

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO HOLD HIS PRESENT JOB

A friend was trying recently to encourage a young man to push ahead, to advance himself to a better position. "Advance!" he said, "why I feel I am mighty lucky to hold my job down, to say nothing of promotion!"

This feeling lucky merely to hold one's job is a pretty dangerous thing. A person is lucky only when he is growing and improving; when he is advancing in proportion to his ability and his opportunity. No man is lucky to hold down his job when he is capable of something better.

No man is lucky until he is doing his level best. He is not lucky when he is doing his second best or his third best. He is merely tending to get into a hopeless rut, to let the best in him run to seed.

No matter how poor or how hedged in by circumstances a youth may be there is always a reasonable discontent, he is consumed with a desire to develop his possibilities, if he is anxious to improve his condition and rise in the world. But what can you expect from one who is more than half satisfied to be a nobody? What chance is there for him to rise above mediocrity?

I know a great, strapping, vigorous young fellow, only a few years out of college, who acknowledges that he is practically a failure, and that there are no probabilities of his ever amounting to anything. The most discouraging thing about him is that he accepts failure as if he had no responsibility in the matter. He is perfectly willing to lean upon others, to accept help from his father, and to drift along without any real, whole-hearted effort to improve his position.

There is no danger of your making a failure of your life if you care enough and dare enough. That is, if you have a noble life purpose and have the courage of your conviction. If you have the courage to go ahead even when the way seems dark and you are tempted to turn back, nothing can keep you from your own.

ALL HAVE THEIR LAWS

"Every Eden has its forbidden tree." That is, it has its law which we must obey if we would hold our paradise. Health, friendship, good society, business relations, family ties, and civic protection, all have their laws which must be regarded if we would continue to enjoy their benefits. Every good that we possess is guarded by its warning—"Thou shalt not."

"No one has a right to make laws for me. I am free to do as I please," is the cry of gross ignorance, as well as of anarchy.

Life without law would be chaos and disintegration. And if there must be natural law, there must also be moral and spiritual law. Heaven will not be a place of lawlessness, but its freedom will consist in the fact that every soul will have come into such perfect accord with the righteousness and harmony which rule there, that statutes and prohibitions will be unknown.

THE MAN HIMSELF

It is in all work, as it is indeed in everything else in life, its the man himself that counts. We don't realize it, half enough, but we do, under God, hold our own destinies in our hands.

You men who are occupying some humble position in the world, filling some insignificant little niche, you don't really sense that you haven't got to stay there, that there's a better place for you if you want it, that when you are fit for something better and try to get it, the chances are, it will come to you.

Why don't you strike out—and from the shoulder? Why don't you reach for the thing you want—you'll certainly never get it if you sit there with folded hands. Make an effort—trying for it just means effort, and every time we try we have begun to move forward—our next step will be easier. We have made a little furrow in our brain thinking along this certain line and our thoughts will naturally do that same thinking again—and it will be easier, the path having been opened up, and the thing itself will come to us if we think about it enough, plan for it, prepare for it, and then go for it and after it until it is yours.—Catholic Columbian.

PREMIUM ON THE CARDINAL

The newest story that is told of His Eminence of Baltimore, comes to hand. It is found in a special dispatch to the New York Herald:

Cardinal Gibbons and Jacob Epstein, a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, indulged in a little private dialogue at the banquet last Tuesday launching the \$75,000 campaign of the St. Vincent de Paul society. The interchange was greatly enjoyed by those who heard it, and by none more than the Cardinal himself. Mr. Epstein sat next to the Cardinal.

Said Mr. Epstein: "Your Eminence, you are looking very well." "Yes," said the Cardinal, "but it will not be very long before the Heavenly Father takes me before Him."

"Pardon me, your Eminence," said Mr. Epstein, "but in my judgment the good Lord is too good a business man to let a gilt edge bond like you for 80 or 90. He will keep you until you reach par at 100, and possibly until you are at a premium."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BRIGHT ONE-ARM BOY

Tony Jumpernick lost his left arm when he was seven years old. He is now thirteen. He is doing eighth-grade work at school and expects to be ready for high school next June. His father is dead and his mother is in humble circumstances.

On the play field he does everything that is worth doing, and he is pitcher on a good ball team. He swims like a fish and dives from the highest pile he has found on the shore of Lake Washington.

He carries a paper route. He buys his own clothes. And he has a bank account.

Five years ago he began to use his spare moments blowing sour notes out of a bugle. After a lot of hard practice the sour notes were supplanted with sweet ones. Then he began to use a cornet. Now he is the solo cornetist in the Parental School band. He reads music readily and the quality of his playing is exceptionally good. Recently he drew on his bank account and bought a beautiful \$65 cornet.—St. Paul Bulletin.

WORKING FOR MOTHER

"I wish that I were big and strong and grown up, like Brother Tom," said Ned. "I'd like to work in town, and come home every Saturday night, as Tom does, instead of doing chores and running errands."

Ned tossed his armful of wood into the box with an impatient sigh. His mother smiled.

"Come," she said. "I have a story to tell you."

"Once upon a time," she began, "there was a brave little worker bee, who lived in a big hive. He was strong and willing, and was ready to do anything. And what do you think was the only thing required of him? He and a dozen other bees were placed at the door of the hive, and were to keep their wings in motion, so as to send a steady current of air into the inner cells of the hive where the queen was. The little worker bee was disappointed, for he had wished to do some great service for his queen."

"He could see other workers hurrying about and doing such important tasks! Some were making wax, and building the comb inside the hive; others were providing food for the young bees, and still others were feeding honey to the queen herself!"

"Day by day the little worker grew more discontented, until one day the queen sent a message to the tireless workers at the doorway. 'Tell them,' she said, 'that they are doing me a wonderful service. Without the air they are sending me I could never live.'"

"When the little worker heard this message he took courage and his wings whirred as they never whirred before. He felt at last that he, too, was serving the queen."

"That was a parable story, wasn't it, mother?" said Ned, as he squared his shoulders. "Well, you're the nicest queen I know, and I'm going to be your best worker."—Catholic News.

PATIENCE, CHARACTER MOULDER

"Nothing has given me greater courage to face every day's duties than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my dear good father," said a woman whose life has been long and chequered with many reverses. "He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine, looking cross and ready to cry."

"What is the matter, Mary?" "I'm tired. I've been washing dishes and making beds all day and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, child," he said, "do you see these little empty vials? They are insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or floors kept clean, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or sweet patience, zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life. It is strain upon the young to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful."

"The wise builder watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

"They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

"You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your hands on it, but it will strike wrong. You can tear the rose-bud open before its time, but you mar the beauty of the rose. So we may spoil many a gift or blessing, which God is preparing for us, by our own eager haste. He is weaving our lives into patterns of beauty and strength. He has a perfect plan for each. We should endeavor to live by prayer, accepting our duties as we find them, in our ignorance of life. God's love is often the motive of all delay—to give us unexpected and surprising blessings."

"We should remember, above all, that the greatest of all men, spent thirty years of His earthly life doing little homely duties, waiting the appointed time to fulfill His mission."—The Guardian.

A TRYING LABOR

EASTERN GOVERNMENTS PLACE EVERY HINDRANCE IN WAY OF WINNING CONVERTS TO PURE GREEK RITE

When on the morning of November 17th the Roman papers announced that among those received in private audience by the Holy Father was the Rev. D. G. Calavassy, they added nothing more. They did not say anything about the cordiality and affection with which the Supreme Pontiff received the priest, the heartiness of the blessing he bestowed on his mission, the warm letters of recommendation he gave him, the unflinching generosity with which he placed 5,000 francs in his hands from that small store which is always on the point of being exhausted and which, like the widow's purse, never runs dry. But all these things happened and they have their little history which can be told briefly, and their great future which is in the hands of God.

The little history really began a thousand years ago with the very schism of the Orient. Most people know in general terms (and that is enough for our immediate purpose) how councils and Pontiffs and saints and scholars have worked to put an end to that fatal division, how in our own time Pope Leo XIII. dedicated himself to the same holy cause with the utmost ardour, how previous to the outbreak of the present war hundreds of religious, both priests and nuns, were working in various parts of the Orient, building churches, opening schools—even universities. Not were they very seriously thwarted in their holy missions—in some places they were even treated with the utmost respect by the civil authorities. And what have we to show for it all after a thousand years? Have our saints converted the Greek Orient? Alas, we are almost where we were a thousand years ago! In some countries we are even worse off. Millions of Catholic Greek Uniates have been torn violently from the bosom of the Church, and by tyranny, sometimes fierce, sometimes subtle, but kept up without interruption, have been forced into schism. The present Czar of all the Russias at the beginning of his reign issued a famous ukase conferring religious liberty on his subjects. The Uniates by hundreds of thousands began to return to the Catholic faith—and the famous ukase was immediately made a dead letter as far as they were concerned; it was still good for Protestants, for Jews, even for Latin Catholics (there was little danger, felt the Powers that be, that Russians in any great numbers would ever forsake their Holy Fathers and their treasured rite for any of these), but to allow Orthodox Christians to pass to the Old Church with the old Greek Rite—ah! that was another and a very serious matter indeed. The truth is: schismatic governments everywhere fear the immense native drawing power of Catholicism vested in the venerable pure Greek rite which is her very own. Even in Greece, today, for instance, although Latin Catholics are not only tolerated but respected, there is no admission for Catholic priests of pure Greek rite. And thus it is that all the efforts of our heroic Latin Missionaries for centuries have done little more than enable us to hold our own in schismatic countries. They are denounced as foreigners with a foreign religion by the orthodox clergy, and their Latin rite easily persuades the ignorant masses that such is really the case.

In the past the difficulty of beginning the task of converting the 100,000,000 of Orientals by Catholic priests of the Greek rite must have been insurmountable, because it has never been seriously tried. But several years both Pius X. and the late Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of Propaganda, considered that the time had at last come to make a start. In 1909 Mgr. Papadopoulos was sent to Constantinople to begin the work, with a territory which included all Thrace and Macedonia, and a part of Asia Minor. He opened a chapel for Catholics of pure Greek Rite in a hall of the Apostolic Delegation and soon had the joy of receiving many converts. Then he determined to undertake a mission in Asia Minor to prepare the ground in that immense field. In one material and very obvious sense that mission ended in failure and disaster. The modern Greek apostle was seized by the schismatics, subjected to various atrocious tortures; his body was then covered with petroleum and the miscreants were about to burn him alive when he was fortunately rescued. He returned to Constantinople in a piteous state, but feeling more ardently than ever the beauty and the necessity of the great work entrusted to him. His report to Rome about the situation brought him an apostolic letter from Pius X. who expressed the hope that his sufferings might be the means of bringing the grace of conversion to great numbers. A little later the same Pontiff made him Bishop, titular of Gratianopolis but in reality of Constantinople where he was to reside principally and thus in a manner this devoted and heroic missionary became the first successor residential Catholic Patriarch of Constantinople. And his work is progressing; four or five missions have already been opened, and numerous converts are being made every day. Unfortunately it is hampered terribly by the absence of material means which are so essential, especially nowadays. Churches have to be built, schools have to be established

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a petit seminaire must be founded for the early training of the future priests of pure Greek rite. Fr. Calavassy, in the audience with the Pontiff, was ordered by the Holy Father to proceed to America to acquaint us here with the nature of the missionary work in the East to secure American co-operation.—New World.

EDUCATION AND WOMAN

DR. WALSH DISPOSES OF SOME PREVALENT ERRORS

Ignorance to day consists not in the lack of knowledge, but in the knowledge of too many things that are not true," said Dr. James J. Walsh in a recent lecture in Brooklyn. "Among the prevalent false notions we find that which says: 'This is the first time in the history of the world that women have been able to procure an education.' The opposite is the case. There are no less than half a dozen times in the history of the world when women were very well educated. The women of the Renaissance were magnificently educated, and in the early centuries women taught with men in the universities of France and Italy."

WHEN WOMEN'S EDUCATION STOPPED "If you were to find out for yourself why the education of women disappeared during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries you would find one of the greatest proofs that the Catholic Church is not opposed to progress, as she is accused of being. Women were well educated until the Reformation obliterated the old educational system and introduced a new and destructive one. It was at that time that the education of women began to disappear. They had excellent times when the old Catholic rights governed, but in their greed for gold Protestant rulers took over the valuable property of the monasteries, and thus the opportunity for education was lost. The nearer we were to Rome the more chances women had for education."

"With regard to the inferiority of women as compared with men, there is no question of actual inferiority in the position taken by the Church. The meaning is that there must be only one head to the family. What a good woman wants is generally what God wants. The only reason why the women do not get the vote is because so many men do not want it. They must be educated up to it. Where they want it, out West, they get it."

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION OF WOMEN "The policy of the Church in regard to the education of women may most readily be exemplified at places in the world's history where she has converted a whole nation and is enabled to work out her own ideas. Consider the case of Ireland, a country where there was no pagan left. What did a woman do here? Is not St. Brigid honored as second only to St. Patrick? Ireland became the schoolhouse of the world, so much so that north of the Danube, who could read or speak the Greek language, had been taught by an Irishman, or by one whom an Irishman had taught. Of the work done in St. Brigid's school in Kildare we hear from Gerald, the Welshman, who traveled throughout the continent for many years before coming to Ireland, and who says that at Kildare he saw the most beautiful book in the world. We have also preserved for us to this day in the Dublin Museum a translation of the Scriptures, probably made at Kildare, which has not yet a peer as regards beauty or decoration. At St. Brigid's school women were taught to make lace, and to this school we owe our beautiful Irish lace of to-day. The position of the Church is sufficiently set forth if I say that the Blessed Virgin is second only to the Divine Son Himself in the ranks of the Church, and St. Teresa, who was largely instrumental in saving Spain to the Church at the time of the Inquisition, has a place of honor among the statues of the fathers of the Church in Rome."

"Nowadays people think that an educated mother can take better care of her children and preserve them from the inroads of disease more successfully than an uneducated mother can. Apart from the fact that it has been found that women of very high education have very few children or none at all, owing to attractions outside the home, the statistics of two typical American cities display the falsity of the former notion. These statistics show that the foreign born mother saves one more out of every seven children than does the native-born mother. The reason for this is obvious. Babies can thrive only where they

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It has been often urged against the Catholic Church that she is faithless in upholding the religion of Christ because she has permitted herself to add new doctrines to the original deposit of faith. They quote papal infallibility, the Immaculate Conception and some earlier council decisions against us for proof that our ecclesiastical rulers have forgotten the injunction of the Saviour which commanded that nothing should be annexed to the doctrine once and for all times placed in the custody of the saints of primitive times.

The reply is so easy that one sends the objectors to the children of our catechism classes for their answer. What puzzles the Catholic, however, is the carelessness on the part of these critics of our Church who insist on early doctrine and yet scruple nothing to accept any new opportunity that arises to add to the deposit of their own faith.

At the present moment we wonder what the preachers outside our Church would do if they were deprived of the prohibition issue and themes emerging from "German inhumanity" as sermon topics. In our fold we are expected to address the congregations on subjects grounded upon dogmatic beliefs or moral duty. Naturally we infer that the discourses delivered in the temples of our separated brethren must likewise repose upon fundamental doctrine or ethical practice. Curiosity has tempted the writer to examine innumerable publications in quest of information on the topics discussed in these other pulpits. It is not the political season, so that dogma, that is to say the advice of voters, has been practically shelved for the moment; but liquor has usurped the place once conceded such subjects as the Incarnation and the War in Europe furnishes more material for sectarian sermonizing than the immortality of the soul ever offered. Beyond the contradiction implied by this adoption of what they announce in the Catholic Church, the substitution of new old points of belief is tempted to ask what will be left these expounders of the modern gospel when the hostilities have ceased and this country has been swept dry?—F. in the Guardian.

NEW DOGMAS

Who would ever have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My, Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other ones in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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