

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

The luck that I believe in is that which comes with work. And no one ever finds it. Who's content to wish and shirk the men the world calls "lucky" will tell you, every one, that success comes not by wishing. But by hard work bravely done.

## MAN IS A FAILURE

When he values success more than character and self-respect. When he does not try to make his work a little better each day. When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot see that life is greater than work. When he lets a day go by without making some one happier and more comfortable. When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example. When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity. When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is. When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.—The Guardian.

## WHAT IS YOUR TALENT?

Not one of us but has some gift—it is nothing more than a pleasant smile, which anyone can have, since it comes from the heart. We may count ourselves the wisest of mortals but even so, there is something we can do and do well. It may be talent, this talent, perhaps we have not cultivated it but there is something we can do better than some others and it is that something we should develop to its utmost, for it is in that we shall find our success.

Every successful man, every captain of industry, every financial genius, is always being quoted as to how and why he won success. It's all very well to make rules and to tell the road travelled by one successful man but the fact remains that each man has to carve out his own way. We have different temperaments, different temptations, education, environment, ancestry, opportunities, ambitions, dispositions—all these go to make up the man and beyond the general rule of integrity, application, work, a man must make his own way, develop his talents, fight to his own place in the world. Study yourself, man. Find where in you are wasting time and strength, find where your own power is, then make the most of it. Give yourself a chance.—Catholic Columbian.

## TACT

It is the usual practice in a business office, or in a store, when a mistake has been made to bring it to the attention of the one who is responsible. It is done, of course, as a precaution against making the same mistake a second time, and as a reminder that constant care is necessary. If it is done pleasantly and tactfully, there need be no hard feelings, since it is recognized as a necessary part of business routine. It is only when the pointing out of mistakes is done in a disagreeable spirit that the result is resentment and hurt pride.

"I'm glad you're the one who found it," a clerk said one day when one of the stenographers called her attention to a mistake that she had happened to notice. "It always makes me annoyed when Miss Matthews finds a mistake, because she is so hard on me."

One does not need to be in the business world to understand what is meant by "being hard on one," and the people who enjoy this way of doing are not very popular with their companions. Such ones magnify a mistake till it would hardly be recognized, wonder how it could have been made, and prophesy cheerfully the serious results that are likely to follow. When a difference of opinion comes up between them and another person, and it proves in the end that they were right, they cannot let the matter rest, nor be satisfied with having it shown that they were in the right, but must have the satisfaction of going over the whole story, with a triumphant "I told you so," at the end.

There are so many little unconscious ways in which we irritate or annoy others that it is to be regretted any should wish to emphasize mistakes needlessly. Nobody enjoys having her mistakes pointed out to her, though if she is learning something new, or is in a business office, she will realize the necessity for noting mistakes as well as successes. Where there has been a difference of opinion over some matter, the one who has been in the wrong will notice.

The friendliness of those among whom we pass our days is worth so much to us that it is a pity to let it be spoiled by trifles. If a mistake must be pointed out, it should be done as pleasantly and impersonally as possible; if there is a difference of opinion, the one who is proved in the right should not make himself disagreeable over his triumph of the moment.—St. Paul Bulletin.

If thou walkest interiorly, thou wilt make small account of flying words.

In the nights, lift up your hands to the holy places and bless the Lord.—Psalm.

Having received Jesus into your heart at Holy Communion, spend some time in simple recollection, without vocal prayers. Adore Him in silence.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE ASSUMPTION

"My Son, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom! Leave me not long after Thee, my Son!"

Thus it is said did the Blessed Virgin Mary cry out when she saw her beloved Son ascending into heaven. And the prayer was still in her heart when her Son had disappeared, and John, the beloved disciple, gently led her to his home. But she had many years to wait before her request was granted. For eleven long years she dwelt in the house of John at Ephesus, and despite the great longing in her heart, patiently instructed his converts, who were all anxious to see and hear the mother of their Lord and Redeemer.

One day, when she was all alone, she could control her mortal weariness no longer and she burst into abundant tears. Then suddenly a dazzling light appeared in the room and at last her vision, blurred by tears, discerned an angel in radiant garments. Like that other angel of the Annunciation who had saluted her so long ago, he exclaimed:

"Hail Mary!"

Great peace entered into her soul. "In three days, O Mary," continued the angel, "thy soul shall leave thy body and thou shalt enter Paradise where thy Son awaits thy coming."

The white light faded, the radiant angel disappeared, and the mother of God was alone once more in her dark stone-floored room. But joy was in her heart as she lit her oil lamp, prepared her bed and laid down upon it. Calmly and prayerfully she waited the end.

Now the disciples who clearly loved the Blessed Virgin, were scattered in different countries preaching the gospel. But they received warning of the approaching death of their spiritual mother and traveled from afar to be with her at the end.

When they all stood about her bed, dusty and travel worn, she thanked and blessed them for coming. Then as they knelt at her bedside a mighty noise was heard and an odor as of roses filled the house. And then, it is said, Christ Himself, surrounded by angels and patriarchs and prophets who were singing glad, triumphant hymns, appeared. To His mother who awaited Him, He said:

"Arise, my beloved! Mine elect! Come with me from Lebanon, my espoused! Receive the crown that is destined for thee!"

With all the love that was at once the love of a mother for her child and a creature for its Creator, shining in her face, Mary answered:

"My heart is ready, for it was written that I should do Thy will!"

Then as the angels sang, Mary's soul left her body and was received into the arms of her Son. And behold, the apostles saw that no mortal tongue could express its whiteness. Still escorted by the heavenly host, Christ rose to heaven again, tenderly carrying the released soul of the Virgin Mary. As they disappeared the angels chanted: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved? She is fairer than the daughters of Jerusalem."

Mingled with these light, joyous voices were the heavy, forlorn appeals which the apostles still left upon earth were eagerly making: "O, most prudent Virgin, remember us when thou comest to glory."

Still her body lay upon the bed and it became necessary to prepare it for burial. After maidens had made the Virgin's body ready, the apostles reverently placed it on a bier and proceeded slowly to the valley of Jehosaphat, where they intended to bury her.

Now as they were making their melancholy way to the valley, Christ, speaking to the assembled angels, said:

"What honor shall I confer upon her who was My mother upon earth?"

Unanimously the angelic host responded: "Lord, suffer not that body which was Thy Temple and Thy dwelling to see corruption; but place her beside Thee on Thy throne in heaven."

By this time the body had been placed in the tomb and round about it the sad apostles watched. Then they heard a voice which said:

"Rise up my undelivered, for thou shalt not remain in the darkness of the grave nor shalt thou see corruption."

At these words the soul of Mary rejoined her body, and always obedient to the will of God she arose, all glorious, from the tomb.

With awe and wonder in their hearts the apostles were returning home when they met Thomas, the only one who had not been present at the time when the assumption occurred. Thomas would not believe them. So they took him to the tomb and opened it to show it to him, expecting that it would be empty. But it was filled with fragrant lilies and roses.

Gazing upward in search of the vanished Mary, Thomas beheld her in a glory of light rising slowly into heaven. To prove all to the doubter Mary threw down her girdle to him—the girdle which is still preserved at the Cathedral of Protopro.

One honor more remained for the Virgin Mary. As queen of heaven she was crowned in the midst of the angels. And on this solemn occasion Mary proved herself the queen of earth as well for she made this request:

"Do Thou bestow Thine aid upon every man calling upon, or praying to, or naming the name of Thy handmaid."

And Christ answered:

"Every soul that calls upon thy name shall not be ashamed, but shall find mercy and support and confidence both in the world that now is, and in that which is to come, in the presence of My Father in the heavens."—New World.

## THE GRAND PARDON OF ST. FRANCIS

## PORTIUNCULA INDULGENCE OF AUGUST 1 AND 2

On the second day of August every year since 1223 may be seen in every Franciscan church and chapel in the world (and in some few other churches by special privilege) a procession of people of all ages and conditions going in and out devoutly, some once, some twice, some many times, according as their time permits and piety suggests.

They are making the visits required to gain the plenary indulgence of the Portiuncula—the Grand Pardon of Assisi, as it is also called.

Would that men knew and appreciated it more, as they certainly would if they stopped to think about it. But whether appreciated or not, there it is to be had "in perpetuity," a great free gift within the reach of the least and the poorest.

That glorious son of St. Francis and seraphic doctor of the Church, St. Bonaventura, wrote glowingly of this wonderful privilege bestowed on men through the Mother of God and St. Francis.

The Irish Franciscan historian, Luke Wadding, chronicled the wonders of grace that flowed from it. Famous Jesuit writers and theologians, Bellarmine, Suarez, Bourdaloue, defined and defended it against the ignorant and incredulous of later centuries.

We are told in the life of St. Bridget of Sweden that she thought very lightly of the great pardon of St. Francis, and even doubted the truth of its divine origin and efficacy. Our Saviour appeared to her and said:

"My daughter, falsehood is not found where the fire of divine charity dwells. Francis, my faithful servant, possessed the truth. Seeing men's indifference to God and their passion for earthly goods, he asked Me for a token of love with which to extinguish the love of the world in souls and light therein the fire of charity. The token I gave him was that all those who shall come with empty hands into his place will return full of My blessings and with the entire remission of their sins."

And that is the whole of the Portiuncula Indulgence. St. Francis praying for the conversion of sinners was told to ask a favor of heaven, and it would be granted. Whereupon he promptly begged that all who would come there to that little church, having confessed, would receive full pardon of their sins and full remission of all the punishment due to their sins. For well he knew that not all who go through the form of confessing their sins receive pardon and of those who are contrite and pardoned heavy penalties are still due to offended justice.

This special privilege and special token he asked in his great zeal for the welfare of his fellow-men. Let those who talk of the brotherhood of man read the life of St. Francis and learn from him the true meaning of the phrase.

Two years later the favor was granted and inaugurated with due solemnity by the Vicar of Christ, Pope Honorius III., and the little Church of Our Lady of Angels, at Assisi—the Portiuncula of St. Francis and his brethren—the cradle of the great family of St. Francis was made the centre of a great grace and, like a loadstone, drew penitent souls in crowds from all parts of the world on that one day in every year. The annals of those early years of the thirteenth century tell of the throngs that bore down on the little hill town of Assisi from the evening of the day of "St. Peter in Chains" to the evening of the next day. All night the happy procession went in and out the miraculous little church and next evening contentedly filed out from Assisi again, singing Te Deum as they went home, some of them great distances. This continued for two hundred years. So great did the crowd grow each year that the Holy Father, with the power to bind and loose, extended the indulgence to the churches that had branched out from the Portiuncula.

St. Francis is on earth still in his thousands of sons and daughters, and the age of miracles is not passed at all. Thousands of eager souls will on the 2nd of August in all simplicity and earnestness seek the churches where St. Francis' pardon is held out to them and obtain for themselves and their departed friends from the generosity of Him who has said: "Ask and you shall receive," the wiping out of all their debts except that of gratitude. That is the spirit of the Portiuncula Indulgence of the 2d of August. The letter of it is:

"The first condition is to make a contrite confession—for only in the state of grace may a soul merit the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin even after it is forgiven. This confession may be made three days previously to the day of the indulgence. The second condition is to receive Holy Communion on the 1st or 2nd of August. The third condition is to visit devoutly a church privileged with the

indulgence any time from 3 p. m. on the 1st to sunset on the 2nd of August.

The fourth condition is to pray for the intention of the Holy Father. Any prayers may be said, but it is usual to say five times the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Gloria—and these should be said with the lips as well as with the heart.

The visit may be repeated as often as one has time and inclination to return to the church, and at each visit the indulgence may be gained for a helpless soul in Purgatory. Only once may it be gained for oneself.

Confessions may be made and Communions may be received in any parish church, but the visits must be made to a church having the privilege of this indulgence.

It is a great opportunity to help the souls in Purgatory which no humble, sincere Catholic may lightly neglect. Make an effort to find out the nearest church to you privileged with this singular indulgence and without interfering with your business or even your legitimate pleasure, you can pay a tribute of respect to the Giver of all good by claiming for yourself and for your beloved dead ones this great grace, the free and full pardon of all your sins and the penalties awaiting them in this world or the next.—Standard and Times.

## THOUGHTS AT HOLY MASS

"I was glad at the things that were said unto me: we will go into the house of the Lord . . . for I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." (Psalms 121, i; 25, 8.)

"So great a cloud of witnesses . . . and the company of many thousands of angels." (Hebrews 12, 1, 2.)

"And behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. 28, 20.)

Within God's temple here on earth, We kneel yet not alone, For there are "choirs invisible," Around His altar throne.

Angels are there with folded wings And saints in raiment bright; Mary their Queen descends with them From realms of dazzling light.

While songs unknown to mortal ear Echo from courts above, Hailing the Eucharistic King In His abode of love. And angel, saint and sinner bend In adoration, low Before the very Christ who died Long centuries ago.

I see before me, Pilate's Hall Where Jesus meekly stands, A crown of thorns upon His head, A sharp reed in His hands. I hear the words—the mocking words, The shouts of "Crucify," Yet I am one of those that sent My Saviour forth to die.

I see the darkened, cross crowned Hill; I hear the words of love Breathed forth by those pale, dying lips

For man, to God above, And when within His Mother's arms, My dear, dead Lord I see, That "perfect sacrifice" I feel Was offered up for me.

Now this fair altar is the Cross, The Host, the Victim slain; The Priest is here "another Christ," A sharer in His pain. In sacred ranks, His angels come To still my throbbing breast By leaving there the One I love As Eucharistic Guest.

The Angel Guardian at my side Kindles this heart of mine With something of his burning love And of God's love divine. And as a further proof of this To those He loves so well, Jesus until the end of time Does on His altar dwell.

There when the mystic rite is o'er He rests, but not alone, With me, God's "choirs invisible," Visit His altar throne. —I. H. M.

## RELIGION DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

Too strong insistence cannot be placed upon the importance of faithful attention to religious duties during the period which is known as the Summer Months, now extended by many to include not only July and August, but half the months of June and September. For a variety of reasons it is more difficult to do so than in winter, when we are carried along by the routine of home life. We have to face changed conditions of weather and surroundings, and it is hard at times to adjust ourselves to the change. The weather as a rule is trying and produces lassitude. Then there is the dissipation of mind engendered by idleness and the unceasing round of gay, even when unprofitable, amusement. We are thrown, too, into more intimate contact with non-Catholics, to the small detriment of our religious observances; and to go at once to the root of the difficulty in passing holly as well as pleasantly and profitably the Summer vacation, we are either living far away from a church, or, if near one, our visits are more infrequent than in the city.

But why should Catholics who are free to make a choice select Summer resorts where they are barred from

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hearing Mass? In so doing they incur a serious responsibility. They deliberately sacrifice all the graces, all the strength and consolation that come from attendance at Holy Mass, the reception of Holy Communion and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Even when the Church is not inaccessible, there remains another difficulty which may be ascribed to thoughtlessness rather than lack of good will. It is to neglect to find out in due season the precise location of the church and the exact time of Mass there, and so the distance is miscalculated or it is incorrectly and illogically taken for granted that the Masses are said at the same hours as at home. The result is coming late or missing Mass altogether.

There is still another point that calls for attention. When people are going out of the city Sunday morning, they should first go to Mass. While it is perfectly proper that those who have to work hard during the week should seek innocent recreation on their day of rest it must be borne in mind that their first duty is to God, and there are few city churches that do not furnish opportunity to discharge this obligation at an early Mass.

Again, there is an increased need of supervision over the children during the summer, when their fidelity to Mass and other religious duties depends more directly upon parents. The supervision of pastors and teachers practically ceases with the closing of schools, and often times after Mass, which have been filled Sunday after Sunday by the little ones, are now almost deserted by them. Absence from the city does not offer an adequate explanation of the falling off.

These are what may be called the dark shades in Summer Catholicity. But there is a brighter side of the picture. It is the edification that may be and is often given by our parishioners. We know how much country people look up to city folks, and how widespread is the influence of their example for weal or woe. St. Paul bids us to be and spread the good odor of Christ, and there is no more powerful apostle than the Summer visitor who shows himself a good, earnest, faithful Catholic.—Church Bulletin.

## THE CARDINAL AND THE PRESIDENT

For the most part, Newman was content to leave the valuation of his teaching and his work to the judgment of "the sure future." There is more humility and charity in this position, to which Newman frequently retreated, than is apparent at first sight. Newman knew perfectly well, as he has stated in a famous letter, that there was no touch of infallibility in anything that he did or wrote. He thought he was right, but always admitted that he might be wrong. Furthermore, he was ready generously to credit his critics with the same good purposes which he recognized in himself. Occasionally, however, the overt acts of his opponents left no doubt as to their unworthy aims, and then the interests of the Church induced him to reply. The rejoinder was never commonplace controversy. It always supplied the Catholic apologist with invaluable assistance, and it usually added something to the sum of English literature. If he had he consulted his own inclinations the great Cardinal would never have departed from philosophy, thus expressed in the simple language of common sense:

"If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing it to the end. If the end brings me out right, what was said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

In his singleness of purpose, as well as in the burdens put upon him by unworthy opponents, the man who wrote these words was akin to Newman. His name was Abraham Lincoln.—America.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whately. Sorrow's best antidote is occupation.—Young.

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