#### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A MAN'S MOTHER

"Your mother's life has not been Your father was a poor man, easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting 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. She 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, listening for croupy coughs. She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph. 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 yet living, to pay back to her in love and tendersome of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all."-St. Paul

#### HIS FIRST BANK ACCOUNT

A man who for years held an important position recently told reporter the story of his early days in New England. He said:

"My father was a poor farmer right here in Concord and I never had a dollar I didn't earn. I drove cows all over this town when I was a youngster. I did everything a farmer's boy had to do in those days.

"After I got big enough to help my father he gave me a \$1 a year, and for a number of years I put that money in a savings bank. It was my first bank account and I have ever touched it-principal or inter-It is still intact. It was only a small amount, but looked bigger to me than any bank account I have had since. Some years ago I transferred the book to my son. A short A short time ago he made it over to his son, and I hope that they will keep it intact as long as any of my name live. I have seen Concord grow from 4,000 to 30,000."—Sacred Heart Review.

#### READ THIS, BOYS

The heads of nearly every successful business were once just ordinary boys, at small wages, in that same business, says the Philadelphia Standard and Times. The head of one of the biggest dry goods store in this city was once an errand boy in that same store. He didn't climb to the top by watching the clock. A thou-sand clock-watchers who started out his neighbor by following Christ's as well as he are still clerking or fell example in treating every human by the wayside as he strode over their | being as a brother or a sister. heads. He arrived because when he went to work for that business he He was loath to quit when the whistle blew, because he liked the work and wanted to help.

When you take a job, get the feeling that you are a part of the business; that much depends on you, that the boss is having a hard struggle of it, and you must help him all you can, advises the Kansas City Star. If you do that will soon see that the boss is your friend, and you forming his simple household duties, will go ahead.

took an interest in its going ahead. The clock-watchers are still digging. The boss carpenter on that house The boss carpener of that both building over there got his job because the contractor saw the same and brought the wayfarer into his cause the contractor saw the same Employers are looking for men who are loyal, who use their heads to plan and help, who are not afraid of work. There There was never an extra demand for clock watchers anywhere, and there never will be.

Maybe you have seen those two are poised in the air for the next stroke, but they never make it, for just then the whistle blows, and at the first sound of it they let go, and the picks clatter in the trench. It always bring a big laugh, because nearly every one in the audience knows at least one man of just that

So many men are mere clock-All their lives they are watching the face of the clock. Eight o'clock in the morning finds them scampering to register on the time clock before starting time. The forenoon is spent in watching the hands of the clock moving, oh, so slowly, toward the noon hour. The afternoonfinds them noting passing hours, and when quitting time comes they beat the clock to it by a minute or

And then they wonder why they advanced, why their wages are so slow in increasing; why, when a flurry of hard times comes and some one must be laid off, they are always among the unfortunates.

# SANE ADVICE

The New Century believes that the habit of self-cheer is well worth cultivating. We quote: "Take cultivating. We quote: "Take courage in doing your work and living your life. Get into the sun and be of good cheer. How many dangers you have escaped! How much you really can be thankful for! Why hate any man? Don't let trifles irritate you. Possibly some people may not think well of you; but forget it. Even the saints were slandered. You are getting off to no purpose and effect

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IT COULDN'T BE DONE Somebody said that it couldn't be done, But he with a chuckle replied

"maybe it couldn't," but he would be one That Who wouldn't say so till he tried. So he buckled right in, with a trace

of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hit it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done-and he did it.

Somebody scoffed : "Oh, you'll never do that-At least, no one ever has done it ;" But he took off his coat and he took

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it, With a lift of his chin and a bit of a

grin, Without any doubting or quiddit; He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done and he did it. There are thousands who tell you it cannot be done, There are thousands who prophesy

failure ; There are thousands to point out to you one by one, The dangers that wait to assail you But just buckle in with a bit of a

grin, Then take off your coat and go to it, Just start in to sing as you tackle It is devotion to Christ that attracts the thing

#### -EDGAR A. GUEST.

DON'T SNUB A POOR BOY Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author but in spite of it all we know that of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker. our Divine Lord remains always in Don't snub a boy because his the tabernacle. He sees us as we home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a of every one.

log cabin. ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the placed in the tomb but a few hours inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, although it was in the depth of winter. - The

#### THE VISIT OF THE LORD

In one of his beautiful stories Tolstoy shows how everyone, no matter what his station, or how poor

A very devout Russian peasant had prayed for years that the living Master might sometime come to his humble cabin home. One night he had a dream, in which the Master told him He would come to his cabin the next day.

Filled with joy, the peasant awoke and, so real seemed his dream, he immediately went to work to prepare for the expected visitor.

A terrible storm of sleet and snov heaping fresh logs in his crude firewill go ahead.

And this applies to every kind of a man in every kind of a business. The foreman of that gang of sewer diggers got his job because the contractor saw that he knew his business and took an interest in its gaing ahead. his back struggling toward the light, but almost overcome by the fierce blasts of snow and sleet that beat He dried his clothing. warmed him, and fed him some of the cabbage soup which he had pre-pared for the Master, and started him again on his journey rejoicing.

In a little while he saw traveler, a poor old woman trying to fight her way against the storm. funny men of the vaudeville stage Her also the compassionate peasant who are digging a ditch. Their picks took into his cabin, warmed and fed took into his cabin, warmed and fed her, wrapped his own coat about her, and sent her on her way.

The day wore slowly away and darkness approached, sign of the Master. Hoping against hope, the disappointed man looking out into the storm again saw an unfortunate traveler. child, vainly trying to make its way against the blinding sleet and snow. He ran out, carried the half-frozen child into his cabin, warmed and fed it, and soon the little wanderer fell asleep before the fire.

Sorely grieved because the Master had not appeared, the peasant sat gazing into the fire while the child slept. Suddenly the room was radiant with a light that did not come from the fire, and there stood the Master, white robed, and looking upon him with a smile. "Ah, Master, have waited and watched all this never succeed, why they are never long day, but Thou didst not come." Master replied: "Three times have I visited thy cabin today. The poor peddler whom thou rescued, warmed and fed, that/ was I—the poor woman to whom thou gavest thy coat; that was I—and this little child whom thou hast rescued from the tempest, that is I. Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of

these, you have done it unto Me." The Christ vision faded. The peasant awoke. He was alone with the child, who was smiling in its sleep. But he knew that his vision

easy. Banish fear and worry, which you go on being happy indefinitely. Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. An-

#### WE KISS THE CROSS

Are we practicing idolatry whenon ood Friday, or at any other time, we a chaplain, read the Office; him-Good Friday, or at any other time, we kiss the cross? Those who do not seem to realize what Catholic devotion to the sacred symbol of redemption means, thus accuse us. But it is not an idolatrous practice. On Good Friday, for instance, we adore the cross, we kiss it as an outward expression of the love and adoration that find place in our hearts.

And how vividly is the cross and connected everything tragedy of Calvary brought before us at this time—during this Holy Week! Can we not go back in imagination to that day in Jerusalem when the populace hailed our Divine Lord on His entry into the Holy City, strewing branches in His pathway and crying "Hosannah to the Son of David?" Later on we see Him in that upper chamber, where He institutes the sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist which is to be handed down for all time. We see Him again, reviled by the rabble, who cried in their hatred, "Crucify Him!"
"Give us Barabbas!" Then we follow Him on to the court of Pilate, and later on His sacred body is stoned and bruised and spat upon, the culmination of it all being His cruel

crucifixion on Calvary.
Ah, no, it is not idolatry that brings us to the foot of the cross, there to embrace the form of our Saviour and the faithful to our churches. That "cannot be done"—and you'll know, for the blessed gift of faith so teaches us, that Christ is still with us. We have His own word for it. Scoffers may revile; heretics may jeer; atheists may, like the mob in Jerusalem, cry "Away with Him!"

And, after all the Lenten denial Don't snub a boy because of the rorance of his parents. Shake- Week, comes the glorious sunrise of Week, comes the glorious sunrise of the rorance of the ro a joyous Easter. To the true Catholic what a feast is that of the Resur Now He has arisen and is with us once more. We have made our peace with Him; we have been made pure in the tribunal of penance; we receive Him again in the Blessed Eucharist, and we feel that nothing in this world ever can cause us to wander very far away from the path of rectitude. We are weak, to be sure; we are only human. Let us, however, pray earnestly that we may be given the grace to persevere, for it is only by perseverance that we hope by and by to be ushered into the presence of Him whose children we are and to spend our eternity with Him and in the company of His blessed Mother.—Buffalo Union

#### THE AGED NUN AND THE SOLDIER LAD

Bickerstaffe Drew, snown to the literary public as John Ayscough, describes a pretty scene in village in West Flanders, in The onth. "The Ancient" mentioned The renowned Dominican, I Month. in the sketch is the writer's name for himself. We quote:

Next morning we went on to E., arriving there quite early. It looked pretty as we drew near to it, and even the actual village was much nicer than V. To the left, as we came in, in a really park-like parc, there was a large placid-looking chateau that dreaming in a sunny haze the War as if it were somewhere else. Not far from the chateau was a hamlet of half a dozen houses and a mili, and in one quite small house the whole of us nearly three hundred, her weak little voice, were billeted. The Ancient sallied forth, by himself, to explore. The village consisted of two streets, now packed with French artillery and cavalry; the houses were homely looking and not ugly; and there was a large church and a large convent of which joined the back of the chateau, had the air of nestling under its pro-

In the church they were beginning carried in just as The Ancientarrived. walking nearest to the bier, holding tall white lilies in their hands, were

young girls-novices. church joined in the plain-chant. and Belgian, and they were all very reverent and devout. Somehow, the Dies Iræ sung by them, in the midst of the War, added to its thousand of our death." meanings a new one, august and awful like the others.

It would have made a marvelous picture; the open bier (there was no catafalque) with its sumptuous but simple pall, the novices nearest to it, the older nuns next, and then the

#### another funeral, a stranger this time; a young French soldier lad who had been killed near the village self a young soldier, too, a rouge-pantalon—the red trousers are gone now : the War has carried off them and a hundred other prettinesses that bave been found useless. For the

I fancied that the priest, who was a fantassin, had been a comrade of with the the lad he was laying back into the bosom of our mother earth; what he had to do moved him visibly, audibly. control, and the words shook as they came out. "Even though he be dead, yet shall he live. And no man living that believeth in Me shall be dead for ever." And all his mother came into his eyes as he watched the raw coffin disappear under the rattling clods of earth.

War is all grim fact, and " pomp and

circumstance" is a discarded tradi

The old nun and the young soldier lay quite near to one another; one so close to her home, the other so far from his; both bound on the same journey, with the same patient Guide. New World.

#### MOTHER

The first word that takes crude shape upon the tender lips of the babe is apt to be the word "Mother." As the dying man tosses on his bed of pain or rolls in agony on the field of battle, one of the last words he utters is the fond aspiration, Mother.'

Nature has so ordered her children that the child naturally draws from it's mother not only life and strength but inspiration and ideals maternal founded upon maternal love. Nature has ordained that as a general rule the child should bear close resemblance to the parent. While it would be heresy to say that the soul of the child is derived from the soul of the mother, it were an error to maintain that the mother's soul and heart and mind do not influence the ideals of the child. When the body waxes strong and emerges from infancy to youth and thence to full maturity, the things of life engross his attention. Many claims are laid upon him for his time, his work, his talents, ability, his wealth and his influence. But running ever through the broad tapestry made by all the events of his life is discernible the silken thread that leads back to her who gave him life. This tapestry will show the high lights as well as the sombre shadows of his character; but the true filial heart will never for a moment allow that silken thread to be severed, or even to be obscured. Writers tell us that on the battlefields of Europe at the present day, as the wounded roll in agony and despair, it is not uncomnon to hear many men calling in their frenzy and raving, and in vari-Mother.' ous tongues, the name, Truly the power and the influence of a true mother never can be fully comprehended. Men may rise to the highest dignity in church or in state, unlimited power may be placed in their hands; but the man who, like Nero, would forget her to whom

The renowned Dominican, Father Tom Burke, on ascending the plat-form before a vast assemblage in Philadelphia, the largest gathering he had ever addressed, uttered an expression which reechoed around the world as the sentiment of the race. Instead of taking pride in his apparent popularity, he said simply:

Four thousand miles to the East there is a little town in Ireland. old master was there, they told us at that town there is a little store, and the lodge gates: his sons all away at behind its counter stands a little War-every one always spoke of shrivelled old woman. But, ladies and gentlemen, were she here tonight she would arise in your midst and, pointing up here with shaking finger, she would exclaim in 'that's my Tom!" "-St. Paul Bulletin.

#### THE ANNUNCIATION The Feast of the Annunciation,

celebrated on March 26, calls to mind nuns. It was a pretty church, and the greatness of Our Blessed Lady old and pleasant: and the convent, and the high honor conferred upon her by Almighty God in selecting her to be the Mother of His only Son. No ordinary messenger was chosen to unfold to her the divine Requiem, and the dead person was plan. The Archangel Gabriel came from high heaven to announce to A very old nun, they said : but the nuns who acted as chief mourners, was to be the Mother of the promised Messias, the Saviour of the world. He saluted her with the significant " Hail, full of grace; the words, The Office was very well sung, and almost every one in the large crowded church joined in the plain-chant. Shrined in the "Hail Mary" by There were many soldiers. French which we acknowledge the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin and invoke her powerful intercession all times and especially "at the hour

Mary is assuredly blessed among women. For nearly two thousand years her devout clients have sung her praises and, at the Angelus hour recalled the sacred mystery of the Incarnation through which the econd Person of the adorable great crowd of soldiers and priests
and village-folk, and behind all the human guise. The repetition of this and village folk, and behind all the arches and sunlit windows of the fine old Flemish church, angelic salutation recalls the humble story, as many more have fallen since the volume went to press. What if sleep. But he knew that his vision had come true, that the Master had really visited him.—Catholic Columbian.

It is all gone now. The church is gone, and the village, the convent and presbytery; not a house left, except the chateau. Out of a hamlet, we ourselves were shelled that very fresh and beautiful is goodness. It is also the one thing that can make is also the one thing that can make When the Requiem was over, and the dead nun had been laid in her crease the profound humility and war, O Lord deliver us!"grave by the convent wall, there was with which she regarded herself.

# CHIEF CHARM



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#### A FIRST CENTURY CHALICE

Concrete material evidence that the early Christians of the first century offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and received Holy Communion just as is done in the Catholic Church to-day, is further supplied by an old chalice which was dug up from the ruins of Antioch in 1910, and has just come into possession of Kouchaki Freres of New York City. Among other figures sculptured on the body of the chalice is a miniature repro duction of the miraculous multipli cation of loaves, symbolizing the bread of life, the Holy Eucharist

The chalice can be dated with certainty to the second half of the first century A. D., says Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen, the archaeologist, who is now in this country, and who has made a preliminary report upon it in The American Journal of Archæology. It was found by Arabs digging a well in Antioch on the Arontes, Syria. At the depth of many meters they came upon underground chambers which ontained the treasure

When discovered the chalice was covered with ea coating of oxide several inches thick, removed by the noted restorer, M. Andre, in Paris. Among prominent archaeologists who examined the chalice before oxidation was removed and who pronounced it genuine were M. Froehne of Paris, M. Migeon of the Louvre and Sir Charles Read of the British Museum. Director Edward Robin-son of the Metropolitan Art Museum in this country has seen the chalice and pronounces it authentic.

The chalice, which has ornamental sculptured work on the exterior, is made in three parts. There is an inner bowl of plain silver, crudely made, with a heavy outer casing of beautiful sculptured work in which woven in with a design of vine eaves and grapes, are the portraits Christ and the disciples. whole is supported on a short, slender stem and narrow foot disk turned out on a lathe from a solid block of silver. On the lower part of the bowl of the chalice is a cluster of lotus leaves. True Voice.

### A TIMELY INVOCATION

"A sad interest," says the London Tablet, "attaches to the 'Catholic Who's Who' for 1917." It finds that nearly thirty close packed pages are devoted to recording the deaths of seven hundred and two Catholic officers who have given their lives for their country since the War began. And yet even this list, as it America.

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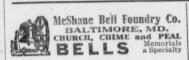
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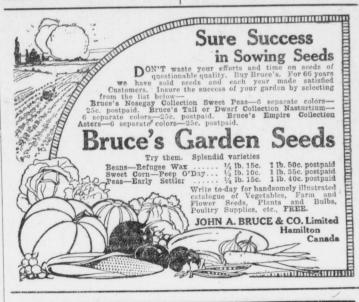
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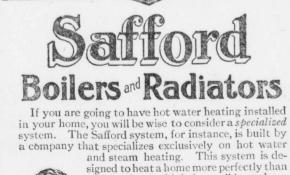
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