

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DON'T WATCH THE CLOCK

In this world of ours the clock plays a very important part; but, like many other necessary items of life, there are times to let it go on its own course; in other words, just to let it severally alone.

Do you desire to be a success, not a failure? If so, don't be a clock-watcher. Do you desire to be respected and not looked upon as a loafer? Then don't keep up the gait.

Quoth the raven "Nevermore." Yes, nevermore look at the clock to find out how late you are in the morning, or how soon lunch time will be, or how many minutes more until the bell strikes the parting hour and you can rush out on the minute.

On the contrary, if you love all the good qualities enumerated above be at work ahead of time, utilize all the day loyally for your superior's or employer's benefit and progress, don't be watching the hour of departure, and very soon, more quickly than you can figure it out, you will be known as a diligent, careful, thoughtful and worthy young man, and just so soon shall you be marked for selection and promotion.

Remember ever that parable, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Catholic Union and Times.

FAILURE, THE HIGHWAY OF SUCCESS

Kents says: "Failure is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid."

But there is a kind of failure that is perhaps harder to recover from than the failures with which we meet when we are simply trying to succeed along some line of effort that will advance us in life. That is, the failures resulting from our attempts to be as good as we should be—the failure to control our tempers, our tongues, the failure to be true to the things we know to be right and true, the failure to achieve moral victories in life.

One greater than I saw you yesterday, and to him you must go for assistance in overcoming some of the characteristics which you now possess. The boy was manly enough to thank the gentleman for his rebuke, and to say: "When I think I am worthy I shall return to ask you to try me."

A PLACE OF PEACE

Have you an oil can? asked some one. "I want to take the squeak out of that door." "Ah," was the answer, "there are never any squeaks in anything where you are."

THE CHEERFUL PERSON

An atmosphere of habitual gloom is very unwholesome for human beings. Cheerfulness is as necessary to the glow of health as is fresh air, good food, and tranquil living. It is the duty of everyone to cultivate a cheerful expression. Nothing is so infectious as natural cheerfulness, its influence is far-reaching and always for good.

THE HEART OF A FRIEND

The story is told of a plumber who presented a bill of \$50 to a retired millionaire for repairing a pipe. The millionaire glanced at it, and handed out \$5, saying: "Receipt that bill."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE VALUE OF KINDNESS

We must remember that God created all men, and they all have a right to their labor unless they have committed some grievous crimes.

We should be generous with the poor whom God may have afflicted for some reason; we should practice politeness towards all, not only for the sake of others, but to show our own good manners.

Not long ago a boy who had just graduated from the High school, was guilty of performing an unkind trick upon a poor workman. The next day the boy, well dressed and with good credentials, presented himself at one of the large offices in New York to apply for a position.

The manager asked that the boy be sent to his private office, and the young lad pictured himself as occupying the desired situation.

The manager read the letters of recommendation, asked the boy where he lived, and finally where he was at a certain hour the day before.

The gentleman then said that he was on the same street at the same hour the day before. He told him the unkind trick he had seen him perform on a poor workman, and that he at once ascertained the name of the boy.

You understand, my boy," said the gentleman, "that there is no place in this establishment where we will employ anyone who is unkind or cruel (and you were cruel) to the poor and helpless.

"Directly after your unkind act, I went to the man and learned that the small bottle he held broken in his hand contained medicine for his poor sick wife. He had no money to have the prescription refilled, and it was difficult for him to restrain his tears.

"I saw that the man got the medicine, and walked home with him to see his family. Among the group of children I found a boy about your age, who was acting as nurse and house-keeper."

"Ah! I see he is a graduate of the same school which you have attended. I told him I would send a competent nurse to care for his mother, and that I wanted him to come into my employ to day."

"Understand that I do not say I would never employ you nor anyone else whom I saw act as you did yesterday; but I assure you no one would employ you who knew your character as manifested yesterday, until sure you had thoroughly reformed."

"One greater than I saw you yesterday, and to him you must go for assistance in overcoming some of the characteristics which you now possess. The boy was manly enough to thank the gentleman for his rebuke, and to say: "When I think I am worthy I shall return to ask you to try me."

He did return in time and was given a position. In one of our large cities his name is often heard in connection with deeds of kindness, especially kindness to the poor and lowly.

He regards the man who gave him such a severe reprimand when he first asked for a position as his best friend in the business world, or indeed outside of his own family and his good pastor and teachers.—Sunday Companion.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

"I beg your pardon," and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he had accidentally stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand.

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawk's vegetable through the streets instead of sitting in a counting house." Which was right?—True voice.

NEGLECT OF THANKS-GIVING

If we had to name one thing which seems unaccountably to have fallen out of men's practical religion altogether, it would be the duty of thanksgiving. It is not easy to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty.

There is little enough of prayer, but there is still less thanksgiving. For every million of Paters and Aves which rise up from the earth to avert evils or to ask graces, how many do you suppose follow after in thanksgiving for the evils averted or the graces given? Alas, it is not hard to find the reason of this. Our own interests drive us obviously to prayer; but it is love alone which leads to thanksgiving.

A man who only wants to avoid hell, knows that he must pray; he has no such strong instinct impelling him to thanksgiving. It is the old story, never did prayer come more from the heart than the piteous cry of those ten lepers who beheld Jesus entering a town. Their desire to be heard made them courteous and considerate. They stood afar off, lest He should be angry if they with their foul disease came too near Him.

Alas! they did not know that dear Lord, nor how He had lowered Himself to be counted as a leper for the sins of men. They lifted up their voices saying: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." When the miracle was wrought, the nine went on in selfish joy to show themselves to the priest; but one, only one, and he an outcast Samaritan, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice glorifying God, and he fell on his face before our Saviour's feet, giving thanks. Even the Sacred Heart of Jesus was distressed, and as it were astonished, and He said: "Were not ten made clean? And where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger!" How many a time have not we caused the same sad surprise to the Sacred Heart?—Father Faber.

XMAS DECORATING

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MEXICAN SITUATION

The situation in Mexico shows no sign of improvement. The conference of revolutionary chiefs at Aguas Calientes has selected Estalio Outierrez as Provisional President of the Republic; but General Carranza, who is in actual control in Mexico City, shows no disposition to retire in favor of the new chief.

Whether the government of the United States will recognize the new Provisional President or not depends upon his ability to establish a stable government. The disturbed condition of affairs in Mexico at the present time makes the restoration of law and order almost impossible without the help of the United States.

Carranza is at Logerheads with Villa, Zapata and Villarreal, who control the disaffected portions of the Constitutional army and neither side is willing to yield as long as there is anything left worth fighting for.

The American troops are still at Vera Cruz. The evacuation of that port has been made the subject of diplomatic notes between the State Department at Washington and Carranza. The American government says that the withdrawal of troops will take place as soon as Carranza guarantees the protection of Americans in that city, and gives assurance that Mexicans, who served the United States during the American occupation, will be protected, and that a satisfactory understanding is reached regarding the customs receipts. In all this there is no word about the persecution to which Catholics have been subjected in that Republic, no mention of any guarantee that the interests of the Church will be safeguarded by the new administration and fullest religious liberty granted to all.

The American government owes it to the Catholic citizens of Mexico to put a stop to the outrages committed against them by the bandit chiefs and their followers and to provide for the future of the Church in the exercise of her rights. Had the American government not intervened in Mexican affairs in the beginning, she would not be morally responsible for the conditions now prevailing in that country; but

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granted, as all must grant, the fact of intervention, then the American government is in duty bound to put an end to the intolerable situation as far as Catholics are concerned that has arisen in Mexico as a result of its policy. Nothing less than this will rectify the original mistake. Nothing less than this will satisfy the eighteen millions of American Catholics who look to President Wilson to do otherwise than protect religionists beyond the Rio Grande, which is the most important that confronts the Wilson administration whose future depends so largely on the way in which it is settled.

RUSKIN ON REVERENCE FOR THE MADONNA

John Ruskin, in a celebrated passage of the Fors Clavigera, writes as follows: "After careful examination, neither as adversary nor as a friend, of the influences of Catholicism, I am persuaded that reverence for the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of holiness of life and purity of character. There has, probably, not been an innocent home throughout Europe during the period of Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the duties and comfort to the trials of men and women. Every brightest and loftiest achievement of the art and strength of manhood and womanhood has been the fulfillment of the prophecy made to the humble Lily of Israel, 'He that is mighty hath magnified me.'"

A WITTY CHINAMAN

THE CHAPEL CAR "ST. ANTHONY" POSSESSES ONE

The St. Anthony, one of the cars sent out to bring back fallen away Catholics by the Catholic Church Extension Society, has much to recommend it to the curious, but Joe, the Chinese cook, is a source of perennial enjoyment both to the "crew" on board and to the Catholics at the various stopping places en route. The superintendent of the car is an Irishman, and he sent in a couple of funny stories about Joe.

"One day," he said, "we were giving a mission in a town where the only church was an Episcopalian chapel. Joe was looking out of the car window and as I passed him he pointed to the church.

"What kind church over there Missa Hennessy?" he asked. I told him it was an Episcopalian church and at the same time tried to explain it to him. He said in the course of the conversation, "I see on topes church cross like Catholic, but he have little round thing on cross what thates?"

"That," I solemnly assured him, "is an Irish cross. They stole it from the Irish." Joe looked at me a minute with an expression of blankness on his face, then he blurted out excitedly, "Why you no lick him, Missa Hennessy?" Another time we were "taking pictures" to send back to the society, and one little fellow in the group insisted upon getting farther away until at last the photographer

told him to move up closer. "I can't be in the picture," piped the child, "I'm a Presbyterian." Joe pushed him into the group again, "Dat alle right," he assured him, "dat make no different. It no showes in picture." Joe is fast becoming an Irishman.—Chicago New World.

THE PERSECUTION IN MEXICO DISGUSTS AN UNBELIEVER

MURILLO MASTERPIECE EXPOSED TO DESTRUCTION—SOLDIERS IN ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE MOCK PASSERSBY

Early this week a well known Philadelphia Catholic received from a correspondent in Guadalajara, Mexico, whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld, a letter which contains, among other things, the following:

"You, as an influential Catholic, may be glad to know some facts of the hard case of the Church here. The great picture by Murillo (Madonna) has been taken away from the Cathedral and lies propped against a wall in the office of Amado Aguirre, chief of staff, in the Government Palace. It is within reach of the 'backward stepping foot' of anybody, and crowds pass and re-pass it daily. This is the picture for which fortunes have been offered and which was given by Carlos V. of Spain to the Cathedral of Guadalajara. There has been no Mass said or sung in any church in this city for three Sundays, and no Mass will be permitted till the Church has paid all the forced loans levied on her. Finding that worshippers went to San Pedro and Zepapan, the authorities closed the churches at these places also. Soldiers people all the churches and the Archbishop's Palace, mocking and jeering at those who cross themselves as they pass. While from a religious standpoint I am an indifferentist, I have the decency to be disgusted, and what you feel, or any really religious person I

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Mrs. Newlywed says:

"I can't imagine how you manage to be dressed by the time your husband comes home on a washday"

Mrs. Wiseneighbour says:

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