

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN WHO OVERESTIMATES HIMSELF

It is a good thing to have sufficient self-confidence, but a bad thing to have too much of it. The man who thinks that he knows more than he can do, is apt to get some bad bumps before experience teaches him his limitations. And, unfortunately, he is apt to bring trouble on others as well as himself while he is learning his lesson.

You're a wedge trying to make a start at the wrong end; you expect to find an opening which will fit your egotism instead of your capacity.

The sooner you taper down to circumstances, the quicker you'll taper up to circumstances.

You want to begin at the place where others are content to finish; you hope to be an oak without commencing as an acorn.

Careers and trees are wonderfully alike—both require years and patience until they reach their normal development. They must have roots before they can mature. They must get a firm hold on solid ground before they reach height and breadth and branch out.

We don't know what is in you until it comes out of you. Therefore we demand evidence of your accomplishment before we believe in your accomplishments.

We have learned that strength wants no favors and disdains assistance; so that if you ask to be fostered in a hot-house of favoritism, we are skeptical and regard it as a whimper and an evidence of your own distrust.

If you're confident of your attainments, go ahead and back up your belief by achievement. Let us see you grow; but go out into the open where you can be tested by the same storms and difficulties that the average man must survive. Weather the weather. Put yourself on a basis of unrestricted competition.

If you're blown down, or shrivel up at the outset, it's either your fault (you haven't gripped with strong enough or long enough roots) or it's your misfortune (you're a weakling and lacking in the sap and fibre of survival).

We'd have a fine sort of a world if we permitted unproved, untried, untested men to leap in and take what pleases their vanity. Our armies would have no privates—every soldier would seize for himself the field marshal's baton. Our battle-ships would rust in the docks; there would be no stokers—every sailor would be scrapping about the decks in the cockpit of a rear admiral. The wheels of our factories would never turn—every worker would be a superintendent without a force to direct.

Making life too easy for you would make it too hard for every one else; therefore, in the end, just as hard for you.

We won't help you because misplaced assistance is hindrance. You must work your way up, and expect everybody else who is after the same things to try and hold you down.

You must come out of the attic of theory and elbow your way through the matter-of-fact practical world.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR DUTY TO ONE ANOTHER

The greatest work of God is a manly man who knows himself with a clear and practical knowledge. We are all men, but we are many men whose hearts are broad, and whose wills are filled with the love and friendship that brightens the path of those who live with broken faith and shattered hopes! Every man who is manly has a duty to perform; and that duty is to love one another.

Above all, we should love those who are stricken with poverty, vice and shame. This is Christianity, the Christianity of Christ, and that incited by every Catholic school and pulpit. For we cannot stand alone. No man is so strong that he can stand alone and be independent. Those who say they are independent, are sometimes the most dependent. We were made to help another. If we are in health we should help the sick; if we are intelligent we should help the ignorant; if we are strong we should help the weak; and if we are rich we should help the poor.

"Not a bit!" Christine asserted stoutly. "Maybe that's the way she will come," she added mischievously. "Christine, you're a wonder!" Katherine exclaimed, giving her an affectionate hug. "Here's hoping your dream will come true!" Christine's dream was never more strongly with her than it was this St. Valentine's day—Sadie's eighth birthday.

"She's quite a big girl now, isn't she, mother?" she chattered gaily on the way home from Mass. "The coats which girls her age are wearing this winter are so pretty, and their dresses too. I think they would be easy to make."

The mother assented absently. "Yes, if you have a pattern, in my young days," she sighed inwardly. "I used to make all your children's dresses without any pattern."

Christine flushed guiltily. She was thinking of the eight-year-old pattern which she had bought the last day she was down town. "Just to pretend I'm going to make a dress for Sadie," she had whispered to herself. She had gazed over the pretty pattern in the privacy of her room, and had even meditated rashly on buying the goods to make it up.

darkness. Why be kind to-day, if to-morrow you wear the look of scorn? Any religion which is avaricious, narrow and prejudiced cannot be true; much less can it lead man to the truth, and it must fail to give him a knowledge of that broad principle and wide charity which all hearts love.

Truth, like love and friendship, is limited but not narrow. It is unchangeable, yet like love, it never grows old.

Therefore this is our duty to know, and love one another. And with knowledge and love there shall be truth. Hold fast to the former two and embrace the latter. For truth gives us freedom. Love gives us happiness; and knowledge gives us a better understanding of one another.—St. Joseph's Quarterly.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CHRISTINE'S VALENTINE

By Helen Moriarty, in St. Anthony's Messenger

"Are you going to Mass this morning, mother?" Christine asked, as she lit the fire in her mother's room on a certain gray, cold morning in February.

"Unless it's too cold and bad," her mother responded from her warm nest among the bed clothes.

"I don't believe it is," said the girl. "I'll wait for you then, for Katherine's cold is so much worse that she has decided not to go."

"Very well," was the response, "I'll be ready in no time."

Mrs. Dorsey and her two daughters lived alone in a rambling old home-stead in one of the older parts of a large city. Once the family had consisted of eight children, but one by one they had died, until after the father's death, some year's ago, only four were left—Christine and Katherine at home, a son living in the far West, and a married daughter, from whom they had not heard in years. She had married out of the Church and had gone to New York to live. For a long while she had written at regular intervals, but gradually her letters became fewer, and finally ceased altogether. After a time Christine had gone to New York in search of her, but could find not even a trace of the lost daughter. It was their one grief, but a grief which was with them always; and all their prayers and all their hopes were centered in the one wish—that they might some day learn something of her fate or whereabouts. Of one thing they were miserably sure: that the husband had deserted her long ago. This they had divined from her letters shortly after the birth of a little girl, whom she had called Sarah, after her mother. If she lived, she would be eight years old today—St. Valentine's day.

"I always like to go to Mass on Sadie's birthday," Christine remarked, as they hurried along the frosty streets. "It brings her nearer somehow."

The mother sighed. Lately she had quite given up hope of locating either Sadie or her mother, and it worried her anew to note how set was Christine's heart on sometime finding the child and bringing her home.

"Won't it be lovely," she would plan, "when we have Sadie? A little girl is such a joy, and what fun it will be to give parties to her and her playmates! A taffy pulling, for instance! Dear me, I used to love taffy pullings when I was a child!" And Christine's shortsighted, kind eyes would beam happily.

Katherine, the younger sister, was more pessimistic. "I'm afraid you're in for a big disappointment one of these days," she warned in the midst of one of Christine's eager rhapsodies on just what they would do when Sadie came. "What if we never hear from Margaret or the child either? Besides," you're raising mother's hopes so."

Christine's face clouded, and depression seized her for an instant. Then she brightened quickly.

"It doesn't hurt me to keep on hoping," she said, wistfully; "and as for raising mother's hopes—I'm afraid she thinks as you do. Now, I'm sure—positively sure—that we are going to have Sadie with us one of these days, if not Margaret herself!" She smiled gaily at her sister's dubious look.

"I do believe you wouldn't be a bit surprised if you went to the door some day and found Sadie waiting to be admitted," she laughed.

"Not a bit!" Christine asserted stoutly. "Maybe that's the way she will come," she added mischievously. "Christine, you're a wonder!" Katherine exclaimed, giving her an affectionate hug. "Here's hoping your dream will come true!" Christine's dream was never more strongly with her than it was this St. Valentine's day—Sadie's eighth birthday.

"She's quite a big girl now, isn't she, mother?" she chattered gaily on the way home from Mass. "The coats which girls her age are wearing this winter are so pretty, and their dresses too. I think they would be easy to make."

The mother assented absently. "Yes, if you have a pattern, in my young days," she sighed inwardly. "I used to make all your children's dresses without any pattern."

"I'd have the pleasure of making it," she thought, "and then I could give it away to some poor child." Her courage failed her, however, and she had never gotten as far as buying the goods.

"St. Valentine is here before you!" greeted Katherine gaily, as they entered the cosy dining room. "Look at all his messages!" pointing to the pile of mail on the table.

"Isn't he good?" exclaimed Christine, as she opened envelope after envelope, to find bright and pleasant, funny, or characteristic greetings from friends and intimates.

"I saved mine, so that we could open them all together," remarked Katherine; and for a few moments there was a confused chorus of exclamations from the three, for Mrs. Dorsey was not forgotten either.

"Oh, see here!" suddenly exclaimed Christine. "That little Douglas girl has sent me this pretty card, and I forgot her altogether! I don't see how I could have done it," remorsefully, "for I always send her a valentine. She has so few pleasures, poor mite!"

"Too bad," her mother remarked. "Can't you go down and get her one after breakfast, and deliver it yourself on your way home?"

"Yes, I can do that," answered Christine. "Thanks for the happy thought, mother dear. She's always so proud of her valentines. I remember, and it might hurt her to miss one. Will you go, Katherine?"

But Katherine thought she had better stay in and nurse her cold, so an hour or so later Christine found what she was seeking in a down town book store, and was soon walking briskly toward the humble home where little lame Mattie Douglas lived with a widowed sister. The sister would not be at home, Christine knew, for she held an office position down town, so she went around to the side door. Her knock elicited a bright "Come in!" in a childish treble, and she entered to find herself in a perfect shower of valentines.

"How lovely!" was her exclamation to the pretty child who sat in her wheel chair in a still glow of absolute happiness. "And here's mine," she added; "I brought it myself, so I could see your pretty valentines."

"Look, Miss Christine, aren't they beautiful? What do you think?"—in a joyous tone, "the children gave me a shower. I have a hundred and eleven—you make one hundred and twelve! Isn't that what it is, Sadie?"

Christine gave a start at the name, and then at sight of the child, who rose from a low stool at the side of Mattie's chair.

"Yes, a hundred and twelve now," she answered. "I was counting the small ones over again," and she looked up shyly at the strange lady.

Christine's heart almost stopped beating, then began to beat so violently that she could not speak. "Margaret's eyes!" she said to herself. "Margaret's clear, gray, lovely eyes!"

"Who is your little friend, Mattie?" she asked when she could command her voice. At that the tones were so hoarse that she scarcely knew them for her own.

"You have a cold, Miss Christine, haven't you?" asked Mattie. "Don't you know Sadie Murphy? She comes to see me all the time."

The disappointment was so great that Christine forgot to answer the child's solicitous question. "Not my Sadie! Not my Sadie after all!" she was moaning inwardly, as the two children kept examining the gay cards, laughing and exclaiming, and chatting happily and excitedly.

"Oh, Mattie," suddenly exclaimed the strange little girl, "see this one? I got one just like this from my other daddy in New York."

"Your other daddy?" said Mattie. "Why, who's that?" Christine turned, without much interest, to hear the child's answer.

"Oh, that's the daddy I had before Mamma Murphy brought me here. He was a doctor, you know, and my own really mamma gave me to him when she died. But he had to go away some place to study—away off, you know—so he gave me to Mamma Murphy, because she had no little girls of her own. I liked him though," she sighed.

Christine's heart had started tripping again as she heard the child out. Then she said quickly: "Come here, Sadie. Tell me," as she took the child's hands in hers, "tell me, what was your really mamma's name? Do you know?" "Of course I know," said the little girl, looking up innocently at her questioner. "It was Graham."

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-tives"

382 ST. VALERIE ST., MONTREAL.

"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them, I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise 'Fruit-a-tives' enough". H. WHITMAN.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

sat with her grandmother's arm around her and the two aunts gazing at her lovingly; "and she told Dr. Gordon that if God would take her she wanted him to take me away and send me to my grandmother. But she never told him where you lived, and she died one night, and he didn't know what to do. So I stayed with him until Mamma Murphy came to New York to visit him—he is her brother, you know; and then she brought me here."

"And you've been here, so near to us, almost a year!" Katherine exclaimed. "And to think that we found you on Valentine day!"

"To think that I found her!" put in Christine, triumphantly. "She's my very best valentine, thank you! I come, Sadie," joyously to the beaming child, "come upstairs till I show you the pattern of a pretty little dress I'm going to make you!"

The mother's and Katherine's eyes were dim as they watched the two disappear up the stairway.

WOULD HAVE PROTESTANTS REVIVE BEAUTIFUL PRACTICE

By Horatio Bottomley (Editor of "John Bull")

"Lord Roberts on his death-bed, in November, 1914, said: 'Now that we have the men and the munitions, all we want is a nation on its knees.'"

"Come, come, my Christian critics have we made so little progress, after all, since the gates of hell were opened in August, 1914? I had hoped that in the presence of the great world tragedy our old narrow, sectarian wrangles had gone forever, and that we were all to-day yearning for one great Church and Faith, which should bring us nearer to God than we have ever before."

"Let us take an item from the great Roman Catholic Church. Protestants, my Protestant friends, don't protest because it is from that Church. What does it matter? Let us revive the Angelus Bell. Who has not seen the great picture by the French artist, Millet, depicting two gleaners in the field, with bowed heads, as the evening bell from the church in the distance is ringing out its call to prayer? Let the bells of every church—Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, Established and Nonconformist—ring out at eventide, just for a minute—and during that sacred interval let every man uncover and every woman bow the head—just for an instant's silent communion with God. I vow there would be no real sin that night; and we should look into each other's eyes with a kindlier and purer gaze."

"The evening bell calls men and women to God. I sometimes wonder why a rite so acceptable to Protestant theology has been preserved in Roman Catholic countries and allowed to lapse in the lands that followed Luther."

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL IN THE TRENCHES

In Champagne, France, close to the firing line, some French soldiers have constructed an underground chapel in honor of Our Lady of the Trenches. These men have done the work entirely themselves, and it was completed in eleven days. One man, a corporal sapper, undertook the making of the door; another corporal—a carpenter by trade—the carpentry and the belfry; a mechanic, the bells, with the assistance of a musician; a decorator, the painting of the walls; a joiner, the tabernacle, which is a real work of art; an engraver, the sanctuary lamp, cut out of the ocket of a shell; a gardener arranged the ground outside in pretty flower-beds. The soldiers were desirous of having a nice church, and they have succeeded. It was blessed on Passion Sunday, when the chaplain explained that this church, dedicated to Our Lady of the Trenches, was a Christian and patriotic act, and offered entirely by the men themselves. Since then there is Mass every morning at 5 o'clock. Confessions are heard in the sacristy, and there have been many conversions. On Easter morning the church was full, with large numbers of Communicants. The pious soldiers who constructed the little chapel are very pleased to know that they have the Blessed Sacrament so close to them.—Catholic News.

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. F. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.

Managing Director: B. G. Connolly Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather

OFFICES: 10 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

NO MAN CAN FORCE 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.

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 300 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 fomentor of rebellion.
 8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience
 9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

Order Now. 25c. Postpaid

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS

B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE REQUESTS THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO BEGIN NOW TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE NEXT WAR LOAN

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE OTTAWA

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! I 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 Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one TORONTO'S FAMOUS HOTEL Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Ge! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

The WALKER HOUSE Geo. Wright & Co. - Proprietors

THERMOGEN CURATIVE WADDING

GIVES relief from a hundred aches and pains. Can be worn without hindrance or discomfort. Your druggist has it.

Beauty Doctor Tells Secret

Detroit Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orifex (4 compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, and relieve itching and dandruff."

ASTHMA COUGHS WHOOPING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1873

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 35 years. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the throat, and relieves the chest, assuring great relief. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers and young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Send no money for descriptive booklet. VAPOR-CRESOLINE CO. Learning 11th St., Detroit, Mich.

HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR

THE FLOUR THAT MAKES GOOD THINGS LIKE GRANNY BAKES

For Sprains, Lame Muscles

Absorbine, Jr., brings quick relief. Keep it always at hand for instant use. Athletes use Absorbine, Jr., for the muscle that has been strained, for the cut or laceration that runs a chance of infection; for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion. Walter Johnson, the famous pitcher of the Washington Americans, says: "Absorbine, Jr., is a first-class liniment and rub-down for tired muscles. I have used it myself to advantage and can heartily recommend it to ball players everywhere." Absorbine, Jr., is a concentrated antiseptic liniment—only a few drops required at an application. It is safe and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue. Sold by most druggists, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle for 10c in stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

LAUGHLIN Automatic - Non-Leakable

SELF STARTING PEN FILLING

10 Days' Free Trial

You don't have to fuss and shake a Laughlin to start the ink—it's a Self Starter. You don't have to fill the Laughlin, it's a Self Filler. You don't have to monkey with awkward or unsightly locks, extensions, or so-called safety devices—there are none. You can't forget to seal a Laughlin against leaking, it seals itself airtight—no unsightly caps. You can't lose your cap from a Laughlin—it secures itself automatically. You can't break your cap or holder on a Laughlin. They are non-breakable. Holders are of scientific reinforced construction throughout—no unsightly joints. You don't have to wait until a Laughlin is ready, it is ready to write when you are; the air-tight, leak proof construction keeps pen and feed "primed," insuring a free uniform flow of ink instantly—even though not previously used for a year. It prevents ink splatters with no more hindrance or interruption to your thoughts or writing inspiration than your breathing. These results—on your money back. These features are peculiar only to this patented construction.

\$2.50 By insured mail. Just enclose \$2.50 with this coupon containing your name and address; we will send the pen by return mail. Delivery guaranteed.

Fill out and mail today Laughlin Mfg. Co., 292 Wayne St., DETROIT, MICH. Gentlemen—Here is \$2.50. Send me the pen described in this advertisement. If pen is not satisfactory you refund the money.

Name: Address:

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES

Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected copper and brass. Largest assortment of bells, tones, volume and durability. Guaranteed. E. W. WANDERER, Post-Box 100, Fenwick, (Eats. 1837) 602 E. Second St., CINCINNATI, O.

EARN \$100 A WEEK AT HOME

The Hosiery trade is booming. Help us meet the huge demand. Inexpensive persons provided with profitable all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for particulars, rates of pay, etc. Send 3c. for Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co., Ltd. Dept. 115E, 257 College St., Toronto.