#### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TRULY PATIENT MAN

Attend to the following advice of St. Gregory. Whenever you are justly accused of a fault, humble yourself, and candidly confees that you deserve more than the accusation which is brought against you; but if the charge be false, excuse yourself meekly, denying your guilt; for you owe this respect to truth and to the edification of your neighbor. But if, after your true and lawful excuse, they should continue to accuse you, thoule not yourself, nor strive to have your excuse admitted; for having discharged your duty to truth, you must also do the same to hamility, by which means you neither offend against the care you ought to have of your reputation, nor the love you owe to peace, meekness of heart, and humility.

Complain as little as possible of the wrongs you suffer; for commonly speaking, he that complains, sins, because self-love magnifies the injuries we suffer, and makes us believe them greater than they really are. Make no complaint to cholerio or censorious persons; but if complaints be necessary, either to remedy the offence or restore quiet to the mind, let them be made to the meek and charitable, who truly love God; otherwise, instead of easing your heart, they will provoke it to greater pain; for instead of extracting the thorn they will sink it the deeper.

Many, on being sick, afflicted, or injured by others, refrain from complaining or showing a sensibility of what they suffer, lest it should appear that they suffer, lest it should appear that they wanted Christian fortitude and resignation to the will of God; but still they contrive divers artifices, that others should not only pity and com-THE TRULY PATIENT MAN

resignation to the will of God; but still they contrive divers artifices, that others should not only pity and com-passionate their sufferings and afflotions, but also admire their patience and for-titude. Now this is not a true patience, but rather a refined ambition and subtle vanity. They have glory (says the Apostle) but not with God.

Apostle) but not with God.

The truly patient man neither complains himself, nor desires to be pitied by others: he speaks of his sufferings with the truth and sincerity, without, murmuring, complaining, or aggravating the matter. He patiently receives condolence, unless he is pitied for an evil which he does not suffer; for then he modestly declares that he does not suffer on that account, and thus he continues peaceable betwixt truth and patience, acknowledging, but not complaining of the evil.

In sickness, offer up all your griefs

WHE THE THE RESERVE

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best, so the virtue which is exercised in the bitterness of the meanest and most abject tribulations is preferable.

Consider frequently Orrist Jesus crucified, naked, blasphemed, slandered foraskes, and overwhelmed with all sorts of troubles, sorrows, and labors; and remember that all your sufferings, either in quality or quantity, are not comparable to His, and that you can never suffer anything for Him equal to that which He had endured for you.

Consider the torments the martyrs have suffered, and those which many at present endure, more grievous without any comparison than yours, and then say: Alasi are not my sufferings consolations, and my pains pleasures, in comparison with those who without any relief, assistance, or mitigation, live in a continual death, overcharged with afflictions infinitely greater thad mine? St. Francis de Sales.

A "GIVING" MORAL.

A "GIVING" MORAL

A "GIVING" MORAL

A wealthy young man, studying in Rome, accompanied a professor on an evening walk. Seeing a farmer at work on the outskirts of the city, who had taken off his shoes to rest his weary feet, the student said: "Professor, I should like to play a prank on that man by hiding his shoes, and then have the fan of seeing him hunt for them." The professor replied: "Let the poor man alone. A nobleminded person never plays tricks on poor, hard-working people. If you want fun, permit me to suggest that you do him a secret kindness by placing \$1 in each shoe, and then watch to see what he will do." The student immediately followed the buggestion and placed a silver American \$1 in each shoe.

They hid themselves, and in a few minutes the man quit work, pulled on his shoes and rose to go home. Feeling something in his shoes he pulled them off again and found the \$2.

Looking about he saw no one. Thinking he was unseen, he fell upon his knees to thank God. He fervently prayed: "O God, now I know that Thou doest wonder to those that trust in Thee. My wife lies ill at home, and the children need bread; but Thou hast sent me help in my need. I thank Thee from my inmost soul and pray Thee to bless the man who brought us Thy blessing," all of which was clearly heard and understood by the listeners, though spoken in Italian.

The student, overcome by his feelings,

spoken in Italian.

The student, overcome by his feelings, confessed to his teacher: "Such a blessed experience as this deed has brought me I have never before had in my life."

In sickness, offer up all your griefs and pains as a sacrifice to Our Lord, and beseech Him to unite them with the torments He suffered for you. Obey your physician, take your medicines, food and other remedies, for the love of God, remembering the gall He took for your sake; desire to be cured, that you may serve Him, but refuse not to continue sick, that you may obey Him; and dispose yourself for death, if the His pleasure, that you may praise and enjoy Him forever.

Remember that as bees, while making their honey, live upon a bitter provision, so we can never perform sots of greater sweetness, norbetter compose the honey of excellent virtues, than while we eat the bread of bitterness and live in the midst of sillictions. And as the honey that is gathered from the flowers of thyme, a small bitter herb, is the

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keepers, clerks, stenographers, teachers and one lawyer, many of them exceedingly well educated."

To other young men who are tempted as he was by the glowing accounts of prosperity won almost without effort—anywhere but where they are—the distillusioned fortune-seeker gives this

"Stay where you are known and where you understand conditions. If opportunity is denied you, hunt for it. In no part of the country does opportunity ite waiting for the mau. He must seek it. He must make it as best he can:

\* \* \* You will find as many opportunities in New England as in Washington or Oregon. Stay where you have friends to lend a hand. Don't go where friends can not help if they would. Work in the place where God has placed you—and then work some more."

—Sacred Heart Review.

WISE " DON'TS "

WISE "DON'TS"

Here are some wise "don'ts for young men," formulated by Dr. Albert Marion Hyde, a Massachusetts minister:

"Don't speak of the 'old gent' and the 'old woman,' Fathers and mothers are a necessary evil in the present system of things. They have spoken respectfully of you when outsiders could not see anything on which they could hang even a small compliment."

"Don't give all your attention to the education of the brains on the outside of your head. Football hair and a letter on your jersey are not sufficient

ter on your jersey are not sufficient training for life. The young fellow who is old fashioned enough to go to school for study still has a place in the world."

"Don't invest your nickel in a glass

"Don't invest your nickel in a glass of beer, then afterwards criticize the other fellow who has invested his nickel, in a savings bank. Beer checks and saving checks as investments are not in the same class.

"Don't put the money of your tailor and your washwoman in \$5 opera seats and \$2 theater tickets. They may prefer to spend their earnings in some other way."

#### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TWO GIRLS

TWO GIRLS

A girl in cotton gloves and a cheap shirt-waist sat looking wistfully out of the car window. The little bravch train had stopped at the junction to pick up any stray passengers from the Bar Harbor express. There was but one passenger to-day, a pretty girl, stylish to her finger-tips, who was at that moment surrounded by a crowd of young people laden with cabdy and flowers.

As the only vacant seat in the car happened to be that beside the girl in the cotton gloves, she found herself, when the young men came aboard with the new passenger and laughingly piled

their gitts about her, the center of the merry group.

The situation was embarrassing. She tried not to listen, or to seem aware of what was going on; yet she could not help seeing and hearing, and it was almost like reading some wonderful story.

The train gave a snort and a jerk, and the young men tumbled off. The next moment the first passenger heard a voice at her side:

voice at her side:

"May I talk to you? I am going to the end of the world, and it's so much pleasanter to have some one to go with."

Taken wholly by surprise, the girl in the cotton gloves turned towards her seat mate, at first witaout making any reply. The other girl, apparently not noticing her silence, chatted away, and asked many questions about places along the route. Suddenly the girl by the window looked down with a blush at the bunch of withered flowers in her lap.

window looked down with a blush at the bunch of withered flowers in her lap. They looked so cheap and countrified beside the other girl's beautiful roses.

"Emily, my little sister, gave them to me," she explained, shyly. "She's only five, and I've always taken care of her. That's why she felt so lonely."

The other girl's brown eyes seemed to darken. "I never had a little sister," she said. "Have you a father, too?"

"Why, yes," the girl answered, "of course."

"No, not by any means 'of course,'"
the other girl answered. "I suppose
you've always lived in one home, and
have a garden, maybe—and a room of

have a garden, maybe—and a room or your own?"
The girl nodded.
The brown-eyed girl spoke slowly:
"I never had a home. My mother died when I was a baby. I've plenty of rich relatives, and I go visiting from one to another; but I don't belong anywhere. Sometimes I think I'd rather have a scometime I was not forever than anything sometimes I think I d rather have a room of my own forever than anything else in the world. Of course I like this sort of thing," nodding toward the flowers and the candy, "but I'd give it all for a father who had time to talk to me. My father is too busy making money."

money."
She was silent a little while. Then she was silent a little while. Then she turned, her eyes once more clear. "No one can have everything, and every one has something," she said.

It was evidently her brave young creed—the philosophy that had kept her life sweet and wholesome under conditions that might easily have spoiled a smaller nature.

conditions that might easily have spoiled a smaller nature.

The two girls continued to chat pleasantly until the richer of the two—she who had a father and a sister and a home—reached her stopping-place. When the train moved out, she found herself standing on the platform with her hands full of candy and roses, a gracious gift, which she valued. But the real gift lay in the words that the other girl had spoken.—The Youth's Companion.

HIS WORD OF HONOR

HIS WORD OF HONOR

The order had been issued in Paris in 1871 by the new republican authorities that communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death immediately. So writes a French correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. The order was being relentlessly executed, when in the garden of the Elysee Palace, a detachment of republican troops came upon a small band of insurgents. Among them was a boy of fifteen years, still in short trousers.

on the way the fifteen-year-old boy broke out from among the companions and placed himself in front of the colonel who commanded the escopt. Making the military salute with a good deal of grace, he said:

PERFUMED



FOR MAKING SOAP. SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS. CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

The desire of the Protestant sects to

prevaled throughout Christendom before the advent of Protestantism with its doctrine of individual interpretation of

doctrine of individual interpretation of the Bible. The letter of the Long Island Lutheran Pastoral Conference to an invitation to join with "The Men and Religion Forward Movement," to which we have referred already, brings out the character of the task they have

out the character of the task they have set themselves who would re-unite the warring sects of Protestantism.

It is further emphasized by a com-munication which we find in the Bap-tist Chronicle of Alexandria, La. From

the latter we learn that there is a dis

the latter we learn that there is a disposition on the part of many Protestant sects to withdraw from the "associated effort" in the interdenominational Sunday School movement. The reason given for withdrawal is that the spirit of denominational loyalty, in some cases, has been destroyed by connection with the "associated effort" movement. A Bapist minister, the Rev. Benjamin Lawrence, of New Orleans, telling his own experience, points out that a re-

own experience, points out that a requisite for participation in "the associated effort" is the recognition by all denominations concerned of "the peutral ground." This recognition implies a certain amount of restraint. It sometimes according to the Per Period.

times, according to the Rev. Benjamin Lawrence, forces a conscientious man or woman into inconsistent and awk-

The address of a Baptist at one of

ward positions.

SOLD EVERYWHERE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

"Certainly, my lad," said the colonel.
"Taken with arms in your hands, it's all up with you. That is the order.
"All right!" said the boy; "but see here; I live in Miromesuil street, where my mother is concierge in a house.
She'll wait for me if I dou't come home.
I just want to go home and quiet har both the daughters is their good name and that the good name may be lost if they merely seem to place themselves on the level of those who brazenly flaunt indecency to lure souls to destruction.

FOREDOOMED TO Provide the property of the pr She'll wait for me if I don't come home. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know. Come, Colonel let me run home awile. I give you my word of honor I'll come back to be shot!"

The colonel was struck with astonishment at the boy's demand.

"You give me your word of honor, eh, that you'll return in time to be executed?"

"My word of honor, monsiour!"

" My word of honor, monsieur!"
" Well, well," said the colonel. " Go home, boy!"

The youth bowed and scampered off.
" The last we shall see of him," said

the colonel.

Half an hour passed by. But all at once the door opened and the boy communist popped in.

"Here I am, monsieur!" he exclaimed.
"I saw mamma, told her, gave her my watch, and kissed her. Now I'm ready."

Then the colonel did what perhaps none but a rough soldier would have done. He rose, came over to the boy, seized him by both ears, led him thus to the door, and kicked him out of it,

exclaiming:

"Go out, you young brigand! Get
back to your mother just as quick as
you can!"

With a red face the officer returned

to his chair, muttering to his companions, as he waived his hand toward a party of the condemned insurgents:

"So they have their heroes, then—those scoundrels!"

A POINTER ON BOYS

A teacher in a country school said to one of the boys who had agreed with the other boys not to bring wood to the schoolroom: "I know that John will be glad to go and bring in some word for the fire." Although John had made up his mind not to do this, he could not rehis mind not to do this, he could not resist when the teacher spoke as though she could depend upon him. If she had said, "John, I want you to go out and bring in some wood immediately," her words would have hardened instead of softened his heart. He would have resisted; but he could not resist gentleness and kindness.

"Robert is such a lawless boy. He is so wild that I cannot do anything with him," said a mother in his hearing.

Of course she could not do anything with him or get spontaneous service from him while she did not even expect it. While she was looking for the bad, and expecting it, she could not get the best.

best.

There is everything in the teacher's and the parent's expecting the best thing from boys. What a common thing it is to bear parents say before their childen that they are good for nothing, that they are lazy and impudent. Like produces like, and reproof engenders antagonism. The child naturally rebels at such reproof, and it calls out the worst elements in him.—Success.

CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE THE GIKL

Clothes do not make the girl any more than they make the man. But very often dress is indicative of the character. Immodest and vulgar gowns do not lead one to think that the wearer of them is religious or even womanly. Custom may have much to do with it, Custom may have much to do with it, but even custom, the prevalence of certain fashions, cannot induce a true woman to make of herself an objectionable sight. If it be so with the woman herself, what shall be said of her young daughter? Yet there are many good Catholic mothers, apparently devout, who, while rigorously modest themselves, stand by idly and watch their girls deck themselves in the extremes of styles, with gaudy and cheap ornaments. It is custom again, the following of a craze which is appealing to the immature girl, who scarcely realizes to what danger she is exposing herself by dressing in the fashion of those to whom innocence and modesty is a hyword. But if the girl is thoughtless, the mother should not be. She knows enough of the world to realize that the dearest

> LUMP IN UDDER By Simple Bottle of Douglas Egyptian Liniment

It is not much wonder that Mr. Allan Schidel, of New Hamburg, Ont., is a staunch friend of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Here is what he writes about

Liniment. Here is what he writes about its work for him.

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The master tree master as a control of humbers.

It's a great thing to always have on hand a bottle of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. It stops bleeding at once, prevents blood poisoning, and removes all inflammation, soreness and swelling in man or beast.

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Baptist preachers, he concluded with this declaration: "But in this movement I forget where I am and what I am." His Baptist critic, dwelling on this statement, rays: "His Baptist principles and proclivities are as nothing beside those of the interdenominational work. His denominational loyalty has become so diluted and thinned out that it is colorless and tasteless. From my point of view no Baptist, man or woman, individual or church, can afford, under any circumstances, to place themselves in such vital connection with other denominations as to feel under any obligation to surrender his or their loyalty to the denomination. The price to pay is too dear, the sacrifice too great."

We have here an echo of the Luther-

great."
We have here an echo of the Lutheran protest against interdenominational co-operation. Other Protestant sects undoubtedly will take up that protest. There is, therefore, but slight prospect of the realization of the hopes entertained in respect to a reunion of the Protestant sects, which are foredoomed by the Protestant rule of faith to failure whenever they attempt establishing unity between themselves.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The principal efficiency is rejection The only way to get things done is by refusal to do other things. A person is rich by what he does not spend, wise by what he does not know, a good workman by the work he never tries, and is kept alive by the things he does not eat. This, as Artemus Ward would have said, is "a goak," but truth lurks at the bottom of it just the same.—Frank The desire of the Protestant sects to avoid the logical consequences of the essential principle of Protestantism, can be understood readily. They ree much of their strength dissipated by disunion, and would like to hit upon some plan which would enable them to co-operate harmoniously. Insurmountable difficulties, however, rise up when they attempt to devise a practical plan re-establishing the unity that prevaled throughout Christendom before

# CHURCH FURNITURE

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### THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

AMAN tried to sell me a borse once. He said it was a fine herse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right,"

Well, I dien't like that. I was afraid the horse was int "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my meney if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking, You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1909 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives scapy water clear through the first of the clothes like a force pump might.

Stravity" Washer of the I wanted the man to do with the horse, of the I wanted the man to do with the horse, of the I wanted the man to do with the horse, of the I wanted the man to do with the scape of the I wanted the man to do with the scape of the I wanted the man to do with the scape of the I wanted the man to do with the scape of the I wanted the man to do with the scape of the I wanted the man to do with the mere of the I wanted the man to do with the mere of the I wanted the man to do with the mere of the I wanted the man to do with the mere of the work of the I wanted the man to do sak me. I'll offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'lt take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheeffully, and I'll watt for my money until the machine fuself earns the balance.

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The address of a Baptist at one of these interdenominational meetings is referred to as a proof of this statement. After announcing that he was a Bap-tist, whose father and grandfather were For A Soft Healthy Skin

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