

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO
Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.
Some wills faint where some wills fight,
Some love the tent, and some the field;

I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive, or those who yield?

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back where some move on;
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roes creep
Around their name above a grave.

—FATHER ADRIAN RYAN

RISE OF A FARM BOY

Rural Quebec is often regarded by those who do not know it as a quaint, picturesque and interesting section of Canada, without the push and progress of newer regions. That is, of course, an incomplete picture, as may be found from a visit or a study of the production as it has been advanced since Sir Lomer Gouin put his shoulder to the wheel as Premier a few years ago, and had his policies continued by Hon. Mr. Taschereau.

The life of the new President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, J. H. Fortier, of Quebec, is a new illustration of the condition of French Canada. Mr. Fortier was born on a farm in Bellechasse County, and early in his life the French-speaking farmers began exchanging their sons with the Scottish and English farmers of the near-by Eastern Townships, and thus learned one another's language, and the French farmers improved their live stock and their farming methods. That was one touch with the outside world which stimulated the ambition of the boy.

Young Fortier became a stenographer in the office of P. J. Legare, in Quebec.

When the bookkeeper left, the boy asked for the vacant job, saying he would resign if there was no path to advancement in that office. He got the job, and in a few years was a partner, and now is directing head of an expanding business in agricultural implements, automobiles, and other farm necessities. He is public spirited, a good speaker in both English and French, and has been identified with various public enterprises, including the Quebec Exhibition.

Mr. Fortier's business advice is worth studying. Here it is, in compressed form, as told by J. Herbert Hodgins in Maclean's Magazine:

1. Work conscientiously.
2. Keep on studying.
3. Be enthusiastic. Pessimism gets you nowhere. But guard against extravagance.
4. Don't be afraid of responsibility.
5. Have definite hours of work.
6. Having made a decision go to it. Correct as you go.
7. Undertake few things, but complete them. From small things train yourself to bigger ones.
8. Stick to your job. Hold what you have. Progress every day.
9. Worry is wearing, physically and mentally. Don't cross the river till you come to it.
10. Take recreation—but don't let play disintegrate you in your business.
11. Meet successful people. Learn from them. Profit from every occasion.
12. Stand for something good in your community. Boost your village, town, province and country. It tends toward general progress—and it benefits yourself.—The Globe.

A HAPPY PHRASE

A very noble phrase was coined and used amid the strenuous and terrible experiences of the Great War. It was on the lips of everyone in France. The soldiers shouted it to their comrades as they met them going to the front. The wounded, as they were being carried in their litters back to the hospitals, cried out to one another and to the still strong and active.

The brave mothers and sisters used the phrase at home to hearten themselves to go on with the dreadful struggle against discouragement, anxiety, and actual want, which is their part of the War. One said it to the other in moments of dejection and sorrow, and it was a battle-cry of cheer against despondency and weariness.

In dark moments, in dangerous places soldiers and women and children all cried out and felt their courage rally: "Carry on! We must fight through and carry on." The plucky perseverance crystallized in this brave phrase is what eventually won the desperate War. As

the great general in chief command declared, "Battles are never lost until the vanquished think so."

On the other hand, victory never rests with the faint-hearted. No strength of arms, nor copiousness of supplies, nor skill in tactics, nor even individual dashes of bravery will supply the want of a determined spirit, a resolution to fight until the end, a willingness to bear all hardships and still carry on, a persevering courage which will not let anything, even personal weakness, even one's own faults, deter one from going forward. These things are at the heart of all successes.

Life has many things in common with warfare, because life itself is a succession of battles, open or secret, and we are constantly busy fighting foes within and without us who must be met with much the same perseverance as that which snatched victory from the midst of bloody strife in France.

In our own lives, therefore, no matter how dreary and uneventful our days may seem from without, it is of immense importance to us to get this hearty spirit and strong resolve to carry on.

Always we must hope to strengthen our weakness, must survey our enemies bravely, and count up our chances of prevailing over them. We must always wind up every self-examination, however discouraging, by a still stronger resolution to carry on. It is inconceivable how important is perseverance to the utmost if we would get success from any struggle.

Our one great enemy in our conflicts is discouragement and the will to cease fighting. If only we are brave enough to carry on, we may be confident of ultimate victory, however far postponed. We may apply this principle to nearly every activity of our lives, but particularly it is true in the great battlefield for heaven, where God Himself is ally.

We must never grow discouraged nor stop trying when we are fighting for God.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AUTUMN

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold, thy royal hand
Outstretched in benediction o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.

Thy shield is the red harvest moon,
Suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thine ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MASTER AND PUPIL

When Rubens was thirty-five years old, at the height of his fame, he returned from Rome to Antwerp, his native town, and there built a fine house in which he lived until his death in 1640. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was the studio of his pupils; another smaller one was appropriated to his sole use, and in it he painted some of his most celebrated pictures. His pupils were strictly forbidden to go into this apartment; and when Rubens went out he used to lock the door and take the key with him. Occasionally, however, he left it in charge of his old servant Francesco, on condition that no one but himself should enter the room.

One day the great master received a letter from a prince who lived about twenty miles from Antwerp, inviting him to his castle in order to paint his portrait. Rubens agreed to go at once; and just before starting he gave the key of his studio to Francesco, charging him on no account to allow any one to enter, under pain of being dismissed.

The next day the pupils came as usual, and then first learned the news of the master's absence from home. Six of the boldest immediately surrounded Francesco and begged him to allow them to view the treasures of the forbidden room, if only for five minutes; but he replied that it was out of the question—he could not disobey the express commands of his master. Then one of the youths took a gold piece from his purse, and showing it to the old man, said: "This shall be yours if you agree to our request; and we promise not to tell any one."

"Impossible!—Impossible!" exclaimed Francesco. But he could not resist the temptation to possess the gold piece; and, gradually yielding to their entreaties, he fetched the key and opened the door.

In rushed the young men pell-mell, pushing and struggling, each wishing to be first—when, alas! one pushed more roughly than the rest and fell against the last work of Rubens, his famous "Descent from the Cross," the paint of which was still damp, and blurred the face of the Blessed Virgin and St. Mary Magdalen's left arm.

GERMANY'S OPEN-AIR THEATERS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Colonie Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Cologne, July 20.—There has been a tremendous increase in the vogue of the open-air theater movement in Germany since the War, and its latest development is a devotion to the plays of the Spanish poet-priest of the sixteenth century, Calderon de la Barca. The extent to which the open-air theater movement has captured Germany is indicated by the fact that the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have opened such a theater in the courtyard of their medieval monastery at Knechtsteden near Neuss-Duesseldorf.

It was in this theater in the monastery courtyard that Calderon's present vogue of popularity originated. After one of his plays had been presented with success there, other open air theaters took up the idea and soon Calderon's plays were being produced all over Germany.

JOHN McCORMACK ON IRISH MUSIC

John McCormack, when being honored by the citizens of Dublin, recalled that he offered his services to President Wilson in any way he might think most useful during the Great War. He specially asked the President to allow him to go to France that he might sing for the American boys there. But President Wilson said: "No, McCormack. Whilst I appreciate the motive that prompts the offer, I cannot accede to your request. You know, someone must keep the fountains of sentiment flowing here at home."

Mr. McCormack hoped that in Ireland's development there would be no forgetfulness of the need for keeping the fountains of sentiment flowing by a due encouragement of art. Ireland in modern years was failing to produce creative musicians, despite her unequalled folk music. He attributed the deficiency to the lack of encouragement for

children of musical bent in the last generation. The Irish convents were at that time the only centers in the country where music was taught and cherished with noble zeal. As an achievement of the near future he had in his mind's eye a great Irish School of Music with a symphony orchestra which would rank with the Boston Symphony and the Chicago Symphony. He had a practical dream, too, of a splendid concert hall that would be worthy of Dublin, and he hoped to have the proud privilege of being the first to sing in that hall.

Words can not express the terror and consternation of the culprits, especially the more guilty Francesco.

"I am well paid for my disobedience and avarice," he exclaimed; but I will not allow one of you to go out of this room until you have repaired the damage you have done."

"Impossible!" replied the pupils, with one voice. "We are not skilful enough to touch the work of the master. We can not possibly do it."

But Francesco placed himself on the threshold of the door, saying: "No one shall leave this room till this mischief is repaired."

Seeing the inflexible determination of the old servant, the young man who had given the money said: "Francesco is right; we have done harm, and we ought to repair it to the best in our power. Let us draw lots who shall attempt it."

The lot fell on the youngest, a lad of thirteen. The little fellow protested that he should not make him do it, saying he had entered the room last of all, so that he could have no part in the pushing. But his comrades turned a deaf ear to his complaints, and instantly left the studio, followed by Francesco, who shut the door, locked it, and put the key into his pocket, leaving the unhappy boy to fulfill the difficult task of repairing as best he could the mischief that had been done. After a time he rang the bell. Francesco answered it, and seeing that the boy had repainted the parts which had been blotted, he gave him his liberty.

Poor old man! Only think in what a state of mind he was; half wishing for the return of his master, because the hours of suspense were terrible; half dreading it, lest he should be reprimanded and discharged.

At last Rubens arrived. He did not go at once to his room to change his traveling dress, but said to Francesco, who stood behind him, unable to meet his master's eye: "Give me the key of the private studio; I want to take a look at my last painting."

Francesco obeyed, and followed his master, trembling from head to foot. As Rubens stood before his picture he could not help exclaiming:

"Our Lady's face is beautiful, after all and St. Mary Magdalen's left arm is finer than I thought it was! I was in somewhat of a hurry when finishing the work, I remember."

These words seemed to inspire the old servant with new life, and he could not contain himself for joy. Falling down at his master's feet he related, in great detail, what had happened during his absence. When he came to tell about the drawing lots, Rubens exclaimed impatiently:

"Which of them was it?—but I think I know."

"Little Vandyke," replied Francesco.

We are not told what reprimand Rubens gave his disobedient pupils, but we know that Vandyke, who was probably a favorite, became almost as famous as his master.

His paintings are more precious than gold, and any art gallery which possesses one of them is rich indeed.—The Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AUTUMN

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold, thy royal hand
Outstretched in benediction o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.

Thy shield is the red harvest moon,
Suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thine ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GERMANY'S OPEN-AIR THEATERS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Colonie Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Cologne, July 20.—There has been a tremendous increase in the vogue of the open-air theater movement in Germany since the War, and its latest development is a devotion to the plays of the Spanish poet-priest of the sixteenth century, Calderon de la Barca. The extent to which the open-air theater movement has captured Germany is indicated by the fact that the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have opened such a theater in the courtyard of their medieval monastery at Knechtsteden near Neuss-Duesseldorf.

It was in this theater in the monastery courtyard that Calderon's present vogue of popularity originated. After one of his plays had been presented with success there, other open air theaters took up the idea and soon Calderon's plays were being produced all over Germany.

JOHN McCORMACK ON IRISH MUSIC

John McCormack, when being honored by the citizens of Dublin, recalled that he offered his services to President Wilson in any way he might think most useful during the Great War. He specially asked the President to allow him to go to France that he might sing for the American boys there. But President Wilson said: "No, McCormack. Whilst I appreciate the motive that prompts the offer, I cannot accede to your request. You know, someone must keep the fountains of sentiment flowing here at home."

Mr. McCormack hoped that in Ireland's development there would be no forgetfulness of the need for keeping the fountains of sentiment flowing by a due encouragement of art. Ireland in modern years was failing to produce creative musicians, despite her unequalled folk music. He attributed the deficiency to the lack of encouragement for

children of musical bent in the last generation. The Irish convents were at that time the only centers in the country where music was taught and cherished with noble zeal. As an achievement of the near future he had in his mind's eye a great Irish School of Music with a symphony orchestra which would rank with the Boston Symphony and the Chicago Symphony. He had a practical dream, too, of a splendid concert hall that would be worthy of Dublin, and he hoped to have the proud privilege of being the first to sing in that hall.

BENSON'S PREPARED CORN

Remember—no imitations in the world can equal the quality of BENSON'S Corn Starch. First in Canada 65 years ago, and still first in quality today! Our Recipe Book FREE!

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited
MONTREAL

BP 6



Genuine ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache	Neuralgia	Colds	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolis-acidester of Salicylic Acid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Every Month For Twenty Years

Previous to his death only two premiums (total \$247.80) were paid by policyholder 197166. The policy guaranteed a monthly income of \$20.00 for 20 years, but, due to its exceptional interest earnings, this Company is now paying to the beneficiaries \$24.30 per month and will continue at this rate during the life of the contract so long as there is no material change in the net interest earnings of the Company.

This is 21½ per cent in excess of our guarantee.

Great-West Life COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG

Stained Glass Windows

For Commemorating Lives and Events are Most Satisfactory...

Special Designs Sent on Request Estimates cheerfully given

The Hobbs Manufacturing Co. LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG



DENNISTEEL SHELVING

Made in Canada

A modern Shelving Equipment encourages efficient Storage System, facilitates ready stock taking and assures prompt shipments as well as satisfactory service to the customer.

Dennisteel Standardized Interchangeable Shelving parts, are designed in Unit System for every Storage purpose.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

We also Manufacture Steel

Garage Equipment	Waste Paper Baskets	Desks	Tool Boxes
Library Stacks	Stools and Chairs	Tool Stands	

Send for illustrated folder on any of above.

A Sure Thing

Before Henry Bell passed away he made sure that Mrs. Bell would never be the victim of "get rich quick" schemes. He had seen too much misery caused by unsuspecting widows placing their mite in the hands of smooth-tongued promoters. He wanted a sure thing—and he got it.

Each month Mrs. Bell receives a cheque for \$100. She will receive this as long as she lives, for Henry Bell was insured under the "Permanent Monthly Income" Plan of the North American Life Assurance Company.

This form of insurance provides no lump sum of thousands of dollars for grasping hands to dissipate, but a regular income which lives on through the years—a monthly income for life—a monument to your judgement.

Investigate this most protecting type of North American Life Policy. Our booklet "A Permanent Income" gives full particulars. Write to-day.

Agents in Every Important Centre in Canada

Please send me your booklet "A Permanent Income"

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____ Age _____

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
"Solid as the Continent"
Head Office: Toronto, Can.



Dignified Floors for Churches Vestries Church Halls Sunday Schools

Dominion Battleship Linoleum Floors are thoroughly in keeping with the most dignified surroundings. Their firm, smooth surface is soft and springy to the tread, pleasing to walk on and extremely quiet. These fine floors are waterproof and easy to clean and keep clean. They last for years with no upkeep beyond an occasional waxing. It is a perfect floor for Sunday Schools, Halls, Gymnasiums, etc. Dominion Cork Carpet a somewhat softer product, is equally durable, and economical in service. You could not wish for a finer floor for Church or Vestry.

Write today for free sample sketches and literature.

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited
MONTREAL

Dominion Battleship Linoleum and Cork Carpet

