble it may be!

**A BOY'S KINDNESS**

The woman had not been dealt with kindly. She was old, and heavily laden. Her figure was bent by too great toil. She was shabbily dressed, and showed wearily at a pushcart, which scantily provided her a meagre living. The cart was heavily laden with wilted vegetables. These vegetables told how long it was for the woman to earn her livelihood.

The street into which the woman turned was a narrow one in a big, bustling city. Lining this narrow street were mammoth tenements, whose house hundreds and hundreds of families. The street was narrow, so narrow and congested that often the sidewalk was too crowded for the passer-by, who were forced to walk in the roadway.

It was a dull, cold day. The sun had not forced its weak way through the winter clouds. People were hurrying along, eager to be housed after their day's work.

The push-cart woman attempted to turn from a short cross street that intersected the narrow one. She was seeking a spot to place her cart to dispose of her vegetables. In the roadway was an ugly whole that from her position in the rear of the cart, she did not see. The cart ran into it. She pushed hard. The cart did not move. Persistently and patiently she shoved with all her strength.

The thoughtless drivers whose passage she blocked, rudely called to her to get out of their way. One, more impatient than the others, drove his horse almost upon her. She gave one more vigorous push at the cart, so vigorous that the shafts she wore on her head fell to her shoulders.

A careless crowd had passed on the sidewalk to watch the woman's efforts, but no helping hand had been extended to her. No one seemed to care for her distress.

Suddenly from down the street came a handsome youth. His body was strong and vigorous. He walked erect with an alert stride. He was well-dressed, and hurrying on his way to business. But he was not hurrying so fast that his bright, dark eyes did not take in the situation at once. His mind was as alert as his body, and his hand as quick to act as his eye to see.

He did not hesitate a moment. He did not look to see if the woman was well-dressed. It mattered not to him—she was a woman, and a woman in distress, therefore in need of kindness. He realized the thing to be done, and he did not wait. In an instant his neatly-gloved hand grasped the cart, and a quick jerk brought it to the firm pavement.

Then, with a gasp, he realized how well on his way before the grateful woman could gasp her thanks.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

**"SMILE ON ME"**

A sweet story is told of the little three-year-old girl, the pet of the household, who came down a few minutes late to breakfast. She had one foot on the round of her chair, but was not allowed to climb up until her papa had asked the blessing. Then she looked around her and saw the family were offended, and her child's heart was broken.

**THE LENTEN SEASON**

The Church clothes herself in penitential garb and asks her children to unite with her in considering the passion and death of our Lord and Saviour. To the souls of the desert she leads us in spirit, and asks us to behold our beloved Lord fasting forty days and nights in preparation for His passion and death.

His Church, the world have us enter into our Divine Lord's thoughts and there see revealed His love for every one of us by the atonement He makes in our behalf and the infinite graces He bestows upon us. He bids us realize that as long as we call upon Him to save us by the application, in the holy sacraments, of the infinite merits of His passion. He will be our Father, for He never ceases to care for us.

Our Lord's life on earth was indeed a hidden life. For thirty years He lived in the obscurity of Nazareth, and even in His three years' public life, we read of Him more as a preacher of the word on the mountain, in the desert, and by the sea. And so He climaxed this spirit of seclusion and retirement by His forty days' preparation for His suffering and death.

Did He not do all this to teach us and get us to imitate Him? He needed no solitude to bind Him to His Father, for He never ceased to pray. He did all this for our example, that we who know and meet the evils and see the dangers of unrestraint might the more readily practise mortification of spirit and make ourselves a light from time to time, to seclusion and solitude.

Lent is the time that most favors this. It is a time set apart by the Church for prayer and restraint, recollection and piety. The good Catholic conforms; everyone who desires to save his soul repents; and so marked and general is this season of the year, that the outside world cannot but notice it and be influenced by it. It is a time of grace and blessing. So the Church proclaims it, and applying the words of St. Paul, that we are to "wait for the day of salvation," bids all the faithful to pass the season in a truly holy and self-denying manner.

Let us then, respond to the call and always make a good Lent. Its days should be full with mortification of every kind; appetites, senses must all be restrained, lest they lead us to ruin. And while we are more in the future than around us, we can look into things unseen; live more in faith and things of the soul than in the idle speculations of the mind and the gross indulgence of the body; live more in the future than in the present; live more in death than in life. And while we thus will be mortifying the bodily man, the spiritual in us will rise to a purer life and to closer union with God in preparation for the joys of eternity. Let Lent be well passed, and it will be a great means of passing well our whole year afterwards.

And while we are denying the body, if we will, at the banquet of the Holy Table? Let us do so often, that we may be nourished and be made strong with this bread of life, to ever conquer our temptations and be always united with God and ever ready to meet Him.

**EVERYTHING THAT I MADE**

Everything that I made I used to bring to you. Was it a song, why, then 'twas a song to sing to you. Was it a story, to you I was telling my story. Ah, my dear, could you hear 'mid the bliss and the glory? Did anyone praise me, to you I said it all. My laughter for you; how we laughed in the days past recovered! My tears and my troubles were yours; did you once grieve me, the body that I carried it straight to the love that was sure to relieve me.

O my dear, when aught happens, to you I am turning. Forgetting how far you have loved me this day from my yearning. There is no body now to tell things to; your house is so lonely. And still I'm forgetting and bringing my tale to you only.

The old days are over; how pleasant they were while they lasted. The sands were pure gold that ran out ere we knew and were wasted. And still I'm forgetting, ohone, that no longer you're near me, And turn to you still with my tale, and there's no one to hear me.

The feverish desire for wealth in our day is demoralizing the people.

**INDIAN MOTHER-LOVE**

The other day, the Associated Press told an interesting story of two Yankton Indian women who were caught by a blizzard on a homeless Dakota prairie. They left a record of self sacrifice that would be a fitting theme for epic verse. Seeing that it was impossible to save their two paposes and themselves from the icy blast, they deliberately undressed and covered their little ones with their blankets. The babes were found, warm and well, while by their throbbing bodies lay the two devoted mothers, in silence stretched forever, more, the lullabies for their precious gardeners were the first notes of their own requiems.

Was ever love like this? What a superlative and mighty rebuke to the selfishness of quasi-Christian mothers! Here were two savage women, far from the so-called refining influence of civilization, and with no one to applaud their desperate valor, with no eye save God's upon them in their lonely retreat, leaving in their death as beautiful a homely upon duty as ever rang from pulpit throne, yet their noble sacrifice, unuttered, unadorned, and unadmitted, made their poor lives, but never, as long as men have hearts to feel and respond to deeds of unqualified heroism, will the words of this history blow away the fragile lesson that the desolate prairie most eloquently teaches.

How long is the place where these poor mothers died, in the desert of virtue, small in comparison to the grand usefulness of these noble Indians, in erecting a monument that would tell forever of their deadliness, which civilized mothers might well emulate and be ever deemed holy for the emulation.

It is another example of the loftiest character that ever inspired awe, found among the poor and despised. All the worth of the world is centered in the poor. Doubtless, the day before, our fine cultured states would not look at these poor Indians, save to show them from their path, while today poetic souls will scratch many a word from their written eulogies that only increase their glory, and artists will linger long over their conceptions that had express the simple and sublime story of the two Yankton Indian mothers.

What glorious heroism! What immortal heroism! What unique and imperishable beauty of maternal love that rolls back the waste of its desolation and even the blizzard of its brutality!

No conqueror, returning from victory on his Arabian way, could claim more respect than the mother of these poor Indians, who died that their babes might live and thought not of the fact that they had only a minute to prepare for eternity.

It is another form of prayer, would I doubt but the great God, whose Divine Son died for mankind, provided even by an angel, everything that would make us dying glances of the praise of women from the face of the smiling Christ? Would angels be better than that? There is not a son living who will read of this feminine heroism that will not be prompted to think more lovingly upon his own poor mother, and all lessons learned by these unlettered and abandoned ones will not be given in vain.

Blessed martyrs to an exalted duty as mothers, the mothers of our race, which our such fantastic tricks in hours of disaster, was not considered by the children of Mother Nature. Without a kindly hand to reach them comfort, could angels be better than that? There is not a son living who will read of this feminine heroism that will not be prompted to think more lovingly upon his own poor mother, and all lessons learned by these unlettered and abandoned ones will not be given in vain.

Since we read this marvelous account, we feel kinder to passers-by, for the possibility that virtues kindred to these Indian women may be in them. We feel better, too, in having attempted to depict their excellence of character, which God alone knows and values at its full.

**COURAGE OF CONVICTION**

An atheistic statesman was recently congratulated because "he had the courage of his convictions." The phrase, born of lofty principles, has come of late to receive a rather sinister meaning. To be true to one's convictions is, indeed, to be manly; to have character and firmness. But it has so entered into the popular ideas and customs as to render the most audacious blasphemes respectable in certain circles.

This universal tolerance supposes that one respects the opinions of another while he has the courage of his own. That the axiom just as it is, without attempting to distinguish what is true in it from what is false, and ponder its meaning. Since every one should have the courage of his convictions, the Catholic also ought to have the courage of his own. This is all the more true since it is not a question of uncertain opinions, but of immutable convictions, principles against which nothing reasonable can be offered. He possesses the truth, and consequently a right that is not merely apparent, but real, to declare openly and to defend what he believes. The conclusion is so natural and so simple that it ought not to require any great courage to confess the truth when opinion is free for everyone. The Catholic therefore ought to have the courage of the truth. There is no need of exaggerations, and truth permits no concessions. He should claim the same liberty that all others demand; he should know his

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rights and endeavor to acquire them; he should not be timid in answering the false assertions of error. Moreover, when intolerant adversaries make accusations against the Church it is not always a duty to prove the Church right, but rather to make the adversary prove his assertions. In other words, the burden of proof belongs to the accuser, not to the accused. The Catholic who has the courage of his convictions never blanches for his beliefs, never hedges or compromises, but acts as a Catholic always in a manly, straightforward and consistent manner.—*The Pilot.*

**OKLAHOMA'S BISHOP CURED BY A MIRACLE**  
UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH PRELATE RECOVERED DURING NOVENA TO OUR LADY OF PROMPT SUCCESS

Right Rev. Theophile Meerschardt, D. D. who assisted at the recent celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in New Orleans, gives the following account of his cure through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin:  
"Fifteen years ago I was under sentence of death. I had paid a visit to Mexico, where I was present at the crowning of the statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe with a number of Archbishops and Bishops from the United States. We stopped at San Antonio for a while, and I came to New Orleans for the coronation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, on which occasion the jeweled crowns were presented for the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor by the people of New Orleans. Bishop Heslin spoke in the chapel, preaching an English sermon on this occasion, whilst I addressed those out in the yard in French."

I returned home after the celebration, and not feeling well and being unable to attend to my many duties, sent for a physician, who hesitated about giving an opinion, but stated that my condition was very serious. After consulting his old retainer he had been in his statements I sent a young priest to ask him to come to me immediately. I made it plain to him that I desired an absolutely frank statement of his opinion in regard to my case, when he told me that in his opinion it would be absolutely useless to take any drugs or medicine, that I was a doomed man, and my case was one of Bright's disease, and was one absolutely incurable. I asked him just how long he thought I had to live, and he said: "Frankly, Bishop, it is only a question of days, or perhaps a week at the most."

"Three other doctors upheld the opinion of the first physician I had consulted and one of them said that if I lived no one need die. While I was ready to go if God willed it, I felt that I had much more work before me that I would like to do, and I resolved to appeal to the great Physician. I went to

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of his faith at the end of a year depends on the fifty-two or more times he has been to Mass during the year. And the man who has not heard Mass for such a period will find, after a little self-analysis, as he contrasts his views held on various religious questions a year ago, and the appetite he then enjoyed for various religious emotions, with his opinions and tastes at the end of the year, that he has traveled far, and not in the right direction. Heroic effort to attend Mass occasionally should therefore be made by those whose occupation normally prevents the observance of the great law of Sunday."

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**A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE**  
In the year of 1881 the combined armies of Austria and Hungary made a gallant stand against the invading hordes of Turks. They recaptured Pest, besieged Orten, and Hamsabeg defeated the Turkish armies. In this battle a Turkish general was taken prisoner. Shortly before he had pillaged and sacked, robbed and murdered about Hamsabeg in a most barbaric manner. Among other cruelties he had prepared the following:  
Peter Szapary, a wealthy nobleman, who had been taken captive, was, at his orders, hitched to a pole as an animal and compelled to labor in the burning sun, though thirty thousand forins (about fifteen thousand dollars) were offered by his wife as a ransom. Count Batthyany now gave the captive general over to Szapary for requital. And Szapary took a noble revenge, saying to the Turk: "You were most cruel to me, and now you are in my power. But to convince you that the Christian is nobler than the Mohammedan, I restore you to life and liberty."

Fearing bloody revenge, the Turk had already taken poison, but he lived long enough to call for a priest and be baptized. The genuine Christian charity of Szapary toward his enemy had filled him with admiration for Christianity and he bestowed the desire to become a Christian.—*Intermountain Catholic.*

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