

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"NOT UNDERSTOOD"
 Not understood. We move along
 our paths grow wider as the seasons
 creep
 Along the years; we marvel and we
 wonder
 Why life is life? and then we fall
 asleep,
 Not understood.
 Not understood. We gather false
 impressions,
 And hug them closer as the years
 go by,
 Till virtues often seem to us trans-
 gressions;
 And thus men rise and fall, and live
 and die,
 Not understood.
 Not understood. Poor souls with
 stunted vision
 Oft measure giants by their narrow
 gage;
 The poisoned shafts of falsehood and
 derision
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who
 mould the age,
 Not understood.
 Not understood. The secret springs
 of action,
 Which lie beneath the surface and
 the show,
 Are disregarded; with self-satis-
 faction
 We judge our neighbors, and they
 often go,
 Not understood.
 Not understood. How trifles often
 change us!
 The thoughtless sentence or the
 fancied slight
 Destroy long years of friendship and
 estrange us,
 And on our souls there falls a freez-
 ing blight;
 Not understood.
 Not understood. How many breasts
 are aching
 For lack of sympathy! Ah! day
 by day,
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts
 are breaking!
 How many noble spirits pass away
 Not understood.
 Oh, God! that men would see a little
 clearer,
 Or judge less harshly where they
 cannot see;
 Oh, God, that men would draw a
 little nearer
 To one another, they'd be nearer
 Thee,
 And understood.
 —THOMAS BRACKEN

FORGET THE PAST

The constant looking backward to
 what might have been, instead of
 forward to what may be, is a great
 weakener of self-confidence. This
 worry for the old past, this wasted
 energy, for this which no power on
 earth can restore, ever lessens a
 man's faith in himself, weakens his
 efforts to develop himself for the
 future to the perfection of his
 possibilities.
 Do in the best way you can the
 work that is under your hand at the
 moment; do it with a good intention;
 do it with the best prepara-
 tion your thoughts suggest; bring
 all the light of knowledge to aid
 you. Do this and you have done
 your best. The past is forever
 closed. No worry, no struggle, no
 suffering, no agony of despair can
 change it. It is as much beyond
 your power as if it were a million
 years behind you. Turn all that
 past, with its sad hours, its weak-
 ness and sin, its wasted opportuni-
 ties and graces, as so many lights
 in hope and confidence upon the
 future. The present and the
 future are yours; the past has
 gone back, and all its messages, its
 history, its records to the God who
 loaned you the golden moments to
 use in obedience to His law.

LIFE IN THIS VALE OF TEARS

"Sorrow is more or less the
 characteristic of all human life,"
 says the Rev. Frederick W. Faber,
 D. D. Man's existence may be
 likened to the groups of mysteries
 of the rosary, there are the joyful,
 sorrowful and the glorious periods.
 To childhood may be allotted the
 joyful period; children may have
 sorrow but they make no lasting
 impressions and are quickly for-
 gotten. In maturer years comes the
 sorrowful period, not that the years
 bring continuous sorrow, but the
 sorrow comes more frequently and
 makes a deep and lasting impres-
 sion. Only after death may the
 genuinely glorious period be
 experienced and then only by those
 who have triumphed over sorrow
 and have made it a means of merit.
 Life must naturally bring its
 mete of sorrow with it. After the
 hopeful and enthusiastic visions of
 youth, there must come the dis-
 appointments and illusions. Age
 approaches and with it dissolution
 and its attendant miseries, the
 circle of one's friends grows yearly
 narrower,—all teaching a lesson
 more clearly than with words that
 man is not for this world and that
 life is but a "vale of tears."
 Were it not for the glorious sun-
 shine lighting up this vale of
 sorrow, the contemplation of the
 sorrows of life would be inclined to
 make us poor mortals quite
 pessimistic. When viewed, how-
 ever, under the rays of Christian
 truth, sorrow takes another aspect.
 From the Christian point of view
 sorrow serves to prove that we
 have been created for a more
 glorious existence. Life is con-
 sidered a pilgrimage to one's true
 country, a land which flows with

milk and honey. Time is admitted
 as fleeting and the true measure of
 existence is granted to be eternity.
 Sorrow is looked upon as refining
 the soul as fire refines gold. The
 cause of sorrow are taken as
 preparatory for a joy which shall
 be without alloy. Viewed in this
 light sorrow is suffered with a
 peace of soul which is astounding
 to such as are not guided by
 Christian principles.

Sorrow has a sobering effect on
 man. Were he to live in continual
 joy he would forget his eternal
 destiny. Even with an admixture
 of sorrow only the very spiritualized
 are willing to give up this life for
 the joys of the next. Besides
 sorrow is a corrective for the many
 excesses indulged in the time of joy.
 Moreover sorrow may be turned to
 advantage by accepting it as a
 penance for past failures: It is
 hardly necessary to mention how it
 may be made a means of sanctifica-
 tion by being a manner of imitating
 the "Man of Sorrows" and His
 sorrowful Mother.

Although sorrow be borne with
 such lofty motives a danger must
 be avoided. Sorrow is calculated
 to make one peevish and petulant.
 The sorrowful naturally look for
 sympathy. Sympathy often engen-
 ders self pity and self pity does
 incalculable harm. Happy the man
 who can preserve an equanimity of
 mind under sorrow, who can bear
 his sorrow without betraying it to
 others or at least without burdening
 others with peevish and petulant
 conduct.

Sorrow shared is only half a
 sorrow. But this is true only if
 the sorrow is unburdened to one
 sympathetic friend who will give no
 less genuine than intelligent sym-
 pathy. Sorrow frequently thought
 of and often spoken of, is like a
 wound kept open by unnecessary
 tampering with, it will never heal.
 Sorrows borne manfully and brave-
 ly, in a Christian spirit and with
 resignation to the decrees of divine
 Providence, ennoble the soul, give
 a depth of feeling to afflicted one,
 and furnish a pledge for future
 joys whose magnitude and endur-
 ance shall be without measure.—
 A. R. in The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

RED AND WHITE ROSES

Roses red, with their glowing
 hearts,
 Placed at Thy Sacred feet,
 Symbols of love's intensity,
 Breathing in rapture sweet
 Thoughts that our lips would fain
 portray,
 Hope ever unexpressed
 Messages whispered tenderly
 In the red petals rest.

Roses white, with their virgin
 hearts,
 Lay them quivering there,
 Symbols of love's dear purity,
 Each petal white a prayer!
 Ah, may the angels breathe on high
 The wish each rose conceals—
 And humbly lay at Thy Sacred feet
 The need each heart reveals.

HOW CHRIST TAUGHT US TO SAY, "THANK YOU"

What should be our gratitude to
 Christ? Let us go to Him to learn
 that thankfulness is. There is a
 touching story of the gratitude of
 a weary Christ. He stopped to rest
 one day by a well in Samaria, and
 asked a woman for a drink of water.
 Others frequently stopped and
 asked the same favor. Some gave a
 "Thank You," and others a paltry
 gift and passed on. But Christ
 remained and for one cup of cold
 water, His gift to the woman of
 Samaria was the conversion of her
 soul.

We find it hard to thank Christ,
 even for His greatest gifts, but be-
 hold the gift of gratitude He
 lavished on one poor woman. Com-
 pare Him with yourself. You for-
 get your grateful impulses almost
 before they have sprung to expres-
 sion on your lips. Yet you ever owe
 a heavy debt of gratitude to Christ
 —for what? for your every cause
 of joy. For the light and air that
 nourishes you; for each happy
 moment He grants you; for the
 pain of His thirty-three years of
 service for you.

And you thank Him—but how?
 In the morning with occasional or
 distracted prayers, in the evening
 with tired, listless prayers. But
 during the day? Seldom. But
 Christ was grateful—for what?
 For one deed of kindness from a
 sinner, for the gift of one small
 glass of cold water which cost no
 pain. He showed real gratitude—
 and how? He gave her the waters
 of eternal life. He brought her to
 the clear fountains of grace. A
 woman who almost despised Him
 gained the grace of conversion for
 but a common act of kindness.
 How often we think every good is
 from ourselves and for ourselves.
 How often in our self-sufficiency,
 do we entirely forget Christ, when
 we should have a "Thank You,
 Christ," ever ringing in our hearts.
 If the Creator Himself considered a
 tiny cup of water worthy of the gift
 of eternal salvation, how should we
 dependent mortals look upon the
 endless favors we receive? The
 greatest return we can make will be
 paltry but we can make it accept-
 able by loving gratitude. The rich-
 est gems a man can give are thank-
 ful thoughts from a loving heart.—
 James E. Coleran, S. J.

KINDNESS

Be kind. "Kindness is the nob-
 lest weapon to conquer with."

If one does kind acts, thinks kind
 thoughts and brightens the path-
 ways of his fellows with kindly
 smiles, he is almost certain to find
 his kindness reflected into his own
 life. On the other hand, if one is
 gruff and unthinking of the happi-
 ness of others, his face usually is
 hard, his thoughts selfish and his
 own pathway bare of the flowers of
 beauty which are necessary if it is
 to be a pleasant path to tread.

The person who is unkind is not
 likely to find a welcome anywhere.
 Even one's own baby quickly recog-
 nizes whether he is kind or unkind.
 Gruff words never bring smiles from
 baby's lips, and the happiness of
 rosy, outstretched arms of children
 never is experienced by those who
 treat their little ones harshly.
 "Spare the rod and spoil the
 child" used to be the proverb
 quoted most frequently by parents
 who gave advice on bringing up the
 young. But, fortunately, the day
 when that proverb flourished is
 past. There are some, however,
 who imagine that the only way to
 rear children properly is by beating
 the bad out of them. And in con-
 sequence one finds little cheerfulness
 in certain homes. And we do
 not think it would be wide of the
 mark to charge much of the lawless-
 ness of the present to the harsh
 methods used by parents in rearing
 their little ones.

Respect for parents, and respect
 for the right are the two things
 essential to make a good man and
 woman out of a boy and a girl.
 But the proper kind of respect for
 neither can be acquired by frequent
 applications of the rod.

The same rule applies in every
 pathway through life. Business
 men who rule with the iron hand,
 who try to keep their employees
 efficient by ill-treatment and "mule-
 driving" get nowhere in the long
 run. Certain it is that they do
 bring down upon themselves the
 hatred of scores of good employees
 and in the days when co-operation is
 essential to the successful progress
 of business, there is likely to be a
 very big monkey-wrench in the
 wheels of machines.

Life is too short and the biggest
 worldly accomplishments are entir-
 ly too small to make it worth while
 for one to spoil others' pleasure by
 his own selfishness.

Kindness is the one sure producer
 of success and smiles.—Catholic
 Universe.

NEW DISCOVERIES

The last few weeks have been
 gala weeks for archaeologists, auth-
 ropologists, and paleontologists. Ex-
 cavations carried on for years with
 little apparent hope of success have
 suddenly rewarded the persistent
 explorers with rich treasures. The
 public mind has been so intrigued
 with the sepulchral splendors of
 Tutankhamen's tomb that it has
 had little time to consider the
 report of another discovery in Asia
 Minor that promises to make known
 the long sought for resting place of
 the ancient Judean kings. Such
 discoveries have great scientific and
 historical value.

On the other hand it is very easy
 to over-estimate the scientific value
 of the reputed discovery of the
 fossil skull of prehistoric man in
 Argentina. The ink was scarcely
 dry upon the papers that chronicled
 this new find before the advocates
 of materialistic evolution were
 hailing it as an irrefutable argu-
 ment against all who have been
 stout enough to maintain a reasoned
 and reasonable opposition to the
 absurd contention that man was
 not created by God as Divine Re-
 velation declares, but has been
 evolved from lower forms of
 matter.

The fate of previous vestigial re-
 mains of anthropoid apes that were
 supposed to form the missing link
 between man and animal ancestors
 should make the proponents of
 materialistic evolution very chary
 about what claims they make for
 the Argentinian skull. One tiny
 jaw discovered in Egypt, bearing
 the resounding name of Propli-
 thecus is hailed as the hypothet-
 ical ancestor of the entire anthropoid
 group. Four or five pieces of skulls
 constitute the "flood" of evidence
 in paleontology for the animal
 ancestry of man. The Trinil ape man
 or Pithecanthropus is a hodge-podge
 of bones belonging to no one
 creature. The Piltdown skull is
 but a fragment and is utterly dis-
 credited by scientific men as one of
 the hoaxes of science. The Heide-
 burg man is "one half of one
 per cent." original jaw bone and the
 rest restoration. The Neanderthal
 skull has provoked from competent
 authorities a dozen opinions. The
 Rhodesian skull discovered in 1921
 in a cave surrounded by animal
 bones is still under investigation
 and is slowly but surely passing
 with the other discredited remain-
 s to a place among the jokes and
 hoaxes of science. In the light of
 such experiences it is not to be
 wondered at that the discovery of a
 new missing link in Argentina will
 be hailed with delight by evolution-
 ists but regarded with proper
 incredulity by others.

Much uncertain evidence, vague
 conjectures, and unproved nonsense
 form the basis of many books of
 "Outlines" which are doing very
 real harm to young and uncritical
 readers. For instance The Story of
 Mankind tells us that for millions
 of years living cells floated on the
 waters or strayed upon the shore
 until one day after straying through
 plankton, fishdom, and animaldom,
 "man suddenly leaves the endless
 procession of dumbly living and

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dying creatures and begins to use
 his reason to shape the destiny of
 his race." Out of remains so in-
 complete and capable of so many
 explanations, it is a conspiracy
 against truth to attempt to claim a
 scientific proof for the animal
 descent of man and materialistic
 evolution. "Man knows no non-
 man ancestor" says a recent Catho-
 lic writer "and it is high time that
 all this twaddle about cave man
 stuff, atavistic reversions, and
 animal heritage, and so forth,
 should stop. To teach the evolution
 of man as a fact or as a scientific
 hypothesis is as rank nonsense as to
 teach that two and two make five."
 —The Pilot.

THE PERSISTENCY OF PERSECUTION

If we need any tangible proof
 today of the divinity of the Catho-
 lic Church we might perhaps most
 easily find it in the persistent
 persecution which is waged against
 her by her sworn enemies. The
 Church of God is like her Divine
 Founder because she has His undy-
 ing spirit. In one way or other she
 repeats and lives over for us each
 and every phase of His earthly life.
 Need we wonder, then, that
 wherever the Catholic Church lifts
 her head there are found thousands
 of men who shout all manner of
 vain things around her and try in
 divers ways to make her triumph-
 ant course through this world less
 glorious?

One would have imagined that
 after the sad experiences of a
 World War our modern civilization
 would have known for a certainty
 that there is no such thing as real
 progress without religion. But we
 actually find that in practically all
 the countries of Europe men are
 making the existence of religion
 more difficult each day. In Russia,
 today, they have gone the extreme
 lengths of condemning an Arch-
 bishop to lifelong exile in Siberia
 for so-called political opposition to
 Bolshevism, although no trace of
 such opposition was discovered in
 the proceedings of the Soviet courts.
 In Ireland, in Portugal, in Italy
 there are growing coteries of men
 who oppose the Church at every
 step. In our own land there are
 ugly manifestations of bigotry. In
 the far Orient the success of Catho-
 lic missionaries is calling forth
 most opposition. In fact, wherever
 we turn we can discover a likeness
 between the fate of the Church
 today and the fate of Our Lord
 during the last tragic week of His
 life.

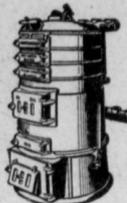
Of course, Catholics do not
 whimper or complain about the
 persecutions which they must endure.
 They know only too well that in
 nothing are they so Christlike as
 precisely in "being conformed to
 Him who was slain for us on a hill
 outside the city walls." Perhaps,
 it will be a source of great encour-
 agement to Catholics to recall the
 sufferings for truth and justice
 we make up what seems lacking
 in the Passion of Christ." This
 stuporous word of the great
 apostle needs to be insisted upon
 more and more today. Just as few
 men can stand prosperity but thrive
 spiritually under opposition and
 privation so too the Church—as is
 plain from her history—produces
 the best spiritual results when she
 does not seek to dodge the high
 responsibility and privilege of being
 the Bride of a Crucified Lord.—
 Rosary Magazine.

A CITY SET ON A HILL

The simplicity and beauty of the
 Gospel story has attracted the
 admiration of men whatever they
 may profess to believe. With the
 weak things the strong are con-
 founded; the lowliest parable, pro-
 claimed by the Divine Teacher in
 language which little children may
 readily understand, is not dis-
 dained by men of lofty intellect to
 whom its imperial grandeur is not
 concealed beneath its lowly guise.
 Christ in His teaching most often
 referred to the ordinary things of
 everyday life. So He compares the
 light of Faith to the flame of a
 little candle set high on a hill above
 the plains and valleys inhabited by
 men.

Today men of right reason and
 intelligence are forced to acknowl-
 edge that the Church is in very
 truth a City Set on a Hill, the
 perfect type and image of that
 celestial City to which all are born
 rightful heirs. It is no longer
 necessary to explain so many
 reasons why men believe the Catho-
 lic Church to be Divine and there-
 fore the one true Church to which
 alone honor is due. The real
 wonder is not, why so many enter

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 weather. It takes the "starch"
 of most of us—even the fit.
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 ailing and the aged. An under-
 toned system needs more than the
 ordinary stimulation to make life
 bearable when the thermometer
 hovers around eighty in the shade.
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