

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

### WISHING

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do: Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always straight and true. Rid your mind of selfish motives. Let your thoughts be clean and high. You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose, you make a start, by accumulating wisdom. In the scrapbook of your heart, do not waste one page on folly; Live to learn and learn to live. If you want to give men knowledge, You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day Just to scatter seeds of kindness, As you pass along the way. For the pleasures of the many May be oftentimes traced to one, As the hand that plants the acorn Shelters armies from the sun.

### WHY HE FAILS

The man who lacks concentration is not apt to succeed, for he fritters away his energy on many things. He scatters his forces. He excels in no one thing.

"No, he is not lazy. No one ever accused him of that. He is very active and bustling and energetic in whatever he undertakes. Yet he accomplishes much less than he ought, simply because he diffuses his efforts too much. If ever a young man needed to learn concentration, he is that one. He will be doing splendidly at something, when all at once he drops it and goes at something else. He does not change because he thinks he will find easier work—I said he was not lazy—but to see if he cannot do better at it. The result is that he is always working hard at something, but never long enough at any one thing to make it count."

"Jack-at-all-trades"—usually there is some such good reason for the rest of it—"master of none." It may be well enough to know more than one kind of work, if they are all well learned, mastered, made ready for living-earnings if need should arise so to use them. Carrying all of one's eggs in the same basket is said to be unwise. But dropping the basket in hand to take up another no better is pure folly, and hard on the eggs.

So long as one thing holds good, hold good to it. Change usually means a certain amount of loss time and energy in getting adjusted to new conditions. If you have made a mistake in the choice of an occupation, then by all means change, at the first opportunity. But make sure first that it is a real mistake, not simply a desire for a change.

Remember the Russian proverb that says that he who goes after two wolves will not catch even one.

### THE SERVICE OF WHAT WE HAVE NOT

If we would all do what we could do for our neighbors' benefit, how well off the world would be! There would be no one in need, no one out of employment, no one lacking in education, no one wanting instruction in religion, for if all gave what they could give towards the common weal, everybody would have enough and to spare. We could each give a little money, some time, much sympathy, some help towards relieving intellectual or moral destitution, etc. The doctor could give a bit of his medical knowledge, the lawyer his skill in the law, the teacher some use of his power to instruct, and so on. What is most needed is good will.

There is no more far-reaching benevolence in the world than the good we do with the wealth and talents that are not ours—the good we do in imagination. We are all unselfish—if conditions were different—though we laugh at the familiar story of the man who believed in an equal division of property. If he had two farms, he said, he would give his friend one; if he had two cows he would give him one. But when the friend slyly asked, "if ye had two pigs would ye give me one?" there was an indignant answer, "Ye know well I have two pigs."

What we have is ours and we need it. There are countless reasons why we cannot part with it; but the money we wish we had would be such a boon to the poor, and the talents that we do not possess could be made such a blessing to mankind! Oddly enough our chief desire to serve the Lord seems to be with the things we have not instead of with those we have. We give dreams instead of realities to our fellow-men.

But these possessions that we deem so insufficient are the means to which we are constantly sent back when we seek miracle of aid. "What hast thou in the house?" asked the prophet of the woman who sought help to meet her creditors. "Fill the water-pots with water," said our Lord when provision was needed for guests. The handful of meal already on hand was what sufficed for the man of God and his benefactor while the families lasted. It is the things that we have that is to help ourselves and make us a blessing to our neighbor if it is ever done; the little that is in the house and not the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

### AMBITION

(LETTER OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON)

Everybody has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed, the difference is that the ambition of silly people is a silly and mistaken

ambition; and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. The ambition of a silly young man would be to have fine clothes, and money to throw away in idle follies; which would be no proof of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes and giving him money to play the fool with. The ambition of a silly fellow is to have a fine equipage, a fine house; things which anybody that has as much money may have as well as he. They are all to be bought. But the ambition of a man of sense and honor is to be distinguished by a character and reputation of knowledge, truth and virtue—things which are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and a good heart.

### ON THE INDIVIDUAL

"The fate of nations depends in the last resort on individual character," said a distinguished statesman in a recent address. "Everything in human government, like everything in individual conduct, depends in the end upon a sense of duty. Whatever safe-guards may be established, however complicated or well adjusted the mechanism, you come to a place somewhere where safety depends upon somebody having the will to do right when it is in his power and may seem to his interest to do wrong."

We may think that, because the affairs of state are in the hands of representatives and officers, we are no longer responsible, but the training of the individual will to choose the right measures and the right men comes back to each one of us. It is in our homes and out of individuals that governments are made.

### HIS HURT TURNED TO GOOD

A French scientist went to London to talk as an authority on the newly discovered wonder radium. He carried a few specks of the powerful mineral in his pocket, incased in a tiny vial, and was unaware that the mysterious rays, working in the darkness, had penetrated glass and clothing and left a deep red mark upon his person that soon revealed itself as a serious hurt. Out of this great new study and investigation, for it was reasoned that if a few minute particles of radium could so affect the human body, it was an agent that might be used for benefit and perhaps the healing of many diseases. Doubtless the scientist wondered why, on so useful a mission, he should be hindered and laid aside by so unfortunate an occurrence; but out of that seeming misfortune has arisen a new treatment that is said to be working marvels of healing. It is the story of many a disappointment, hurt and apparent blunder, if we could but understand them aright.—Catholic Columbian.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

#### A POOR BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT MAN

"Poverty is the mother of all arts," says an Italian proverb, and indeed this is true in the case of Michaelangelo, the greatest sculptor that the world has ever known.

Michaelangelo Buonarroti was born at Caprese in the valley of the upper Arno on March 6, 1475, and he died at Rome on the 18th of February, 1564. Although he was a poor boy he came from a noble Florentine family, but that fact did not mean much to this boy who needed funds to fulfill his ambition of becoming an artist. When thirteen years old he was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, another great artist, and even at that early age he excited the admiration of his master by the lifelike animation of his drawings, and upon the recommendation of the master, Ghirlandajo and at the wish of Lorenzo, the Magnificent, he received further training in the palace of the Medici. While a resident in the Medici palace, Michaelangelo was a companion of Lorenzo's sons and was known in the fine society of the town. During that time he decorated the Brancacci chapel, and his patrons were well pleased with his work. In 1495 he left Florence for Bologna and began to work as a sculptor, and the next year he went on to Rome, the mecca of art student. In 1505 Pope Julius II. called him to enter his service. After this, Michaelangelo was employed alternately in Rome and Florence by Pope Julius and his successors, Leo X. and Clement VII. Perhaps his statue of Moses may be counted as his greatest work, although he achieved many wonderful triumphs in the field of art.

One day a man was watching him working on his statue of Moses. The great work was nearly finished, but still Michaelangelo, with that dissatisfaction a true artist feels, was not quite satisfied with it. He polished this bit and that bit, softened this muscle of marble, relaxed that one. The man was silent for a moment, then he remarked:

"How much time you waste over trifles!"

"Trifles! The great sculptor, 'Trifles makes perfection and perfection is no trifle!' Michaelangelo knew the true meaning of art.—Church Progress.

### THE BOY WHO TAKES PRIDE IN HIS WORK

"Doesn't that look fine?" It was no vain conceit that made a certain boy say these words one day last summer. His blue eyes were shining with honest pride because of the perfectness and trimness of the small garden he had finished weeding and hoeing. Three days before the garden had been completely overrun with weeds

and grass. Some of the grass had been of the variety called "wire-grass," and if you have ever tried to hoe out or pull up grass of this kind you know as well as that boy that it is mighty hard grass to tackle; but this boy had tackled it with his teeth set and a determination to rid that garden of every spear of it, and it disappeared, root and branch. He was a small boy of French-Canadian parentage whom the farmer with whom he was spending some weeks had hired for the summer, and only that day the farmer had said to me: "I never saw a boy take so much pride in his work as Louisdoles. That boy will get along all right in the world. He is not only very industrious, but he is so thorough. Everything I give him to do is done just as well as it is possible to do it. He never gives anything a lick and a promise."

Give me a boy noted for being industrious and who takes so much honest and manly pride in his work that nothing but perfection will suit him, and I shall feel that I am safe in prophesying a successful future for that boy.

There is something fine and manly in the boy who takes pride in his work who feels that it is a reflection on his character to be lazy and who likes to put an "A-one" mark on all that he does.

I remember that I once happened to be near two boys who had each been given a certain task to do, I do not know how long they had been working on it, but presently I heard one of them say to the other:

"There, Joe, that will do. It looks good enough."

"No, it doesn't," the boy called Joe replied. "I'm not going to leave mine until it looks a good deal better than it looks now. I'm no slouch."

Good for Joe! The boy who sets out in life determined that he will not be a "slouch" is on the right track. Slouchy work will not pass muster in these days. If you have slouchy tendencies, boys, you'd better get rid of them just as soon as possible. Let a man acquire the reputation of being a "slouch" and he is a goner. No man wants a "slouch" around, and no man with a particle of honest, manly pride will be a person of that description. Pride in one's work, no matter what that work may be, is a tremendous help to success in life.—Selected.

### GIVING HIM A CHANCE

One of the unfortunate facts of life is that the world in general regards business principles as something entirely different from the code of morals which govern the other relations of human beings—a code into which love and charity freely enter. It took a ragged little newspaper boy to prove, the other day, that certain old-fashioned Biblical precepts are not out of place in the practical, working world. A newspaper tells the story:

A gentleman hurrying down-town, stopped for a paper.

"Can't let you have one," said the boy.

"Why not? I heard you crying them."

"Yes, but that was down the other blocks where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, I'm in a hurry. No fooling."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this block, mister, 'cause it belongs to Limpy. He's up to the furthest end just now. You'll meet him."

"Who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"'Cause our other kids said it'd let him have it. You see, it's a good run 'count of the offices along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get round lively like the rest of us, so we agreed the first one caught in selling on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have sort of a broodhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're going to look out for a little chap what's lame, anyhow. There comes Limpy now."

The gentleman bought two papers of him and went on his way down town wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.

### NECESSITY OF DAILY PRAYER

Don't hurry with your prayers. Don't shorten or omit them on the pretext that duty calls you to some other task. The highest of all duties commands you to make ample provision for this daily prayer to God. There will always be distractions. There will always be something to be done, if you permit such things to stand between you and God. There is no economy of time when there is a question of useless conversation, amusement or recreation. Hour after hour is spent with our families, friends and neighbors, but the time spent with God is, as a general rule, exceedingly brief! In the morning we are hurried; in the evening we are fatigued. The only one thing that can keep us close to God, that can keep alive the fear of him, the one thing that can procure for us the supernatural light, whereby we discern the true from the false in spiritual matters, is hurried, slurred over and gotten through mechanically. Some morning when we least expect it the sun rises on our last day of life. The time is short and we make a hurried preparation. We pray then as we never prayed before. We pour out our souls in regret for the lost days and hours. We would give a million worlds for another week, another year in which to make up for lost time.

Lost time! The time that could be devoted to prayer and good works. The time that has no importance in our eyes, while we are well and strong, the time that is spent in worldliness, in sin, in vain amusements, in the things that do not count, in everything but the one thing useful and profitable—prayer. The world binds us, the flesh draws us away from God; the devil always furnishes us a pretext, and we go along through life giving no thought to the wasted hours and never thinking of economizing time until there is a question of spending it in the things for which time was made—prayer and the love and service of God, which have their root in frequent and fervent daily prayer.

### THE CELTIC CROSS

#### IN CATHOLIC CEMETERIES

The monuments we place over the graves of our dead ought to express and symbolize our Catholic faith and hope. The Celtic Cross is admirably fitted to do this. It is a regrettable fact, however, that we rarely see the Celtic Cross in our cemeteries in some parts of this country. Instead, we too often see monuments that have but little power to suggest appropriate thoughts to the Catholic who visits God's Acre.

The cross is the symbol of our redemption and of the divine love, goodness, power and wisdom displayed in that wonderful mystery. It is the standard beneath which we fight the battles of God against the enemies of our salvation. It gives us strength and courage to work and to suffer for Christ. By this sign we shall conquer.

The cross over the Christian grave is the noblest of trophies. The flag above the soldier's grave tells of his loyalty unto death, and of the deathless memory of his heroism in the heart of his country. The cross above the Christian grave is the mute petition that Christ in His Kingdom remembers His fallen soldier. And as the flag of the dead warrior stirs the hearts of the survivors to heroic loyalty, so, too, the cross in the graveyard preaches to us the gospel of self-sacrifice for the love of Jesus Christ. It expresses our hope and our prayer for the dead, and it tells us how to live in this world so that we, too, together with them, may one day rise from the grave unto life eternal in heaven.

The Celtic Cross has all these meanings, too. Entwined round its shaft and arms is the circle, the symbol of eternity, of the perfect unending life which Christ's death on the cross won for mankind. It is usually adorned with sculptured representations of scenes from sacred history, or with the wonderfully beautiful tracery work of Celtic art, showing that the cross is the synthesis of all sacred history, and that human genius is never so well employed as in the service of the cross.

The Celtic Cross has a simple gracefulness, a majesty and a solemnity that make it peculiarly appropriate as a monument over the dead. Viewed merely as a work of art it appeals to all refined and cultured souls. Its Christian symbolism gives depth of meaning to its artistic beauty and dignity. And around it there cling memories and associations of a race whose devotion to the cross of Christ has been rewarded with the strength of an undying hope and the vigor of immortal youth.

When we pay the last tribute of affection and of sorrow for those who have gone before us, surely it is fitting that we set the Celtic Cross above their graves as the expression of our hope for a happy reunion in heaven.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### "OLDEST PROTESTANT CHURCH"

The London correspondent of the Ottawa Daily Times, in his last week's letter to that paper, turns aside from the beaten and familiar path of the regular, secular journalist to descend upon the history and progress—such as it is—on the tiny body of schismatics known as the Waldensians, whom he describes as being Presbyterian in Church government and as being "the oldest Protestant Church."

The correspondent, who is doubtless well equipped on the matters which come within the ordinary range and scope of the secular journalist, is manifested on his depth when he plunges into the unfamiliar region of theology and Church history. The suggestion that the Waldensian Church was the original Presbyterian Church, in the sense in which Presbyterianism is now professed, is completely negative by authentic history. "The Waldensians," says the writer of the article on "Presbyterianism" in Chambers' Encyclopedia, "were perhaps anti-episcopal. But Presbyterianism as we know it first asserted itself after the Reformation." "The Presbyterian form of Church government," says Professor C. A. Briggs, D. D. (Article "Presbyterianism" in Encyclopedia Britannica), "began at the Reformation, and attained development only in the churches commonly called 'Reformed.'"

Nor could the original Waldensians with any sort of truth or accuracy be called "a Protestant Church" in the sense in which the expression is ordinarily used. As a matter of fact, the original doctrines held by the Waldensians were a number which the Protestant Reformation was inaugurated for the express purpose of combating. They believed in the necessity of confession; and



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taught that a bad priest could not absolve but a good layman could. They believed in the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. They held that it was unlawful to take an oath; and condemned all princes and judges, being persuaded that it is not lawful to punish malefactors." Any such connection as may now exist between the Waldensians and the Protestant bodies was purely an afterthought on the part of the Reformers and an after development. At the Reformation some of the Protestant leaders, who perceived that use might be made in controversy of the alleged existence of a sect which had maintained a "pure" religion and resisted the authority of Rome for many centuries, made overtures to the Waldensians, and in 1530 the deputies of the latter, Mason and Morel, met the Reformers, Ecolampadius and Bucer, at Basle. These last urged the deputies to renounce some of the more extravagant of their tenets—e.g., that a Christian might not lawfully take an oath, that ministers might not lawfully hold property, and that the ministrations of wicked pastors were invalid; and on the other hand, to hold with the Protestants, that the Body of Christ was not in the Eucharist, and that confession of sins was unnecessary. But the complete adoption by the Waldensians of Protestant doctrine did not take place till 1630—more than a century after the Reformation had been fully launched.

As to the "progress" of this little body, it is hardly of the kind to be elated about. After an existence of seven centuries, the Waldensian body numbers a beggarly 20,000, two-thirds of whom "consist of descendants of the earlier Waldensians." It is alleged that the Waldensian Church of Italy has within recent years received a score of Catholic priests into its membership. The number is greatly exaggerated and so far as our reading goes, the recent additions to the members of the Waldensians from the ranks of the Catholic priesthood have all been cases of priests who were not permitted to remain in the Church by reason of their Modernist views. They did not leave the Church of their own motion—they were forced out by the determined measures taken by the Pope to protect his people against the poison of a false faith. To such converts the Waldensians are very welcome.—New Zealand Tablet.

### XMAS DECORATING

For the altar or home decoration artificial flowers are now being used. Last Xmas our flowers decorated over 200 churches and altars and thousands of homes. Our prices are greatly reduced for the next 2 weeks. Carnations, 15 cents a dozen, Chrysanthemums, American Beauty Roses, Lilies, Tulips, Frosted Roses, Poinsettias, Poppies, at 40 cents a dozen. Daisies, 15 cents a dozen, Smilax Vines, 75 cents a dozen yards, Chrysanthemum Vines, Poinsettia Vines, White Holly Vines, waxed and diamond dusted, \$1.50 a dozen yards. With every \$2.00 order or over we will give free, 6 red, white and blue Garlands, 4 yards long each, also 1 large Xmas Ball. We pay charges. Write at once Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont.

### RELIGIOUS WELFARE OF BELGIANS IN ENGLAND

English Catholic papers are turning their attention to a phase of the war which is very important to Catholics, namely, the religious welfare of the thousands of Catholic Belgians now in England. "The duty lies on Catholics here," says the Universe of London, "to safeguard the religion of their fellow-Catholics. A non-Catholic environment might well prove a danger to simple peasants who have ever experienced it, and Catholics, whether from town or country, ought to be placed within reach of facilities for practising their religion. It is a work beyond the unaided power and vigilance of the clergy, and is one of those duties which would fall naturally and automatically into the hands of an organized laity, which, however, unhappily does not exist. But provision ought to be made by which the distributing agencies may place Belgian Catholics more especially where children are concerned, in proximity to churches, and in districts and with families congenial to their previous mode of life. It is no part of the duty of the various agencies of relief to concern themselves in the matter where Catholics themselves are not ready with ascertained and tabulated information. It is to be feared it will

be a belated task imperfectly performed to provide that information, but it is one requiring instant care and organized vigilance more than have yet been manifest. There is no lack of good will on the part of all who are responsible for the administration of the admirable relief works which have been set afoot, and if there is any shortcoming in the matter the responsibility will lie at the doors of Catholics themselves."

### BIRDS OF A FEATHER

#### BANDIT VILLA AND GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY EXCHANGE FRIENDLY GREETINGS

Another instance of the ideals and aims of the Guardians of Liberty, one of the numerous organizations engaged in the profitable business of inciting the ignorant and low minded to a bitter and superstitious hatred against the Catholic Church, is furnished in the October 22 issue of The Liberator, an anti-Catholic paper published in Magnolia, Ark. In that issue there is to be found a copy of a letter sent by Alamo Court, No. 1, of the Guardians of Liberty, to General Francisco Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, praising him for the brutal acts of himself and his soldiery in destroying churches, killing and driving forth priests and assaulting Sisters in his War on the Church of Mexico. The letter in part reads as follows:

Alamo Court, No. 1, Guardians of Liberty of Texas, a patriotic organization of American citizens, with courts throughout the entire United States, which has for its purpose the maintaining of the United States Constitution and the complete separation of Church and State, desires to express to you and other patriotic Mexicans our hearty approval of your actions and the great good and service you have and are rendering your people and the country.

"We would especially commend your actions in ridding your country of the basest of human vultures, the Catholic priesthood."

In reply Villa expresses "his sincere thanks and very great pleasure" to "the honorable society" and wishes that "this honorable society continue progressing every day for the welfare of humanity and of civilization."

Villa and "the honorable society" are in congenial company. They have found companions of a like mind; they are proving anew the old adage that "birds of a feather flock together."—C. B. of C. V.

### MONSIGNOR BENSON'S CONVERSION

The story of the late Monsignor Benson's conversion is a remarkable recital. It shows the various states of mind of man of intelligence outside the Church who had begun to wonder whether or not he was right. The way he was accustomed to epitomize the story is as follows:

"I studied the Gospels, and through them I was led to the conviction that the Roman Catholic Church was the Church of Christ. My studies resulted in the gathering of three impressions:

"First—The Catholic Church interprets the Bible more simply than any other Church, and surely the words of Christ on important points are clear, if words mean anything at all. I had heard that priests kept the Bible away from their people, but as I read I discovered that nothing could be more foolish, and I could not conceive of a priest so stupid as to do such a thing, for it is in the Gospels that I found the substantiation of the Church.

"Second—I found that the Catholic Church believed the Bible more than those who claimed that it was the sole rule of faith."

"Third—I found that the Catholic Church fulfilled what Christ had said of His Church, that it would be unpopular, for it had ever been my experience that in questions of controversy all others generally agreed to disagree with Rome."

"Finally—I came to the last argument that fixed my decision, and finished my struggle. Christ had spoken to St. Peter, telling him that He was the Door, the Foundation and the Shepherd. The Door had said to Peter, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' The Foundation has said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church.' The Shepherd had said, 'Feed My lambs, feed My sheep.' The Church of Christ then must be the one that taught as He had taught—with authority. I had not found it in the Church of England; I did find it in the Church of Rome."—True Voice.

### FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE

Talk of a renewal of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and France is again heard in Rome. To the new Cardinals who were in Rome for the Conclave the new Pope spoke with the most hopeful kindness of the future of the faith in the "Eldest Daughter;" with Cardinal Amette in particular, who told Pope Benedict XV., as he had told Pius X. only a month or two ago, of the churches he had built in Paris, and which were filled as soon as he built them. His Holiness talked at length of the real depth of the religious feeling which the scourge of war has aroused. There are great hopes, both in Rome and Paris, that religious France will not after this sink back into apathy again.

Mention was, our Rome correspondent is informed, also made of the possibility of an approach from Paris to Rome later with regard to the renewal of the relations which were so madly broken off seven years ago; but of this it is obviously impossible to speak beyond saying that Pope Benedict XV., evidently marked out by Providence as the ideal representative of Rome to meet such, if and when they come, with wisdom and charity.—Church Progress.

### MR. A. BERNSTEIN—JESUIT

Here is something real funny: The Menace, the anti-Catholic organ, has discovered a "cunning Jesuit scheme" in a resolution introduced in the city council of Cleveland to abolish the board of education and place the administration of the schools under the control of the mayor and the council.

"Don't allow," the Menace says, "the Pope's political meddlers to work any of their numerous schemes for minimizing and degrading public education."

Here is the joke: The "cunning Jesuit," the "Pope's political meddler," is Alex. Bernstein, Jewish member of the council from the Twelfth ward, the Jewish district, and a member in good standing of Rabbi Margolies' orthodox congregation on East Thirty-seventh street.

Is the Menace rightly named? Is the Menace really a menace or only stupid and careless?—Jewish Independent.

### Vocations for Irish Brotherhood

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