CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OUT FISHIN' A feller isn't thinkin' mean,

His thoughts are good and clean, Out fishin'; He doesn't knock his fellow men, Or harbor any grudges then; A fellow's at his finest, when

Out fishin'; The rich are comrades to the poor

All brothers to the common lure, Out fishin'; The urchin with the pin and string Can chum with millionaire an king Vain pride is a forgotten thing,

Out fishin'; A feller gets a chance to dream, Out fishin';

He learns the beauties of a stream, Out fishin'; An' he can wash his soul in air That isn't foul with selfish care,

An' relish plain and simple fare, Out fishin'; A feller has no time for hate, Out fishin';

He isn't eager to be great, Out fishin'; He isn't thinkin' thoughts of self, Or goods stocked high upon a shelf, But he is always just himself,

Out fishin' A feller's glad to be a friend, Out fishin';

A helpin' hand he'll always lend, Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod and line

An' sky and stream is always fine; Men come real close to God's design Out fishin': A feller isn't plottin' schemes,

Out fishin'; He's only busy with his dreams, Out fishin'; His livery is a coat of tan, His creed: To do the best he can; A feller's always mostly man,

Out fishin'. -Catholic Bulletin SEVEN KINDS OF FOOLS

The Angry Man, who sets his own house on fire that he may busn his The Envious Man, who cannot

enjoy life because others do; The Robber, who, for the consideration of a few pounds, gives the world liberty to hang him;

The Hypochrondisc, whose highest self miserable;
The Jealous Man, who poisons his

own banquet, and then eats of it; The Miser, who starves himself to death in order that his heir may

The Slanderer, who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemies an opportunity of proving him a liar.— The Bengalee.

MARRIAGE

How few are the young men who seek advice in their love affairs? They are attracted by a pretty girl, they pay her attentions. me engaged, they are marriedand then they wake up to find that marriage is a serious business, that it is a sentence for life, and that it I had beautiful colors to work withinvolves the welfare of many parsons, even of generations yet

If a young man has not received a call to the higher life of consecratio in the religious state he will consult his own interests, by reflec tion on marriage. We know that in this day and in our country, especial ly, this question, though of paramount importance, is usually supposed to furnish its own solution. Men who wouldn't dream of making a change in their business, or of And I threw down my shuttle in sideboard and his father addressed building a house, or of making a money investment before consulting an expert, go it blindly in forming day,) money investment before consulting (I had worked through the livelong an expert, go it blindly in forming day,)

The division of the mother of person of ordinary prudence, would proceed to construct a costly building without securing beforehand the services of the best architect, within reach. No person, unless he was a fool would invest his patrimony in bonds or stocks, of the stability and merits of which, he was personally ignorant, until he had the advice of a competent and trustworthy specialist in such things. But every day and every hour in the day men heedlessly begin the foundations of a structure infinitely more important to them than the greatest miracle of stone and mortar, and assume responsibilities and risks that transcend in real importance the hughest fiscal or commercial transac-

tion ever imagined.

Leaving aside the sacramental character of matrimony, the contract into which a man and woman enter on their wedding day, is the most momentous and difficult one that they will ever be called upon to seal. The compact involves so much. Temporal happiness, fidelity to so many obligations, patient endurance of such a host of trials no less cartain bacausa unforescen, forgatfulness of self in the higher duties to others imposed by the conditions of the bond, responsibility for not only the physical comfort and welfare of those whom the tie makes dependent upon them, but accountable before the judgment seat of the Almighty, for their spiritual happi ness and eternal safety as well.

Yet how many young men embark on this venture with never a thought of chart or compass? How many start this edifice that is destined to do! outlive time and life in its consequences, without seeking a word of counsel or guidance? How many

they stand in greater need of wise from the small boy.-Catholic Bulledirection, than in this matter of marriage, and there is no subject on which they seek and receive less.

Chapters could be written on the

defects of the modern custom of love and courtship, as we know it here in country, more particularly. Other chapters, not to say volumes, could be indited concerning the absolute neglect of duty on the part of Christian parents in connection with the same subject. We are all quite familiar with the monstrous fallacy that finds popular acceptance, that boys and girls and young men and young women are able to take care of themselves in this, as in all the duties of life; that they need no advice and will have none, with regard to what touches their "love" and matrimonial predilections.

The divorce court records and discontented unhappy homes furnish a fearful sequel to this prevalent perver No young man can afford to be guided solely by his fancies or passions in the contemplation of a step that involves the lives and happiness and destiny of others no less than his own. He needs the best, the most solicitous, the most prudent counsel that can be had And who is better qualified both from motives of unselfish interest and by reason of majure experience, to advise him wisely and truly than an effectionate and sensible father? The first thing that a young man should do, when he finds that his emotions are strongly aroused towards a young person of the opposite sex, is to confide in his parents. If they are people of good sense, they will sympathize with him and be interested, and they recognize and appreciate their duty to their son, they will counsel him accordingly as their best nature prompts them. He will have noth. ing to regret in giving them his confidence, and neither will the object of his desires, it she be a to marry.

The advice of a good father will blunder that will otherwise be irreparable, and it will often give Dad relit his pips and continuous new ideas of the sanctity of the married state. God made us and God designed matrimony, primarily, for the perpetuation of the human happiness consists in rendering him. His creatures in their search for a nome which shall be for them like foretaste of their eternal home in Heaven .-- Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WEAVER

I sat at my loom in silence, Facing the westering sun; The warp was rough and tangled, And the threads unevenly run. Impatient I pulled at the fibers-They snapped and flew from my

Weary and faint and sore hearted

White, blue like heaven above, And tangled in all the meshes Were the golden threads of love; But the colors were dulled by my handling,

The pattern was faded and gray, That once to my eager seeming Shone fairer than flowers of May.

But alas, not the half of my pattern Was finished at set of sun; What should I say to the master When I heard him call, "Is it done?"

nest, Too weary even to pray.

In my dreams a vision of splendor, An angel, shining-faced, With gentle and tender finger The work of the weavers traced. He stopped with a benediction O'er the loom of my neighbor near. For the threads were smooth and And the pattern perfect and clear.

Then I waited in fear and trembling, As he stood by my tangled skein, For the look of reproach and pity That I knew would add to my pain. Instead, with a thoughtful aspect, He turned his gaze upon me, And I knew that he saw the fair

Of my work as I hoped it would be. And with touch divine of his finger He traced my faint copy anew, Transforming the clouded colors And letting the pattern shine true

And I knew in that moment of wait-While his look pierced my very soul through,

I was judged not so much by my doing
As by what I had striven to do.

MADE THEM ALL ASHAMED One day a merchant said to a little boy who was doing work about the store: "You will never amount to much : you are too small.

The little fellow looked up from the work he was doing and said : "S nall as I am, I can do something no one else about this place can

'Oh, what is that?" asked his

employer.
"I don't know as I ought to tell

LITTLE TASKS FOR THE BOYS

Writing under the pseudonym of "M. Dash," a father contributes a column to the Chicago New World entitled "Father's Musings," in which he discusses the problems of the average household in an entertaining way. In a recent number he urged boys to acquire a little kitchen knowledge, pointing out how useful

it was in almost every walk of life. son after the evening meal was finished, "suppose you go out to the kitchen and give your mother a hand putting the supper dishes away. It will do you no harm to learn these

"Ob, Dad, that is a girl's job. I don't want to do that," answered the

"A girl's job, eh? Well, it is a job that every boy should be able to do. No harm in knowing how to use kitchen utensils, and it is a mighty fine thing to know how to get your own meals.

I have known fellows married who found it to their advantage to know something about cooking. Yes, indeed, for the women they married knew next to nothing about such. They could paint potatoes on plates, but they could not boil a They potato for a plate-no, not for the life of them.

The boy excused himself and left for the kitchen. Dad continued his nursing thus.

It certainly is funny that some parents have such queer notions about boys—they are 'mollycoddles' if they are able to do anything about the kitchen or do a little bousework.

"It certainly does not require much brains for an intelligent man to see what may result from a little forethought in this matter. I myself have always seen its benefits. Why the very best chefs are men.

worthy and suitable person for him The greatest designers of women's gowns are members of the sterner sex and even some of the finest creasometimes save a young man from a tions of the milliners' art are the re-

Dad relit his pips and continued. "The poor fellow who gets an indifferent housekeeper for a wife has my sympathy. I often think of a for the perpetuation of the human fellow I knew who bade farewell to family and, next, for the comfort of a number of bachelor friends the night before he was to be married saying that he was to be married the next morning to an angel. About a month after he sneaked back to his former companions and when taunted about angels said that he was a mighty poor judge of angels. Peor cook likely, and no doubt a worse nousekeeper. He never enlightened "I have often wondered what

some of these poor priests do who live in country parishes and are not able to get housekeepers, for the bright lights entice even the older women away from the quiet life. It must be tough on them if they cannot cook. Yet, if they had been taught when boys to prepare their own meals occasionally they wouldn't be quite so helpless when obliged to

" Of course, it is true that the hermits and such like persons who lived in the deserts had to get their own meals, but with honey and dates and figs and such like lying around handy it did not take much time to prepare Besides there was no snow a mea!. to shovel, no furnace to look after, no grass to cut, no machine to worry

The boy returned from the kitchen him directly

I used to do these things well, if I do say so myself. However, I am a little out of practise just now. Your loved his mother with deep tender out of practise just now. Your mother is such an excellent cook that I have never, since married, been called on to do this work."

Just as Dad's speech came to an end mother came in, seated herself and took up her crotcheting. She was smiling to herself as she looped and entwined the thread into a fancywork fabric. Perhaps she overheard her cooking. Of course she knew he didn't believe it, but secretly admitted to herself that there was a great deal of sense in what Dad said about a boy being taught the secrets of the kitcher.

THE BEST GIFT TO THE PEOPLE

What would become of us, if the priest, the patient, zealous, prudent pastor of souls were no longer with

Consider all the priest is to you during your pilgrimage on earth toward your eternal destiny. God gives the young man the talents necessary and the vocation for this sublime state of life. Six years in college and six years more in the Seminary make up twelve years of close application to study and severe training. After he has been num-bared among the ancinted of the Lord he comes to you as your priest, full of zeal for the glory of God and

the salvation of souls.

Every day he approaches the altar, mediator between yourselves and your Creator, renewing the sacrifice of the Son of God upon the Cross on



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busying himself about many things for your spiritual benefit. He there assists at your marriages. From that place he blesses the remains of this faithful memory, this deep and your dear dead before their consignthat same sanctuary the priest pre-sents to the Bishop the classes he has prepared for Confirmation, callons. You would not say it if you Here, too, he bestows on you the precious tacraments of the Church, the intelligence of his mother's death the blessed ashes, the holy water, the blessed palm and many blessed articles of devotion. Quite often you are called to gather around him and engage in holy exercises for the uplifting and consolation of the weary soul in its never ending struggle with the world, the devil and the flesh. And of what immense benefit

There at the Baptistery he makes of the new born babe a child of God and an heir of heaven. And in view of the confessional, who but God priest confers when he absolves the sinner, and counsels, consoles and encourages him to a better life.

You hear his voice from the pulpit, expounding Catholic doctrine and morality in season and out of season. er that you may be well in formed in all matters affecting your eternal welfare. He is a constant visitor at the school, tireless in his care of these young minds hearts. See him, how he seeks after the lost sheep to bring him back to the fold. And last, but not least, the priest's house is the mecca for all that are burdened in body and soul. His fatherly care, his zeal, his experience always goes out with great yearnings towards those who come to him burdened with cares, and sorrows, and smiletions seeking re-

He is truly God's best gift to us. Let us be grateful and do our duty in bis bahalt.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

MOTHERS OF PRIESTS

There was recently published an interesting study on "The Mothers of Saints" by a French author, which has been reviewed in more

there was recently published an to be able to accomplish under conditions so much more auspicious and promising.

The great mistake is that we seek than one Catholic magazine; and having seen the book, the writer snatched a moment from graver duties to jot down a few impressions. It is the hearts of their mothers that have moulded saints. Take, for instance, St. Louis. When he was in Egypt he learned of the death of his mother, and his grief broke forth in the tender passionate cry : Thee, Lord, for the good mother I loved so well. It has pleased Thee to take her from me. Thy holy will be done." We all know of the mother tine loved her is seen in his writings. ness, and who has said more than once in his writings that it was she, after God, who had made him what

he was. In his treatise on the priesthood, St. John Chrysostom has immortalized his mother. Left a widow at an early age, she refused re-marriage in order to educate and inspire her son Dad's complimentary reference to with the desire of being a priest, to which she had consecrated him while yet unborn. And what a priest in his success! What an athlete of the faith! And what a noble

Mothers of Priests! These are the women most beloved, the women who are cherished most nobly-who are never forgotten. A hely bishop, still living, said of his mother: "It is five years since I lost my mother, and I carry that wound always open in my heart." "Fitteen years ago my mother died," writes a Jesuit, and I am happy that I cherish her memory and remember her daily at the Holy Sacrifics." Another who lost his mother not a twelvementh ago has her portrait before him en his writing table, and his every prayer and sigh of his heart is for

Oh, that mothers knew what they lay in store for themselves of pro-found, warm and lasting tenderness in virgin hearts for which they are the only unique faminine love, where "I don't know as I cught to tell invest their most sacred capital, life and salvation itself, without a moment's previous reflection on the tell what he could do that no one tramendous risks and requisites that the step involves?

There is scarcely any matter their most sacred capital, life and salvation itself, without a being anxious to know urged him to tell what he could do that no one the step involves?

There is scarcely any matter the little fellow. There was a blush on more than one face present and and young women, too,—in which is counted to the step involves?

There is scarcely any matter the little fellow. There was a blush on more than one face present and and young women, too,—in which in the step involves their most sacred capital, life and salvation itself, without a tender mother act to your veneration and adoration the being anxious to know urged him to your veneration and adoration the toy our veneration and adoration the being anxious to know urged him to your veneration and adoration the being anxious to know urged him to your veneration and adoration the toy our veneration and adoration the being anxious to know urged him to your veneration and adoration the toy our veneration and adoration the to your veneration and adoration the toy our veneration and adoration

He is at home in the Sanctuary, soul of my mother, and grant that I your dear dead before their consignabiding love, is but just. It is for ment to their last resting place. In the mothers who have given their sons to the service of God. Say not that religious are hard-hearted and is broken so him.

On the aftermath of the terrible War just finished many dioceses are depleted of many priests. It is for those deep and intrepid women, mothers of strong faith to fill the hearts of their sons with their own deep love of God, with enthusiasm for souls, and to make the sacrifice are the societies of married men and with a strong heart. Why should women, of young men and women not these mothers do their best to women, of young men and women not these mothers do their best to and of the children in his fostering merit for their sons a priestly voca tion, remembering by so doing they will assuredly bring down on them-selves the choicest blessings of God and deepen their sons love for them Her other children may forget her alone can know what benefits the after her death, not so her son, who is a priest ? -The Casket.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINEES

Nothing is more painfully evident in our days than that men, in spite of their strenuous efforts, are not finding the happiness and content. ment which they are straining every nerve to obtain. The restiveness, which has invaded every department of society and which alike affects young and old bears eloquent testimony to this contention. Yet, happiness was by the Maker intended to be the common lot of men; if so, it cannot be so difficult of attainment and must be within easy reach of every human being. conviction is strengthened in us, when we consider the fact that many, under the most unfavorable outward circumstances, attain to a serenity of mind and a calm of soul which are the envy of us all. What these can do, with so many fearful odds against then, we cught

The great mistake is that we seek happiness in freedom from duty and in following the impulses of an undisciplined heart. That way lies disappointment. The man who seeks only himself and who is not guided by any other law but his whims and faucies, soon becomes an intolerable burden and a source of perpetual annoyance to himself. The idolatry of self ends in self hatred, and th service of self is the most degraded slavery of all. When we contemplate the pleasure seeking multitude of today, they seem to us to be driven by an invisible whip from amusement to amusement, with however, finding the cheer of heart and the joy of soul for which they are craving. They dare not even pause in their simless search. They are fleeing from themselves. They are tired of their freedom and their meaningless existence.

Man is so constructed, and the Maker has done well to cast him in this mould, that he can realize his happiness only in service. Through service, his life takes on meaning and importance. Happiness comes unbidden to those who have the courses to forget themselves and to spend themselves in the service of others and in the discharge of the ordinary duties that lie about them. The sources of happiness are around us, if we only take the trouble to stoop and quaff from them the crystal draughts of true joy. Most people seek happiness in the distance and abroad; they will be disillusioned. They will find it at home, in their neighborhood, in their work, in thoughtful consideration of those with whom they are brought into daily and familiar contact, in doing well the little tasks of every fleeting hour and in ministering unto others. Many other roads to happiness have been tried; they have all proved to be blind alleys .-Catholic Standard and Times.

SOWING AND REAPING

As the parents raise their children filial love, tender gratitude, religious piety, veneration and love increasing has recently published the following year by year erects a monument, a shrine filled with memories imperioneer. It was a sad, heart-broken father who had called to see ishable, perhaps sorrowful, but me. He was a wealthy mar, but withal so sweet! Would that women did but know that the mothers of sorrow to his life. His only son had

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now my only daughter is excommunicated from the Catholic Church because she went through a cere to the training of teachers who, if mony before a non Catholic minister, which I know, for a Catholic, no marriage at all." I spoke gently to the man. Yes, he realized that he was to blame. He had allowed his growing boy or girl even in a cambitious wife to overrule his better Catholic atmosphere. To resist the judgment and to send their two ever alluring temptations against children, for merely social reasons, faith and purity, a growing boy or to non Catholic schools. The result had been friendships with those not of their religion and they soon grew the Sacraments. Send your children

girl must know and understand our holy Religion and frequently receive cold and skeptical, and gave up their to Catholic schools.—Catholic Transfaith. Faith and loyalty cannot be oript.

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