

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It does not require very splendid talent to be useful. The necessary thing is a sincere and earnest desire to do good.

A Lesson in Saving. "If the young man will spend as much as he gets, he will never be any richer than he is," says the Pittsburgh Catholic. "Every man should, in every year of his life, make some addition to his capital. You say you get but little. Never mind, spend less than little; and then, next year, you will get more, for you will have the interest on what you save."

Good Nature at Home. This paragraph appears in a new book, published in England, with the title, "The Secret of Popularity," under one of the chapters headed, "How to be a Favorite in the Home Circle."

"Never never sit down to a family meal in dull silence, but tell of your day's doings, however simple they have been, in lively fashion."

"It is so much better to tell of an accident that befell a cab horse, or of a new flower you saw on the road-side, or of the big peaches you saw in the market, than to sit plunged in silence that soon becomes a fixed habit requiring your utmost exertion to break. As you go about your pleasure or your business, learn to notice little things, quaint, touching, or ridiculous, and tell them at the dinner table. How ever silent the rest of your family may be, they will soon learn to appreciate your modest efforts to be amusing, and sadly miss you when absent.—Catholic Citizen.

A Dandy Habit.

A fault-finding, criticising habit is fatal to all excellences. Nothing will strangle growth quicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws, to rejoice in the unlovely, like a hog which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up. The direction in which we look indicates the life aim, and people who are always looking for something to criticise, for the crooked and the ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving the world a picture of themselves.

This disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all that is beautiful and crushes out all that is good in himself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose your faith in people. The bad are the exceptions; most people are honest and true and mean to do what is right.—Success.

What Ruins the Boys.

When one considers the dangers, physically and morally, that present themselves to boys who form the habit of indulging in intoxicants, he fears for the stability of the country. Upon future generations depend the perpetuation of the life of the nation. The youth who prematurely decays through indulgence in vice can not be one a vigorous man or a unit of strength to the country. His intellectual faculty is dulled, his energies weakened, his body poisoned, and above all, and beyond all earthly considerations, the salvation of his immortal soul is imperilled. The boy who contracts the habit of drinking intoxicants enters upon a path that, as sure as night follows day, will bring him to destruction.

The saloon-keeper who sells a boy intoxicants should be held continually responsible by the State, for offering to the State's hope and the nation's expected safeguard, the means of ruin. Would a father offer a son a weapon to kill himself? Every time a boy is given an opportunity to enter a saloon, he is given at the bar, by one who is perhaps a father himself, a weapon, that if not cast away, kills slowly but surely.—Michigan Catholic.

Proper Breathing as a Means to Health.

As much of our appreciation of the sunshine of life depends on health, a few words on the simple elements of physical culture may be pertinent here. On arising and the last thing before going to bed, while you have on your night dress, stand with your back against the door and fill your lungs, breathing through the nostrils with the mouth closed, until the lungs can hold no more. Retain the breath while you count four. Expel it through the nose counting seven. Practice this breathing movement ten times.

Next, stand upright, turn out the toes, so that the heels touch. Place your hands on your hips, the fingers on the diaphragm, the thumbs at the back, in the soft part of the back, either side of the spinal column; now draw in a deep breath, force the air down, so that you feel the thumbs pressed out, through the expansion of the lower back part of the lungs, hold the breath while counting four, expel counting seven. Practice this movement six times.

Third movement, stand straight, head up, shoulders thrown back, arms hanging by the side; now gradually raise the arms until they are high above the head. While you are performing this movement take in a deep breath through the nostrils until the lungs can hold no more. Retain the breath while counting four, now gradually lower the arms at the same time, slowly expelling the breath, counting seven. Repeat six times.

These exercises practiced night and morning will develop the chest and shoulders; they will cure round shoulders, will rouse a torpid liver into action, wonderfully benefit a dull, muddy complexion and improve the general health. The windows of the room in which you practice should be opened.—Catholic Columbian.

Happy at His Work.

The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomforts is the man who is sure to rise, for it is what we do easily and what we like to do that we do well.

Every sorrow of life becomes a spiritual joy if accepted with patient resignation as coming from the hand of God. As pagan philosophy puts it: Happiness consists in becoming reconciled to the conditions which surround us.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A WIDOW'S VALENTINE.

The Widow Gray lived alone in a small house on the outskirts of Clinton. She was about forty years of age and had spent the last ten by herself. Her small garden cared for her a living in the summer, and in the winter she "took in washing" and knit stockings and gloves for the stores up town. Her life was a hard one at best, and many were the times when her thoughts went back to her happy childhood, so free from all care and worry, and to the time when she married "shiftless Jack Gray," as he came to be called, and troubles came thick and fast, for "shiftless Jack" died the death of a drunkard, and she was left with nothing but the little house in which she lived. It cost her a great deal for wood and food and clothing in the winter, and her weary hands plied the needle day after day in the struggle for existence.

As in other villages, Clinton possessed a lot of sport-loving boys, and though their pranks were often of a thoughtless nature, they were good boys at heart.

On this particular winter the boys were worse than usual. "Tick-tacks" were placed on the minister's window, water was poured down the schoolmaster's chimney and numerous performances of this sort were indulged in night after night. The local paper published an article on the "Boys of To Day," in which they were characterized as outcasts, demons, toughs, loafers, thieves—in fact, degenerated. Promptly that night the editor stumbled over a wire stretched in front of his residence; his hat was battered and his right eye suffered a trifling from connecting with the stone wall. During the holiday vacation the boys were especially active. Down in the hardwood lot owned by Jack Barrett's father they erected a shanty of logs and bark, and there they held their council of war.

One night in early February, when the boys were returning from school, they noticed in Hilbert's drug store the usual assortment of comic valentines. Here was another chance for some fun at some one else's expense, so the boys repaired to the shanty to make the necessary preparations. Jack Barrett had 8 cents, Billy Gordon dug up a nickel, Sam Dudley added 3 cents, Peter Forbes produced 7 and Artie Wellmann, the "Kid," finished the collection with a single copper. Peter Forbes was made treasurer. With the 24 cents they could buy eight valentines, 3 stamps and 8 envelopes. Then Jack drew a pencil and notebook out of his pocket and wrote down eight names. The Widow Gray's name headed the list.

That evening the boys purchased eight envelopes and stamps at the post-office and eight valentines at the drug store. The one that they selected for the widow was a hideous picture of a tall, gaunt washerwoman. In her apron pocket was a huge flask, presumably of whisky. The words beneath the picture were worse than the picture itself, and below the words was written: From your friends, THE BOYS.

The valentine was placed in an envelope and mailed with a 2 cent stamp. The letter, for such it appeared to be, presented a bulky appearance, and for this reason the boys expected that the widow would be greatly interested in its contents. They were not disappointed, either.

At 7 o'clock that evening the widow came to the drugstore's and purchased a little camphor. As soon as she left the drug store she entered the postoffice little hut in which she lived and waited. Shortly after the object of their fun arrived. On one arm she carried a bag, evidently full of washing and in the other she had two chunks of wood. Entering the cabin she placed the wood beside the stove and dropped the bag in a chair.

After starting the fire the poor widow took off her hood and cape and produced the bulky envelope from her pocket. Her face was pale as she hesitatingly tore the end of the letter open. Even then she paused as if fearful of what it contained. She stood facing the little window, so that the boys outside could see every move within. At last she drew the valentine out of the envelope and looked at it. Over and over she read the words. She was too old to appreciate the fact that it was only a joke, and then, too, the picture and the words brought back to her the memory of the past—of her husband and the life he had lived. Her dim eyes filled with tears and she fell on her knees beside the little cot. The boys gazed intently on the scene before them; then suddenly Jack turned and started up the road, the rest following silently and in single file. Straight to the shanty Jack went, and his rough walls heard the noblest consultation that boys had ever held.

The next night, armed with saws and axes, the boys cut up a large pile of hardwood, and during the following week each boy worked at odd jobs in a way that surprised and mystified the villagers.

Late on St. Valentine's night Sam Dudley arrived at the shanty with old Nan hitched to a single bob, on which the wood was loaded in two great piles. Then Jack produced a neat buckskin sack, fringed and beaded, and each one of the five boys dropped into it two bright 25 cent pieces.

It was 10 o'clock before the wood was unloaded and piled beside the widow's house, and the buckskin sack was hung on the door latch, with these words written on it: A VALENTINE, From your friends, THE BOYS.

The American Boy.

The Salvation Army of England has received a gift of \$500,000 to be used in taking poor families from cities and making homes for them on small truck farms. The settlers will pay for their places on easy instalments. Why can't the St. Vincent de Paul Society do something of that sort in this country.—Catholic Columbian.

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.

[Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. J. T. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Fatima," and "The Sign of the Cross and Unbelief," etc.]

A FEW WHYS.

It is only just that we should give the condemned secret societies full credit for all the good they do. They care for the sick and the afflicted, comfort the widow and the orphan, and in doing this do a truly noble and commendable work. All this, however, and more could be done without making such organizations mediums for the propagation of irreligious and dangerous principles. The church says to those societies, keep the good you have and eliminate the evil, and we will approve and praise rather than rebuke and condemn. Cut out your silly rituals; leave religion alone; do not try to make your constitutions and by-laws a complete code of morals for your members, and all will be well. The church believes in protecting the family. It believes in works of benevolence and deeds of brotherly love. It declares at the same time true morality to be impossible without Jesus Christ and His saving doctrines, and that to it has been committed the task of imparting the principles of religious truth which lie at the root of Christian morals. Do as the American Constitution does: leave religion to the churches and devote your energies to those things which tend to the social uplifting and the physical betterment of your fellow-men and the ban of condemnation will be speedily removed. You cannot claim kinship with the fomenters of revolution and rebellion in other lands and flout with the church which has the courage to condemn your secret political machinations. We refuse to accept your vague and nebular principles of morality as a substitute for revealed truth, your particular brand of brotherly love as a substitute for true Christian charity. We have heard all your high-sounding professions, your loud proclamations of devotion to the golden rule; but it is not these we want. We want a few facts. If you stand for correct principles and high ideals, why cloak it all with a garb of absolute secrecy? Why not proclaim those great truths and much-lauded principles from the very house-tops? The world stands in sore need of preachers and teachers such as you claim to be. Why imitate the Egyptian priests of old, and impart your saving truths to the select few who have crossed "the burning sands" on the banks of mythical canals, which to the uninitiated bears a striking resemblance to that superstition of which you are so ready to accuse us? Name if you can one single movement which you have inaugurated for the uplifting of the race? Your words are not empty platitudes and meaningless professions.

FAVORITISM AND INJUSTICE.

We have heard it said that there is no place in Masonry for bad men, but we have found it dominated in many places by unscrupulous politicians and by men of doubtful moral standing amongst their neighbors. We have seen it made the medium of gross favoritism and rank injustice wherever the interests of brother Masons are at stake. We have found in the works of its authorized writers violent opposition to the church and religion in general, and we have come to the conclusion that the church acted wisely and well in forbidding Catholics, under pain of excommunication, to enter its secret portals.

The church has been dealing with the world for almost two thousand years, and is acquainted by this time with most of the weak spots in human nature. It has guided its children, contrary after contrary, through the mazes of doubt and error. It has issued triumphant from the conflict with mightier foes than Masonry, and is quick to discern the cloven hoof under the garb of spurious morality and counterfeit philanthropy. There is no halt in its message and no fear in its tone when it proclaims, as it did in the olden days, "Get thee behind me, satan."

A STRONG ADVERSARY.

The church is neither liberal, modern, progressive nor free in the commonly accepted meaning of those terms. It cannot be liberal in dealing with truth, for liberality in matters pertaining to truth is ridiculous. Liberality with the multiplication table, with the problems of Euclid or with scientific truths in general is inconceivable. Why, then, demand it of the highest of all truths and principles are called in question? If the devil and humanity have not changed since the day of its institution. It cannot be progressive, because progress implies change, and there is no change in the conditions upon which the world's salvation depends. The church is free with the freedom of Christ, but it is not free to teach error or to compromise with vicious principles, no matter how carefully sugar coated or how insidiously advanced. It might have gained many a temporary victory in the past by compromising with wrong, by acceding to the desires of time-serving generations; but such victories would have robbed it long since of the world's respect, and would have brought it down to the level of those man-made creeds, "who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrive may follow fawning."

A Soul Sedative.

"Many a time when a man is wild with the questions, the doubts, the despairs, the uncertainties and the fears with which a view of life has surrounded him—and which are harbinging and baying at him as so many dogs—he goes, by instinct of grace, to the Blessed Sacrament, and in a moment, without effort on his part, all these shrill voices are hushed, and the storm is abated and, not after further voyage, but straightaway he is at the haven where he would be."—Father Faber.

In old age the virtuous are peaceful, while the depraved are sad.

AN OILY UNBELIEVER.

Mr. Goldwin Smith may feel delighted to learn from the editor of the New York Sun that he is correct—correct in his theology and correct in his methods of distributing it to the public, and that his opponents, especially one or two orients of the New York diocese, are faulty both in their knowledge of sacred lore and in their manner of disagreeing with Mr. Smith. He must feel assured also that he has a lion on the columns of the Sun; for the editor plainly declares that he cannot long allow Mr. Smith's opponents to use the Sun as a medium for exposing their ignorance and insolence.

There is a vast difference between the methods of Mr. Smith and those of the priests who are his opponents. Mr. Smith is, indeed, a cunning quarry. He will run the gamut from desecrating the Catholic church, which statements Mr. Smith seems to imagine ought to pass unchallenged simply because he is the author of them. Then again, Mr. Smith's opponents waste no words in coming to the point. They speak direct; but they are never ungentlemanly. Mr. Smith, though, is at tedious pains to assure his adversaries how highly he regards them, how sorry he is that they have not got common sense, and how he sympathizes with them in their honest search for the truth; and afterwards instead of replying to their questions begins a new line of attack.

Mr. Smith is an oily unbeliever. He is one of those human beings who would not believe even if he had a sign from heaven. For that reason argument with him is useless. Let him alone and pray that the Holy Ghost may open his eyes in the most rational method of convincing him. As the New York Sun—who cares whether it is fair or not in admitting contributions to its columns?—Providence Journal.

CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

Father Hugh Benson, son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, England, at a meeting of Catholics held recently at a private house in Oxford, read a paper on the "Conversion of England." He opened his remarks by drawing a distinction between the two kinds of desire which Catholics entertain for the return of England to the Catholic faith. Some are content with merely wishing—this is the desire of the imagination. The desire of the will differs from this, inasmuch as it implies work and effort. There are many ways of furthering this great object—of which the most necessary is prayer. But the weapon of controversy was that with which Father Benson specially dealt. He said that there was in some Catholics a tendency, natural perhaps after the bad old days of persecution, to gather round the fire and draw the curtains close, with no thought of the black winter outside except so far as it agitates the imagination of the warm within. These comfortable people shrink from opening the door to what was going on outside lest the cold blast should enter and once more blow out their lights and knock down their images. There are, of course, two kinds of controversy, the one most useful, the other to be deprecated. Controversy which was angry, abusive, and contemptuous was to be avoided; and in using the gentler, more persuasive method, care should be taken to realize and understand the position of one's opponents. Arguments which would persuade the ritualist who aims at outperforming himself to what he believes to be the methods of the primitive church, are inefficient when proposed to the ritualist who accepts the theory of development. And there is nothing to be gained by quoting the authority of Pius X. to a man who believes the Pope to be the man of sin.

The Archbishop's Comfort.

A little story told of the late Archbishop Chapelle shows that prelate in a very pleasing and lovable light. It was in the days before his elevation to that ecclesiastical dignity which he graced at the time of his death, and his questioner was a little girl, whose troubled face showed clearly that her small heart and soul needed comforting. Hastily she told her fault; she often and often dropped off to sleep while saying her prayers—and was that very, very wrong?

Irreverence in Church.

Occasionally the Catholic press and frequently the Catholic pulpit give the laymen sharp reminders on the subject of church decorum, and the citizen. And when they do, their reward is, as a rule, sharper censure. Yet is it not a fact that both have ample justification? Is there not an increasing carelessness in this particular on the part of many members? Do they not reflect in their conduct the customs of the non-Catholic congregations? Is their participation in the services not actually irreverent?

Observations confirm the necessity of the reprimands. There are those who refuse to wear their fingers or soil their gloves by contact with the holy water at the door. The sign of the



cross upon entering the church they never make. They enter the pew without genuflecting and bless themselves with a flourish that is ridiculous. When sitting they assume a bar room sprawl and when feigning prayer they give one knee to worship and the rest of their body for mockery. At the close of the service they engage the first acquaintance in conversation until the street is reached.

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