OCTOBER 26, 1912

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DON'T WASTE TIME

Often we have talked to our re-bout wasted time, but few act calize what the admonition means.

realise what the admonition means. These three words should be in the mind of every man every day. They should be repeated over and over in every pulpit, in every news-paper, in every school, in every family group. Only one thing we have—Time. In time we live and do our work. And time we waste like spendthrifts, forgetting its value and our small supply.

Don't waste your time. Don't waste it in idlences, don't waste it in re-gretting the time already wasted, don't waste it in dissipation, don't waste it in resolutions a Thousand times repeated, never to be carried out. Don't waste your time. Uso it. Sleep and work, rest and think. Save part of the time of yesterday by saving part of the money earned yesterday. Money earned in days past is the time of days past.

Save the time of to-morrow by plan-ning to use it carefully, thoroughly and systematically. The best of the have already wasted time tenough for the creating of a dozen reputations, for the doing of the times as much work as we ever shall do.

Don't waste time. Remember that however much time you may have wasted already you have time enough left if you will use it. The old man has wasted already you have time enough left if you will use it. The old man has no excuse for mourning the ohances that are gone forever. No chances are gone forever while life and time remain. You have seen the rising sun and the setting sun. They look different to you, but the difference is in your imagination. The rising sun is the sun of age. One is like the other. The rising sun, like the setting sun, gives heat and light to the earth and beauty to the clouds. And no man can tell the difference be-tween a photograph of the sun that is rising and the sun that is setting, or the difference between paintings of the two, if the paintings are accurate. Don't waste time. If all of your life

two, if the paintings are accurate. Don't waste time. If all of your life is ahead of you, plan to use it all, and begin with the present hour. If half of your life is gone, plan to made the remaining half as useful, as the whole life would have been, without the de-termination, the incentive and the knowledge of age.

Whether your sun be rising or setting Whether your sun be rising or setting use the hours of light and opportunity that remain. Scon the night, the dark-ness and the cold will come. All the sand of time will have run through your fingers and your chance in this life will be ended. "Work, for the night is com-ing, when man's work is done."

FORTUNATE COUNTRY BOY

FORTUNATE COUNTRY BOY The most fortunate boy in the State is he who has not caught the fever that is in the air, but is following his patient mule up and down the long corn row and grambling because he cannot have the fun the town boys enjoy. All honour to the father who, seeing what is invisible to guty-headed parents, holds his boy down to hard work and gives him Saturday alternoon for recrea-tion. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy ?" is a saying that has been considerably overdone. All play and no work makes Jacks spendthrilt and a deadbest. And that is what is the matter with the present generation. deadbeat. And that is what is the matter with the present generation. The boys are sporting on what their fathers earn. They wear the best clothes their fathers can buy, ride in automobiles bought on credit and play tennis for a living. The chap who is making a crop under the blasing August sun is the one who in after years will funnish enjoyment to the dapper fel-lows who are now smoking cigarettes and changing their linen every day. It is impossible to make a man out of

and enanging their linen every day. It is impossible to make a man out of a boy who never did an honest day's work in his life. It requires hard knocks to develop the manly qualities in a boy's nature. It takes nerve to stand against the temptations that beset a hoy's natures. against the temptations that beset a boy's pathway in these degenerate days. He must practice self-denial in his youth if he would resist evil in his machood's prime. Few sons of rich men are ever able to wear the mantle of their fathers. The reason is the rich man learned to say "no" to his desires in his youth, and his boy failed to learn that vital lesson. The farmer's boy has the best chance in the world to build the ladder by which he must rise. He cannot see the point now, but he will see it by and by. Our captains of in-dustry must come from the country if they come at all. A dude never yet de-veloped into a man. The shy and awkward country boy who is better acquainted with a grubbing hoe than he is with a baseball bat is the fellow who in fucure years will direct from his desk

A MAN'S MOTHER But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman

SOME GOOD ADVICE

Remember you are in the presence of God in His Holy Sacrament. Your

gossip will keep until you reach the street.-Bishop Consty.

WHAT TIME IS IT ?

scholarship which paid her tuition, she did not mind the hardships, nor the poverty. Was not this her life-long dream to be in college? And so earnest-ly and joyfully did she work that she won her way to the head of her classes, and into the most coveted college door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight. She worked not the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother. Bhe cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listen-ing for croupy coughs. She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph. At last com

circles. At last commencement came with its receptions and flowers and hosts of ad miring friends. In the midst of it Margery had a big share of the attention and admiration. Almost everybody had heard her story, how she had worked her way and won against all obstacles. They ad-mired her for her pluck and loved her for herself.

stories of boyish fun and frolic and triamph. She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on. She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked. She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows. Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in loveland tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something in account this very night. — Catholic Columbian. SOME GOOD ADVICE

wind against all obseques. They ad-mired her for her pluck and loved her for herself. When the graduates had received their degrees and their friends and college mates crowded forward to con-gratulate them, the last in the long line that greeted Margery was acrippled girl. She impulsively took both Margery's hands and with tears in her eyes said : "I'm so glad, Margery i so glad i" "Why, it's Elemon i" explained Mar-gery, still holding her hands. "You en-tered the freshman class when I did. But soon left, and I haven't seen you since. Why did you quit ? And where have you been ?" The slow color crept up in her face ; she turned her eyes aside. "Oh, I couldn't make it," she said. "I went back to teaching a country school up in the hills. I've been there ever since.

SOME GOOD ADVICE Don't get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation be-fore Mass may be the means of opening your souls to many graces. Don't go to Mass without a prayer-book, unless you wish distraction and not devotion to occupy your mind. Don't talk in church without neces-sity. Talk with God, whom you may not have visited, in His Temple, since last Sunday ; you will have plenty of time to talk with your neighbor. Don't criticise the sermon, nor the manner of presching. It is a message from God bearing some truth to you. Heed the instruction and profit by it ; it has something for you to learn. "But I'm so glad, Margery"-her eyes

"But I'm so glad, Margery"—her eyes again brightened—"that you stayed and won. I wouldn't have smounted to much even if I could have graduated. But you are so strong and splendid. You'll do great things, and the college will be proud of you. You'll do things that will make your name remembered here." At the reception that evening Mar-gery spoke to one of the professors about Eleanor Chalmers.

r Chalmers.

Eleanor Chaimers. "Do you know why she left school?' "Yes," and the professor explained. One day the dean of the college looked up from his desk as his secretary handed him a card. Heed the instruction and profit by it; it has something for you to learn. Don't leave the Church until the priest has left the sanctuary. Take a moment in which to thank God for the graces of the Holy Mass. Don't talk in the aisles going out

handed him a card. "Margery Nelson." "Send har in at once," he said to the secretary, and smiled for he was pleased and curlous to see Margery. Since her graduation five years before she had not been back to the college. They looked for her every commence-ment, but she never came. They won-dered about it. They had all loved her, students and faculty allke. They had all been proud of her and predicted great things for her. She must have loved the college. Why then had she never returned ? Occasionally they heard of her, read of her. She was suc-ceeding in her chosen work. The dean was still wondering when Margery came in, buoyant and happy as WHAT TIME IS IT? It was just a little before lunch in the offices of a great railroad. Some of the clerks were putting on their costs, some leaving for the washroom, some consulting the clock; some were still busy. Suddenly the "boss" entered. He glanced about him, and then approached the young bookkeeper. "What time is it?" he asked. The young man kept on figuring, and

Margery came in, buoyant and happy as "Margery," asked the dean after the

first greetings, "why haven't you been back ?"

"What time is it ?" he asked. The young man kept on figuring, and the boss put a hand on his desk and re-peated the question. Instantly he other looked up, sur-prised to see the chief at his elbow. "I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked. "Merely inquiring the time—that was all," said the other. The bookkeeper glanced about the room, located the clock, and said, "It's ten minutes to twelve." back ?" "I've been too busy making money," she replied with a quizzical smile. "Why, we never suspected you of all people to become a "money grubber." laughed the dean. "Why so mercen-ary ?" Margery grew serious. "It was to pay a debt." "Oh ?" said the dean. "I didn't know you merce in debt. I thought you earned

"Thank you," said the general manager and vice president, and strolled "On ? shid the dean. "I did to know you were in debt. I thought you earned your way as you went along." "I did," Margery nodded. "This debt is to one who never went along." She got up and laid on his desk a draft for \$5,000. That conversation cost the young bookkeeper his place—in the passenger department — and put him under a higher officer. Nine years later he was

"What is that ?" he asked, surprised. "My savings for five years." She was smiling sgain. "I want to found a scholarship." higher officer. Nine years later he was assistant general manager, and while in the thirties became a general manager full-fiedged.

The dean still looked puzz'ed. "You do not remember, I suppose, a crippled girl named Elesnor Chalmers,

crippled girl named Elesnor Chalmers, who entered college the same year I did, but stayed only a few weeks ?' "Yes," nodded the dean, "I remember Margery Nelson was sitting on the boarding house stairs waiting for the postman. This was the day she would hear whether or not she had won the

"The day I gradnated"—Margery's tone was scarcely steady—"I learned that she, like I, had taken the examina-tion for the freshman scholarship. And that she, as I had only one hope for payhear whether or not she had won the scholarship. Margery had found a place to work for her board and she could earn her room rent; but if she didn't get the scholarship she would simply be compelled to go home, for she had no monay to nay her tuition with, and no

ing for her tuition. ngefterthe t eveni

THE CATHOLIC RECORD



to seek my little bed and hear dad say : "That worthless boy, he isn't worth his bread !" I'd like to be a boy again ; a boy has so much fun ; his life is just a round of mirth, from rise to set of sun. I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hena, and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.—Catholic Sun.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE OF MACAULAY TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

Lord MacCauley's opinion of the Catholic Church, written in his best style, is a classic of the English lan-guage. It is reprinted here : "There is not, and there uever was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Catholic Church. The history of that church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carried ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carried the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pan-theon, and when came leopards and tigers bounded in the Slavian amphitheather.

"The proudest royal houses are but "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. The line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth ; and far beyond the time of Pepin the August far beyond the time of Pepin the August dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of table. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youth-ful vice.

"The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farther ends of the world

missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attils. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisition on the new world have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the old. Her spiritual ascen-dency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which a cen-tury hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe.

a population as large as that which how inhabits Europe. "The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the governments and of all the governments and of all the collesistical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all who was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, make his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

"Is it not strange that in the year 1799 even asgacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome had come? An inthe Church of Rome had come? All in-fidel power ascendant—the Pope dying in capacity—the most illustrious prelate of France living in a foreign country on Protestant alms—the noblest edifices

which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting houses for political societies or into Theophilanthropic etapols-such signs might well be supposed to indicate the spproaching end of that long domin-ation

END WAS NOT YET But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius VI., a great reaction had commenced, which appears to be still in progress. Anarchy has had its day. A new order of things rose out of confusion—new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidat them emerged the ancient religion. The Arabs had a fable that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and alone of all the works of men, hore the weight of the flood.

the flood. "Such was the fall of the Papacy. It "Such was the fall of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great innn-dation, but its deep foundations had re-mained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidat the ruins of a world which has passed away. The Republic of Holland was gone, the Empire of Germany and the great council of Venice and the old Helye'ian League, and the house of Bourbon, and parliaments and aristocracy of France. Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late even a affected only the terri-torial limits and political institutions.

The distribution of property, the com-position and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable church was still here."

7

25 Years Experience

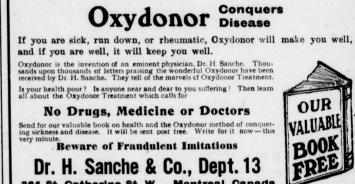
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loans were made to freshmen. A week before she had taken the ex-amination with a number of others who amination with a number of others who were trying for the freshman scholar-ship. Margery felt sure if she had won the scholarship she would get the notifi-cation that afternoon ; but if she had

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARGERY'S RETURN

while she waited, wondering how she would get the money to pay her car fare home if she had failed, a long official envelope was slipped in through the letter slot of the outer door. Margery bounded down the stairs-she knew she

To Prevent Chapped Skin

ey to pay

bounded down the stairs-she knew she had the scholarship. That was the beginning of four long, happy years. To earn one's board and room rent by three hours of hard work every day outside of college would have seemed hard to many. But not so to Margery. Now that she had the in future years will direct from his desk in his office the polished young gents who now laugh at his awkward man-

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ment, one of the professors told me that Eleanor and I had tied for the scholar-ship. But the committee had decided to award it to me, as I was strong and could most likely be an honor to the college. "II 1 had known." said Margery, with tense emotion. "I would not have taken it. But I didn't know until then.

"Now I want to pay my debt. Here is the first five years' earnings of my life. I want to found a scholarship for extended scholarship for ife. I want to be and crippled girls. "And I want it named the 'Eleanor Chalmers Scholarship.' " — Chicago

Advance. BE LOVING GIRLS

BE LOVING GIRLS Girls are very spt to wish to be popu-lar among their school friends-to be admired as the prettlest girl, the witti-est or quickest scholar. Certainly it is a good thing to be loved, but it is not a good thing to be loved, but it is not a good thing to exert one's self only for the sake of being loved and admired. When we have helped a friend with a lesson because we love her; when we have kept our temper in spite of vexation be-cause that is the only way we can be like Christ; when we run errands for mother, because it is the right thing to do, and we love to help her, even if it does in-terfere with our plans for our own pleas-ure-then any admiration that may be given tus cannot hurt us to make us vain, because we did all with a right motive. Don't think too much about being loved; it is much more important that we should be loving.-Catholic Sun. BOYHOOD DAYS

BOYHOOD DAYS



ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

BOYHOOD DAYS I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care, with freckles soattered on my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd ike to rise at 4 o'clock and d'a a bun-dred chores, and saw the wood, and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors ; and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim, so that they wouldn't sink : and milk about a hun-and stand out in the sun all day and churn, and churn, and churn ; and walk every day for breaking some old rule, and then get home again at night and cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore ; and then crawl wearly upstairs Canada's Standard toilet and nursery soap for over 30 years.

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