

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW SHALL I GET RID OF A BAD HABIT

"How shall I a habit break?" As you did that habit make. As you gathered, you must lose; As you yielded, now refuse.

But remember, as we try, Lighter every test goes by: Wading in, the stream grows deep

Ah, the precious years we waste Levelling what we raised in haste; Doing what must be undone

LEARN YOUR WORK FROM GROUND UP

A white-haired pilot heard young sailors on the ship complain that he stood at his ease at the helm, while they had to climb the masts, spread the sails, and exert themselves by strength or speed, for less pay than he received.

A scientist was asked: "When is a man in the prime of life?" He replied: "At sixty-nine, if he is daily learning something new."

The moral:—Learn your work or trade or profession thoroughly, and you are bound to succeed in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases.—Michigan Catholic.

YOUR OWN EPITAPH

If you had to write your own epitaph, and the tombstone were big enough, could you truthfully put all this on it? asks Dr. Sheldon:

1. Here lies the body of one whose daily life was a Sermon, and whose conversation left no bitterness.

2. This was a soul that had many faults, but he was always trying to correct them.

3. His friends outnumbered his enemies, and all his enemies were caused by his honest convictions.

4. Little children came to him without asking, and old people asked him to come again.

5. He lost money, but he never lost his faith, and having once found the pearl of great price, he never sold it for something more showy.

6. He shared generously of everything except his troubles, and smiled just before he turned a corner.

7. He knew how to pray, and loved religion, and was not afraid nor ashamed to talk about God to the boy in the office elevator.

8. People loved to see him come along the street, and when he was absent from church, they knew he was sick, or out of town.

9. He enjoyed life so much, and lived it so well, that no one thinks of him as dead, and he lives in very many other people who imitate his virtue and follow his example.

WHAT A BOY COSTS

So you are twenty-one. And you stand up clear-eyed, clear-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever stop to think, son, how much it cost to make a man out of you?

Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to a legal age, care for him and educate him, costs \$25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all. You have cost your father many hard knocks and shortcomings and gray streaks in his hair; and your mother—oh, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifices.

It has been expensive to grow you, but—

If you are worth what we think you are, you are well worth what it cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much, but "Hello, Son," way down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever; and for the little mother she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes.

You are a man now. And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more

than twenty years to help you up, and already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you, Twenty-one?

Your father has done pretty well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you. Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you out. It will put to test every fiber. Once the load is fairly on your shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind. All hail to you on the threshold.

It's high time you are beginning to pay the freight, and your back debts to your father and mother. You will pay them up, won't you, boy?

How shall you pay them? By always being a man!—Maben (Miss.) Press.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MONTH OF THE ROSARY

Say, dearest Mother Mary, can it be That, having May, thou claim'st October, too?

The flowers of the Spring we plucked And these sad leaves of Autumn wilt thou sue?

When evenings first were lengthening, calm and warm, We lit thy altars gay with lily-bloom;

Now falls the night full swift, with lowering storm, And still thy tapers stay the advancing gloom.

'Tis thine and ten times welcome, Mother dear! This ripe and crisp October month is thine,

What though our flowers and leaves be scant and sore? The Calendar of Love knows no decline.

Accept these Autumn wreaths—our chapels bright With crimson—yellow-stained, like sunset skies.

O Star of Morn! be still our star at night, And bless our fading years, as thou didst bless their rise.

THE KINDLY WORD

The art of saying appreciative words as we pass through life, is one worth developing and carefully putting into service.

A woman sat on the piazza of her home, her pale cheek and drooping figure telling of recent illness. She was watching the raking of leaves from the grass, and as the man passed near her with his rake she aroused herself from her languor to say: "You keep the lawn looking so nice, John. I like to see it that way."

He was only a hired man, a stranger in a strange land, and this was but one of a score of duties that he was paid for doing. Probably no one had ever thought of praising him before, and he had no answer ready. A week later the gentle invalid was gone—slipped away suddenly out of encircling arms, out of the world, like the vanishing of a snow wreath.

No one thought of John as among the mourners; he was only the driver of the family carriage, which carried some of the friends, but to one of these, with whom he found himself alone, he told of the kind recommendation, the last words he had heard the woman speak, and added, with a voice growing husky: "As long as I stay there, the lawn will be kept as she liked to see it."

Thus it is shown that, by a few words easily spoken, loyalty to one's daily work is quickened.—True Voice.

ST. TERESA

St. Teresa, who with all her mysticism and holiness, was particularly a woman of common sense, says in regard to prayer:

"It is so simple to pray, I don't ask of you high-flown thought or considerations, but I do ask one thing of you, and that is, to look at God. Without a word being spoken or a sign made, persons united in strong affection have a mutual understanding by a glance one from the other. There is no question of many words or long meditations, but there is a question of much love. Prayer is a loving intercourse with God. In prayer we must treat God as a father, brother or spouse."

Today, again, so many centuries after the death of this great saint, we also find the same thought put before us in the life of one of her spiritual children, Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus. This pure, holy, and courageous soul, without ecstasies or visions, rose to the height of great sanctity. The little Flower of Lisieux also followed St. Teresa's example of folding the choir cloaks for the nuns when they left the monastery chapel, and she tells us that her favorite prayer was the "Our Father." She wrote that, when she felt in a state of spiritual dryness, she recited "very slowly" the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," and that these prayers took her out of herself and wonderfully refreshed her. The following words on prayer are very similar to those of St. Teresa—"I simply tell Our Lord all that I want and He understands."

A certain priest came to St. Teresa one day asking her to admit to one of her convents a very pious girl in whom he was much inter-

ested. He told the saint about the girl's piety and spirit of prayer. St. Teresa replied: "If she comes to us we shall teach her how to pray, and God will give her the gift of piety, but if she has not common sense we shall not be able to give it to her." Let us ask St. Teresa to obtain this faculty for us.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

BOYS THAT SUCCEED

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife.

"Because the very first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "But I don't think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first day after the boy began to work, he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned to him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: 'Mr.—, I have finished all the work, now what can I do?'"

"I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question: 'What next?'" That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned to him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man.—Liquorian.

THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

One of the sublimest spectacles given to mankind to contemplate is that of Mary, the pure virgin and spotless Mother, standing at the foot of the Cross. Mother love ever evokes tenderness in the beholder. Such an affection, when aroused by sorrow, has a poignant and compelling appeal. The mother of the Maccabees, witnessing the death of her seven sons, stands out in ancient history. Niobe, bewailing her slain children, is the most pathetic human touch left us by the art of paganism.

Mary, however, stands alone in her grief. The exalted station which she occupied in the scheme of humanity; the supreme innocence of her Son; the ingratitude of a people whom He would save; the villainy of His executioners and the divine nature of the Victim Himself: all this sends a hush of horror and pity over the hearts of thinking men.

It is commonly accepted that the more finely one's nature is formed, the more tender one's sensibilities, the more keenly does one suffer. The summit of perfection was reached in this regard in both Jesus and Mary. Hence the very acme of suffering was experienced by those two wondrous beings, the God-Man and humanity's solitary boast. The realization that her Son was God and could, by a mere thought, annihilate His tormentors, was a cause for added sorrow. While her reverence for such divine mercy elicited her admiration, it also deepened the wound opened by man's perfidy.

Occasional reflection on the picture of Mary standing bravely at the foot of the cross cannot but strengthen one in the midst of disappointments and the ingratitude of mankind. The sight of her calm and unperturbed demeanor, while her very soul was agonizing, is a lesson to all who fume and worry about the little trials of life.—Catholic Bulletin.

GO OFTEN TO CHURCH

In every tabernacle God waits and watches for the vision of His children, longing for them to come and talk to Him and tell Him their troubles and their needs, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and tears, and he is always ready to listen to and comfort them and to grant their prayers.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

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SUNLIGHT SOAP advertisement with image of soap box and text: Above Imitators. No other laundry soap has the blend of utterly pure coconut oil and palm oil from our own plantations that gives Sunlight its wonderful washing power.

EDDY'S SILENT MATCHES advertisement with image of matchbox and text: Canadian Clean Through! Always Everywhere in Canada ask for EDDY'S MATCHES

The E.B. EDDY Co., Ltd. Hull, Canada. Branches and Agencies throughout Canada.

Capital Trust Corporation advertisement with list of directors and authorized capital of \$2,000,000.00.

Sale of Blanket Seconds advertisement from The Horn Bros. Woolen Co. Ltd. offering 200 pairs of fine Lambs wool blankets.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text: Before you redecorate see our booklet on the new Alabastine Opaline Effects.

Ladies, Boys and Girls advertisement for the Rosary of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, offering religious pictures and medals.

Hallam Canadian Wolf advertisement featuring a woman in a fur coat and text: FREE HALLAM'S BEAUTIFUL FUR FASHION BOOK FOR SEASON 1923.