

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MUST HAVE THE PAPER

Don't stop my paper, printer;
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape enough together—
Enough for me and you.
I can't afford to drop it,
And I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say, but mean it,
"Why don't you have your own?"
You can't tell how we miss it
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late.
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry;
And, printer, to you I am married,
You'll know the reason why.
The children want those stories,
And wife is anxious too,
At first to glance it over
And then to read it through;
And I read the editorials
And scan the local news,
And read the correspondence,
And every bit of news.

DON'T STAY DOWN

A benevolent old gentleman once asked a little boy how he had learned to skate.

"Why, all I did was to get up every time I fell down," answered the boy.

And those who are easily discouraged may find in that simple and direct answer a lesson in perseverance that might have been stated more elaborately, but scarcely more effectively.—O.K. Service.

WISE WORDS FOR YOUNG MEN

1. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

2. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at the best painted lies. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

3. The nobility of life is work. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My father worked and hitherto I work." Let that text be enough.

4. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine.

5. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous.

6. Do one thing well. "Be a whole thing at one time." Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it, and be done with it.—Catholic Columbian.

A RETENTIVE MEMORY IS A FACTOR IN SUCCESS

With what should a man, anxious to attain success, fill his memory? Should he try to become a walking encyclopedia? Or should he concentrate his mind upon knowledge and facts bearing directly upon his work? asks R. C. Forbes, in the New York American.

James J. Hill was not inaptly called "The Empire Builder of the Northwest." Mr. Hill made, not two blades of grass, but millions of blades of wheat grow where none grew before. He was one of the most constructive forces in the development of America's resources. He became recognized among railroad men as the ablest of them all. To James J. Hill, as much as to any other person, do the United States owe her unmatched railroad facilities.

Mr. Hill attributed much of his ability to develop and run huge enterprises to his wonderfully cultivated memory. One day Mr. Hill gave me an exhibition which made my head swim. When I asked him how on earth he could carry such a bewildering maze of facts and detailed figures in his head he replied: "It is easy to remember things you are interested in."

Mr. Hill was, of course, tremendously interested in railroads. They occupied the choicest quarters in his mental palace.

But Mr. Hill was interested in many other things. They tell this story. The members of a club Mr. Hill belonged to became a trifle exasperated at finding that, no matter what subject under the sun cropped up in conversation, Mr. Hill knew more about it than all the rest of them put together. They decided to cook up a little scheme to "floor" Mr. Hill. A number of the members read up on a most obscure subject having to do with (as I recall) geology. They bided their time and finally contrived to bring up the subject. They expatiated quite learnedly. But Mr. Hill began to explain that they were not quite correct. With an air of triumph one of the members thought he would silence Mr. Hill by telling him that the Encyclopedia Britannica was his authority.

"I know, I know," remarked Mr. Hill. "I wrote that article, but since then later research has shed a new and different knowledge on the subject."

Daniel Willard, one of Mr. Hill's most brilliant "boys," also discovered that Mr. Hill could make him feel like an ignorant no matter what subject arose. Mr. Willard made up his mind that he would be about to do all the talking on his pet theme if a convenient opportunity arose for bringing it up. The opportunity came. They were passing a music store which had violins in the window. Mr. Willard, tickled, drew Mr. Hill's attention to the violins, and then began a learned dissertation on the history, characteristics and so forth of violins.

"In five minutes," Mr. Willard relates, "I discovered that Mr. Hill could lick me on my own chosen ground. I never tried to outshine Mr. Hill after that."

The president of the largest enterprise in America, James A. Farrell, has the most astounding memory of any business man I know. He once dumfounded every hearer during an investigation of the Steel Corporation by his ability to answer, without reference to a single note, thousands of questions covering an infinite variety of matters, many of them involving exact decimal fractions. Not only is the location of every port in the world, every navigable river and every commercial city as clearly and exactly defined in Mr. Farrell's mind as Main Street is to the town dweller, but he carries in his head detailed figures concerning the depths of the harbors and rivers, the distances from seaboard to inland cities, customs tolls, etc., etc.

When I asked Mr. Farrell how he did it, he replied: "I charge my mind only with things pertaining to my business. I don't ask it to retain a lot of facts and figures of no conceivable use to me."

My own observation, after rubbing shoulders with a great many conspicuously successful men, convinces me that most of these men have concentrated very largely, although not exclusively, upon their life-work. They are very far from being gazetteers, history books, encyclopedias, baseball or race track charts. Many of them, however, have some hobby which they thoroughly master.

I doubt whether, when selecting employees, they would attach importance to the results of any questionnaire of such a wide latitude as Mr. Edison's. They don't want fellows who know something about everything, but seriously-minded men who will buckle down to trying to learn everything about something. Few men can do both.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NORA'S LONG DESCENT

One of the selections in "Star-Points," Mrs. Waldo Richard's anthology of "songs of joy, faith, and promise from the present-day poets," are the following stanzas on "The Old Apple Woman," by "Tom" Daly:

With her basket of apples comes Nora McHugh,
Wid her candles an' cakes an' wan thing an' another,
But the best thing she brings to command her to you
Is the smile in her eyes that no trouble can smother.

An' the wit that's at home on the tip of her tongue
Has the freshness unknown to her candy and cake;
Though her wares had been still since could Nora was young,
There is little complaint you'd be carlin' to make.

Well I mind, on a day, I complained of a worm
That I found in an apple, near bitten in two.
"But suppose ye had bit it, an' where'd be the harm?"
For, shure, this isn't Friday," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, you've the blarneyin' twist in you,
Where is the anger could drame o' resist you?
Faix, we'll be sp'illin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you, Nora McHugh.

It was Mistress De Vere, that's so proud of her name,
Fell to boatin' wan day of her kin in the pease—
Though there's some o' them same, years ago when they came
To this glorious land, was content wif the steerage—

An' she bragged of her ancestry, Norman an' Dane,
And the like forin ancients that's thought to be swell.
"Now, I hope," said old Nora, "ye'll not think me vain,
Far it's little I care for ancestry meel!"

But wif all o' your pedigree, ma'am, I believe
'Tis meel can go back a bit farther than you,
Far in me you perceive a descendant of Eve,
The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, sich owdacious frivolity!
How can you dare to be jokin the quality?
Still, we'll be sp'illin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you, Nora McHugh.

HOME FRIENDSHIPS

Many boys and girls are very anxious to make friends among strangers, while no pains are taken to make friends of those at home. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all seem to be beyond the pale of

friendship. They may be insulted and slighted with impunity; no courtesy or respect is paid them; they are expected to make up at a moment's notice, no apology of any kind being offered or thought of.

Brothers and sisters have become life-long enemies from small beginnings. Bitter quarrels have resulted from unpremeditated, but nevertheless cruel injustice. Relatives imagine themselves privileged to criticize as no stranger would dare to do. New this is all wrong. Brothers and sisters should speak words of praise and encouragement. Leave others to do the disagreeable—it will be done, never fear. Be as courteous at home as you are abroad. Respect your home and family as you wish to be respected. Don't save all your smiles for strangers and all your frowns for home. Love your brothers and your sisters, remembering that love begets love; you will never regret the kindness you have shown, while your thoughtlessness and indifference to your own may reap a bitter harvest. Life would be smoother in many a home if every body would endeavor to understand his or her neighbor in the home, and if everybody were taken at his best, and not at the worst valuation.—Michigan Catholic.

STORY OF A LITTLE ARTIST

Right after supper a little Hugh's house is story time. He climbs into his father's lap and as they look out at the stars he begs for a story.

One night his father said: "I am going to tell you about a small boy who liked to draw pictures."

"I guess all little boys do," Hugh answered.

"This boy's name was Benny West," papa went on. "He lived quite a long time ago, when it was hard to get things to make pictures with. There were some Indians living near his house and they showed him how to make red and yellow colors for himself. He got some of his mother's indigo to make blue."

"By mixing these three colors he could make the other colors. Now all he needed was something to paint with. Where do you suppose he got this? He took some long hairs from the cat's tail and tied them to the end of a stick."

"He used so many hairs that everybody began to wonder what had happened to poor Pussy's tail. Then Benny told what he had done and showed his brushes."

"One day a cousin from the city came to visit. He saw Benny's pictures and was told about the brushes and the colors. He thought a little boy who could do so well deserved to be helped."

"So when he went home he sent Benny a box of paints, some brushes, and some of the cloth that artists use to paint upon. How happy the little artist must have been! And no doubt Pussy was happy, too."

"After many years of study he became a great artist. He went to England to live and painted portraits of the king and the royal family. Still he liked to remember his old home and some of his very best pictures are of events in American history."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL'S "LITTLE BIRDS"

Word reached St. Vincent one day that preparations were being made for a special festival at the court of Anne of Austria, the pious mother of Louis XIV. As the saint had frequently been an adviser of the Queen mother, he had access to the palace at all hours, and on this occasion determined that he would proceed thither during the evening. He was doubly preoccupied: in the first place that the Queen should spend so much money merely to please a throng of vainglorious courtiers; in the second, that his little foundlings were in danger of starving unless people continued to be generous.

Without hesitation he set out on his errand and made his way to the grand salon. His shabby costume, his tangled beard and white hair provoked the smiles of the perfumed belles and dandies of the court; but, passing on, he addressed himself to the Queen.

"Madam," said he, "you are going to a festival. I, too, am anxious to procure a feast for some poor little birds dying of hunger in their nests—my abandoned children. My hands are empty; but the misery of these foundlings proves a blessing for you as you have never refused to help them."

Now, about this time the talk of Paris, and of foreign courts as well, was of a recent occasion when St. Vincent de Paul had presented himself before an assembly of elegant dames and matrons, bearing in his arms two infants that he had picked up on the streets, and had said: "Now, ladies, do you wish these little ones to die? Answer!" And suddenly these women had plucked off their jewels and thrown them to the advocate of those who could plead as yet only with their tears.

Anne of Austria, who was possessed of true nobility of soul, had fully understood the lesson of this incident, and now it came to her with redoubled force. Glancing at herself, she blushed for her luxurious raiment as others do for their shabbiness, and deftly she placed them all in the hands of the poor priest.

"But, your Majesty," cried one of her ladies in waiting, "think of what you are doing! Depriving your head-dress of those magnificent pearls, and on such an evening as this! Why, your coiffure is all disarranged! How are we to repair that?"

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For sole answer the Queen called a beautiful rose from the many bouquets around her and, fixing it in her hair, said with a smile:

"Is not this worth all the gems cut by the hands of men? Don't mind; 'tis for the little birds of Monsieur Vincent."—The Ave Maria.

EXTREME UNCTION

It is called "Extreme Unction" because it is the last anointing of a Christian. The first taking place at Baptism, the second at Confirmation, the third priests receive at ordination, the last is in this Sacrament. It may be defined as the anointing of the sick with oil, accompanied by the prayer of the priest. It is one of the Seven Sacraments, the Council of Trent says so. St. James tells of it (v 15 16) "Is any man sick among you? Let him call in the priests of the church, let them pray over him anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him."

For its administration the Church has prescribed beautiful ceremonies. The priest sprinkles the room and the persons present, with holy water, reciting appropriate prayers. The Confiteor is then recited, during which the sick person should make acts of contrition, of confidence in God's mercy, and resignation to His holy will. Then dipping his right thumb into the blessed oil, the priest anoints first the eyes, then the ears, the nostrils, the closed lips, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, saying at each anointing:

"By this holy unction and by His own most tender mercy, may the Lord forgive thee whatever sins thou hast committed with thy sight, with thy hearing, with thy smell, with thy taste and speech, with thy touch, with thy steps." During this, the sick person should interiorly join the priest in asking God's forgiveness for the many sins he or she committed during life, by means of these various senses. From this we can see why this Sacrament should be administered to the sick, while they are still in possession of all their faculties that joining in the prayers, they may derive greater benefit therefrom. In case the sick person is actually dying, the ceremonies may be greatly curtailed, even if necessary, to a single anointing and a single formula.

WHAT EXTREME UNCTION DOES

The effects of this Sacrament are: It comforts the soul, remits sin and restores health to the soul if God sees fit.

We need comforting grace. We seek a consoling word which acts like a soothing balm on our troubled spirits. Is there a moment in our lives when there is greater need of help than at the time of serious illness? The devil increases his efforts to ruin our souls, he is making his last attempts, as the roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. It is to aid the troubled soul that Jesus comes, to keep it from despair, to encourage it.

This Sacrament affects the remission of sin, it removes sin, and the remains of it. The main object, however, is not to remove mortal sin, since the Sacrament of Penance has been instituted for this purpose. The sins here mentioned are venial sins, which, like dust, gather on the soul. Though primarily these are the imperfections which the Sacrament is said to remit, yet we know that it is the universally accepted doctrine of the Church, founded upon the teaching of St. James, that when a person is no longer able to confess, but still is truly sorry for wrong doing, Extreme Unction will forgive mortal sins. For such a reason the Church allows us to anoint unconscious Catholics. St. James, without any limitation, says: "If he be in sins they shall be forgiven him."

The third effect is that sometimes, when God sees fit, health is given to the body. Looked at from the advantages to the soul, sickness to the body is frequently a source of great blessing. It takes us from our daily duties, and affords time for the serious consideration of eternity, the folly of living for this world alone. There are people who, in health, neglect the laws of God, but when stricken sick, then listen to God and attend to the soul and its needs. How many saints are there today who were led to conversion through sickness conferred in time of sickness? Sometimes then the Sacrament of Extreme Unction brings about their physical recovery. At other times God, who knows best, does not bestow health, because He sees that if well, the penitents, now so favorably disposed, may lapse into sin, and possibly lose their souls.

NEED OF TIMELY NOTICE TO THE PRIEST

When we hear the splendid effects this Sacrament confers on soul and body, it is difficult to understand why some people defer receiving it until they are very near death. Of what benefit they are deprived? Certainly those attending the sick should see that the Sacraments are administered in ample time, when the patient is in possession of his senses. Especially true is this if the one in question be remiss in his religious duties. Who can receive Extreme Unction? All baptized Catholics, who are seriously ill. Only those who are, or have been, capable of it, may receive this Sacrament. Thus infants and those who have been always insane, without any lucid intervals, are not subjects for this Sacrament.

It is in this manner that the Church, which is so careful for us from infancy, prepares us for eternity. The soul cleansed by good confession, refreshed by Holy Eucharist, anointed by Extreme Unction, and blessed for the last time is sent to God. We in life may have been unfaithful, ungrateful children, to her, but truly a mother, she forgives us, and tries to send the soul, entrusted to her, back to God as spotless as it was when it came from the baptismal font.—The Tablet.

THE SANCTITY OF THE PRIEST OF GOD

(By a Catholic Mother)

Of all things existing in the world today outside of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—the most real thing in an unreal world—the most wonderful to me is the Catholic priesthood. Like an oasis in the desert, like a light house on the ocean, there shines before our eyes the beauty, the sanctity, the purity, the nobility of the priests of God.

To them do we bring our innocent babes to be washed in the cleansing waters of Baptism. To them do we bring our little ones at the age of reason to be purified from their sins in the Sacrament of Penance, confident from the knowledge of past experiences ourselves, that they will guide their footsteps in the paths of virtue from childhood even to old age.

From them do we derive strength in the storm of temptations which beset the human race, consolation in the heavy sorrows which must come to all. At the hour of death our agony is lessened and hope of Heaven brought near by the presence of the holy priest of God, who blesses our last sigh.

And through the Mass our priests do we receive that Bread of Christ without which our souls would die. Daily if we so desire and strange to say many do not desire, we may receive from the consecrated hands of the priest Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who longingly longs to give Himself to our souls to be our strength.

Do we sustain them by our prayers? In gratitude to God and to them do we and our children pray every day that they may receive more grace, more strength, in their heavy responsibilities? They are not immune from temptations, and we owe them supplications to God. For us they have given up all humanities of affection to consecrate themselves to God and the salvation of souls.

Let us encourage them by our love of God and holiness of life, by our help in their good works, by the frequent reception of those saving Sacraments without which our souls become starved and withered, destitute of all good fruits.

What a high honor God bestows upon the parents of a priest! What greater blessing could Our Lord give to the beautiful Sacrament of Matrimony, which, through His Church, He has endowed with so much holiness for those who enter upon it rightly in the love and fear of the Lord.

Shall we mothers and fathers not long and desire for that grace to come to our families? Why should we not like the parents of many great saints, offer up our children to Him; especially our first born sons? He will not accept the offering, unless He so desires but the offering will bring graces to us. We understand that a priest is called and chosen by God, and influence should never be brought to bear. But we should train our children in reverence for the priesthood.

We should encourage virtue at every step of life, make the love of God and Church attractive to our little ones.

Above all we should remember our boys' virtue is as carefully to be watched and tended as our girls'. If we expect virtuous young men, we mothers must make our little boys

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watchful over their own souls. Here lies the mother's responsibility, her greatest care.

Let us remember that a holy priest is the greatest work of God—Bulletin of Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia.

HOPE, FAITH, LOVE

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no trial, there could be no love; were there no fear, there could be no hope. Hope, faith, and love are weapons, and weapons imply foes and encounter, and relying on my weapons, I will glory in my sufferings.—Cardinal Newman.

THE GIVING OF A SMILE

When you see a face that's saddened By the cruelty of strife,
Into which have come the wrinkles From the toils and cares of life,
Just send a ray of sunshine To smooth its brow a while,
And bestow a passing blessing By the giving of a smile.

H. W. BURLEIGH.

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