CHATS WITH YOUNG

WASTE NOT

If you've any task to do,
'Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it!
If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it!

If you've anything to love, 'Tis a blessing from above, Love it!

If you've anything to give,

That another's joy may live,
Give it!
If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and

shout, Doubt it! If you've any debt to pay, Rest you neither night nor day, Pay it! If you've any joy to hold Near your heart, lest it grow cold, Hold it!

If you've any grief to meet, At a loving Father's feet, Meet it! If you know what torch to light, Guiding others in the night,

Light it!

In the philosophic reckoning of time there is no time like the present. Time makes life, and life itself passes before our eyes like a vast panorama in ages that are reckoned by years, and years that are divided into months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and last but not least, seconds.

Each second is meted out to us.

Each second is meted out to us, and we are given it to work out the problem before us. Little can be accomplished in this very brief interval, but they are given us in succession and in direct order, so that the future becomes the present and the present fades into the past.

It is not unusual to hear men speak of youth with envy. They say that care free youth is the bet time. They would barter their soul in exchange for the few years of youth. Youth, on the other hand, longs for the days when it will feel itself free and independent to go about and accomplish great work. It is an inconsistency of nature to be see discretified.

be so dissatisfied. The present second and the present day to each and every one should be counted as the best day. Yearning for times that have gone by, and hoping for those times to come lead a man nowhere. While he dreams, his very act has robbed him-of a precious moment. It may have its joys and its comforts, yet what reason has he to hope that the future will fulfill itself? He cannot possibly see the future. It is like a dense fog which hides objects from his view. It may seem that his imagination can penetrate the mist, and he sees golden towers and glittering steeples, but he is fooled for he is gazing at a mirage. It is as remote as another horizon, as fantastic and fickle as a dream.

As we think, we like. The past may serve as a prop for the present time. The future means and the server as a prop for the present time.

time. The future may act as a stimulus, but we cannot dwell in either, for one is dead and the other is uncertain.

Hours have wings, fly up to the author of time and carry news of our usage," wrote Milton. "All our prayers cannot entreat one of them ither to return or slacken his pace. The misspents of every minute are had no bi new records against us in heaven. had no bi Surely, if we thought thus, we should dismiss them with better reports, and not suffer them to fly away empty, or laden with dangerwhen they carry up not only the messages, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before His glorious

Man is scarcely aware of the periodicity of time. It is given us in such abundance that we are unappreciative of the opportunities which it carries with it. It is a sort which it carries with it. It is a sort of river of passing events, and strong in its currents, bringing things into sight; and in a twinkling of an eye they disappear and another takes the place, but this too will be swept along with the current. The big things of life consist in the steady building of the little things. Little difficulties overcome give one strength to face overcome, give one strength to face bigger ones.

On the present depends life. The performance of every act in life must be attributed to the present. Those which were the past were at one time present, and those to come will see the present. The acts of the present bid for a changeless immortality. When time and life fulfill themselves, our thoughts and actions are measured, and according to the fullness and profit of

time spent are we judged. The present calls for patience, optimism and goodness. He is a wise man and a true philosopher wise man and a true philosopher who does not "cross a bridge till he comes to it." It is fear and worry of things which belong to the future which rob man of the present. And we cannot expect to have peace of mind and a light heart, if we are forever borrowing from the future. It is wishing our lives away, throwing it to the winds. When we have spent the good part of the day climbing a hill, it is not difficult to

to what has passed. So we under-stand the wisdom in the words of thine! Marcus Aurelius when he said "Be not as one that hath ten thousand years to live; death is nigh at hand; while thou livest, while thou hast

With the thought in mind that we are building an immortal home, let the good deeds build a firm foundation, and a life well spent will adorn it with a beauty everlasting. If it is built upon the work of the present, it will stand strong against the unforescent and is not ant to fall the property of the present and is not ant to fall the property of the present and is not ant to fall the property of the present and is not ant to fall the property of the present and is not ant to fall the property of the present and is not ant to fall the property of the present and the property of the property of the present and the property of the present and the property of the unforeseen and is not apt to fall. Then, when time fulfills itself and the long day of toil is over, we can feel that we have done our best, put in our best material in building

"JOE"

There were plans of mischief brew-

I saw, but gave no sign,
For I wanted to test the mettle
Of this little knight of mine.
"Of course, you must come and help

us, For we all depend on Joe," The boys said; and I waited For his answer—"Yes" or "No." He stood and thought for

moment, I read his heart like a book For the battle that he was fighting Was told in his earnest look. Then to his waiting playmates Outspoke my loyal knight—
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,
For I know it wouldn't be right." How proud was I of my hero, As I knelt by his little bed, And gave him the bedtime kisses,

the good-night words were said! And True to his Lord and manhood, May he stand in the world's fierce

And shun each unworthy action, Because it "wouldn't be right."

IF I WERE YOU I wouldn't be ashamed to do right anywhere. I would not do anything that I would not be willing for

I wouldn't go into the company of boys who use bad language.
I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father before I had been fifty miles away from home.

I wouldn't get into the sulks and pout whenever I couldn't have my

own way about everything.
I wouldn't let any other boys get ahead of me in my studies.
I wouldn't abuse little boys who had no big brother for me to be

LYING

an offence against God. It attacks the very foundations of society. Men can live together and make progress only so long as they can

trust one another. Civilization is based on mutual dependence and mutual dependence without mutual confidence is unthinkable. The most flagrant violators of this trust—the criminal class—society puts behind bars.

Nor does society fail to punish the liar. He who is forever making lying excuses, who is ever ready with a denial or a plausible explan ation when detected in or accused of wrong doing, soon finds himself charged with things of which he is innocent, and his denials and excuses rejected. He has destroyed

the confidence which his fellows should be able to place in his word.

The "romancer" and the chronic exaggerator soon find even their lightest word, their most moderate statement disregarded and themselves treated with contempt more or less lightly veiled.

He who pretends to virtue or to cleverness which he does not possess, receives no credit.

YOUTH AND THE AGED Youth—be tender with age. Life disappoints all of us. The old have known, probably, loss and worse than loss, bitter disillusionment. Today their sight is dim, their hearing dull, their movements are slow and feeble. That is loss enough. Do not make the failure of the body, the dimming of the mind, any harder to bear. Don't remind them that their race is all but over, while yours is all before you. To their state you must come-as you will

need patience and tenderness then, show patience and tenderness now. show patience and tenderness now.
Sometimes, for their sakes, go
slow! Sometimes, to give them
cheer, to nullify that sense of the
spent strength, that bitter feeling

tions, He forgets today's seed will be tomorrow's ashes.

In the natural course of events, the present acts are a sequence of the past. Accordingly, as we lived yesterday we will live today, and we may rest assured that it is all to the base of the Barons, by Bulwer Lytton. A lad, tender, gentle, full of pity for an old man has given him help, help sorely needed. And the old man, lifting trembling hands, prays: "God shield thy the past. Accordingly, as we lived the past. Accordingly, as we lived yesterday we will live today, and hands, prays: "God shield thy we may rest assured that in all youth; God make thy manhood probability the future will conform worthy; God grant thee, in thine old age, children, with hearts like

PRAYER

Prayer can obtain everything; it can open the windows of Heaven, and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and while thou livest, while thou hast time, be good."

The future is a yawning void. It offers the present no tangible guarantee. We have no control over time. Why should we boast of the future? Are we the masters of time? Can we check the setting of the sun or the ebbing of the tides? We are sure of one thing—the present. We have it in our hands, and it rests with us to mould it into a good that is lasting, and which will be recorded in the book of life as an asset.

With the thought in mind that we

prayers today than to resolve to become a saint next week. Today is here, and next week is nowhere, this day is mine; I know not if I shall have so much as one other. God has the past and the future, I will thank Him for the past, I will beg Him for the future. As to the present, with God's help, I will set to work to do my utmost.

CHEER UP Cheer up! This world has not treated you so badly, taking it all in all, and your prospects are pretty good for the next one! Cheer up! Don't darken the sunshine with your woe begone countenance. The fogs and mists and thunder clouds you think you see, are all within your own brain. Drive them out, and let God's blessed sunlight stream in.

God still loves you, otherwise He would not be so good to you. You must admit it: He really has been good to you.

True, you have had your losses

True, you have had your losses and your reverses, but you have never yet starved or frozen to death. Our Lord Himself has said: "Having food and raiment, with these we are content."

He has not given you more than this, because He knows that more is unnecessary. And as for the next world, why, you say your daily prayers and hear Mass on Sunday and receive the Sacraments occasionally and try to lead a pretty straight life. straight life.

Now all these are special graces

of God. How often you were prevented from committing some great sin by something, you know not what! This is a clear proof that a loving Father is watching over you. You still have your faults, of course. He permits that to keep you from growing proud and to make you pray. Therefore, cheer up! The birds have not all stopped singing nor has the sun been extin-guished.—Annals of St. Anne.

THE GERMAN ELECTION

PROTESTANTS USE FAMILIAR TACTICS AGAINST CATHOLIC CANDIDATES

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine

Conjecture of every sort, accompanied by astonishment in some quarters, has followed the election of Marshal Hindenburg as President of Germany. Mostly it is said that the love the Germans hold for the venerable soldier because of his war exploits, and the glamour of the days when Germany was holding the world at bay by arms,

account for his victory. However much that may be true, it also is true that there was much religious bias injected into the campaign. Now that the heat of the struggle is over, it may be

appraised. There is a particular significance in the raising of the religious issue because there was no such issue in the case of the first German President, Ebert. That leader's relation to the Catholic Church is generally not understood. It is simply this: Ebert was the son of a Catholic father and was christened in the Catholic Church, but he was educated by his Protestant mother in the Protestant confession. These facts explain why such ecclesiastical representatives as the Papal Nuncio assisted in the last rites for the

dead President Ebert, however, was a Socialist, and since most of the German Socialists are little more than atheists, Catholicism and Protestantism made little political difference in his

election But when Hindenburg was opposed by the Catholic Marx for the succession to the Presidency, the old religious issue was immediately dragged forth. It certainly had considerable share in deciding the election. Some idea of the vigor with which this issue was fought may be gained from the expressions

of the leaders and the press.

The Evangelisches Gemeindeblatt,

letters, even, were not too much for the foes of the Church. In spots Marx was labelled a "servant of the priests" and it was declared that it was the intention of Rome and the Pope to make Germany a vassal State. The same men who made these ridiculous charges then went into Catholic districts and attempted to confuse the voters and

win them over by declaring that the Pope greatly desired the elec-tion of Hindenburg.

In all this campaign, it is true, Marx did not lack supporters among the Protestants. Notably, Dr. Baumgarten, professor of the Uni-versity of Kiel and preacher at that institution, wrote a long series of articles in the Frankfurter Zeitung n his support. Dr. Marx, said this student, had performed such service to the nation and was a man of such sterling character, political astuteness and fairness that all who loved their country should vote for him.

PROTESTANT PLEA FOR MARK Dr. Adolf von Harnack, the Berlin Umversity professor who is the best writer in Germany on dogmatic history, also wrote a compelling "Appeal to the Protestant Ger-mans" in which he concluded that Dr. Marx should be chosen to head the nation. Dr. von Harnack set forth the exceptional qualities the man must have who could save Germany in this critical time.

"Whoever has these qualities," he continued, "must be elected. Marx exemplifies them; Hinden-burg, whom we all view with reverence, does not have them. The religion of the candidate must not be regarded. It might be if beside Marx we had a Protestant of the same qualities. Now, however, we have no choice; there is no one but Marx. There also is the question whether for the salvation of religious, political and cultural liberties a German Nationalist would be better than a Catholic, and likewise the question whether the Nationalist would do more for internal peace

and spiritual freedom.
"In the condition in which we find ourselves, all religious considera-tions must for the moment be put aside. Marx must be elected, and by the aid of the German Protest-

It is not too much to say that these religious agitations brought about the election of the aged Hindenburg, who, in truth, is be-loved of Catholics and Protestants alike but who because of his age and military career seemed not the equal of Marx for the office.

MARX FELICITATES HINDENBURG As a matter of fact, the Protestant sections gave Hindenburg his winning votes. Saxony, Wurttem-berg, Baden and the Protestant dis-tricts of East Prussia, Liegnitz, Thuringia, Pommern, gave him the majority of their ballots. Catholic Bavaria, where opposition to Prussia and the Center party goes hand-inhand with the choice of monarchy, also gave him a heavy vote. However, Hanover, Hindenburg's home; Berlin and its environs, the Hansa towns — Bremen, Hamburg, etc. — and all the occupied Rhineland gave a good majority to Mary.

good majority to Marx.
Out of it all came another affirmacion of the strength of the Center Catholic Marx, and the fine public spirit of the Catholics, who willingly acknowledge Hindenburg as President. This spirit is exempli-fied in Dr. Marx's warm letter of felicitation to Hindenburg, in which he declared his intention to work with the new President for the peace of the world and the welfare of the

A PROTESTANT POET HONORS OUR LADY

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Cologne.-A Protestant German Cologne.—A Protestant German baron, Ernst von der Planitz, who incidentally was born in America, has recently made himself famous in the annals of Catholic literature by writing a volume of poems entitled "The Life of Mary: The Book of Our Lady, the Mother of God." The work has been highly praised as a piece of literature by critics in two countries.

critics in two countries.

Not content with writing the book, Baron von der Planitz has printed and bound it himself, as an additional act of piety. There is no similar record in German literature.

A touching little story attaches to this remarkable feat. Ernst von der Planitz, scion of an ancient Protestant German family, was born in New York in 1857, after his parents had emigrated to America He was educated in the United States until he was ten years old. Then upon the death of his father, he was brought back to Bremen and later was placed in a monastery in Wurttemberg.

VOWS TO HONOR VIRGIN

One day the little boy, who could speak no German, went into the Cologne cathedral while a solemn Catholic service was in progress. It made such an impression on him that he never forgot it. The piety of the nuns at Wurttemburg in-creased his respect for the Catholic reach the top. From the foot, the hill loomed up and it seemed like a somewhat impossible and improbable feat to mount to the top. Step by step, we are carried to the very tip and we laugh at our fears. One who worries and frets about tomorrow experiences the same sensarous description of the spent strength, that bitter feeling of uselessness, which is the bitterest that Protestants should give their thorn of age, listen to what they say. One feels tempted to quote words that always seem among the who worries and frets about tomorrow experiences the same sensarous list best, to youth at its best, in The sense of the published in Essen in the Ruhr district, rejected decisively the idea that Protestants should give their ballots to a Catholic no matter how worthy he might be.

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honor of all the Protestants demands unconditional combat against an Ultramontane (Catholic) President." in the College de France. Here he increased his knowledge and admiration of Catholic life and culture. At the same time he determined to learn the art of printing and book-

binding. the shadow of the wonderful Cathedral of Notre Dame, that Ernst

von der Planitz made a vow to write a work in hohor of the Blessed Virgin, and to print and bind it himself.

Years passed, and the young baron became famed as a writer. Among his works were some which had the piety of Catholics and the charity of nuns in peace and war as their theme. their theme.

Then, a grown man with the flush of success upon him, he recalled the of success upon him, he recalled the pious vow he had made in the shadow of Notre Dame. He took up the task of love, and finally completed the book of poems to Our Lady. That the full promise might be fulfilled he printed and bound it with his own hands. Thus German literature was given its first volume. literature was given its first volume printed and bound by its own

in honor of the Blessed Virgin. But none, say many of the critics, has given to German Catholics a volume so exquisite as Ernst von der Planitz's "Life of Mary." Even the Figaro, of Paris, has added its tribu e to his work.



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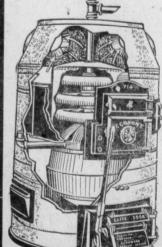


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