

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY
What's the use of 'sighin'
Lettin' go your grip?
Why not put some stiff'nin'
In your upper lip?

Get some ginger in you,
Don't set round and whine,
Rustle up your shirt sleeves,
Stiffen up your spine.

Fortune's like a woman,
She will surely frown
If you try to court her
With your mouth turned down.

Why not try a whistle,
Just a bit of song?
Daylight sure is breakin'
Though the night be long.

- FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

IN THE MIDST OF PAIN

At the time that he was composing
the music for "Pinafore," one of the
merriest of operas, Sir Arthur Sullivan
was suffering from a most painful
disease. There was hardly an hour
while the work was on that he was
not on the verge of fainting.

BE WILLING TO SERVE

In every office there is the person
who does what he is told—no more—
and happily in many offices there is
the person in whom the idea of un-
selfish courtesy and kindness is par-
amount, who sees what to do and does
it, who does more than he is told,
who is really willing to oblige and to
help uncomplainingly. There's quite
a difference in the value of the ser-
vices of these two.

We are afraid to be too kind—that
church rule rules the lives of too
many of us. We do only the needful
and we let the little more, that would
add the kindly touch, go.

The enthusiasm and interest with
which you work, the service you are
ready to render help to make for
success, perhaps more than you
realize.

You want to be successful in
securing business? Then learn to
serve, forgetting self. It's a sure
road.

GET READY FOR MARRIAGE

Marriage is a subject of perennial
interest for young men. And properly
so. For on it depends the contin-
uance of the human family, on it
depends the earthly happiness of those
persons whose vocation it is, on
it depends in a great measure the
salvation of the married.

When a young man gets to be
eighteen or twenty, he ought to take
a look at life in general, as he sees it
illustrated in his acquaintances.

He will see that almost all them
he knows who are over thirty three,
are married; that those who are
happily married are, as a rule, prosper-
ing more than the single men in
the material and social circumstances;
that the married men are more com-
fortable in their homes than the un-
married are in clubs, or saloons, or
lonely apartments; that the pride of
young fathers in their children is so
evident as to be humanly delightful;
and that God and nature have
cooperated to make this state of life
for the majority of mankind who
grow up.

Considering, therefore, that mar-
riage is his vocation, let him get
ready for it. How? By taking stock
of himself morally, physically, social-
ly and commercially, so as to begin
whatever improvement should be
planned in order to make him worthy
of some good woman's love and trust
and life.

Let him take a look at his soul and
endeavor to purify it.

Let him take a look at his health
and endeavor to keep up his strength
and conserve his virility. Let him go
to his wife as pure as he expects her
to come to him. If he uses the proper
means, he can be content.

Let him take a look at himself
socially and brush up his manners,
his accomplishments, his education,
and his clothes. Let him frequent
good society. Let him see that he
acts like a gentleman on all occa-
sions. Let him get rid of his awkwardness,
his self-consciousness,
his selfishness, his lack of ease and
his want of savior faire.

Let him take a look at his business
prospects and "get a move on him"
to deserve promotion, to earn more
salary, to put more money into the
savings bank.

Let him take stock, too, of all his
young lady friends, and see which
one of them comes nearest to his
ideal of a perfect wife—the helpmate,
the dearest friend, the confidante, the
comforter of her husband.

Let him not be caught by the
bright eyes, or fine clothes, or coquet-
ish manners. The character is the
thing. What he needs is a woman
of heart, of principle, of affectionate
disposition, of virtue, of piety, of
common sense, of a will to work in
cooperation with him to make a
home; of a girl of good family tradi-
tions; a woman who will love him
and make him happy, and not think
first of herself—how much she is
betting herself by getting married;
a woman who will be a Catholic wife
for a Catholic husband, entering
matrimony, in the fear of the Lord,

for the purposes for which it was
designed.

Let him pray, work, read, study,
save, and improve himself in every
possible way, so as to make himself
fit for marriage.

Let him pray earnestly for his wife
that is to be. She is somewhere.
Even before he is acquainted with
her, she is his, his to be, his very
own, his dearest and better self. Let
him pray God to take care of her in
every way, and make her everything
that a good Catholic woman ought
to be.

So, thinking of marriage and of his
future wife in the right way, he will
be kept out of harm, he will avoid
what would degrade and disgrace him
in the eyes of his beloved, he will do
his best to make himself fit to be a
husband.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN EASTER IDYLL

"Gay stars, little stars, you are little
eyes,
Eyes of baby angels playing in the
skies,
Now and then a winged child turns
his merry face
Down towards the spinning world—
what a funny place."

- JOYCE KILMER

"Gay stars, little stars, you are
little eyes," repeated a little girl
looking up at the sky from a window
in her home. "Little eyes," she
whispered, "waken me early in the
morning to see the sun dance,
Nellie," she said, turning to a solemn
looking child who sat beside her, her
hand in her sister's.

"Promise to awake when I call you,
and we shall be in time to see the
sun dance."

"We shall go to the wood where
the water-fall is, and sit under a
tree. Oh! it will be glorious. To-
morrow will be Easter Sunday, the
day our Lord rose from the tomb,
and the sun dances with joy."

"But it is very far away," objected
Nellie, a note of alarm in her voice.

"Can't we see it here in the city?"

"No," said the little girl. "The
sun doesn't like the city, and I am
sure even on Easter Sunday he will
not dance. Now it is different in the
wood; he will surely be there. See,
I have the money to bring us on the
cars."

"Are you not afraid, Mary?" asked
the young child whose age might
have been five. Her sister was two
years older.

"Little Mary's eyes looked scornful.
"Am I afraid?" cried "On Easter
Sunday morning? No, indeed, no
one is afraid. Father won't miss us,
and mother's away. She was to
come with us this Easter; now she
won't be home until Monday. She'll
not be angry; oh! it will be lovely."
Then she said the second verse:

"Jesus Christ came from the Cross;
In each perfect hand and foot there
was a bloody hole.
Four great iron spikes there were, red
and never dry,
Michael plucked them from the Cross
and set them in the sky."

"Say the rest of it," cried Nellie.

"I like it best. It makes me feel
brave and strong like when Paul and
I are playing soldiers."

Mary repeated with fitting solemn-
ity and fire:

"Christ's troops, Mary's guard, God's
own men,
Draw your swords and strike at hell
and strike again.
Every steel-born spark that flies
where God's battles are
Flashes past the face of God, and is
a star."

"Oh, I love stars," said Mary.

"Look at that darling one up there.
Two little white-robed figures stood
at the window and peered into infi-
nite space—sparkling with stars.
A voice startled the children. It
was the old housekeeper who had
nursed them both. "Naughty
children," she cried. "Go back to
bed at once; you will both get your
death of cold, and mother will blame
me." She was smothered in the
embraces of the children. "Lamb-
kins," she murmured fondly. "God's
lambkins," and she tucked them
carefully into bed.

"Leave the shades up," cried Mary;
"we were watching the stars; they
are so beautiful and—"

The remainder of the sentence wasn't
finished, for both children were fast
asleep.

"Lord love 'em, better kiddies it
would be hard to find," said the
nurse. "But I wish their mother was
home. It's a responsibility to watch
'em."

It was light when Mary awoke and
flew to the window. The sun was
rising in the East, and its gorgeous
coloring fascinated the child. She
stood gazing at it in awe; it filled
her innocent child soul with delight
—and suddenly she remembered and
ran to her sister.

"Nellie," she cried, and abook the
little sleeper several times before
she awakened her. "Wake up. We
are going to see the sun dance.
Don't you remember? Wake up, we
are going to the wood."

Nellie yawned sleepily. "I would
rather sleep," she said drowsily.

But Mary would not hear of it.
She lifted her bodily from her bed.
"Hurry," she cried excitedly. "Hurry
to see the sun dance." Ten minutes
later two small figures, fully dressed,
ran down the stairs. The front door
was ajar. One of the servants had
been out and had not troubled to
close it. In a few moments the
children were on the street. An
early trolley car was passing. They
called to it to stop and got in. No

one remarked them. It was a com-
mon enough sight to see children in
a trolley. If anyone gave them a
thought, it was merely to think that
likely their father or mother was
somewhere near.

Half an hour after their departure
they were missed. The old house-
keeper, white as a ghost, with eyes
distracted, ran to her master's door,
crying and wringing her hands:
"The children," she wailed. "Some-
one has stolen the children. They
are not in their room."

The children's father, a tall, young
man, was instantly on the alert.
First, every nook and cranny of the
house was searched, but no sign of
his little daughters. His face grew
pale and haggard-looking as diverse
perils came before his mind. "My
God," he murmured, "what can have
happened." He searched the neigh-
borhood, but no one had noticed the
children. Finally as a last resource,
he rang up police headquarters and
gave a description of his missing
children. Soon every station in the
city had the alarm.

Meanwhile Mary and Nellie had got
out of the trolley and soon were in
the park. They looked at the sky
anxiously. A glance at the sun re-
assured them—he was in a flaming
majesty and enveloped them in a
golden shaft of light until their eyes
so dazzled they could hardly see each
other. They ran and ran in the
golden glory until they came to their
destination, a little waterfall amid a
clump of trees sparkling and throw-
ing gems of ripples that looked like
precious jewels as the sun touched
them.

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" cried Mary,
with eyes aglow, "but I wonder when
he will dance. He should dance soon
now, for it is Easter Sunday morning
and the dear Lord has risen.
Wouldn't it be lovely, Nellie, to meet
the dear Lord here in the wood?"

"You won't meet Him here," said
Nellie. "I know where He is; He is
in the Church. The sun will dance
there. The sun is not going to dance
here."

Mary looked thoughtful. "Perhaps
you are right, Nellie; but I wouldn't
like to miss seeing the sun dance.
Mother says it is a beautiful sight."

"I would rather see our Lord in
church," said Nellie. "Nurse showed
me where He lived. Within the
little golden gate."

"Well," cried Mary, with a regret-
ful sigh, at leaving the glory of the
wood and sky, "we shall go to that
dear little church on the avenue, the
one mother likes, and perhaps our
Lord will show us the sun dancing
on His resurrection morn."

The children hastened out of the park
and walked rapidly to the church.
When they reached it Mass was being
celebrated, and the altar was alight
with flowers and candles. In the
chancel window the sun filtered
through and lighted on the head of
the statue of our Lady. Then a
wonderful thing happened. The sun
began to dance, first a slow, graceful
measure, both children watching
with awe-struck eyes. It danced
across the high altar. It blazed on
our Lady's face. It bathed the statue
in liquid gold. And the little golden
gate shone out resplendent, as if to
say, "He is here. He is here."

"Oh, Mary!" cried Nellie. "I am
glad we came. Isn't it beautiful. I
wish mother were here."

The choir began to sing a joyful
hymn. The children were delighted.
"Gloria in Excelsis Deo," sang the
heavenly voices. A priest came to
the pulpit and began to preach of the
glory of the Resurrection. At first
the children listened attentively then
gradually one little head bobbed,
then the other backwards and for-
wards, and in a few moments, forget-
ting everything, Mary and Nellie fell
fast asleep. Many friendly eyes
glanced curiously in their direction.

But it was a big policeman who
solved the mystery. "Gee whiz,"
he whispered beneath his breath.
"I believe it is the lost kids; the
Good Shepherd has been taking care
of them." Speaking quietly to an
usher to keep a watchful eye on the
sleeping children he called up Head-
quarters and with a glad sigh of relief
clasped his two darlings in his
arms.

"Papa," murmured Mary.

"Gay stars, little stars, you are
little eyes. And the sun danced on
our Lady's face," she whispered and
nestled closer to her father.

"I saw it too," said Nellie drowsily.
—By Sheila Mahon.

LARGER FARM CROPS

TIMELY INFORMATION GIVEN

BY PROFESSOR ZAVITZ

Toronto, March 9.—At the inaugu-
ral meeting of the Agricultural Com-
mittee of the legislature held to day
a propaganda was instituted towards
meeting the problems imposed by the
war on the agricultural industry.
At the request of Sir William Hearst,
Minister of Agriculture, Professor C.
A. Zavitz, of the Ontario Agricultural
College, spoke at some length on ways
and means of increasing crop pro-
duction and the right kinds of mat-
erials to use. Sir William himself
made a few remarks emphasizing the
need not only of growing foodstuffs,
but of growing those kinds of food
stuffs which will be most needed
both here and in the Mother Coun-
try.

There was a desire on all sides,
said Professor Zavitz, to do all possi-
ble to meet the very trying conditions
that existed at the present time, but
he hoped the suggestions he had to
offer would be of real service in con-
nection with the increase, if possible,

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ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.

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BETTER CROPS WITH LESS LABOR

Owing to the scarcity of labor all
possible means should be adopted to
economize labor. While many of these
suggestions were obvious, their impor-
tance could not be too strongly
emphasized if actual results were to
be achieved on the year's operations.
He, therefore, said as a first considera-
tion the farmer should get ready for
the year's crop before the snow dis-
appears from the ground. The seed
should be selected, cleaned, and got
ready for spring sowing. In the
great majority of cases it had been
found that the seed which produced
the best results was that grown in
the locality where it would be used.

In Ontario, generally speaking, there
was a lot of good quality. At the
College they had learned from a long
series of experiments that "plump"
seed gave much better results than
small seed, but more seed would
have to be used in sowing, as the
plants from this class of seed were
larger and more vigorous than from
small seed.

PLANT AT THE RIGHT TIME

The next point made was the impor-
tance of planting the seed at the
right time. Much had also been
learned at the College. Briefly these
results indicated that in the case of
spring wheat it was important to get
it in the ground just as quickly as
the land could be worked. This
should be immediately followed by
oats. The barley should be put in
next, then peas and beans. Getting
the seed into the ground at the right
time means an addition of bushels
per acre.

BEANS SHOULD BE GROWN

Turning his attention to the crops
that might be sown to advantage,
Professor Zavitz urged an increased
sowing of beans. Beans were grown
extensively in Michigan and New
York States, and it was reasonable to
assume that Ontario, lying between
them, could grow beans profitably.
The bean was a highly concentrated
food product, and the seed available
in Ontario was comparatively free
from disease. The variety that he
thought could be used to best advan-
tage was the common white pea bean.
They are already grown to some
extent in every county in the Provin-
ce, and could be greatly extended
with profit. Prevailing prices are
high and will continue to be so as
long as the War lasts. He very
strongly urges the growing of more
beans.

The pea crop might also be in-
creased, but he did not urge this
strongly. Like the bean the pea was
a concentrated food.

ROOM FOR MORE OATS

Another crop that could be in-
creased to great advantage, said Pro-
fessor Zavitz, was oats. The oat
crop was exceedingly important. It
was needed to feed our live stock,
and live stock was greatly needed.
The oat crop of Ontario was worth
in value about one quarter of all farm
crops. Reiterating his former advice
about sowing good seed, he declared
the farmer should insist on getting
seed oats of a known variety. There
was a limited supply of O. A. C. No.
72 oats; he understood the Dominion
Government was arranging to get
"Banner" seed oats from the
West; in fact about 400,000 bushels
had been collected for seed purposes
in the terminal elevators. If the
farmer could not secure these he
suggested that No. 1 commercial
seed oats be purchased, but on no
account the ordinary commercial
feeding oats. This point he strongly
emphasized as being essential to suc-
cess—first home grown seed and next
western seed of known variety.

Professor Zavitz warned the farmers
against purchasing at a high
price seed oats that were exploited
by the United States seed houses,
when the same quality of seed could
be purchased in Ontario at from one-
third to one quarter of the price.

THE POTATO SITUATION

At the request of the committee,
Professor Zavitz referred briefly to
the potato question. The existing
high price of potatoes he thought
would result in a great many people
in cities and towns using vacant land
for potato growing this year. This
crop could also be very well extended
because of its great food value. As
to methods to be employed in sowing,
he said, that best returns would be
secured from sowing small, immature
potatoes from good, healthy plants,

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as distinguished from small potatoes
of a poor variety. Large potatoes,
when used, should be cut into pieces
of about two ounces in weight.
Experiments along this line had been
conducted over a series of years, and
the two ounce seed, under exactly
similar conditions to one-ounce pieces
and less, had given a yield of 177
bushels per acre. This was also
demonstrated at the Central Experi-
mental Farm at Ottawa, where they
got better results from potatoes from
Indian Head than from places further
south. Not because the potatoes
came from Indian Head, but rather
that the potatoes did not come to
the same degree of maturity. Give
first preference to your home grown
seed by all means.

The weather conditions last year,
said Professor Zavitz, were abnormal.
Fortunately most of the seed in
Ontario was free from disease. The
labor shortage continued to be acute,
and it could not well be overcome
while the War lasted. But he was
assured that if the suggestions that
he had thrown out to the committee
were adopted seriously by the farm-
ers of Ontario, the seed prepared
before the snow disappears, sowing
done at the proper time, and "plump"
seed selected, free from disease or
blight, that the results to the farm-
ers from this season's crop, given

reasonable weather conditions, would
be astonishing to the farmers them-
selves and a great help to the coun-
try.

John R. Dargavel, M. P. P., was
elected chairman and the members
present showed a great interest in
the discussion.

Salvation comes to us through
ourselves; through the full exercise
of our sincerest efforts to be honest
with ourselves, and, therefore, with
all men; to be mindful always of
the other members of the great
human family whose destiny is
dependent in some measure upon
the attitude and actions of each
individual; to be square in our
dealings.

Why is it that we so easily forget
that the little things in life are what
make it easy or hard? A few pleas-
ant words, a warm hand-clasp, a cor-
dial letter, are simple things, but
they are mighty in their influence on
the lives of those about us, adding a
ray of hope to many disconsolate
hearts, giving a bit of courage to
disappointed, weary ones, and help-
ing to make our own lives sweeter
at the same time. Few people
realize how much the little atten-
tions of everyday life means to their
associates in the home, the church,
the business place.

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Select Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.....lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70
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A Sad Letter From a Lady whose Husband was Dissipated

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write for free. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street Toronto, Canada

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected Copper and East India Tin.