

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**IMAGINATION**

A trifle if imagination is indeed a wondrous thing, Just a bit of gossip it adds an awful sting. Much of the charm of beauty, it easily destroys 'Twill silence things that should be heard—of secrets, make a noise. It oft gives point to foolish words, that friendship sadly shakes— Of some dear, childhood friend you love, a deadly foeman makes. It makes the tasks you daily do a job to cause a groan, While every other task (to you) seems better than your own. Oh, yes, imagination is a wondrous thing, you bet; 'Twill double every trouble—make you every ill forget!

**CHERFULNESS**

The cheerful man is pre-eminent, a useful man. The habit of cheerfulness enables one to transmute apparent misfortune into real blessings. The cheerful man's thought sculptures his face into beauty and touches his manner with grace. If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles at us; the air is balmy, the sky is clearer; the flowers have a richer fragrance, the birds sing more sweetly, and the whole world is more beautiful. High-minded cheerfulness is found in great souls, self-poised and confident in their own heaven aided powers.

**TRUE CHARACTER**

Destiny is character. Every flaw in the character of a man will result in fatal and disastrous consequences. Success does not depend on lucky circumstances, but on the moral ability to take advantage of indifferent circumstances and, by sheer determination of will, to render them auspicious. The evil destiny which so many bewail and to which they impute their failures is, in the final analysis, only weakness of character and lack of resolution. There are few obstacles if any, that cannot be surmounted by dogged perseverance. The man bent on succeeding does not wait for opportunity; he seeks it and meets it more than half way.—The Standard and Times, Philadelphia.

**PRINCIPLE**

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinacity of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but by a beautiful magic, what erstwhile bore the image and superscription of Caesar seems now to bear the image and superscription of God. It is thus that there is a genius for goodness, for magnanimity, for self-sacrifice, as well as for creative art.—Southern Cross.

**A SOLDIER'S DEVOTION**

Antoine Lefebvre, an old soldier covered with wounds, was an inmate of the Hospital of Invalids, and there he became a Catholic. From his attendant, a good Sister of Charity, he learned to say the rosary, and it pained him very much not to have practiced this beautiful devotion all his life. One day, pondering over the matter, he exclaimed: "How much I have lost through my ignorance! I would have said the rosary daily had I known it. How shall I repair this great loss?" The mighty Queen of the Rosary obtain for me the grace of living three years longer, and I promise to say as many rosaries as there have been days in my life!

He then said to himself: "I am now fifty-seven years of age. If God grants my request, I shall live to be sixty years, or 21,900 days old, and hence I shall have to say twenty Rosaries every day to make up for lost time. But where there's a will there's a way. He therefore set to work, says the chronicler, reciting his beads with the zeal of a traveler who wanders under the burning sun and wishes to reach the pleasant shade. Being accustomed, as soldiers generally are, to punctuality and strict discipline, he never once retired to rest until he had fulfilled his promise to the letter. As before he had carried his gun, so now he carried his beads, and a little memorandum book wherein he scrupulously marked every rosary which he recited, until at the end of the third year he had finished the 21,900. Hardly had he said the last "Ave" than God called him to a better world. During the last three years of his life he had invoked our Blessed Mother many thousand times, and who will say that she did not hear his petitions to help him at the hour of death?

Dear readers, why should not you also, like that pious old soldier, resolve to say daily a few decades of that beautiful devotion, which brings joy to the heart of the just and contrition to the heart of the sinner—in which we pray for heavenly aid during life and at "the hour of our death"—The Casket.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**THE BOY SCOUT**

He's a clever little fellow, with a smile and with a will, And he looks just like a soldier, but he isn't trained to kill. A boy in size—but watch him—in his doings he's a man; He's on the job and pledged to help, where and as he can. Besides the schoolwork training, he has just the right amount. Of common-sense learning to produce the things that count; His eye is peeled for action and his hand for work is bared. And he's marching to the music of the motto, "Be Prepared."

He's not a gallery artist, he's in line for something higher, Scouty knows the way to help 'em in a wreck or at a fire. And many are the wounded ones that owe the lad a debt. For he it was who knew the spot to twist the tourniquet; And the boy from out the river that seemed drowned beyond a doubt? Why Scouty did his first-aid stunt, and soon put fears to rout. It's look around and help for his—the utmost never spared. For he's marching to the music of the motto, "Be Prepared."

Hold still—you men—salute him—seems like you clean forgot— Take off your hat to Scouty—he's the biggest thing you've got. A dozen years, and he will show the measure of his worth. He'll make a better homeland of this precious bit of earth. There's five hundred thousand like him, fit and snappy every one, You can hear them—listen! tramping louder, coming on! He's a sample of a legion that to righteousness is squared. And he's marching to the music of the motto, "Be Prepared."

**TRYING TO SHIRK**

The shirk and cheat is generally found out. He may pretend to know what he is ignorant of. He may flatter himself that he is deceiving his teacher. He may think himself very clever in covering his tracks and in concealing his tricks when engaged in some mischief, yet somehow he is sure to be found out. We can never tell what we do not know. We cannot recite a lesson we have not learned. And when we attempt to skip the hard places, we are laughed at for pretending to know what we do not. There are many hard places in life which you may wish you could avoid, but it will commonly be better bravely to meet them. I have known many a girl whose parents were paying large sums for her schooling, and who could not well afford to lose what cost so much, who seemed to think it clear gain, instead of getting a lesson to skip it. Suppose a dozen diamonds, bright and beautiful, had been given to them. Could they have counted it gain to lose one? The tasks that are set us and the lessons we learn may be worth more than so many diamonds. We ought never to be glad of some excuse for skipping them. Pride yourself upon what you are able to endure and what you are smart enough and diligent enough to do, and never think it a gain to get rid of some task, to shirk some duty, or to remain ignorant of what you have a good chance to learn.—Catholic Transcript.

**JOE'S DISOBEDIENCE**

As Joe came out of the house, a boy about twelve years of age climbed the fence back of the barn. "Hello, Joe," yelled the boy, as he came running up to the house. "Why, hello, Skinny," yelled back Joe. "Say, I—See! look at that swell sling-shot." "Where'd ya get it?" asked Joe, eagerly. "The grocery-boy made it for me," was the reply. "Say, when—guess I'll have him make me one. But, listen; when—" "Here comes the grocery boy," interrupted Skinny. And off ran the two boys.

Inside of fifteen minutes Joe had one exactly like Skinny's. But when his mother found it she didn't approve of it at all. She strictly forbade Joe to shoot any birds. The days passed swiftly until at last came Joe's birthday. On this birthday his father gave him a beautiful little canary, which he had often longed for. He grew to love the canary and it became one of his dearest treasures. One afternoon, as Joe went on the porch, he noticed a strange bird, perched on the top of the canary's cage. "Twas a beautiful bird, with feathers all blue and red streaked. As Joe looked at him he thought what nice feathers they would be for his Indian hat.

Without thinking of what his mother had told him, he took aim, and then he heard someone talking quite near, but the voices became fainter and fainter and it soon died away. Then Joe began to think about it. What harm was there in just killing one little bird, when there were plenty others around? The more he meditated upon it the better the scheme seemed. So, thus all planned, he took aim; when he heard someone coming. In his excitement his aim was not straight. Whiz! went the pebble, but not at the bird, but straight at

the canary, and hitting it in the breast caused it to drop dead. The strange bird flew away unharmed, but frightened. Joe cried aloud in horror and amazement when he saw what had happened. Then his mother came out, and Joe cried: "O mother, my canary's dead," and then sat down and cried aloud. When she saw what had happened she thought he had punishment enough. She asked what had happened, and he explained. Then she told him to always be kind to animals, to be obedient, and to tell the truth. It taught Joe a lesson that he never forgot.—Catholic Universe.

**SHAKEN SOCIETY'S NEEDS AND DUTIES**

Mr. Joseph Devlin, formerly Member of Parliament for the Falls division of Belfast, is strong in the belief that if the disintegration of society is to be stopped, there must be more Catholic schools. "We hear from time to time," he said at Liverpool, "from many responsible citizens, statements about the instability of society, the shaking condition of moral structures, and of the dangers that lie ahead of well-ordered citizenship. Catholic schools are a barrier against these things, because religious education is the foundation on which a well ordered society exists. In the Catholic schools of this country we have a sure guarantee for a well-ordered society among our people.

"It is not fair that so great a burden as the building of their own schools should be put upon the shoulders of the poor. In this matter Catholics seek no advantage or privilege. All we want is equality in citizens' rights. There are two things absolutely essential for the welfare of the citizens of our country. One is healthy homes for the children, and the other is healthy homes for the adult population. Expenditure on both these objects by the State is money well spent, and it will be amply repaid by the increased efficiency and well-being of the people. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Member of the Scotland division of Liverpool and "Father of the House of Commons," who supported Mr. Devlin as Chairman, declared that Catholic schools ought to have the same right to municipal and civic support as the schools of any other sect.

Until there was a change in the law which gave ascendancy and preference to the children of one denomination as against another, Mr. O'Connor declared, it could not be said that there was religious equality in England.

**"HELPERS OF MOTHERS" ASSOCIATION**

A novel society has recently been founded at Nantes. This is the "Association of the Infant Jesus," the object of which is to help mothers with large families by furnishing assistants to help them in their housework and the care of their children. The helpers are women and young girls who work, either free of charge or in return for a small fee, giving to the society their whole time or else a certain number of hours a week. They promise to work regularly, always during the same hours, since regularity is considered the essential factor in the proper operation of the service. In addition to helping women in the house, they make every effort to enable them to fulfill their religious duties.

Women who cannot give their services to the society free of charge, receive a small fee, funds for which are provided by benefactors of the work, and also by small contributions from those who benefit by the work and those circumstances permit them to make some slight return. In such cases these contributions are made directly to the board of the organization and not to the person who does the work. The Association admits only those women as helpless whose applications are accepted by the board of directors.

**"THE LAW MUST BE INVOKED"**

Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, Head of the Knights of Columbus, has replied to charges made by Bishop Thomas S. Henderson of the Methodist Episcopal diocese of Detroit and other officials of that denomination who have charged the Knights with conducting a campaign against the Methodists and their evangelical denominations in Rome.

"Bishop Henderson and all who make similar charges have every opportunity to know that there is no truth in them," says Mr. Flaherty. They state that the Knights of Columbus are concealing the balance of the Knights of Columbus War fund, when everybody can go to a veterans' hospital or to Knights of Columbus schools and see what is being done with the money. They intimate that the Knights of Columbus are using War fund money for the Roman welfare work being operated at the request and under the auspices of the Holy See. That is a dangerous lie to utter.

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The \$1,000,000 endowment for the fifth anniversary of the raising of the Knights' Roman work is being contributed, every penny of it, from the pockets of the Knights of Columbus. When Bishop Henderson says that the Knights of Columbus incited criticism of the Y. M. C. A. he utters another falsehood, which on its face is ridiculous. "I wish solemnly to warn all who utter slanders against the Knights of Columbus that charity and patience have their limits, after reaching which the law must be invoked."

**SONOMA MISSION'S 100TH ANNIVERSARY**

The pages of history will be turned back one hundred years and the most picturesque features of mission life under the direction of the early California padres will be disclosed on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of the foundation of Mission San Francisco de Solano, the most northerly of all California missions. The centennial will be observed from June 30 to July 4, at Sonoma, where the mission is located. Five performances of the "Mission Play of Sonoma," written especially for the occasion by Garnet Holme, will be given during the celebration. The celebration will commemorate, in addition to the foundation of Sonoma Mission the seventy-

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