

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SAY IT WITH A SMILE

If you're worried over something, And your temper's sorely tried: When with cares and tribulations You seem overwell supplied, Don't fret and fume and sputter, With a rise of angry bile, But when you speak, talk softly, And say it with a smile.

There may be moments, some times, When bowed with weight and care, A visitor who bores you, For hours will linger there; Don't rage with inward anger; You'll live a longer while If when you're talking with him You say it with a smile.

If people come to ask you For charity or aid— To help into some brother Who 'neath a shroud is laid— E'en if you can't afford it, Don't argue and revile, But if you must refuse them, Why, do it with a smile.

The world is full of shadows— Don't add unto its gloom— But try and light with gladness E'en the shadow of the tomb. If you've little luck or money, High your're worth of joy will pile, If when you speak you always Will say it with a smile.

"YOU CAN'T DO IT" Don't be discouraged by croakers who, without wisdom or experience, tell you that a certain thing cannot be done or that you are sure to fail if you attempt it. Don't let them bluff you. Get the advice of people who know, take every care to insure to success, and then, if the venture looks good, try it. It is usually better to try and fail, than never to have tried at all. And usually, if you have used good judgment, you will not fail, the croakers to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Many people do not have enough confidence in their own judgment to back it vigorously, courageously. They allow every adverse criticism to unsettle their decision and turn them from their course.

Multitudes of men to-day who are either utter failures or only half-way successes, plodding along in mediocrity, might have done splendid work if they had only learned to trust their own judgment.

No matter what you do, some one will differ with you, criticize, find fault, or tell you that you should have done just the opposite.

I never knew a person to get very far in any direction who never dared to act upon his own judgment, who was always consulting others, relying on other people's opinion as to what he should or should not do, what he could or could not accomplish.

"You can't do it," has made more men with good ability fail, or kept them in mediocrity, than almost any other thing.

"You can't do it," will meet you everywhere in life. At every new turn you propose to take you will find some one to warn you away, telling you not to take that road, that it is "impossible" to go over it, or else that it will lead to failure.

Depart from precedent in any line; try to do things in a new way, to adopt new methods, new machinery, new devices, and the slaves of precedent, worshippers of the old and the tried, who are always in the majority, will tell you not to do it, that it is a foolish expense, a doubtful experiment.

Whenever an employe decides to start out for himself "You can't do it" will be dinning in his ears by those who really believe they are his friends.

"You can't do it," said young Wanamaker's friends when he proposed to start into business for himself, giving half of his entire capital as salary to one first-class clerk. "You can't do it. It is not business. You will fail."

"You can't do it, confronts the ambitious struggler whenever he attempts to get ahead, to better his condition. "You can't do it," has kept tens of thousands of poor boys from getting a college education; has kept innumerable men from developing their inherent strength and measuring up to the limit of their natural ability.

"You can't do it," has immeasurably retarded the progress of the human race. All the progress that has been made was made in spite of the "You can't" philosophy. The "impossible" has been accomplished by those who scouted it, trusted their own judgment, and fared boldly forth on their own strength.

It is all a question of self-reliance and courage. These are the miracle workers.

"You can't do it" doesn't phase those who believe in themselves, who are made of winning material.

THE EXPRESSION ON OUR COUNTENANCE Our face is the index to our character, our thoughts, our interior self. We gradually come to resemble our ideals, the things which most occupy our minds. Hope or fear, joy or sorrow, success or failure eventually reproduces itself in our expression of countenance, in our manner, in the atmosphere we carry about with us, in our personality. The thoughts we habitually harbor, whether optimistic or pessimistic, hopeful or despairing, sad or merry, will write their record in our faces, exactly in accordance with their nature.

Did you ever realize that your face is a perpetual advertisement of what is going on inside of you? People can tell pretty well by your expres-

sion what sort of stuff you are made of, whether you are the master or the slave of your passion or moods. They can tell whether you are optimistic or pessimist, whether you have been in the habit of winning or of losing in life's battle. They can tell by the hope or the despair in your look which way you are headed. If you are looking for a position, or struggling to get on your feet again after some great loss or misfortune, look in the mirror and study your expression. Try to realize how much it has to do with your chances of success. Picture to yourself the effect it is going to have on the people you interview, whether it is going to prepossess them in your favor or cause them to dismiss you without even giving you a hearing. Even though you may have cause to be sad, chase away your sadness with a smile. Win back your own confidence, your courage, your self-reliance by a brave, sunny, smiling face. Your appearance will affect yourself in the same way that it affects others. You cannot afford to allow courage and confidence and cheerfulness to be eclipsed by your sadness.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE KERRY SONG There's grand big girls that walks the earth, An' some that's gone to glory, That have been praised beyond their worth To live in song and story. O' one may have the classic face That poets love to honor, An' still another wear the grace O' Venus' self upon her; Some tall an' stately queens may be, An' some be big an' merry— Och! take them all, but leave for me One little girl from Kerry!

Sure, Kerry is a little place, An' everything's in keepin': The biggest heroes of the race In little graves are sleepin'; An' little cows give little crams, Fur little fairies take it, An' little girls think little shame To take a heart an' break it. Och! there's a little Kerry lad That would be O! so merry, If but your little heart he had, O! little girl from Kerry!

THE BOY WHO WAS READY The boys' line was perfect. With heads erect, chins tucked in, and backs as stiff and straight as broomsticks they turned a splendid square corner and filed triumphantly into Room Five. Sunshine Miss Fay did not smile at her faithful little pupils, however. Her dimples were all irked out, the twinkles in her eyes had vanished, and worst sign of all there was a genuine criss-cross frown between her eyes!

"How many boys are ready to do something hard?" she demanded. Twenty-four hands flew up. (There were just twenty-four boys in the school.) "Good!" exclaimed Miss Fay. "We can't play in Mr. Foster's field any more, boys. The principal got a letter from him last night. Now I want you boys to remind the little fellows to stay in the school-yard. I haven't forgotten how you stopped the snow balling last winter, and I shall count on you to help me."

The boys of Room Five tried to smile back loyally, but it was hard work. There wasn't any playground near the school, but for years the boys had spent their recesses in Mr. Foster's field, which was big enough for two baseball diamonds with room to spare for other games.

Everybody was unhappy the first recess. The children were crowded in their own yard, and all they could do was to sit or stand around. Phil Rice, Bob Lowe, Tom Whitney, and several other boys sat on the steps and looked longingly at the woods in the distance.

"Let's go for a walk right after school," proposed Phil. "Let's," agreed everybody in the group. Phil, Bob, Tom and Jamie were the first boys out that night. They waited a moment for Chester who always mixed the "e" and "i" in receive. As soon as he had written it ten times in yellow chalk on the blackboard he joined them and the little troop started off.

They followed Parker's Brook for half a mile. Phil gathered specimens of any flower he didn't know, and Bob picked an armful of black elder berries for the painting lesson the next day. Tom tried to catch a fish with his hands and tumbled in head first. He was used to ducklings and laughed the loudest of all.

Suddenly Phil stood still. His head was thrown back and he sniffed the air like a hound. "I smell smoke," he announced. "The others shook their heads. But Phil stood his ground. 'It's up in Mr. Foster's woods. Let's run up and see.' "Don't bother," argued Chester, "if we go up there we won't have time to go through the cave."

"Mr. Foster is as mean as dirt," sputtered Tom, "and I'm not going on his land for one."

Phil didn't say a word, but sniffed the air again and started to make his way through the tangle of vines and bushes. The other boys looked after him a moment and then followed on. It was hard climbing. The bank was steep and the way was obstructed by a growth of briars and brambles. Phil kept on doggedly and the others pressed on after him. They stopped a minute at the summit to get their breath, but Phil's eyes shone like lamps. "There it is," he shouted, "come on, boys!"

It was only a little fire, but it was burning brightly. In a few minutes it would have been beyond the boy's control. Now they ground it under their heels, and soon the bright flames were quenched and only a heap of black ashes remained. "Good for you," said a gruff old voice, and Mr. Foster came in sight. "I smelled that fire a mile away, but my legs aren't as good as my nose. I thought the woods would be gone when I came."

He looked at the boys keenly. "I didn't know boys were so useful." He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a shabby old purse. "We didn't want any money," Phil said promptly, "but we'd like the right to play ball in your lot again."

"You've earned it," said the old man. He scribbled a few words on his pad and gave it to Phil. "Give this to your teacher tomorrow." So at the next recess all the boys of the school got together. "Hurrah for the Boys of Room Five!" they shouted.

Every boy cheered until he was obliged to stop for breath, and then Chester climbed the fence and waved his hands. "Three cheers for the boy who was ready and saw his chance," he shouted.

So the boys started cheering all over again until Phil sensibly reminded them that the recess would be over and the new football tried.

—Mary Davis, in S. S. Times.

"CATHOLIC PROTESTANTISM"

Brother Gregory, T. S. A., in The Lamp How Protestants of the more deeply-thinking and more spiritually-minded type long for Catholicism is being attested more and more every day by their utterances. One of the latest of these has recently appeared under the above caption in the Constructive Quarterly, written by the Rev. Dugald Macfadyen, a prominent English Congregational Minister.

And whilst he tries to find this "Catholic Protestantism" in his own denomination he fails to see that the Church he is identifying as most nearly approaching his ideal is not Protestant at all, but that he is describing, as though it were something not yet attained, a condition which is really a commonplace to every practising Catholic. In describing his ideal of worship he says it "should be an intense and concentrated expression of a church's belief that it is then and there in the presence of God and that its worship is a real transaction between the people present and the God in whom they believe. Everything we know of God should be weighed in determining the character of worship. If God is a God of order, it should be orderly. If He is a God of infinite Love, worship should be cheerful as when children come to a Father. If He is waiting to give us all the gifts of an infinite Lover and Giver, there should be opportunity for receiving such gifts and bearing witness to their reception. If He is a Holy God whose wrath rests on wrong doing, there should be room for confession and penitence. If He is full of intelligence and thought, there should be enough stimulus for thought to make men intelligent."

Could any Catholic describe what he has when he attends Holy Mass in any better terms? Why then, with able and intelligent Protestants earnestly searching for what we possess, hindered only from finding it oftentimes by the fact that we do not seem to know our own possessions or by our failure to proclaim them to the world at large, should we not more earnestly endeavor to spread our Faith?

Centuries of separation and of great prejudice have alienated us from our brethren, but let us not lose any opportunity that comes our way to dispel that prejudice or to point the true way to Him Whom their souls so earnestly desire to know and serve. A great responsibility rests upon us, and while our gifts may not be great, even the man of "one talent" was condemned for his failure to use it, and when we stand before our Judge we may be called into account very seriously if we have neglected to "let our light shine."

"Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him Through thy neglect, unfit to see His Face."

"A BIT OF A PRAYER"

One morning a laborer on his way to work stepped into his parish church for a moment to say "a bit of a prayer." Twenty minutes later, just as he was about to descend into an excavation, an explosion occurred; the laborer was hurled back from the mouth of the pit, and escaped with only slight injuries. "It was the bit of a prayer," he said simply; when surprise was expressed that he had not been killed.

The other day, in New York, a workman fell through a building to the ground-floor. He was unconscious when the doctor came, but speedily revived. No bones were broken, and only some bruises told of the accident. "That fall could have killed you," said the doctor, "and, ordinarily, would have broken all the bones on that side. You are a lucky man." For answer the workman drew a rosary from the pocket over his heart. Attached to the beads was a medal of the Sacred Heart. "I found these in a barrel just a few minutes before I fell," he said, "and I knew they would bring me good luck; I put them next to my heart."

Here we have two instances of simple Catholic faith in the efficacy of prayer, and in the protecting influence of religious emblems that are blessed by the Church for the use of the faithful. In hours of danger, spiritual or physical, there is no stronger rescuing power than the earnest, heartfelt "bit of a prayer."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SINGING OF OLD IRELAND

By the Bentston Bard The singing of old Ireland—I hear once again In the kiss of Irish sunshine and the lit of Irish rain, The smell of Irish roses, and the dreams of Ireland there, With the sorrow in her old heart and the ashes in her hair, But her smiling lips so bonny, and her twinkling eye so bright— The singing of old Ireland, that has always sung of light, And always sung of courage and hope and love and cheer, And helped the Irish nature to forget the Irish tear.

The singing of old Ireland—the shamrock's in it, too, And the sunny vales of Ireland and the hills of Irish dew, The vision of her hardship and her clinging through it all To the memory of the Taras and the harp upon the wall; The spell of Irish places and the sweetness of the breeze That comes o'er all the turmoil from the lovely Irish seas— The singing of old Ireland, and how fine it is and sweet With the laughing heart of Ireland and the reel of Irish feet!

The singing of old Ireland—and how beautiful she sings! You hear her in the sagas of the old Northumbrian kings: You hear her in Killarney and the byways of Athlone, And on the road to Blarney when you lean to kiss the stone, And when ere you scratch a patriot till his soul begins to grin You'll find the mark of Ireland somewhere underneath his skin, You'll find the minstrel music of the old harp of the bill Somewhere to guide the singing of the lips of Ireland still.

It has helped us fight our battles, it has helped us have our fun, It has helped us melt the races that have settled here in one For the cause of human freedom and the joy of things to be When the woes of Ireland vanish and God's justice sets her free; It has helped us build our cities, it has helped us win our race.

It has helped us with its courage to rise up and take our place, And we've felt in all the battles and the things we've had to do The strength of the amalgam of its spirit and its thew.

The singing of old Ireland—and it's singing us to-day The Ireland of wild roses and the health bloom in May, The strength of hearts come over to be hearts of ours awhile And help our own land blossom with the golden Irish smile; The hearts, indeed, you're helping, through your more than hundred years, To look beyond the shadows and take hold and leave their tears, And to show us, as the alien from old Ireland always shows, That he's the loyal citizen, whatever land he goes.

The singing of old Ireland—ah, the rose is in it, men, The moors are bright with blossoms and the seas are sweet again; The lakes are shining clearly in that Irish sunshine there, While the feet of Ireland jingle to an old-time Irish air; The primrose dots the borders of each little Irish lane, And how sweet the Irish sunshine and how sweet the Irish rain— The singing of old Ireland, that can take us back to night To the Irish homes of beauty and the Irish hearts of light, To the Irish soul of splendor, that no soul can match on earth When it comes to meeting shadows with the lit of Irish mirth!

THANK GOD FOR EVERYTHING "If we only could realize it," says the able editor of the Bombay Examiner, "we ought to thank God for everything that happens, whether good fortune or bad fortune. The Irish peasant habitually do this, for they see God's will in everything, and are thoroughly convinced that it is a benevolent will; and they recognize fully God's mastery. An amusing story illustrates this point. An Irish farmer who had to struggle with a wet harvest season, tried week after week to get his hay dry. But always down came the rain again and again, till the whole crop was beginning to rot. 'It's raining again, praised be God,' was his constant refrain. At last he paused and thought a little, and looked at his rotting haycocks. Then he said: 'Blessed be God. Sure enough I see now it's manure He would be making it!' and so he cheerfully raked it into the dump-heap."

Oh, how good and how peaceful is it to be silent about others, and not to believe all that is said, nor easily to report what one has heard.—Kempis.

PRAYER BOOK PICTURES

Fit-A-Prayer-Book Series

THIS SERIES includes 24 different representations. The subjects are most popular and inspiring, while the text is clearly printed in a tint which harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the picture; it appears in the form of an ejaculation or pious meditation.

Considering the fine cut border, the delicate yet rich colors, the flexible linen-finished paper, and the handy size, we believe we have a series of pictures which will appeal to every one.

Per Pack of 25—25c. post paid " 50—45c. " 100—60c. "

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CATHOLIC Home Annual FOR 1917 BETTER THAN EVER

CONTENTS Contains a Complete Calendar, also gives the Movable Feasts, Holy Days of Obligation, Fast Days and Days of Abstinence. The Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by Rev. John E. Mullett. The Day of Reckoning, by George Barton. Rome, by Cardinal Gibbons. Catholic Maryland, by Ella Loraine Dorsey. Ecclesiastical Colors. The Wings of Eileen, by Mary T. Waggaman. South America, by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. Fount of Divine Love, by Lady G. Fullerton. A Chain of Circumstances, by David A. Driscoll. Helena Desmond's Marriage, by Marion Ames Taggart. Saint Philip Neri, by Rev. James F. Driscoll. Christie is Called, by Jerome Harte. Charity.

Should be in Every Home Price 25c. Postpaid ORDER NOW

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

We have a few of the 1916 Annual. While they last, 15c. Each Postpaid.

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa; A. E. Provost, Ottawa; Hon. R. G. Beasley, Halifax; F. E. McKenna, Montreal; E. Fabre, Carveyor, K. C., Montreal; Hugh Dobson, Montreal; E. W. Tobin, M. P., Brantford; Arthur Ferland, Halleybury; J. B. Duford, Ottawa; Edward Cass, Winnipeg; T. P. Phelan, Toronto; J. J. Lyons, Ottawa; Gordon Grant, C. E., Ottawa; Hon. C. P. Beaulieu, K. C., Montreal; Michael Connolly, Montreal; W. J. Peopore, ex-M.P., Montreal; Lieut.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa.

Managing Director: B. G. Connolly Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather OFFICES: 10 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

NO MAN CAN FORSEE ACCIDENTS, which may occur to any one of us. If you appoint the Capital Trust Corporation the executor of your will, you provide for the efficient administration of your estate and guard against a change of executors through death, accident or sickness. Our Booklet entitled "THE WILL THAT REALLY PROVIDES," is instructive. Write for a copy.



STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL. D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

THE forthcoming celebration to commemorate the 4th centenary of Luther's "revolt" which occurs October, 1917, tend to invest the volume with a special timeliness. But, apart from this consideration, the need has long been felt for a reliable work in English on Luther based on the best authorities and written more particularly with a view to the "man on the street". Monsignor O'Hare admirably fills this want, and the book will be published at so nominal a price that those whom the subject interests may readily procure additional copies for distribution. We also beg to call your attention to the fact that this work will be an excellent addition to the mission table. The book will have approximately 302 pages and will sell at 25c. per copy. To the clergy and religious a generous discount will be allowed, provided the order is placed before Oct. 1st, 1916.

- CONTENTS 1. Luther, his friends and opponents. 2. Luther before his defection. 3. Luther and indulgences. 4. Luther and justification. 5. Luther on the Church and the Pope. 6. Luther and the Bible. 7. Luther a fomenter of rebellion. 8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience. 9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

Order Now. 25c. Postpaid The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

DELCO-LIGHT ELECTRICITY FOR EVERY FARM The Greatest Boon Since the Self-Binder Life in the country has taken a wonderful step in advance with the coming of Delco-Light. Nothing since the self-binder has meant so much to the farmer and small-town dweller. Here, at last, is complete and economical electric light and power for every home that is now without it. No home in the world will now be more worth living in than that of the progressive farmer. Nothing that the big city offers is now beyond your reach. With Delco-Light country life becomes the preferred. It brings every comfort and convenience to the farm—saves money, time, labor for all the family. Electric Light and Power Here is Delco-Light—electric light—clean, brilliant, safe. Delco-Light goes everywhere—all over the house, in the barns and sheds, outdoors. Clear light, best for work and eyes. Clean light, without the labor of cleaning lamps and lanterns. Safe light, with no danger of fire. Delco-Light is a pleasure, a convenience, almost a necessity. But Delco-Light power is even more. It earns its way. With the Delco-Light Power Stand you can do much of your chores by machine. Saves hours of time in milking, separating, churning, feed-cutting, washing, pumping water. Delco-Light is the most compact, efficient and simple electric lighting plant yet developed. The main unit consists of a switchboard, combined electric motor and generator, and a gasoline engine. The other units are set of storage batteries. Each part is the simplest of its kind that will work efficiently. Little operating is called for, little adjusting. The engine is self-starting by pressing down a switch. Stops automatically when batteries are fully charged. Price of No. 208 is \$390, and No. 216 is \$465. COMPLETE USE OF ELECTRICITY The Delco-Light Power Stand will increase the usefulness of your electricity 100%. It is a compact, sturdy, efficient portable motor, saving of current. Take it anywhere. It runs from the nearest light socket. It will operate all kinds of light machinery, saving you hours of time and labor. FREE FULL INFORMATION—We have prepared several interesting booklets telling all about Delco-Light—how little it costs, how much it does, how easy it is to install and operate. Send your name and address for these booklets free. Domestic Engineering Co., DAYTON, OHIO The same company that has made world-famous Delco-starting, lighting and ignition plants for automobiles. C. H. ROOKE DISTRIBUTOR 168 Bay St. Toronto