### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN HOW ?

Did you tackle the trouble that with a resolute heart and cheerful?

Or hide your face from the light of With a craven soul and fearful? Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble

is an ounce, Or a trouble is what you make it, But it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts, But only-how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, gets along that way.

well, what's that?

Have you ever way. Come up with a smiling face It's nothing against you to fall down

flat, But to lie there—that's disgrace The harder you're thrown, why, the

higher you bounce; Be proud of your blackened eye It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts, It's how did you fight—and why?

And, though you be done to the death, what then? If you battled the best you could, If you played your part in the

world of men, Why, the Critic will call it good. Death comes with a crawl, or come

with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts, But only—how did you die?

-MILES O'REILLY IMPROVING OPPORTUNITIES

The man or woman who waits for opportunity to be delivered to his door is going to be disappointed. Opportunity wrapped and labelled is not delivered in our days. In our time and country there are many opportunities for every man, but like time and tide the like time and tide they wait for no man. The claim that there are no opportunities is often a subterfuge for laziness. Opportunity is not as some imagine a mysterious

premonition that some work or venture will be fabulously successful. It is rather a combination of circumstances, which is especially favorable to a successful issue of a work placed at a timely moment. The trouble is not so much that opportunities are lacking but rather that they are not recognized and energetically utilized when they do

appear. There are times when two men have the identical opportunities, the one profits by them the other loses their advantages entirely. The results of the oppor-tunities can not be in the opportunities but rather in the work of the individuals. The fact is the one is prepared to grasp the opportunity when it appears while the other

There are small opportunities and there are great opportunities. The small opportunities are little regarded by the majority of men. And yet the numerous small opportunities prepare a man for the greater ones. Every day there are oppor-tunities presented useful for our lives. For instance there are those for character building. And character is the greatest asset for suc-cess aside from spiritual values. Then there are the many times for practicing mortification, which even

non-Christian philosophers urge as a preparation for bearing the hardcome to us day by day, insignificant in themselves, but all preparative for the grasping of greater oppor-tunities. Many are the small oppor-

the greater ones.

There is an altogether false impression that men rise from obscur-ity to the heights of fame by a mere You may as well suppose so when we are tempted to complain, let us get the relative values right. Many elements enter into the top of a ladder with one step. To gain the top he must step from rung to rung. If it should appear that one has risen suddenly, let us remember that he must have been grasping opportunity after opportunity no matter how small, until the grand opportunity came and then only was he able to utilize it to its fullest extent Be not deceived by his seeming rapid rise. The last spurt of speed may have the relative values right. Many elements enter into the composition of daily life. While we may justly deprecate the efforts of men to enhance their position at our expense, let us honestly ask ourselves if we would do any different if we were situated as they are. We all want to earn lots of money and earn it easily; give the other fellow credit for having the same ambition and craving as you have yourself. It may help the The last spurt of speed may have been flashy but be assured that he ran all the way. The success of the great opportunity is only the cul-mination of a whole series of well used opportunities bringing a strik-

et no man claim that he has not had opportunities, let him rather deplore his failure to use the many smoked, which were presented day by day but which he thought hardly worth the effort to utilize. Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take joked, care of themselves, it is said in the financial sphere. Equally well may folks croaked, it be said here, take care of the small opportunities and the great opportunities will take care of themselves.—A. R. in the Echo.

## RELATIVE VALUES

In a desire to make a point, we are too often tempted to drop the sense of relative values. It is shown mostly in the daily avocation. How often we think about our friends who are making big wages and come to the conclusion that it is easily done; they seem to exert

no particular exertion in the matter, running along evenly from day to day in a manner that is misleading.

Nor yet of the gloom about her, But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp But a moment's renection vividly to mind the possibilities. But a moment's reflection brings

"See that man there? Well, be's only a mason (or plasterer, or he's only a mason he plumber, or carpenter) and he actually drags down twelve dollars every day he works. Pretty soft for him. "You don't say; doesn't look like it, does he? What do you know about that!" "This thing of high wages is what's runing the country," and more in that strain. Now let us get the matter straight by taking into consideration just how the ordinary looking individual gets along that way.

gets along that way.

Have you ever watched a stone-cutter swinging his heavy maul on the chisel? Hour after hour that brawny right arm swings up and down, hitting the instrument in his left hand. down, hitting the instrument in his left hand with precision and certainty. Would you care to us that for eight hours, every working day, for eight hours, every working day, for any amount of money? Would you—or could you—climb to the top of a fourteen story building and there, under the burning rays of a summer sun, stoop and lift and place in positon brick after brick, all day long? Could you hold the mortar board in one hand and, on a precarious scaffold, deftly turn the trowel all day long in plastering a wall?

I'nese things all take both strength and dexterity; two things in which all men are not trained—to say nothing of the contempt for physical pain and danger. Men in the hard occupation grow old as well as the rest of humanity: did it ever occur to you that a waning of mere physical strength means a waning of the earning capacity too? The man who has subsisted by his brain alone is getting better and better up to

a certain age, while the physical toiler is rapidly going down hill.

"See that little fellow with the cap and the overall bundle under his arm? Well, he's the engineer that pulls the flyer; his run is about two miles a day, for that that pulls the flyer; his run is about two miles a day; for that, he holds the company up for two or three hundred dollars a month. Pretty sweet, eh?" "I'll tell the world it's soft." How often does the ordinary observer stop to consider by what steps this modest little man has attained this magnificent selary? nificent salary

About twenty years ago, started firing; he was subject to call any hour of the day or night. His time belonged to the company; no excuse went for missing a call. He might get the summons at midnight with a wild storm raging, rain, snow or wind—but he had to leave his comfortable bed, prepare a meal and go. If he didn't respond the company would get someone that would. He might like to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his family—but he left before that was possible. He might like to be home with the kiddies for Christmas instead he spent the merry season at the end of the road in a boarding house. And that was the tale through many weary, dishearten-

one night as they flew through the country, he talked with his engineer; there was a sudden crash, he found himself out in the field, crushed, cut and bleeding. By his side lay a Thing that a moment before was an ambitious, hard working, human being. When he recovered after months in the hospiships of life which inevitably come in the lot of every man. Again the incident and going back to the

man or teacher. It is simply a lack of economic adjustment. The man tunities let go by while the eyes are only focused for the greater ones. Those who slight and ignore the smaller ones will never recognize disaster in which in an instant men disaster in which in an instant men are hurled into eternity. How are we to adjust the remuneration in such cases? Hasn't your neighbor

as much right to live as you?
So when we are tempted to comhave yourself. It may help the economic situation. — Catholic Columbian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRL WHO SMILES

And the old brown house seemed dreary,

And they came home chilled and weary. Then opened the door and a girl

came in; And she was homely—very; Her face was plain, and her cheek

was thin. There wasn't a dimple from brow to But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold or

And she put on the place a different-From that it had without her.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every

face As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace And the cheer of her happy laugh-

DID YOU EVER THINK That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and apprecia-

That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it That the little acts of kindness

and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one amount of oodness once a year?
That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more lady-like but more refined than

aving "company manners?"
That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents you from saying things you may regret.—The Indiana Catholic.

MOULDING THE CHARACTER "Nothing has given me greater courage to face every day's duties than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my dear good father," said a woman whose life has been long and chequered with many reverses. "He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medi-cine, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"
"I'm tired. I've been washing dishes and making beds all day and every day, and what good does it do? Tomorrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over

Look, child," he said, "do you see these little empty vials? They are insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or floors kept clean, are home things and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or sweet patience, zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life. It is a strain upon the young to be forced to do work which they reel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful."—The Echo.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF OUR LORD

will be in keeping with the spirit of the Church to consider briefly the meaning of the Feast of the Most Precious Blood. It con-cerns the mystery of our redemption. Man disobeyed God, he sinned and lost his inheritance and was in tice economy and thrift which seem mere trifles in themselves but amount to much in the aggregate, besides being habit-forming. These are the little opportunities which come to us day by day, insignificant. one envy him the hard, upward climb to his apparently soft job pulling the fast train?

It is true that these men earn more than the average professional man or teacher. It is simply a lack of economic adjustment. The man in a safe, quiet avocation, complains us to God out of every tongue and people and nation and has made us to our God a Kingdom.

Our Lord being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself taking the form of a servant and humbled Himself becoming obedient unto death even to the and humbled Himsell becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. In making the Stations of the Cross we say: By thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world. Now His cross was only the instrument, the altar, on which He offered Himself for the sins of the world and reconciled an offended God. On the cross He atoned for the sins of the world. God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son. But Christ being come an high priest of the good things to come—not by the blood of goats or of calves, but by His own Blood entered once into the Helies having

who by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God will cleanse our consciences from dead works to serve the living God.

Therefore, our Blessed Redeemer is the mediator, a medium or peacemaker between God and man. St. Augustine says the mediator had to have something of God and something of man. And this is the mystery of redemption—our Saviour in His divine-human person as the high priest of humanity offered Himself up on the altar of the cross and shed His precious Blood to atone for the sins of the world and to make peace between God and man. He is the Mediator of the New Testament that by means of His death we may receive the promise of eternal inheritance.

Now we are the fruits of that Precious Blood. Let us be worthy of its shedding and make use of the means He has left us to make us the purchased people of God. Our Holy

Redeemer shed His Precious Blood for us sinners. He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins. He was pure and holy, without breath or stain of sin, yet He shed His Blood for us at the agony in the Garden, at the fearful scourging and crowning with thorns, at the nailing of His hands and feet to the cross, and at the thrust of the lance through His Sacred Heart. We should be worthy of it that we may be among the army of those in Heaven who chant the praises of the Lamb of God.—

The Monitor.

definite standard; they are either plainly good or plainly good or Dianly bad. Others lurk in the shadow. To decide upon in portant element, but it was not everything. Music meant some-thing more than that. Some expet thing more than that. Some expet thing more than that. Some expet thing more than that. Some expet the probable effect of these dubious books is often morally impossible.

To read a book was one thing, because strange words could be the serious student, but in incomplete that the serious student, but in incomplete that we have always hesitated to draw a hard and fast line between that the properly music had always been at a discount."

The earthly and the heavenly are either plainly good or plainly good or

childish lips and smiled. But when courts. request became entreaty the Holy Pontiff fixed his gaze upon the childish face raised to his in such earnest supplication and his piercing black eyes seemed to read her very soul. Pope Leo was satisfied with

enter, if it is God's will."

It was God's will. The little girl became a Carmelite nun at fifteen.
She lived a cloistered bride of Christ such as that recently called by Judge the Little Flower of Jesus.

into distant countries, until in a few short years the little girl was the object of one of the most remarkable devotions in the Church. The process of her canonization was It seemed to be hastened begun. by the special design of Divine Providence, in order to offer as an antidote to an age of dour materialistic self-sufficiency so sweet an example of spiritual childhood.

Recently the Beatification of Sister Teresa took place. It was prefaced and followed by extraordinary demonstrations of faith and devotion. Thirty thousand people from all parts of the world formed the selemp certege that followed the solemn cortege that followed the translation of her body from the parish cemetery of Lisieux to the Convent Chapel of the Carmel-

In that inspiring procession the American flag was unfolded by members of the American legion, official France paid reverent homage to her relics, and the silent throngs who lined the roadway for hours as her coffin covered with cloth of gold was driven in state through her beloved Lisieux, made a picture startlingly reminiscent of the best days of the Ages of Faith.

After her solemn Beatification sixty thousand persons followed His Holiness Pope Pius XI. in venerating her relics and asking her inter-The little girl who went to Rome to crave a boon from one Pontiff, has returned again among the Blessed of the Church, raised to the honors of the altar by his successor, to be forever showering favors upon her devout clients

throughout the world. Surely the finger of God is here. The world stands confounded before such an example of humility and saintliness transmuted into extraordinary power of intercession by the grace of God flowering in the soul of a little child. Like little chil-dren the Catholic world stands enthralled before the vision opened up by the Little Flower of Jesus. Like little children also may the Catholic world imitate her sweet simplicity, her spiritual childishness, Our Divice Lord's own prescription for entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.—The Pilot.

# LAW AND PERNICIOUS

of calves, but by His own Blood entered once into the Holies having obtained eternal redemption, says St. Paul. And the Blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God will cleanse our consciences from dead works to

what is permissible and what for-bidden, it is not probable that any THE RECOGNITION OF HEROIC SANCTITY

About thirty years ago a little girl made a pilgrimage to Rome. She traveled from a small town in France to ask a favor from the Holy Father. It was to allow her to enter the Carmelite convent when she was fifteen. Pope Leo XIII. listened to her odd request impetuously poured forth from such court would jail or fine a publisher, mpetuously poured forth from such | can find it, there is no relief in the

papers which professedly attack the Christian Faith or Christian moralwhat he read there, for with prophetic vision he declared, "You will on the Index or not, and the conity, whether these books be formally aside the book which he perceives scientious Catholic will at once lay She lived a cloistered bride of Christ for just a few short years and died unknown, unhonored and unsung, except by a few of her intimates. But scarcely had she passed from earth before marvellous stories became current about the favors granted through intercession of this little child, who called herself the Little Flower of Jesus.

such as that recently called by Judge Ford, of the Supreme Court of New York, will do much good in awakening the public conscience, and, perhaps, in stirring the conscience of negligent Catholics, especially Catholic parents. In these days when the most sacred truths of religion are daily attacked, and when articles dealing with the most deliarticles dealing with the most deli-cate topics are treated with a wink Step by step the cult of the Little Flower grew. It passed the bounds of Lisieux and spread over France. It crossed the seas and penetrated the seas and penetrated fulness over the books and papers fulness over the books and papers

GOOD LISTENERS WANTED

Sir Hugh Allen, on the subject of music, pertinently said he was sometimes met with the request: "I want to learn music." He asked "Because I like it," y. "Well," he retorted, Why? the reply. "Well," he retorted, "I like apples, but I am not going to be a greengrocer.

"Some people though that to be able to play a difficult piece of music made them musicians. Not

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because strange words could be hunted up, but it was difficult to hunt up thousands of sounds a second. People should be taught to listen. Because they could not listen properly music had always been at a discount."

The earthly and the heavenly co-operate in molding us to that gentleness, that refinement, which is the reflex of beauty and the sweetest homage paid to it.—Archbishop Keane.







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