E. W. TOBIN, M. P.

GORDON GRANT, C. E.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ORDER

And though I fill thy heart with warmest love, Yet in true order must thy heart

love me; For without order can no virtue be. By thine own virtue, then, I, from

above Stand in thy soul; and so, most earnestly,
Must love from turmoil be kept
wholly free.
The life of fruitful trees, the season

of The circling year, move gently as a I measured all the things upon the

Love ordered them, and kept them

fair, And love to order must be truly O soul, why all this heat of little

Why cast out order with no thought of care? For by love's warmth must love be

governed.
- Maurice Francis Egan

THE TALENT

An old and classic novel gives us the portrait of an aged man living in a rural locality and passing his days in the peace and solitude of a gentle heart

Few outside his narrow world had ever heard of him. He spent his time in tilling the patch of ground which he called his garden, in consoling the afflicted, in giving alms, in self-denial, in study and in labor. His day was full. There was no time left from his invessent labor. time left from his incessant labor. Nor does this mean that he was a restless unquiet soul. On the contrary he seemed the embodiment of

repose in the midst of his activity.

In his lonely garden at night he looked up to the stars and dreamed of the grandeur and Presence of One Who had formed this wondrous beauty. He was dazzled by the loveliness of Nature; his little garden was dear to him, for he was true philosopher whose great talent was reverence

He lived. He died. He made no stir and yet he was sorely missed by those who had come to look for his patient figure stooping among his flowers, by the little children who strayed up to the gate looking in with wistful eyes to one who never failed to understand them. He passed on to render his talent back with a glorious accumulation of

Every man has a talent peculiar to himself, by the cultivation of which he may attain to true great-ness, even though it be not so acknowledged by the world. The talents of men, nobly utilized, have done much to brighten this world of ours where we depend so largely on the efforts of one another.

To one is given a divine gift of poetry. It is interesting and productive of sober reflection to note the manner in which a great talent like this has been used by the great geniuses of song. Of Shelley whom geniuses of song. Of Snelley whom we commemorate in an especial manner this year, his biographer says that he "wrote with a fire unequalled in his own or another generation, and the beauty of his work is a common heritage." Here work is a common heritage. is the development of a great gift for the common good of posterity. And yet we read with pain what Francis Thompson said of him: We may not forget the man-we cannot palliate his conduct; we are caught in the sorrow of a soul stolen

from its Faith. In the year 1588 a saintly ancestor of Shelley suffered at Tyburn. In spirit Francis Thompson stood beneath the Tree and saw the "red rain falling" from the ignominious wood. Shelley himself drifted slowly down the path of Atheism into Pantheism, and the honored tra-ditions of his dead were remembered no more. Somewhere along the line of ancestry, the talent was laid down, or hidden in a napkin—just where we cannot say. Someone abused it, and from the inglorious outcome we find a long line of an unhappy heritage

The ancient prison of the Marshal-sea could tell many a tale of talents nobly shielded from the insidious attacks of common enemies. Within these historic walls another ancestor of Shelley died a Confessor for the Faith, while still another spent three languishing years in a loathsome cell like a common felon.

In painful contrast to the long list of those who have lived up to the noblest and best within them have been many who, glorying in their talent as something which has come of their own achievement and not as a gift entrusted to them, have gradually traveled down an ignoble path, helped forward in their downward career by the very gifts which should have assisted them to something noble.

In the early part of the Eighteenth Century, in a country which gloried in its philosophers and poets, never did genius rise to more sublime heights or morality sink to lower depths. People on all sides were talking of the audacious speeches which the philosopher Figaro was delivering on the stage.

Anecdotes degrading, nauseating, were retold to divert kings from the common boredom of existence. Great musicians joined the infamous throng and a musical war broke out between two factions. So a beautiful gift was diverted into a means of strife and hatred.

The painful and tragic misuse of such noble talents caused the Abbe grace you are now preparing to

de Beauvais, preaching at the Royal Court a sermon on the necessity of preparing for death, to cry out in anguish: "Forty days more, Sire, and Ninevah will be destroyed!" And the King, far from thinking of death, only said: "I wish that those forty days had passed!" and straightway forgot about it.

It is said to note the intensity with which men have pursued the abuse with the service of perennial graces of unintermittent blessings. The gladness you are already experiencing, and the still greater one which you straightway forgot about it.

It is said to note the intensity with which men have pursued the abuse union with God now and in a more

which men have pursued the abuse of their genius. "Never did Caesar, Hannibal or Napoleon, even when earnestly engaged in performing their greatest manoeuvres, dis-

Many and diversified are the talents entrusted to men. There are those who sing beautifully or play divinely upon some musical There instrument. There are others who in word-pictures paint for us the joys and sorrows that lie nearest to our hearts. Still others have a talent for pleading; by their impassioned oratory they sway men at will and force them to follow a certain line of thought. And there are still others who have the humble arts of being happy and of spread instrument. There are others who arts of being happy and of spread ing happiness like sunshine about them. Others possess a ready gift of sympathy, a gentle tact, a winning spirit of self-oblation. All these are talents of no mean order and as such may be bound tightly up in a napkin where no man will be better for these or freely displayed. better for them, or freely displayed

for the benefit of all mankind.

They who have used their talents well, whether such talents be of a high order or more humble and obscure, have done a great deal to make men better. "They did a work," says Father Faber, "for we felt ourselves laid hold of in the solid darkness and hurried over stocks and stones and up high places, and behold! so much nearer than we had ever seen it before, a pale streak of light which was the dawning of day."

The thought of our talents recalls

to us the old old Parable of the Lord and His servants, when, "after a long time, He came and reckoned with them."—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LET MOTHER SIT WITH FOLDED HANDS

Let mother sit with folded hands and rest so for a spell, She's toiled all day about the house she's done her duty well,

Now let her rest at eventide and sit a while with you, Nor further task her willing hands,

for she is weary, too. You've done your share you feel, no

doubt, you're through now for the day,
Has mother then not done hers, too? Not so, I hear you say. A thousan I duties fill her life with chores for you and me, So, for a while now let her sit, from

cares and toils set free. Ay! let her rest. The years slip by and life is o'er so soon. morning dawns, the moments pass and lo! it now is noon.

by;
A little while and then it seems the eventide draws nigh. Let mother sit with folded hands.

Yes, let her rest awhile,
Let mother's evening hours be
sweet, her sunset wear a
smile,
Southern Cross.

With a heart full or love embraces
and blesses you, your affectionate
father. Alessandro Manzoni."—
Southern Cross.

times before her life is through, When someone else must do the chores that mother used to

Let mother sit and rest a while before she's called to go

Away from you, away from me who love but tax her so. Let mother sit with folded hands

beside you now and then.
Night comes when she will fold her hands, nor open them again.

-Toronto Daily Star MANZONI ON FIRST COMMUNION

The great Italian novelist Manzoni wrote a letter to his little daughter Victoria at school on the occasion of her First Communion. The original kept in the family as a precious heirloom, has recently as a special memento of the Eucharistic Congress been placed in an artistic setting and presented to Pope Pius XI. It is now one of the treasures of the Vatican. The letter, written early in the 19th century, shows something of the style inherited from the previous age, when architecture, furniture, costume manners, poetry and prose were all stiff with artifice and formality. But the essential tenderness was there. The severity is in the Italian toned down by the 'little language' of thee and thou, but to give these pronouns literally in English would only increase the appearance of stiffness. As Father Tozzi remarks, in sending us the letter, teachers may learn some-thing from the way in which Manzoni links this great act of life with all his daughter's future:
"My dear Victoria, Your letter has brought me one of those keen brought me one of those keen consolations which Our Lord in His Mercy sometimes provides for those on whom He has somewhat heavily laid His correcting hand. Yes, my Victoria, the feeling that you show in reference to the unutterable

union with God now and in a perfect, more intimate, never fail-ing union with God hereafter. Love and gratitude, self-humiliation

play a force of will equal to that of the obscurest gambler." So men are sometimes observed to display sober persistence when they know that they are pursuing a disastrous path.

"The more you feel your weakness, the more confiding you must be, for Our Lord never disappoints him who knows himself and prays. Promise that in all and for ever you will be faithful to His holy law; promise without faltering, because He who gives the command promises also the needed help. Ask of Him with strong hope all that grace which you already know you which might prove too strong for you. Take up the attitude of contempt for it, because He who loves you and will be with you is

stronger than it.
"On this happy and holy occasion, rouse in your heart a more real affection, a new humble reverence, for the Blessed Virgin within whom our Judge became our Redeemer, our God became our Brother. Choose her, and beg to have her, as your protector and teacher for all your life. Your own angelic mother who had recently died and whom Manzoni reverenced as much as loved] is looking down on you from heaven with joy and is praying, giving thanks, making promises along with you.
"You ask my pardon for any short-

comings you may have shown in my regard. I must tell you, dear child, for your comfort, that you have never caused any serious trouble to the hearts of your parents, and that any defects we may have had occasion to notice in you would, we were sure, be overcome by the excellent training you are getting, by your own good will and before all, and above all, by the grace of Him who wants us to be holy. Think then how this our confidence ought now to increase, how much your own strength ought to grow.

Thank Our Lord more than ever for having inspired us to place you in so blessed a retreat, where you are learning to walk faithfully along the difficult path of life. I am sorry that my infirmities, which you know, and still more serious misfortunes, have kept me so long from coming to see you. know that my heart is always near to you. Anyhow I hope soon to fold my arms around you, and with you and from you to find consola-

Give my humble kind regards and the expression of my deepest gratitude to the Sisters, your teachers; and see to it that, besides the reward they may expect from busy tasks fast speed the hours, the years go flashing care of you, they may also have some reward from their success in you. In that holy time now coming. bear in mind your loving and beloved family, and especially him who has most need of prayer, who with a heart full of love embraces

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Montreal Board of Trade Perpetuates Maisonneuve

canadian Rockies. At night they will leave for Edmonton. From Edmonton the homeward route will be through the rich farm lands of the northern part of the prairie provinces to Winnipeg, the greatest new years. The model of the policy of its most beautiful scenic settings, but the journey will be so arranged as to give them a new perspective of its wealth of soil, forests, mines and waters, and impressions of its industrial and commercial growth that would be impossible of Winnipeg, the greatest new years. The model of the policy of its wealth of soil, forests, mines and waters, and impressions of its industrial and commercial growth that would be impossible of weather the party will travel weet the policy of rld's great nations.

The development of the national spirit has been fostered

There is a striking monument in Montreal to Maisonneuve, founder of Canada's Metropolis. As in his life time, his sthoughts were of the West, so does the memorial to him stand to-day. The sculptor has caught the spirit of the adventurous pioneer in the poise of the body and the head. Vision. courage, determination are plain to the observant eye and understanding mind.

Maisonneuve and the host of gallant men and noble women who laid the foundation of the Canada of to-day, long, ago embarked upon the greatest and last quest. But their faith in the new land is as a living flame in the hea is of their successors. They see their country favored by geography and nature, a link between East and West, and extending almost 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean. They shout that it is endowed with a richness of natural resources beyond the power of man to calculate. Above all they rejoice in its attainment to a place and a voice in the councils of the nations.

Retrospect is often pleasant. The true Canadian has little time for that. His heart and mind are on the present and the future. He knows that if his country is to come to full fruition as a nation it must be by still worthier efforts on the part of its people individually and collectively. No single province within the Dominion's far-flung boundaries can afford to disregard another. Each must be in sympathy with all the rest. The East must share in the problems as well as in the joys and prosperity of the West. The West must have faith in the East. Bound by an invisible but unbreakable chain of mutual affection and goodwill they can and will put and keep Canada in the very vanguard of the world's great nations.

The development of the national spirit has been fostered. The development of the national spirit has been fostered and a second the power of productive control of the mations. The development of the national spirit has been fostered.

they beat in vain.

Next Jasper Park, another mountain kingdom, but of greater extent, embracing 4,400 square miles of sublime mountain scenery, is entered. Here the party will spend a day at Jasper Lodge, the new Alpine chalet built on the shore of Lac Beauvert by Canadian National Railways, and the first of a series to be built throughout these Northern Canadian Rockies. At night they will leave for Edmonton.

From Edmonton the homeward route will be through the rich farm lands of the porthern part of the profice provinces.



