

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S WAY

Off within our little cottage, As the shadows gently fall, While the sunlight touches softly One sweet face upon the wall, Do we gather close together, And in hushed and tender tone Ask each other's full forgiveness For the wrong that each hath done? Should you wonder why this custom At the ending of the day, Eye and voice would quickly answer: "It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery, If it holds a welcome true, Opening wide its door of greeting To the many—not the few; If we share our Father's bounty With the needy day by day, 'Tis because our hearts remember This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary, Or our tasks seem very long; When our burdens look too heavy, And we deem the right all wrong; Then we gain a new, fresh courage, And we rise to proudly say: "Let us do our duty bravely— This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious, While we never cease to pray That at last, when lengthening shadows Mark the evening of that day, They may find us waiting calmly To go home our mother's way.

—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

THE CHARM OF GOOD MANNERS

In one of his talks to the students at St. Paul's Seminary some years ago, the late Archbishop Ireland spoke of the charm and grace of good manners. He urged his students to cultivate the virtue of true politeness which always marks the conduct of a gentleman. The Archbishop's words of advice are perhaps even more timely now than when they were uttered, since courtesy is rapidly becoming a lost art. Mgr. Ireland said:

"Manners maketh the man," or rather character maketh the man. Both sayings tell a truth but incomplete and partial. Courtesy is the outward expression in our social relations of consideration and regard for others and adds to the charm and grace of social life. Courtesy improves character, enlarges opportunity and beautifies life. If you were not brought up in an atmosphere of good breeding and good manners and have not courtesy naturally implanted in your personality, it must be acquired.

Politeness is a Christian virtue. It implies humility, a little opinion of oneself, charity or regard for others and self-denial. We Americans have not much of a reputation for politeness among Europeans. We are in a new land of frontiersmen and cowboys, they say. And it is true to a certain extent that American manners will bear improvement. The American youth is not over polite. He lacks the spirit of reverence. At sixteen he knows more than his father—at least he thinks he does. In Manila University there was a department devoted to "Urbanity" which puzzled the Americans very much when they went to the Philippines. They discovered that the young men there were taught urbanity or politeness.

You may say that his courtesy is merely external and covers inward deficiencies. But by the law of reflex action the practice of courtesy makes you what you seem. In a genius we may overlook breaches of good breeding as a privilege of greatness but we do not excuse them. A man with good manners gets along better in society, he pleases people and makes a good impression. It always pays to be a gentleman. The gentleman of the old school was always courteous.

The world, where might is right and the selfish rule, is losing its courtesy. Egotism runs riot. It is wonderful what disrespect and lack of courtesy many young men display towards their elders and superiors. The young should show respect, reverence and a certain deference, especially to superiors. A young man just out of college recently came to see me, sat down, crossed his legs and said: "Right day." "Yes," I said, "but it would be brighter if you weren't here."

Some young men are like the porcupine—all very quiet and good natured till some one comes near me. "I am Mr. Porcupine." They take offense at the least thing said and are ready to find a pretended affront or slight. Always interpret what is said for the best. If injured have sufficient self-respect and self-denial not to take insult. It takes two to make a quarrel. A young man should always be a gentleman whether alone or in company. The extemporized gentleman always fails. Modesty of bearing and consideration for others always win respect. The bold, forward, proud man is disliked by everybody. Always aim at simplicity and modesty of deportment, as when traveling, by showing deference to women, children and elderly persons.

The dress of a gentleman is always simple and clean. A dirty, slovenly man is disliked and loses respect. Nothing is more disgusting than a man who lacks personal cleanliness. On the other hand, going to the opposite extreme is equally detestable. Extravagance of dress, anything that bespeaks foppishness, is intolerable in a gentleman. He must dress well and be clean. He must keep shaven and brush his clothes, keep his shoes

polished and nails, teeth and hair clean.

Table manners indicate your breeding and betray whether you are a gentleman or not. Eating is an animal function and we should make it as less so as possible. Don't be greedy, heaping your plate up with more than enough. Don't look anxiously to see what you are going to get. Hold your knife and fork properly. The napkin is laid on the lap, not stuffed down one's neck. Toothpicks are not used at table but in private. Don't leave the table charged with food. Doctors will tell you it is bad for the stomach. Many young men ruin themselves for life by overeating. Be kind and attentive to your neighbors at table. Young man should have mutual consideration for one another.

Therefore cultivate the courtesy which flows from charity, humility, unselfishness and esteem for others. Be thoughtful and kind to others. The courtesy of a gentleman is not a mere gloss on inferior crudities. Let the exterior reflect the interior. Kindness and consideration for others. Remember you must cultivate courtesy if you wish a successful career. It is essential and does not come on the spur of the moment. It should find most congenial soil in the soul and heart of a Christian gentleman.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SINCE WILLIE GOES TO SCHOOL

Since Willie goes to school the days Are always full of peace, And in a hundred little ways The cares of life decrease; The halls are littered up no more With blocks and tops and traps, No marbles lie upon the floor, But are we happier than before? Ah, well, perhaps—perhaps!

Since Willie goes to school the cat Lies dozing in her nook; There are no startling screeches that Make all the neighbors look; His playthings all are piled away, No books bestrew the floor, But I have found a hair today, Deep rooted glistening and gray, That hid itself before.

Since Willie goes to school I hear No pounding on the stairs, Nor am I called to help the dear Make horses of the chairs; A sense of peace pervades the place, And I may be a fool To shed the tears that streak my face, But a boy is in my baby's place, Since Willie goes to school.

—S. E. KIRBY

WORDS ON CECILIA'S MEDAL

A little girl seven years old, named Cecilia, who had assisted at some of the sermons of a mission, heard the preacher say:

"I can assure all those who will say from their hearts three times the following little prayer that they will gain the indulgences of the mission: 'Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.'"

When she came home, Cecilia, who knew that her father was not as good a Christian as her mother, took her medal to him and said: "Look, papa; here is a medal that the Sisters have given me for good lessons; will you read what is written on it for me?"

The father read: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"Thank you, papa." In a little while Cecilia returned to her father's room, saying: "Papa, will you please repeat the prayer of the medal to me once more?" "Well, dear, I will do it to satisfy you," and he repeated the words. Cecilia, having thanked him, went away, puzzled to find out how she should coax her father to say the prayer for the third time. Next day she went to him again, and he asked her how often she was going to be running in and out.

"I want to ask a favor of you, papa. I want to have this prayer so that I can put it in my book. Will you not write it for me plainly? And as you are writing it you can say the words loud, so that I may remember them."

To rid himself of her importunities he sat down to write the words, repeating them as he wrote. When he had finished Cecilia threw her arms around his neck with a delicious little laugh, saying to him: "I am so glad, papa! The missionary Father said in his sermon that whoever repeated that prayer three times would gain the graces of the mission; you have said it three times and have gained them." The father was touched almost to tears and made no answer, but he began to think seriously and, with the help of God's grace, on the last day of the mission he received Holy Communion with his wife, while the little angel who in her simplicity had been the means of leading him into the right way looked on with joyful heart and prayed.—Catholic Universe.

A LOVER OF THE HOLY NAME

When Philip II. was king of Spain there lived in his court a prince of the Holy Empire, Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione and kinsman of the Duke of Mantua. Prince Ferdinand stood high in the esteem of Philip and his queen, Isabel. One day he asked for a great favor—the hand in marriage of the Lady Martha Santena, the daughter of an Italian noble and lady of honor to Queen Isabel. The royal approval was readily given, the Santena family favored

the suit, but the Lady Martha's consent was not won until through fasting and prayer she reached the decision that such a union would be pleasing to God. The marriage was solemnized in the most devout manner, and Ferdinand and his bride left for the court for the tranquil routine of life in Castiglione.

The gentle ways and deep piety of the young wife won the hearts of the people, and there was general rejoicing when, on the 9th of March, 1569, a son was born to Ferdinand and Martha. The Duke of Mantua was sponsor for the infant prince and he gave him the name Aloysius.

Like many another Christian mother, the mistress of Castiglione had prayed that God would bless her with a son to rear for His service. Therefore, she looked upon Aloysius as a heritage to the Most High and carefully trained her boy from his earliest years. "Jesus" and "Mary" were the first words he spoke; his first conscious act was to make the Sign of the Cross. He loved to be with his mother in the chapel or on errands of mercy. A brother and sister came to keep him company, but best of all he delighted in retirement and prayer.

Prince Ferdinand watched the boy's development with pride, but he was not in accord with the mother's plans for his heir. The boy must be a soldier, the father decreed, and to incline his tastes towards war he gave Aloysius toy guns and other weapons.

On one occasion he took the child to Casal to see a muster of Italian troops. Aloysius marched at the head of the ranks and carried a little pike. The prince was so pleased that he decided to leave his son in this military environment for some months.

The result was not what he had hoped it would be. Aloysius, then in his seventh year, innocently repeated some expressions that he had heard the officers use. He knew nothing of bad language, and was deeply humiliated and grieved when his tutor sharply reproved him for repeating such words.

He never forgot the incident, and nothing would induce him to remain in company where the name of God was profaned.

Little Aloysius was a true Knight of Our Lady, and often the servants watched him as he descended the stairs, pausing on each landing to say a Hail Mary. When he was twelve years old he received Communion from Cardinal Borromeo, and thereafter to receive his Lord was his greatest happiness.

It had long been evident that the mother's wish for her son would be granted. The holy youth begged to be allowed to enter the Society of Jesus and after protracted and bitter opposition, his father gave his consent.

"Dear son, your choice is a deep wound in my heart," he always de- voured in you as you always de- voured in me; but you tell me God calls you another way. Go, therefore, whither you please, and His blessing everywhere attend you."

THE IRISH IN THE CIVIL WAR

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS AGAIN SET RIGHT

ANOTHER FALSE STATEMENT REFUTED

Washington, Oct. 28.—Daniel T. O'Connell, director of the Irish National Bureau, has sent to every member of the United States senate a copy of a letter by Michael J. O'Brien of New York, historiographer of the American Irish Historical Society, which the latter has sent to Mr. O'Brien had previously refuted the false statement made by Senator Williams on the floor of the senate chamber that the Irish had taken no important part in the Revolutionary War. It was shown that they comprised approximately 88 per cent. of Washington's armies.

The present communication deals with the part of Americans of Irish blood in the northern armies in the Civil War, and is as follows:

Hon. John Sharp Williams, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir.—I am again taking the liberty of addressing you upon the subject of your speech in the senate on that occasion about the Irish in the Civil War. You asked, among other things, "What did the Irish have to do with it?"

In my previous letter I quoted, among other unquestionable evidence proving Irish participation, in the Revolutionary War, the testimony of the commanding general of the army forces, and I shall now quote for your information a statement of the commanding general of the army forces in the Civil War, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

If you will look up the files of the New York Sun at the library of congress and turn to the issue of that paper of April 7, 1865, you will find a report of a long interview which Rev. George W. Pepper, chaplain of the Fifteenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee, had with Gen. Lee. The interview was held in Richmond a short time before the close of the War, and among the many interesting things contained in it, I quote the following, word for word:

"To the question, 'What, Gen. Lee, in your opinion, caused the failure of the South?' 'I am not a very good

extemporaneous speaker,' he replied. 'The most important factor was the superiority in the immense numbers of your soldiers and in your unbanded resources. The North had all the advantages, a land of vast wealth, cities secure from the ravages of civil war, and a constant stream of emigrants from Ireland and Germany to replenish your diminished ranks. In a speech of Mr. Everett's, which I have been reading this very day, he states that there were at one time 200,000 Irishmen in the federal armies. The population of the South was never more than 7,000,000. With five to one against them, the men of the confederacy performed a mighty task and made a tremendous step toward their independence.'

In another part of this remarkable interview Dr. Pepper wrote: 'Our next topic of conversation was the European element in both armies. Speaking of the Irish, he declared with much feeling that 'the South could not reconcile with their ideals of consistency how Irishmen who were so violently opposed to the wrongs of Britain could enlist on the northern side, when all the sites in comparison to those inflicted on the South.'

Adverting to the character of the Irish as soldiers, the general paid them a high compliment. Cleburne, he said, was possessed of a hero's heart and a soldier's honor. On a field of battle he shone like a meteor in a cloudy sky. Not a single vice of his soldiers was proverbial. His integrity was proverbial.

I mentioned the name of Thomas Francis Meagher as the popular idol of the northern Irishmen. 'Yes,' continued he, 'Meagher on your side, though not Cleburne's equal in military genius and experience, rivaled him in bravery and in the affections of his soldiers. The heroic standard desperate, though fruitless gallantry of that brigade of Meagher's upon the heights of Fort Fisher, never has been equalled. Though totally routed, they reaped a harvest of glory. Their reckless and splendid charges upon our lines excited the heartiest applause of our soldiers and officers. Meagher was the bravest of the brave.'

I inquired about the residence of John Mitchell, upon whom I subsequently called. He gave me the address, and continued: 'Michael is a born confederate, a powerful and brilliant writer, a scholar of splendid ability, a gallant gentleman to the South always true and a tower of strength to our cause.'

I assume you will admit that Gen. Lee was as competent a witness to testify upon the events of the Civil War as Gen. Clinton was upon the events of the Revolutionary War, and now that you have read this remarkable statement, I hope you will set the part of a southern gentleman and withdraw your cruel and unjustifiable animadversions upon the Irish in the Civil War.

Very respectfully, MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

LIQUEFACTION OF BLOOD OF SAINT TAKES PLACE

The annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of San Januarius took place as usual in the Cathedral of Naples before an immense crowd recently when the phial containing a dried and powdery substance began to change in appearance, a few seconds afterwards the liquefaction was complete. When Mr. Sanfelice gave the signal for the 'Te Deum' and simultaneously in the great church and in the chapel of the treasury, the applause was frantic as the Neapolitans have a legend that, if the liquefaction takes a long time, it will mean a bad year for the city, while, if a short time, all will go well. At the same moment the bells of the Cathedral rang out their message, and the Castello di Sant Elmo took it up on the heights above, firing the customary salute of twenty-one guns.—Catholic Bulletin.

SOLID THOUGHT

Mayor Hodgson, of St. Paul, a non-Catholic, gave expression to a solid Catholic thought in a recent address. He said:

"The War shows what happens to men who forget Jesus. This nation was established by deeply spiritual men—men who believed in God, and who did their thinking and their acting against a background of eternal things. America must return to this ancient heritage of faith, must mobilize her spiritual resources if she is to achieve anything permanent. Those who say the War proved the failure of the Gospel of Jesus are talking backwards. The War showed what happens when men forget the simple human to me in which Jesus talked. For a generation our world was engaged in intellectual gymnastics and reeked with the futile ambitions of materialism. Because man has a soul he cannot live save when his soul aspires and touches the regions of the divine. The War represented the mania that comes from spiritual starvation. The world still is weak with spiritual hunger."

"If we are to be happy—if we are to build permanently, we must get back to our ancient simplicity of love and faith. We must seek and find the friendly human Jesus Who was born in a manger, the Jesus Who had not where to lay His head, the Jesus Who walked the Galilean hills with no word in His heart but love—the Jesus Who is the abiding guest of

the soul of man and the comrade of his heart and hand.

"This is the task of the Church and of man today, to love this Christ of the week-day world—the Christ Who walks beside us in the street, the friend of man in the factory and the field and the shop. The Abiding Comrade Who cannot be left out of the commonest doings of men as they learn the alphabet of their divine craftsmanship."

"We do not need more brains, more statesmanship, more philosophy, more 'timeliness' in the message of the Church. We need more religion with a big R—that passionate consciousness of God, the great and inspiring faith towering up into heroism, into sacrifice, into devotion, into a spring-like reawakening of all the sources of life that are hidden in the human soul."

"We need the individual human life which, out upon the highways of the world, shall so glow with the radiance of divine meanings that it will irresistibly draw men to itself because of its beauty and power—the life that tells the world that God is love."

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Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him HOW TO DO IT. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes. As you can see by the targets, each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of the first target is "A". This is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the pleasure is yours to enjoy. Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because mistakes in spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet which is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and do so.

What Others Have Done, YOU CAN DO

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes: Sutherland Pony and Cart—Helen Smith, Edmonton. Sutherland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hankinson, Sask. \$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont. \$50.00 Cash—Helen Beres, Jenkins, Alta. \$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbit, Arrington, Ont. \$10.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont. \$25.00 Eastern Kodak—Francis Kirby, These Hills, Alta. \$15.00 Kodak Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C. \$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont. We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us.

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 3 p.m. Send your answers this very evening.

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