

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LEARN TO SAVE

In order to have thrifty men, we first must have the youth cultivate the principle of thrift. As the twig is bent the tree inclines. The man who in his youth is not taught the art of saving can not hope to attain a high standard of efficiency as a citizen, a home builder, or a business man. In the twentieth century the man who does things is one who knows the value of saving the dollars that come into his possession.

To bring about good results in any line a practical system must be employed. The individual who depends on hit or miss methods to enable him to climb the ladder of success usually meets with failure. This is true of thrift, as of other things—it needs system, habit, persistence.

There is strong suggestion of power in the slogan "get the habit." Every one knows how hard it is to break a bad habit and a good habit once firmly fixed becomes an important factor in shaping human character. —Sacred Heart Review.

THE POWER OF A GOOD EXAMPLE

A TRUE STORY

During the Civil War there chanced to be in the same regiment and company two young men, scarcely more than boys, who were assigned to the same mess and tent throughout the greater portion of their campaign. One of these lads was the product of a devout Catholic family, had been taught in the parochial school, and had well learned the principles of his religion. The other was an infidel, who knew little and cared less about God or religion in any form. As the day drew to a close, whether in camp or on the march, the Catholic boy would devoutly drop to his knees and say his prayers before retiring, and no matter how hard had been the day's work, or whatever else he left undone, this one thing he never omitted or forgot. At such times his tent-mate took occasion to make all the noise possible; he would throw boots and other things which happened to be handy, in the direction of the kneeling figure and tried in every possible way to break up the habit. But it was to no avail, for no sooner had reveille sounded through the camp than the Catholic boy went through the same devotions as though nothing had happened, nor could he ever either be dissuaded from them or made to retaliate in any way.

The war ended, the young infidel went West and took up a soldier's homestead. Here he prospered and "grew up with the country," coming in time to own an extensive farm of some of the finest and richest land in his adopted state. Always eccentric, he made no more profession of religion in his later days than he had in his youth. A woman-hater, he lived alone in the midst of his acres, occupying a small hut and seemingly never caring to better his personal surroundings, but merely to increase his wealth.

Many years went by after nearly half a century of this existence, the old man died. Unfortunately he died as he had lived without any acknowledgment of God or His Church, but when his will was read a most astounding thing was discovered. Nearly all of his property was left to charitable and educational purposes, and the finest piece of land, nearly a quarter section, was left to the nearest parochial school. This land was recently sold for \$100 an acre.

After the fact of this deed became known the lawyer who had drawn up the will made public the facts set forth at the beginning of this story. It seems he had asked the old man how it happened that he, an infidel and a woman-hater, had left the very best of his property to a Catholic institution, taught by the Sisters. His reply was that although he himself had never professed any belief in anything Divine, yet throughout all the intervening years he had never been able to get away from the sight of that soldier lad kneeling in his tent, night and morning, day after day, saying his prayers. His steadfastness and loyalty to his religion and his sweetness of temper under the persecutions heaped upon him, so impressed the mind of his tent-mate that he felt that any institution which had the ability to produce such results was one worthy to be maintained.

What became of the young lad whose good example bore fruit so long afterward is not known, though he may have gone to his reward, and probably he never knew what he had accomplished by simply doing his duty, but the power of a good example reaches out and touches those whom we least suspect of being susceptible to it. No good deed is allowed to be lost and the least of them, through the mercies of God, brings forth sometimes a most unexpected reward. —Our Sunday Visitor.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN

Have you growing children in your household who are eager to read? Did you ever notice how they fasten on to every bit of reading matter? The big headlines of the daily papers attract them. Have you nothing in your home as an antidote to the sensationalism of the ordinary newspaper? You should have a Catholic paper in your home, if not for your own sake then for the sake of the children. —Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A STRAIGHT LINE

Robbie was working away at his drawing lesson. Presently the teacher came around to see what progress he was making. "Look here, Robbie," she said, "that line isn't straight."

"No, it isn't quite straight, I know," answered Robbie, "but I can fix that up later."

"A straight line never needs straightening," said the teacher quietly, as she turned away to look at the work of another scholar. That simple remark which the teacher made set Robbie to thinking. "A straight line never needs straightening." How much better, then, to make the line straight rather than to draw a crooked line, which would have to be straightened afterward. Besides, a line that has been partly rubbed out and then made straight never looks quite so well as a line which is drawn perfectly true and straight the first time. So Robbie made up his mind that hereafter he would try to draw the straight lines straight the first time.

A thing that has been done right does not need to be done over again. When we speak the truth we do not have to stop and correct what we have said. Let us try to do and say things in the right way the first time, and we shall find that life is easier, and we shall make far better progress than when we do or say the wrong thing first. Let us always remember that "a straight line never needs straightening." —Apples of Gold.

THE BOY AND HIS FATHER

Boy had been wilfully disobedient to mother, and Father had picked him up and carried him off to the den. Now they were sitting facing each other, the big athletic thirty-year old and his small son.

"Are you going to whip me?" demanded the four-year-old fearlessly.

"I don't know."

"You can if you want to, an' ven I'll do it again if I want to."

Dead silence. Father was glorying in Boy's spirit and will, and praying for help to guide them into the right path. "You see it's like this, Boy. Everybody has to learn to mind some time, and the quicker he learns the easier it is. My father tried to help me, but I didn't learn very well, and I had an awful time at college when I was trying for the football team. I just about hated the captain, he ordered me about so and was so fussy—"

Boy's eyes lost their defiance and shone with sympathy.

"I found out afterwards that the coach was making him take special pains with me because he thought I might make a fair player, and I was glad I had minded, though it was hard. It's just so everywhere, Boy—in games, and school, at home, in stores, if you're a soldier or a sailor or a business man—you have to mind, and the fellow that minds best is usually the one that wins out."

Boy regarded father incredulously.

"Do you mind?"

"Sure."

"Who?"

"God first of all, and then this thing in here"—touching his chest—"that says 'You must' or 'You must not'—mother, and boy—"

"Me?" with a gasp of astonishment.

"Take me up, faver," quoted father, soberly.

Boy grew a little red.

"And the head of the firm, and the president of the Trust Company, and the chairman of—"

"Vat's enough."

Dead silence again.

"I'd much rather 'love' you—put my arm around you, you know, and have yours around my neck, and our cheeks 'snug up' suggested father, sadly, "but, of course, fellows that don't mind—"

A long pause.

"I want to get down, faver."

"All right."

Father trusted boy absolutely, and his trust was always honoured.

Boy went to the window, put his elbows on the sill and rested his head on his hands.

For a few minutes father and son gazed silently out of the window.

"I'll come back pretty quick, faver," said boy, as he slipped through the doorway.

Presently he reappeared, with red cheeks and somewhat tumbled hair, and climbed back into his seat.

"You can whip me now if you want to."

"I don't want to."

Another pause. Boy swung his feet and fidgeted about. A lock of hair fell further over his downcast eyes and face. At last, in a sort of desperation, he raised his head, flung back his hair, and from above blazing hot cheeks looked steadily into his father's eyes.

"I told muvver I'm sorry"—cause I am—"an'—I'm going to mind after vis, always."

Before he knew how it happened he found himself on father's chair with father's arms about him, his own arms around father's neck and their cheeks "snug up." And not long after he was lying full length in father's strong, gentle arms—how good it felt, for he was queerly tired—and father's face and eyes were all "love-y."

"Kiss me, faver," he said. Then suddenly he remembered something, and with a look and tone that went straight to father's heart, he added, "please."

And father's heart beat high with loving pride and tender longing as he watched his sleeping boy, so small of

body, so big and brave of soul.—Catholic Sun.

INCONGRUITIES

OF THE ANGLICAN POSITION AS EXPERIENCED AT THE FRONT

The present war appears, according to Mr. I. Britten, K.S.G., Organizing Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of England to have revealed certain incongruities of the Anglican position.

In England, he says, the Anglicans have been long accustomed to the phenomenon of two or more of its ministers teaching, in different Anglican churches situated in the same street, doctrines which are entirely opposite to each other. Anglicans defend themselves against this charge mainly on the ground that such divergences are to be regarded as a "trial of faith." An attempt has recently been made by no less important a personage than the Archbishop of Canterbury, more especially in view of the wholesale debacle which resulted from the Kikuyu episode of some years ago, to co-ordinate doctrinal formulas and practices in such a way that a recurrence of the East African farcical episode shall no longer be possible. Even against the Archbishop's decision, several English Protestant Bishops have declared themselves hostile, and, says Britten, the total result has heretofore gone to show that great diversity of opinion yet prevails in the Established Church, with the further indication that there seems to be no hope of obtaining any definite statement as to her position. Until recently, says Britten, she included within her pale three distinct schools of thought, diametrically opposed to each other; small wonder, then, that when the war broke out in 1914, and England began to despatch hundreds of thousands of her soldiers to various centers in which she was warring, the question as to what the various Protestant chaplains attached to the non-Catholic forces should or should not teach began to exercise the minds of those who had any religion at all and believed in its necessity for men who were facing death.

To begin with anomalies, the Chaplain-General to the forces, Bishop Smith, is a Low Churchman. The result being that in the clerical administration of the British armies now fighting, Low Church views are strongly prevalent. Of some fifty or sixty chaplains appointed on the outbreak of the war, only two or three were of the "Catholic" (i. e., High Church) party, a sad consequence being that, as an Anglican officer complained, there were persons of all sorts belonging to the Church of England, but none of them could hear our "confessions." It was clear, then, that in appointing chaplains, the Ritualists were discriminated against, as The Church Times admitted. Ritualist soldiers and officers brought up to consider the Holy Eucharist as the center of their devotions (as Lord Halifax declares), could not understand the Low Church and its kindred bodies which put the Blessed Sacrament in a secondary position—to quote the words of an officer. Morning and Evening Prayer, with hymns and addresses—this is the only worship that the military authorities look upon as necessary for Thomas Atkins and his officer, when they are non-Catholic.

The truth becomes apparent—this is really Kikuyu all over again—the well-informed and church-going officers and men are asking themselves: What does the Church of England stand for? The ritualist following have been taught, as "Catholics," that they are bound to hear Mass every Sunday; the official Army provides the parade service. The High Church people complain that it is no use their teaching men to be Catholic when the simple label 'Ch. of Eng.' on enlisting, is sufficient to swamp them in one category."

The retort is obvious—the High Church people have no right whatever to say they teach their followers to be Catholic, and the authorities stultify their claims all through, by refusing to admit that the Church of England can be at all "Catholic."

The whole position is intensified for the Ritualist by the fact that the Roman Catholic—styled "fellow-Catholic"—whether he be French, German, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Italian, Serbian, or other, can attend any of the services of the Catholic chaplains attached to the armies now on active duty, and be cer ain that one and all will teach exactly the same doctrines and practice the same invariable rite. In the case of minor denominations, such as Wesleyan or Scotch Kirkers, harness-cleaning and fatigue parties are considered religious exercise for them—their number being infinitesimal. Anything grosser than the spiritual neglect of the non-Catholic soldiers it would be hard to find, says an officer writing from the front, and even the presence of highly placed Anglican prelates has not had the effects of satisfying the religious needs of officers and men who are pious and God-fearing; for, as it is well known at drum-head services, only about one per cent. of the soldiery ever hear any words of the service, and the clergyman is only seen by the front ranks. An officer of Kitchener's army writes to the effect that the Church of England might well take a leaf from their "Popish" brethren; for, says he: "when I think of the Roman priests, ill-paid, ill-fod, poorly clad, going about carrying out their Master's command, I wonder how the priests

of the English Church dare to be so self-satisfied."

The clergy of the Low Church and kindred persuasions flatly decline, when requested by High Church soldiers and officers to hear their confessions, and there is on record the answer of a Low Church parson who declined to hear the confession of a soldier, suggesting that he should write out his confession and mail it to his habitual confessor, then in London, who would undoubtedly shive him, also by mail! When the proportion of confession-hearing and Mass-saying clergy (outside of the Roman Catholic clergy) is in the proportion of three in one hundred, it is certain that the official mind is not likely to waste time in "catering" for those who, in matters of doctrine, serve under the banners of so infinitesimal a minority.

As showing to what extent religion enters into the lives of non-Catholic soldiers in the British Armies, one Father Bull, a Ritualist, gave statistics: of 192 wounded men, he had found that only 21 had received Holy Communion as boys before enlisting, and in no single case had any received Communion at home while in the Army. Another Protestant chaplain remarks on the "almost entire ignorance of the average soldier of the elements of religion, the paucity of confirmed men, or regular communicants."

Mr. Britten quotes the case of many devout Protestant officers who, in the face of the enemy, have seceded from the English Church "in despair of getting adequate spiritual ministrations from Anglican chaplains." Their secession has in nearly all cases meant conversion to that one fold where only one teaching is held for all—the Catholic Church.—Truth.

REMARKABLE CURE

AT SHRINE OF OUR LADY

Rev. Fridolin Stauble, O. M. C., a native of Syracuse, who is now stationed in Indianapolis, has returned from Carey, Ohio, where he witnessed what is undoubtedly a miracle of God's grace, in the healing of Miss Kathleen Daugherty of Lima, O., a hopeless invalid, at the Shrine of Our Lady of Consolation recently.

During his stay at the shrine, which is under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Aloys Fish, O. M. C., Father Fridolin preached the mission sermons in connection with the annual pilgrimage and week of prayer, which attracted people from various parts of Ohio.

Father Fridolin, in speaking of the healing of Miss Daugherty, which is considered one of the most striking miracles ever performed at the shrine, said: "She arrived in a wheel chair and I assisted in taking her down the steps to the shrine. Suddenly she seemed to go into a trance and those who had accompanied her, rushed to her side, believing that she was dying. She rallied, however, and arose from the chair apparently as well as anyone. It is believed that the cure is permanent."

The following account, sent as a special dispatch from Lima, to a Cincinnati newspaper, is of interest: "Kathleen Daugherty, twenty-one years old, who for eleven years has been an invalid, unable to move about except in a wheel chair, stepped from a train in Lima and was greeted at the station by five hundred people. She had been cured at the Shrine of Our Lady of Consolation, Carey, Ohio, during the annual pilgrimage, Sunday, May 28. The girl had been unable to move a mere child, when she was stricken with paralysis. For two years she has been partially blind. She made the pilgrimage to Carey with seven hundred others from Lima and vicinity. Today she is cured and apparently permanently so. She left her wheel chair at the shrine in Carey."

This wonderful shrine having a nation-wide reputation attracts pilgrims at all times, but especially during the octave of the patronal feast which occurs the fourth Sunday after Easter, and the feasts of the Assumption and Immaculate Conception, when great crowds come to the shrine to take advantage of the special services held at those times. Last week services were held almost continually every day and evening and were attended by thousands of pilgrims. On Thursday Right Rev. Bishop Schrembs of Toledo celebrated High Mass and preached the sermon. In the afternoon a procession was held in which two thousand five hundred persons participated.

At this shrine sight and hearing have been restored, and cancer and tuberculosis are among the diseases cured. In the sanctuary there are canes, crutches, and many other articles used as aids in suffering and disease, left as reminders of the cures wrought.

The history of this shrine of Our Lady dates back over three hundred years. It began in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg when a band of zealous Jesuit students erected a shrine to Our Lady outside the city's walls. Father Broguar, S. J., the moving spirit of the devotion, was miraculously cured at the shrine. A statue of Our Lady of Consolation was placed there and through the years miracles have from time to time been wrought at this place.

Rev. Joseph Golden, a native of the Grand Duchy, made a vow in early life that he would dedicate the first church he built to Mary, "the Consoler of the Afflicted." In 1874 he completed the church at Carey, O., and which was named "Our Lady of Consolation." In 1878 Pope Leo

XIII. authorized at the Carey shrine a confraternity in honor of Mary, "the Consoler of the Afflicted," to which he granted many indulgences. In 1912 the Friar Minor Conventuals assumed charge of the parish and shrine at Carey. In 1914 Pius X. added new indulgences of a special character to those who made pilgrimage thither.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

WILLIAM COBBETT

I was talking the other day with a saintly old priest regarding converts and conversion. "I cannot understand," I said, "how a man who wrote so accurately and forcefully as William Cobbett in defense of the Catholic Church could, as he did, remain a Protestant to the day of his death." The old priest smiled. "The reason for it is very plain," he rejoined. "Cobbett, like many people, was touched in intellect, but not in heart. In other words, he did not receive the grace of conversion."

What a pity that Cobbett did not write as a Catholic! If he was a splendid apologist for the Faith when outside the fold, what might he not have done from within! His "History of the Protestant Reformation," with its notes and preface by Cardinal Gasquet, the distinguished Benedictine scholar, has been so often commented upon by so many able men than I that to touch upon it here seems superfluous. But I have just finished reading it and I cannot refrain from a passing reference in the hope that such of my readers as are not familiar with the work may be encouraged to dip into its pages.

William Cobbett was born of poor parents near Farnham, England, in 1766. His career was a varied one, embracing the duties of a chore-boy at Farnham Castle, the seat of the (Anglican) Bishop of Winchester, employment as a lawyer's clerk in London, and enlistment in a Nova Scotia regiment, where his reading was prodigious. "I learned grammar," said he, "when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth or that of the guard was my seat to study on, my knapsack was my bookcase, a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table, and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life."

As I said before, Cobbett lived and died a Protestant. On second thought, possibly that fact enhances his testimony, for the world is far more likely to believe the good things others say about us than the good things we say about ourselves. Can you find in all controversial literature anything much fairer or manlier than the following, which forms part of the closing paragraph of his "History"? "Born and bred a Protestant of the Church of England, having a wife and numerous family professing the same faith. I have in this undertaking had no motive, I can have had no motive, but a sincere and disinterested love of truth and justice."

Cobbett's argument against the Protestant Reformation may, in general, be said to take the form of an economic arraignment—another circumstance that gives weight with the outside world, which will listen to statements that deal with dollars or cents, shillings or pounds, while turning a deaf ear to anything that resembles a spiritual appeal.

So far as I am aware, Cobbett's veracity has never been seriously or successfully called into question. Dom Gasquet himself draws attention to a few trifling exaggerations, but in the main the "History of the Protestant Reformation" stands today as easily as when it was written, an unanswerable indictment of the rapacity of a cruel and lustful monarch and of the terrible consequences to which that rapacity led. In an appendix containing extracts from a series of lectures on "The Economic Interpretation of History," delivered at Oxford in 1887-1888 by one Professor Thorold Rogers, certain facts cited by Cobbett concerning the pre-Reformation wage scale and the practical effects of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. are strikingly corroborated.

Mr. Cobbett must have had disagreeable recollections of the days of his youth, when he looked after the turnip fields and guarded the flower beds in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, for he appears to take particular delight in holding up that worthy representative of the Establishment to the scorn of his readers as a flagrant example of the economic disadvantage of a married clergy. Within the space of two printed pages there is presented as concrete and convincing a case in favor of a celibate priesthood as it has ever been my lot to review.

The Right Reverend Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester from 1781 to the time of his death in 1820, was responsible, it appears, for the nomination of immediate relatives and connections by marriage—ten in all—to no less than thirty-two appointments, with an aggregate income of more than £20,000 a year. Moreover, he left upon his demise a private fortune of nearly £300,000 with the roof of his own cathedral in danger of falling in! Cobbett institutes a comparison between this gentleman and his illustrious Catholic predecessor, William of Wykeham, that shows the affluent prelate of the Established Church in a light that is by no means flattering, and winds up by saying that "when a married clergy came, then ended all that was munificent in the bishops of this once famous city."—James Loonius in New World.

FAULT OF MINISTERS

The chief obstacle in the way of Protestantism is its tenacious adherence to error. A secondary, and no less conspicuous cause of failure is plan of action adopted by its leaders. Religion without God as its central object is a misnomer and its own best accuser. It is vain and foolish to preach fraternity and liberty and at the same time launch broadsides of abuse and calumny against Catholicism. While a preacher may err in his teaching as those who have not the true faith are bound to err, yet he deserves a certain amount of praise for his courage, if he sticks to the Gospel and preaches it according to his light. The following from Truth is worthy of notice:

"It is very difficult to find in these days of socialized religion a preacher courageous enough to talk about God, the soul, heaven and hell. It is also not easy to get a handful of people outside of our own Church who will listen to these sermons."

The trouble is that ministers loose too much valuable time worrying over the triumphs of Catholicity, and scheming to frustrate the work of the Church. This time and energy, if spent in preaching Christ to the people would produce results. —Pilot.



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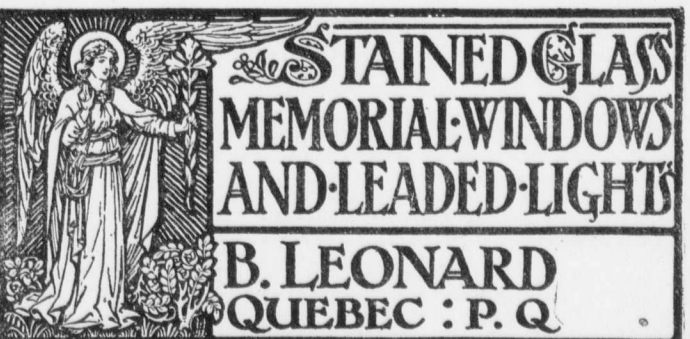
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