

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE POSITIVE PLAN

When we had our first municipal exhibit, said an expert in such things in an Eastern city, "we went on the principle of showing all the things that were wrong with the community—the things that ought not to be, and the ways that ought not to be followed. We had an exhibit of ruins and storm clouds. Well, it was sensational—the crowd came and they took nothing away with them but a discouraged feeling. So we tried the positive plan, in place of the negative. We showed beautiful architectural drawings of the right kind of public buildings, and fine models of sanitary tenement houses. In place of heavy clouds, we put in rainbows. We aimed to present what could be done, and how to do it well and quickly—and then, and not until then, we held our crowds, sent them away thinking along our lines of thought, and got results. Negatives and 'knocking' don't pay. The true, the good and the beautiful win out every time in a municipal exhibit."

They win out everywhere else, too. The Christian who would win things to Christ must show them the things which are lovely and of good report. He, of all men, can least afford to be negative, censorious or unloving. Yet, are there not many who read this who need a hint from the municipal expert?

NEW KIND OF DATE

Perhaps the last thing in the world over which the vagaries of fashion might be expected to exercise any influence is in regard to such an everyday practice as the style of dating letters. Yet even here fads and fancies have their way. A new fancy is said to be the elimination of the date of the month altogether, simply giving the day of the year. For instance, June 1 would be represented by "152-1914," while New Year's Eve "365-1914" would be used.

WHAT HE ASPIRES TO

The desire shapes the deed. The hope of a young man lies not in what he now is, but in what he wants to be. The ideal pioneers the real. Every man's real is just a little less than his ideal. The manly feeling goes before manly achievements. A right ideal supplemented by opportunity and effort can achieve any result. The prophecy of the future of the young man is not in what he is now doing, but in what he is thinking and what he aspires to.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS

Development of one's own powers pays better than reaching others. As one terse thinker has put it, "Success consists more in getting the best out of oneself than in getting the best of another person." There are many points where each man, too, needs to get the better of himself—his worse self.

ENEMIES

The person who delights in making enemies is no man praiseworthy than he who would sacrifice his convictions, rather than make an enemy. Wisdom's course lies somewhere between these two.—Catholic Columbian.

SHOW YOUR BEST SIDE AT HOME

The young man who is a delightful companion when out among his friends is not always quite as desirable when seen in the intimacy of the home circle. It is there that our true character shows. Society in general may form an entirely different estimate of the character of a young man, for his family, through loyalty, is apt to shield him from criticism by hiding his defects. But home is such an easy place to let oneself "go." No one would dare to bring a grouch into society, for no one would tolerate it there. The grouch young man would soon see himself ostracized and deserted by his companions. What a gloom is cast over many a home circle by just such an undesirable member. When he enters all sunshine seems to depart from the room.

His sisters would never think of asking him a favor. We must have the love of God in our heart or we cannot love those around us. And so we find that the grouch boy, the grouch young man is seldom religious. He shirks his duty whenever he can, and just does so much and nothing more. He is stingy to his neighbor, and so we find him stingy to his God.—Holy Name Journal.

FOLLOWING CHRIST

Would you follow Christ? Then follow Him in self denial, in humanity, in patience, and in readiness for every good work. Follow Him with a daily cross upon your back, and look to His cross to make your burden light. Follow Him as your Guide and Guard, and learn to see with His eyes and to trust in His arm for defense. Follow Him as the Friend of sinners, Who healed the broken heart and giveth rest to the weary souls and casteth out none that come unto Him. Follow Him with faith, resting your whole acceptance with God and your title to heaven on His meritorious Blood and righteousness. Lastly, follow Him with much prayer. For, though He is full of compassion, He loves much to be entreated; and when He is determined to give a blessing, you must yet wrestle with Him for it. Thus follow Jesus, and He will lead you to glory.

REMEMBER

That difficulties are the things that show what men are.

That the greatest remedy for anger is delay.

That in words are seen the state of mind and character and disposition of the speaker.

That man's chiefest treasure is a sparing tongue.

That for one word a man is often deemed wise, and for one word a man is often deemed foolish.

We ought to be careful, indeed, what we say.

That he who would be happy must be from the first a partaker of the truth.

That truth is always the strongest argument.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HIS SECOND CHANCE

It was commencement day at D— college. The people were pouring into the auditorium as I entered. Finding the choice seats already taken, I passed onward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy, and on the very front row I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large, gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly-blown rose. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, we seemed fairly introduced.

"There is a going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother is going to graduate; he is going to speak; I have brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; but just old-fashioned, domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmother; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her fan.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproach; "not that homely one with red hair; that handsome one with brown, wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too, but they are not—they are dark blue. There he has his hand up to his head now. You see him, do you not?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said, "he is a very good looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight, "and he is good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the program. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, his hopes and his successes.

"He thought at first," she continued, "that he would write on 'The Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her childish lips her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he has a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I almost know it by heart. O it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by my interest, she must have seen in my face: "Amid the combinations of actors and forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find a turn of Destiny's hand."

"Why, bless the baby," I thought, looking down into her proud face. I cannot describe how very odd and selfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interests were concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter; two deep red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now it is his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came to the front, that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue, as with cold, I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came

into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas, little sister! She turned her large dismayed eyes upon me. "He has forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet childish voice:

"Amid the combinations of actors and forces that make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand!"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy which I felt, but she did not see. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arms around her. She was too absorbed to feel the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man, sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set faced relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young man got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

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MY BEST FRIEND
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When he saw her by his side, the set faced relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young man got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending to catch her words. Later I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees, and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his 'piece' now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing it was briefly announced that Mr.—would now deliver his oration, "Historic Parallels."

"Amid the combination of actors and forces which"—This she whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone-still, as though fearless to breathe, lest the speaker might take fright. No danger. The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring back the smile into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole part being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with him.

And when the address was ended, with the ardent abandon of one who atones enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian, rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped

to save the day—that one, beaming, little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.—From the English Messenger.

THE BELLS OF RONCEVEAUX

By Thomas Walsh.

You can hear them as you go,
Whilst the mules creep higher,
Higher,

Where the torrents overflow
And each summit lifts a spire—
Through the vales you hear them
singing.

In a silvery chant adoring—
Hark, the bells of Roncevaux!

Lone the proud old abbey stands,
Dreaming over lost Navarre;
Stony lie the folded hands,
Stony gaze, by lamp and star,
They who lit the world of glory
With the souls first glint of glory—
Neath the bells of Roncevaux.

Knightly comrades, row on row
In their mountain shrine, forgotten,
By their feudal towns below—
There they lie—fame's first begotten:
Helms collapsed and hauberk rust,
Dust where all the stars are dust—
Round the bells of Roncevaux.

Through our hearts their vision
steal
Out of ancient midnight telling
How they woke the Christmas peal,
How their Easter chimes went swelling.

Through the springtime morns of old
Ere the world was deaf and cold
To the bells of Roncevaux.

—The Bellman.

"BLUFF" VS. THE REAL THING

Years ago in school there used to be a few young chaps who, when they didn't know, always made a bluff at knowing and sometimes got away with it. The same thing may be noted in the workaday world.

The fellow with a good front, a good bluff and a smattering of information, may be able to get away with it for awhile, but in the long run bluff will not stand up when put to the test by real merit.

The "appearance" of knowledge or learning is very deceptive to the inexperienced; the ineffable glory of a Van Dyke beard has been known to impress the unwary; a rasping fiddler with long hair has been known to have his picture taken with a violin in his hands in an effort to deceive himself and the world. The old saw that "Clothes make the man" has a million followers who have an appearance of being something they are not. But when put through the wash they all fade as ingloriously as a piece of red calico.

These remarks are brought out by the fact that the month of June—the month of brides and roses—thousands of young men and women are graduated from "institutions of learning" and after getting a lot of high-sounding advice in baccalaureate sermons, will turn their attention to the world to find a place where they can use their talents to their own profit and the world's advancement. These young people are likely to be deceived by the appearance of things as they find them and are also likely to attempt to deceive in turn by pretensions of their own.

Perhaps everybody has to go through a period of self-deception before he awakens to the realities; perhaps everybody has to be deceived a time or two in order to discriminate between the bluff and the real thing.

There are lots of shoddy imitations that look well but which will not wear well, and not all of these shoddy things are manufactured articles; some men and women have all the characteristics of the shoddy goods.

The real thing has honest merit to back it up; the shoddy only looks well. It is unfortunate that the base imitations of the real thing are vastly more common to-day than they ever were before. Look about the city; notice the brick houses that were built in the '70s, '80s, or '90s; their walls stand straight without a crack in them. On the other hand, look for houses that have cracked walls, stone window sills that are falling out of place, bulging walls or crooked chimneys, and the style of architecture unmistakably shows that they were built within the last ten years.

Of course, not all the houses that have been built during the last decade are such as here described, but nearly all the houses that show defects in construction are comparatively new.

The older houses were built to last a lifetime, with solid foundations and heavy timbers, honest and workmanlike throughout. The latter houses were built to look well; their appearance was bluff, like the Van Dyke beard and the photograph of the rasping fiddler.

The same distinction runs all through life. In every line of activity there is insincerity and bluff, imitations of something worth while. There is an impression that all that is required to "make good" in this world is an appearance of something that you are not. It may get you by for a little while, but there is more than the appearance in the men and women who attain success through their own efforts. The young men and women who are starting out in the world have opportunity to cultivate the substantial qualities or may cover up their deficiencies by the veneer or bluff. If they are satisfied to "get by" they will eventually come across somebody who will call their bluff; if they want to win on merit they will cultivate that sincerity which in the end will make them masters of themselves and of their own lives.—Intermountain Catholic.

The question of God's existence is not a problem for science to solve at all. The scientist studies the material universe as he finds it; the study of the origin of things does not belong to the province of science, but long to metaphysics. Tell Smith that if he did a little praying he would probably be led by scientific pursuits, as Henri Becquerel declares he was, "to God and to faith."

To attack another's fault is doing the devil's work; to attack our own is doing God's work.

Alcohol pollutes whatever it touches, it enervates where it does not enslave. It destroys slowly that which it does not degrade quickly.

Maintain a holy simplicity of mind, and do not smother yourself with a host of cares, wishes and longings, under any pretext.—St. Francis de Sales.

EXISTENCE OF GOD

ATHEISTS SAY THERE IS NO GOD

In the form of a dialogue between an atheist the Sunday Visitor has the following interesting and simple arguments as to the existence of a Supreme Being. The controversy opens with the prevalent opinion of the age, namely, Smith says: "There is no God." To this denial the following appropriate answer is given:

Smith says it.
So does the Fool in the Bible, who speaks from his heart and not from his mind. Like his, Smith's wish is father to the thought. Smith deems to contemplate the consequence to himself, if there be a God.

No one ever proved that there is no God, and the burden of proof is on the atheist, since he takes exception to something believed by nearly all men at all times, and universal belief is set down as a powerful criterion of truth. You have heard the axiom that all people cannot be fooled all the time. The believer is to the real atheist as one million is to one. When the earthquakes, or storm rages there is no atheist.

Account for the existence of things without a God. It is easier to believe that the universe had a Maker than to believe that it made itself. The universe itself cannot be God, because though immensely extended, it has limits; and God must be infinite. Everywhere in the universe we note succession, but succession implies a beginning, and God had no beginning; He must be eternal.

Do you know a single thing on earth to-day which is not an effect of some cause? Well, the first material thing, even if it was only an atom, must have had a cause outside itself. Nothing can come from nothing (no-thing).

You have read that things reached their present condition by Evolution; but there must have been some original thing with which Evolution started; where did it come from? Evolution would postulate a God. Smith's atheism has no feet to stand on.

To the above Smith's followers reply: "I have called Smith's attention to the almost universal belief in God at all times, and he answered that the argument has not sufficient weight, since the most learned men, the scientists, refuse to believe in a God."

The atheist is again mistaken. Here is the reply:

Smith is badly mistaken. A German writer, named Damer, published a volume a few years ago, in which he shows that of three hundred of the greatest scientists of the last three centuries, two hundred and forty-three were firm believers in a God, and two-thirds of the remaining fifty-seven did not commit themselves sufficiently for him to decide whether they accepted a personal God or not.

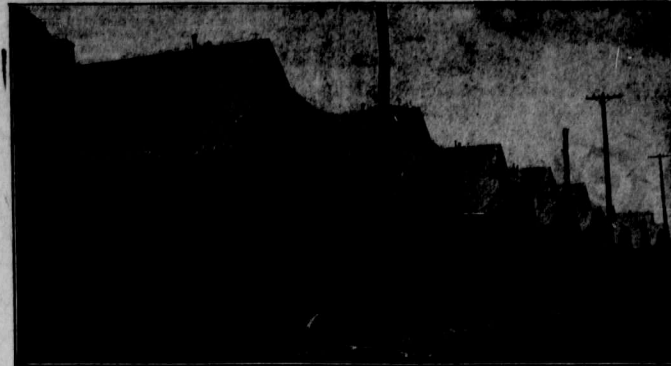
Some learned (?) men prefer to call themselves agnostics, rather than atheists; that is, they prefer to profess ignorance concerning this fundamental truth, rather than to reject it (absolutely and by the way, they wish to remain ignorant concerning it). The scientists, whom Smith classes as atheists, plainly state that science as such does not make atheists; for instance: Huxley writes: "If belief in God is essential to morality, physical science offers no obstacle thereto." Darwin avers: "I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of God." Spencer: "The existence of this inscrutable Power is the most certain of all truths." Jevons: "Atheism and materialism are no necessary results of the scientific method."

The question of God's existence is not a problem for science to solve at all. The scientist studies the material universe as he finds it; the study of the origin of things does not belong to the province of science, but long to metaphysics. Tell Smith that if he did a little praying he would probably be led by scientific pursuits, as Henri Becquerel declares he was, "to God and to faith."

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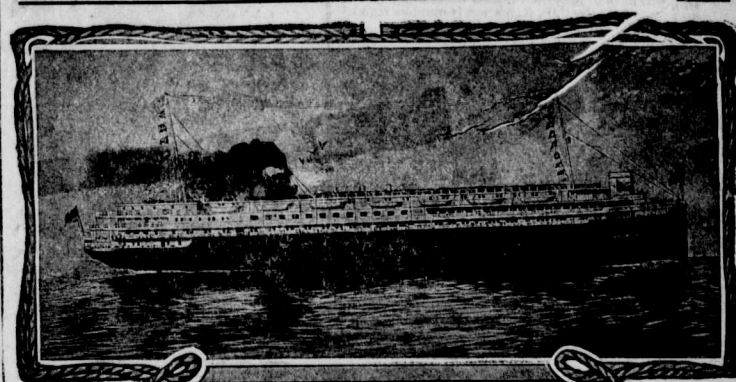
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