

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MAKING UP ONE'S MIND

The ability to decide what action to take in important matters is the foundation upon which a great deal of worldly success is built. Vacillation is the unstable foundation upon which totter great and small failures. The ability to decide indicates a mental equipment for doing things, an inability shows a deficiency of mental stamina. Anomalous as it may seem the less mind one has, the longer it takes to make it up. A story is told of a gentleman who after a lifetime spent in wavering from one position to another found himself one day unable to decide which necktie to wear, he by some strange lapse of memory having become possessed of two of these articles of adornment. After giving thoughtful consideration to the perplexing problem, he found it necessary to retire to his bed, where he remained throughout the day revolving in his mind the momentous question.

Presumably the thought processes of a man who cannot decide such trifles are impaired, but the world is full of men who stagger before making decisions in matters of very little more importance. Their lack of decision has made them the plaything of adverse circumstances. It has given Opportunity plenty of time to dodge around the corner while making the rounds knocking at doors.

In every human activity the men who can and do make up their minds become the leaders. Every human endeavor is guided by someone. Those things that are brought to ultimate success have been guided by men who have decided quickly and surely. More successes in worldly ways are gained by keen wits than most people realize. It is inevitable, of course, that decisions arrived at without careful thought are sometimes not the most advantageous, when a change of decision becomes imperative. The ability to make such a change is almost as useful as the ability to decide in the first instance, and tends rather to strengthen one's capacity, but indulged in too frequently leads to weakness and indecision.

THE SCAPULAR SAVES AN AMERICAN REGIMENT

On the 21st of July, 1906, William Reilly, a young Catholic man of eighteen years, was decorated by the President of the United States. This decoration he owes to the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin. On the night of the 10th of April the two regiments of General Wood, after having routed a band of Filipinos, rested for a few hours at Dolores, on the island of Samar, before resuming their march. Already they were folding their tents, when a horse, covered with wounds, came rushing into the camp. They intercepted it, and, after examining it carefully, they found under the saddle a piece of cloth bearing this scribbling: "Don't depart before daybreak: the Filipinos are lying in ambush. Reilly." General Wood followed this advice. At daybreak they reconnoitered and found fourteen van couriers murdered, horribly mutilated. Reilly was amongst them, but still living, although seriously wounded and unconscious.

They took him into the camp and later on to the hospital at Manila,

where he recovered, although at one time his life was despaired of. His valiant deed was the general topic of the army and reached the ears of the President, who in consequence rewarded him, for he had saved from destruction a regiment of 2,500 men.

Now what was it that saved the life of Reilly? One of the chiefs related it subsequently. Reilly wore about his neck a scapular of Mount Carmel, and the Filipinos, Catholics themselves had not the courage to murder their sergeant. Out of respect to Mary they spared his life. His comrades gave the same reason. Does this not recall to our minds the words of the Blessed Virgin? "This garment shall be the sign of the alliance which I contract with them; whosoever wears it shall be at all times under my special protection."

LEARN TO FORGET
To forget—that is what we need. Just to forget! All the petty annoyances, all the vexing irritations, all the mean words, all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the bitter disappointments—just let them go, don't hang on to them. Learn to forget! Make a study of it. Practice it. Become an expert at forgetting. Train the faculty of the mind until it is strong and virile. Then the memory will have fewer evils to remember, and it will become quick and alert in remembering the blessings, and all its attention will be given to the beautiful things, to the things worth while.

No matter what business you are pursuing, no matter what literary subjects you may be studying; no matter what scientific problems you are trying to solve, take up the study of forgetting. The art of forgetting will give added luster to all your literary business or scientific attainments and it will add immeasurably to health of mind and body.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CONVERSION

"O, grandfather, I do wish you would come," said Rose.
"No, no," replied the old man rather gruffly. "You go to church. I will stay at home. The church is no place for a man like me."
The speaker, who was an elderly man, stood on the broad veranda of his house. The little girl to whom he had been speaking was to lead the procession in the church that evening, as it was the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Her grandfather had not been to church for a long time and all the pleading and coaxing on her part had proved useless. Rose was the only child of his son. It grieved her to see him act so cold and stern whenever she mentioned religion.

Some people said that in a fit of despair and sorrow, when his youngest son was lost at sea he had turned away from God. Instead of seeking in Him the consolation he needed.

Rose had made a novena to the Sacred Heart, which had ended that day, and she could scarcely help feeling discouraged to find him as unyielding as ever.

Rose was ten years old and had grown very dear to her grandfather because she reminded him of his son, the same curly black hair and laughing blue eyes.

The child sighed softly and went slowly into the house. The old man stood with his hands clasped behind him and watched her until she disappeared up the stairs.

About a half an hour later Rose came out dressed all in white, a crown of June roses resting on her dark hair and carrying a great bouquet which was to help decorate the altar.

"Grandpa," she said as she went up to him, and laid her hand on his arm, "Won't you please come?"
"No, dear," he said stooping to kiss her to hide his embarrassment for the big eyes were wistful and sad and fast filling with tears.

"Goodbye," he said hastily.
Mr. and Mrs. Gorman had gone and picked up his hat that the old man strolled down the driveway, and out into the street. He walked leisurely toward the Cathedral and though he could not explain how it happened, the next thing he knew he was inside the door.

He slipped into a seat in the shadow of one of the big pillars. No one seemed to notice him as he glanced cautiously about.

He straightened up with a start. The procession was just forming and the organ pealed through the stillness. Then slowly down the aisle they came the long line of white robed figures.

On and on they came, Rose leading them with a little bob on either side of her. The dark lashes almost rested on the flushed cheeks. Across her breast she carried a sort of shield on which was pictured the bleeding Heart of Our Lord.

Then they began to sing:
"As the radiant dawn is stealing,
Far up the glowing east,
To thy faithful ones revealing,
Against the happy Feast,
Sacred Heart in spirit lowly,
I consecrate to day heart and soul
That I may wholly be
Thine own dear Lord's to-day."

"Sacred Heart, Sacred Heart,
Hear the prayer we now implore.
In living or in dying,
We may love Thee more and more."
"Thou art here in loving meekness
Through ever changing years,
Thou hast strength in human
weakness
And balm for human tears,
On the cross Thy heart was bleed-
ing
My sins to wash away, now Thy Heart
For mine is pleading with tenderest
love to-day."

The man quivered from head to foot and dropped his head in his hands with a low cry.
When Rose entered the main aisle, she raised her eyes but only for a moment, as she gave one appealing glance toward the statue that stood with outstretched arms just inside the chancel.

After Benediction was over, Rose slipped out into the church to say a few prayers. When she started down the aisle she stopped and looked with surprise at the bent figure. Going up to her grandfather she touched him gently on the shoulder.

"You have come grandpa and I am so glad," she whispered.
"Yes, dear," he answered. "I have found He has been waiting through ever changing years and that here there is a balm for human tears."—Margaret M. McCarthy in the Pilot.

MANNERS
Manners are but an expression of good morals. No doubt there are many individuals of excellent morals and not excellent manners, but certainly the good manners, if cultivated would in no way encroach upon or blot out the good morals.

Politeness is not only a delight, but it is a good business asset.
The young woman who knows how to talk nicely to people, whose manners are cordial and convincing, who never suffers from the embarrassment of ignorance, is the young woman who is going to make her way in the world.

Refinement, delicacy of speech, good English, grace, neatness, loveliness in general—all these are wonderfully important in the making of success and happiness. Within every woman's mind there are great possibilities of charm.

It is wonderful how charm develops under certain encouragement. The girl who is in love and whose sweetheart tells her that she is beautiful, suddenly becomes beautiful. Self encouragement may be had by cultivating a gentle courtesy toward all humanity, tenderness for all suffering, forgiveness for human sins and human failings.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

The prominent figure, the leading character, in the Irish life during the early part of the nineteenth century was Daniel O'Connell. As we look back upon that period, says A. M. Sullivan in "New Ireland," we see his great form loomed upon the Irish sky like that of some Titan towering above the race of men. In Ireland he is fondly styled "the Liberator" in England known as the "Irish Agitator." No man can be named who at any time in Irish affairs attained to such popularity as that which was O'Connell's in 1844, when he may be said to have reached the zenith of his power. Like other master characters in history, he carved out his own career. . . . He inherited no lordly title; he succeeded to no territorial influence. He belonged to an ancient and honored Celtic family in West Kerry, and was expectant heir to an uncle—"Old Hunting-Cap."

He entered the Irish bar. It is a singular fact that the only men who within the last hundred years became really great popular leaders in Ireland were barristers, who first won popular confidence and popular influence by their forensic abilities; namely Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt. The man who could "run a coach and four through any act of parliament," as O'Connell boasted he could do; who could put down the attorney general and baffle the crown, who was ready to take the brief of the weak against the strong, to compel justice for the poor, was inevitably marked out for popularity amongst a people like the Irish. His skill, his learning, his eloquence, his



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ingenuity, were all tested, exhibited, and proved before their eyes. Moreover in no generation has Ireland been without the exciting spectacle of state trials or political prosecutions. The accused stepped from the dock to the scaffold, from the cell to the convict ship, bequeathing names and memories destined to immortality in rustic ballad or fireside story, and the advocate who defended them especially supposed to sympathize with them, became a hero.

ADAM AND EVE AND THE SERPENT

Is it the biblical story that is to be repeated? Many would fain relate that story to the class of impossible and unthinkable myths, or to that of fanciful legends. Yet if you open but half an eye you can see the meaning of that event verified in the world to-day though it be under a somewhat different form.

Let us put "fashion" in the place of the serpent, and you have a modern garden of Eden. How many of our Eves and Adams have lamented the ruin brought upon the human race—physical and moral upheaval—by the first deception! Yet how many of these same Eves and Adams are imitating their first parents by following after a slavish way the deceit of "fashion."

One gets the impression from modern literature, journalistic and other kinds, that Swift's "War of the Books" ought to give place to one entitled "War of the Sexes." Either sex is clamoring for rights against the other; either is squaring itself to meet and offset the onslaughts of the other. My rights! My rights! Who ever heard of that as a cry? Thus the two elements that God intended should live in peaceful and companionable union are grasping at each other's throats trying to strangle one the other. This modern problem is a complex one, and there is no doubt but that the cause is also a complex one. Women doubtless have many wrongs that call for redress, but so have men. Only woman's principal wall is against man, and man's is against his own kind, for the most part.

It is quite an easy thing for one to discern the mote in another's eye and squint at the beam in his own. Hence it might seem hazardous for a "mere man" to attempt to direct "a society" woman's attention to a consideration of what the present writer thinks might be regarded as one of the causes of the complex problem. Yet not by women only might the consideration be profitably taken to heart. What I would direct attention to, then, is the serpent in modern society, namely, "the fashion." Maybe we shall see that this serpent has more to do than is realized with the belligerent state of the sexes. The serpent "fashions" throws out its fangs to taint with its deceitful poison Eve principally and through Eve, Adam. We see "fashion" slavishly bowed down to in every detail by those who frequently refuse a sincerely humble act of adoration even to the Most High. Ladies who would resent being waited on in the shops by clerks in their shirt sleeves, make a public exhibition of themselves in unbecoming, not to say indecent, dress at society gatherings, at public receptions, at balls, at the theatre, at dinners and even in the public streets. Where is the principle of equal rights? exclaims the man.

Herein women have been seduced by fashion, and through fashion tempt Adam, and when Adam has been tempted he goes and commits excesses against his very tempter, and then rises up the wall for rights, rights, whereas, if duties had been the first consideration the cry of "rights" might not have been needed. I would ask Catholic women to consider if they have done anything to stem and offset the "abuses"

of fashions. Must everything be allowed or tolerated merely because it is the fashion?

As there is fashion in dress, so also is there fashion in other things that have nothing else to recommend them but "it is the fashion." What matters it, for instance, that among dances, one has been imported from the depths of vice? Somebody or other, on what authority is not precisely known, has declared it to be "the fashion," and hence society must bow its head in adoration. The serpent again appears on the scene. Maybe the word tango in its etymology is symbolical of society's shaking hands (being in touch) with those depths. Women ought always be able to claim respect and honor from men, but when they lose their own self-respect, what claim can they make on man for either the one or the other.

Here is a field wherein our Catholic women with courage and principle can exercise their beneficent influence. Eve's influence was counteracted by the Blessed Virgin, and Catholics should enlist under the banner of the Blessed Virgin to counteract the modern serpent's poison.—Cornu in Rome.

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow
of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years,
Few or many they come, few or many they go,
But time is best measured by tears,

Ah, not by the silver gray
That creeps thro' the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass
on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers
of care

On forehead and face have made,
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftimes old,
Though their brows be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—
O'er them the spring—but winter is there.

And the old are oftimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But head, by head, I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead;
't is well,
And they're blest with with the blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the lone back home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

—FATHER RYAN.

"EXPURGATING" THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Talk of presumption! The dream of Gerontius has been "expurgated" by some Protestant divines in England. The reference to purgatory and to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin have been cut out. The London Times said recently:

"The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough Cathedral, having made it a condition that portions of Sir Edward Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius' should be expurgated, if it were to be given in a forthcoming choral festival. Mr. Gervase Elwes, the tenor who was to sing the name part, has intimated his intention to sing the words as written or not at all."

The Dean shifts the responsibility by asserting that the mutilation was done a year ago, for another festival, and he is only asking Mr. Elwes to use this version. "We know that retention of the exact words which Cardinal Newman wrote would be a source of pain and misgiving to many whose feelings and whose beliefs are entitled to our consideration," he says by way of apology, and in further excuse, he adds: "We are bound to remember that the service must be not only a performance, but an act of worship." The London Tablet says truly of this would be explanation:

"This seems to make matters worse. If the performance of Sir Edward Elgar's setting of Cardinal Newman's poem is to be regarded as an act of religious worship, what possible justification or excuse can there be for mutilating the text in the interests of another creed? Nor has it occurred to the Dean that, if his view is correct, he has been asking a distinguished Catholic singer to take the leading part in a public act of Protestant worship, and to use a text specially corrupted for that purpose."

The Tablet takes the viewpoint of all right-minded people, and very properly denounces the mutilation of the "Dream of Gerontius," as being at once "an outrage against truth, an artistic atrocity, and an offense against the memory of Cardinal Newman."—Sacred Heart Review.

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