### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AT A RAILROAD STATION A pleasant lesson is pleasantly taught by Elbert Hubbard in the fol-

The other day I was waiting for a train at junction point in Ohio. No town there, just a crossing. The station was an abandoned box car. I stood outside of this "Grand Central," chewing a straw and thinking about nothing but how hot it was, as I slapped at flies. My train was 10 minutes late-why are trains always 10 minutes late?

A barefoot, freckled, hatless boy entered the old car carrying a box in his hand. He was the most frecklesome kid I ever saw in my life. He was so homely that he was attractive. From inside the box car came the click of a telegraph key.

Then I heard the operator say to the freckle-faced kid. "Say, 'Jimmy,' when you take a box for a spittoon and fill it with sawdust you invite a fire. Now just chase that box out o here and fill it with sand. See! And say, 'Jimmy,' there's that broom in corner again, resting on the brush. Stand a broom on the handle end—it will last longer. Lookee, 'Jimmy,' you must learn to take care of company property as if it was your own, and better—see! That's the

way to get along."

The voice was kindly, but firm. I stepped inside to see the man who was so loval and so sensible. He was crouching over his key, sending a message, his hat on the back of his head, a wooden leg sticking out from

under the table.
All at once I noticed he was sending with his left hand. I couldn't remember ever before seeing a southpaw telegraph operator. I stepped closer. The man's right hand was off at the elbow, and he held a pad in place on the table with the stump. wanted to shake his one good, hon est hand and look into his eyes. I hesitated about interrupting him. Just then, as I stood there, my train pulled in and I hustled out to get grips. I looked back through the door, and there was the operator still busy at his key, and the freckled kid was picking up the saw dust spittoon to carry it out. I set down my grips, reached into my jeans, took out a half dollar and tossed it toward the kid. It hit the sawdust spittoon. The lad stopped and stared at me with bulging eyes and open mouth,

I ran down the track and climbed

into the day coach.

As my train pulled up over the crossing I looked out of the window, and in the doorway of the box car station stood the operator and the boy. They looked straight at me earnestly, sort of daxed, perplexed; they thought I was Daffy Dill, for

That is the last I saw of them Probably I will never see them again, but my heart went out to them in blessing, there, in their Central" box car, with the sand box spittoon and the broom in the corner standing on the handle, not the brush. God bless them both.

And the sound of that earnest, kindly voice, instructing the freckled kid, kept singing through my thoughts-Lookee, 'Jimmy,' you must learn to take care of company property as if it was your own, and better—see!"

WORKING FOR GOD

We talk sometimes of working for humanity, but all honest work honestly done is that, whether it is making a stove or building a hospital. The race is being lifted by its great thinkers and philanthropists, by its inventors and reformers, but it is being lifted also by every faithful, conscientious toiler who does his best the matter?' I asked him, and here day's work for his day's wage, and | was his story puts interest and soul instead of mere selfishness into his task. The kingdom of God is rising out of the sham and sin of earth day by day, and its builders are not only those who are putting their work into souls, but those who put their souls into work as well—each man building "over against his own house," as best he may by doing for Christ's sake the thing that is given him to do.

# A GENTLEMAN

Cardinal Newman sketches the character of a gentleman in words every young man would do well to

It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never gives pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, merciful toward the absurd; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate.' These are all marks of thoughtful-

ness. A gentleman does not trample recklessly among people. He goes about carefully, knowing that he is walking in a garden and may tread down gentle flowers with his heavy boots if he does not watch his steps He wants always to give happiness, cheer and pleasure, never pain, discomfort or discouragement.

# THREE PUMPS

A man took a paper and a pencil and drew a picture of us. It was amateur work, for he was not an artist. But it was after all better work than many an artist had done—looked at from a certain point of view, What he drew was a picture of three pumps. Under the one he marked pumps. Under the one ne marked off a little hole in the ground. Under the second he outlined a cistern. Under the third he extended the pump away down through the earth into water bearing rock or gravel.

And then he proceeded to draw a

word picture.
"The first pump," said he "will sometimes yield water, but usually it is found dry. It depends on whether there has been a very recent rain or not. This second pump will yield water as long as the cistern is supplied: but the supply must exceed the yield, for there is a leakage and waste: where you pour a quart into it, you get a pint in return. It leads down into water beds which do not depend on momentary sources of supply. There is always water where it draws its product.

Here was an illustration of the ecessity of depth in our own human life. How many there are who go no deeper than the very surface for the things which make up the sum total of their lives. Again, how many there are who depend on the reservoirs that have been filled for them; their surply is of the orbits and the surply is of the orbits. them: their supply is often exhausted. How few there are whose lives are really deep: whose resources lie below the varying fortunes of the sur-

to various cases. Is it not, for instance, a sad commentary on human shallowness to see how thousands find their chief delight in the catch-penny amusements which have become an enormous branch of industry to-day, instead of finding solid joys in the real things of life, in home and family, in Church and religious life? Is it not another sad commentary to note how the sum total of some people's reading is to be found in the daily and Sunday newspapers? Must it not stagger one to note what a shallow pretense

many people's Church life is? It is not true that you cannot get more out of life than you put into it. You can get as much out of it as God puts into it, if you will drive down into His full-flowing supply channels. -Catholic Columbian

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF THE DYING

missionary told the following thrilling story at a church festival: "During several of the twelve years I spent in Africa I had under my pastoral care the sole charge of a district as large as England. Per-iodically I made a visitation of my scattered flock. On one of these vast excursions I lost my way, and found myself wandering, without the slightest idea of the locality. I could see no one. It was a season of drought. No rain had fallen, and my horses were scarcely able to drag along my cart for want of water. At length I came to Boer farm in this, to me, unknown valley. The whole country was scorched. There was, however, a water dam near the house and this was all drought. Approaching the Dutch farmer, I told him my tory, and asked if he would allow my horses to drink. Permission was granted. I told the farmer I was a Catholic priest. He was a Protest-

ant.
"'Oh, then,' said he, 'if you go
into yonder tent you will find a

"I entered there and found the poor fellow—a client of St. Joseph—near death. When I told him I was a Catholic priest of the district of Fuldtshoorn, one hundred and fifty miles away, he lifted his wasted body and exclaimed in accents of deepes gratitude :

'Ah, St. Joseph, I knew you would

send me a priest, so as to give me comfort before I die." "What has St. Joseph to do with

"'When I was a boy in dear old Ireland, my mother, a good Catholic, taught me to say every day, "St. Joseph, pray for me, that I may die a happy death." I have never for one day neglected that prayer. I made my first Communion at ten, and served Mass till I was fifteen. erlisted in the army at twenty-one, and came out to the Kaffir war.

Before leaving Ireland I went in my uniform and bid my poor mother good-bye, and as she kissed me ten-derly, she sobbed: "Don't forget your prayer to St Joseph," I came to the Kaffir war. When it was over and my time was expired, I was dis charged and stayed by choice at the

'There was no priest nearer me than Cape Town — five hundred miles away. I hired on this Dutch farm, and here I worked for years. Lately I heard of your arrival a Ouldtshoorn, one hundred and fifty miles away, and I set out in delicate health in the hope of going to confession and Communion. Arrived at your house weary, I was told you were away on the visitation and might not be back for many months. After a week I returned, and here I landed yesterday, nearly dying, and here is the priest to-day sent by St.

Joseph.'
"That night I instructed him and heard his confession. The next morning I said Mass and gave him Holy Communion, and soon after I gave Extreme Unction and the last blessing. He then died, saying with his last breath: 'St. Joseph, pray for me that I may die a happy death.'"—Catholic Bulletin.

# IF I WERE A BOY

If I were a boy, said an elderly man, I should want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me -to make me know and feel that

work of building my character — to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power," a "cause," a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the finel cutome. I am to run, in the final outcome, I am to

make myself. If I were a boy with my man's wis-dom, I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum, or patent medicines; I should never speak a word to anyone who migh be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no un-clean thoughts, pictures, sights, or stories in my memory and imagina-tion. I should want to be able to say, like Dr. George H. Whitney, ' have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world.' I should treat little folks kindly, and face reservoir, deep down where never-failing supplies run sweet and never-failing supplies run sweet and shout, climb trees, explore sing and shout, climb trees, explore swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that

belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study; read the best books, try to speak accurately and pronounce dis tinctly; go to college and go through college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mechanic; try to be a practical everyday Christian; help every good cause; "use the world, and not abuse it"; treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, the young as brethren and sisters in all purity. Thus I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous, a boy with a will; a boy without cant or cowardice : a man's will and wisdom in me. and God's grace, beauty, and blessing abiding with me.

Ah, if I were a boy!

STICK TO IT

Too many young people of to-day may be, from the preparation of a Latin lesson to the weeding of an onion bed, do perhaps half of it, then stop and begin something else, and probably never think of it again. It is a mistake for parents to allow such proceedings on the part of the children, but it is also a mistake for the young people to allow themselves

to form such habits. "Boys, don't be quitters. Per-severing people are the one who win the golden laurels of success. The great men of our country, our lawyers, our statesmen, our inventors and many of our presidents have achieved their greatness and built up their characters and reputations by persistently keeping at whatever they undertook. A person can never become a great writer or an orator without much perseverance in pur-suing his vocation, and by setting high and working for his aim in life. When you have a lesson to be learned, keep at it until it is mas-When you have a task set tered. before you, stick to it until it is finished. Don't be a quitter!—The American Boy.

"IF YOU PLEASE"

"If you please," makes people willing to help you and serve you.
"If you please," makes people sweeter and happier.

"If you please," is the key which unlocks more doors of kindness in family life than all the cross and ordering words in the whole diction ary. See if it does not.

# NEVER GIVE UP FAITH

CATHOLICS HAVE NO DESIRE TO CHANGE THEIR CREED IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF SPECIAL SOLEMNITY OR DANGER-SPECIAL CONVERSION A GRACE

During the course of my ministry. says the Right Rev. Bishop John Vaughan of England, which covers a period of over thirty years, I have known of thousands who have given up heresy and entered the fold of Jesus Christ. Indeed I have had the happiness of receiving some hundreds myself. In those thirty years have known of some few who, to my sorrow, have given up the faith. My experience extends to Australia, Pasmania and the United States as well as to Great Britain, for I have travelled much.

The result of my observations are as follows

First. I have never known, nor can I recall a single instance of a really practicing Catholic ever giving up the faith.

Secondly. I have never known of any Catholic, not even a negligent and careless one, giving up the faith unless there were some tangible temporal advantage to be gained by So far from making any sacri fices, such persons (from a worldly point of view) have had nothing to lose and everything to gain. It is well known that in Protestant countries a Catholic is always at a disadvantage. Whether he be a servant a tradesman, a member of one of the learned professions or a squire, he will always find that he will make his way better in the world as a non-Catholic than as a "benighted Papist"; though things are not as bad, perhaps, in this re-spect as they were. On the other hand the sacrifices a convert has to make are, as a rule, very considerable —to make me know and feel that and in many instances such as call God furnishes the material and the for absolute heroism. Hence, it conditions, but that I must do the stands to reason that a Protestant

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who becomes a Catholic must have special grace and courage, whereas a course and follow the path of least resistance.

Thirdly. Anglicans and other non-Catholics who submit to the authority of the Church do so, as a rule, at a tremendous cost. They are often heartlessly treated even by their nearest relations, and frequently have to begin their life all over again. In many cases, if they are clergymen, they have to give up an assured position, a fat living and perhaps a beautiful church and other emoluments and face not only poverty, but obloquy as well—a true test of sincerity. If, as is usually the case, they are married men, not only must they grieve over the impoverished conditions in which they have most unwilling placed their wife and family, but they have not even the setisfaction of entering the priesthood, but are compelled to take to unaccustomed and uncongenial work, merely to keep the wolf from the door. Yet in spite of all this there are hundreds and hundreds who readily make the sacrifice. Further, the Catholic religion itself demands many things which are hard and disagreeable to flesh and blood and which a Protestant escapes. The abstinences and fasts, the strict obligation of candid profession, the renunciation of one's own private judgment, the frequent attendance at Mass under pain of mortal sin, and many other obligations are binding upon the Catholic, but not on the Protestant. In short, in order Himself declared.

with poor, weak human nature; in the other case it is supernatural and against the Jesuits." contrary to inclination, so that we are compelled to exclaim: "The finger of God is here.'

Fourthly. Then there is another telling fact, of which I have been a witness again and again. In circumstances of special solemnity or danger when men are wont to be most sincere and true to themselves and motives, one will find Protestants wishing to change their faith; but Catholics never. I have known many Protestants, both men and women, and both old and young to have been received into the Church on their deathbeds. I have known them to refuse the ministrations of the parson and call for a Catholic priest to give them the rites of the Church. But in these circumstance I have never heard, or seen, or read of or come across any Catholic wish ing to become an Anglican or a Methodist or a Presbyterian or member of any of the other four hundred and sixty-four registered sects that blossom in this land.

RID of the Dirt from BASEMENT to ATTIC with 104

Catholic, like anyone else, may and does show human weakness. He may yield to temptation, and in the day of prosperity forget his allegi-ance and his loyalty to God and be drawn away by pride or worldliness or ambition or lust or cowardice. But place him on a bed of suffering. him realize that eternity is at hand and that there is nothing more to hope for in the world. Let him hear the voice of the Supreme Judge summoning him to judgment, and he will not waver in his faith. No. The last thing he wishes to do then is to change his religion. On the contrary, he will cling to it, and trust in it more intensely than ever. And as St. Bernard says: "O Death, thy judgment is sound!"

## WHAT DAILY MASS MEANS

Creature of God, do you not owe your Creator adoration? It is impossible to give God all the praise His Infinite perfections merit except by the Mass. In the Mass, Jesus, the Son of God, mmolates Himself for the glory of His Father. We can, therefore, unite our homage with the Infinite glory He renders unto Him. Every day you receive fresh blessings from God, and you feel a desire to thank Him for them. No thanksgiving is equal to that offered in the Mass. In return to God for His gifts you offer the Infinite merits of His Son.

Every day you commit some faults. You do not know how to offer sufficient expiation for your own sins, and those that you see committed around

Go to Mass and you will pay off all your debt with the Precious Blood which flows on the altar. Every day you stand in need of both spiritual and temporal graces. Jesus Christ at His death has left an inexhaustible treasure at your disposal. This treasure is found on every Catholic who becomes a Protestant altar at which the priest offers the has merely to let nature take its Holy Sacrifice, and is in a special manner at the disposal of those who assist at Mass.

We naturally feel that our penance is insufficient, our thanksgiving tepid, our adoration very imperfect. At Mass one sigh of your heart in passing through the immolated Heart of Jesus has an inestimable value given to it. And yet we hesitate to go to daily Mass !

You believe in purgatory. You know that it it a place of expiation for grave sins forgiven and for smaller offences. Now, by devoutly assisting at Mass we can purify our selves from venial sin and obtain better than by any other means remittance from our sins in the past You have, perhaps, dearly loved a dead relative. His soul has gone before God.

Go to Mass every morning, and each day you will procure for this soul a decrease of suffering and a diminution of the time of exile from heaven. You beg the grace of conversion; their eternity is at stake. Go each morning to Mass; every day unite your supplication to that of Jesus, Who has come to save sinners. Nothing will more surely ob tain the grace you desire and pray for.—Catholic News.

Why do some Protestants hate the Jesuits so much? A special correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times, writing from Berlin, says that: "The hatred of the Jesuits that a Catholic should become a that: "The hatred of the Jesuits Protestant, he has but to throw off which fills the breasts of our Lutherhis burdens. On the other hand, in an friends leads them to do strange order for a Protestant to become a things. A well known Catholic Catholic he must "deny himself and gentleman has recently received lettake up his cross daily," as our Lord ters bearing upon them stamps of the decorative and advertising kind The change in the one case is usually used in connection with exnatural, and in complete accordance hibitions and the like. In this case,

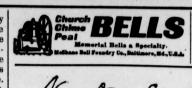
Directed against the Jesuits, abus ing and denouncing the Jesuits. And why? What evil have they done? Wherever they go they build churches for the worship of God, schools for the education of youth, engaging themselves constantly in works of religion and charity.

In this connection we are reminded of a story of a gentleman in conversation with a priest making friendly inquiry regarding another priest known to both, "Oh," said the priest, "Father B—, he is quite well, but constantly doing mischief." chief!" exclaimed the other, in surprise, who knew Father B. as a most saintly man. "Yes," continued the priest, with a broad smile, "he is constantly doing mischief to the

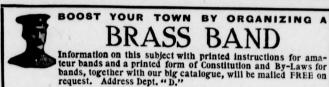
That's what the Jesuits are con stantly doing — mischief to the devil, and, therefore, are they hated by that potentate and his friends. Who and where are the friends? Are there any of them in Berlin or thereabouts? -N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

# THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Protestants sometimes ask why we give so much reverence to the cross. It is because the cross is the symbol of man's redemption, of God's undying love for His creatures, recalling to our minds the sufferings He endured to atone for our sins. And often when weighed down by sorrow, when all seems to go wrong, and the burdens of life press heavily upon us, it calms and refreshes our troubled spirits to gaze on the wasted form and forbearing countenance of our Lord as He contemplation of His sorrows we derive new strength to bear up under our own, and we are guided onwards in the way of sanctity, are made better by suffering, and ap-proach closer to Him who has suffered so much for our sakes.



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