

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

No Time to Lose.

Young friend, you're fond of sport and play— In that there's nothing wrong; But as I love you let me say Don't be a boy too long! You have your name and fame to make, Your path to carve or choose— Believe you me, though young you be, You have no time to lose.

Do Not Make Father Do It.

In the daily paper the other day was an account of a father who was called to testify against his own son, on account of some wrong-doing on the part of the young man. When brought face to face with this ordeal the old man, his cheeks furrowed by tears, cried out in words that touched the heart of every father present: "I do not want to testify against my boy! You will not make me do it will you?"

And the judge excused him and he went away thanking the magistrate. But stop and think of the sorrow which must have wrung that old man's heart, even though he had escaped this terrible task of giving evidence against his own son! Look back over the years until you come to a little cradle. In it lies a bright-eyed, laughing baby boy. Over it a father and mother bend. Their hearts are full of joy and hope— joy that so precious a treasure has been given them, and how that he may be kept safe to bless their gray hairs and help the world on to higher and better things.

With how much care do they watch the steps of that son as he climbs up through the years! They carry him in their arms when he is tired and the way is slippery. They counsel him to be wise in all he does. They sacrifice for him in a thousand ways known only to the tender, loving parent. They work for him. They pray by the side of his bed when he is asleep. They bear him to the throne of God in earnest supplication for his safe keeping.

And then, after it all, there comes a day when sin comes in and undoes all they have done. Oh, the awful, blighting influence of sin! How it casts its shadow over everything it touches! And here comes the officer. A paper is read that paralyzes the very hearts of all. Shining steel bands are slipped on the hands the father has loved so and which they have kissed so fondly in the years gone by. Then comes the court of law. Charges are made against this pale-checked boy. Now the father must stand up and testify against his son. What wonder that he should cry out in a tumult of passion, "I cannot do it! Spare me for the sake of my boy!"

I wish I might say some word that would keep the young men who read this article from bringing such a crushing thing as that upon their fathers or any one who loves and respects them now. It is an awful thing to take the joy out of a father's heart. All the hopes shattered and ruined. Dreams burned out and the ashes strewn over the old man's heart. Oh, don't do it! If you do, your own heart will never know peace again. Don't do it.

How much better to be able to say as a young man did when brought into the presence of a great temptation, "I tried to think what father would have done, and I did not do it." Was not that grand? Down through the years memory of the father had gone and it had power to save from evil.

Another lad went out from home to find his place in life. Up through many hard places he fought his way till at last success came. The world called him to many high places. Honor was laid upon him in full measure. Speaking about it one day, this gentleman turned to a litany kept in the long ago. There, written in a boyish hand were these words: "I am going to try never to do anything that will make father or mother feel bad!"

Here was something to stir the heart. Would you not prefer to look back to a thing like that than to be compelled to confess that by your wrong-doing you had compelled father and mother to testify against you, if not publicly, at least in the secret place of their own hearts?

Have you a good father? Be true to him. Never put yourself in a place where he will feel that you have compromised your name and his: Make him proud of you. Live so that he will always be glad to speak of his boy and his life. Oh, the shine in the eye of the father who knows that his son has come up through the years to manhood, clean, true, good and strong for the right, in every spot and place.

And the best of it is, that such living will bring everlasting blessing to the son who thus honors his father and his father's memory. Live, then, so that your father will be glad to give his testimony for you.—Our Young People.

Not A Work of Art.

Cardinal Logue, who has been visiting in this country for the past few weeks is a keen observer and has a grasp of great questions such as few other men have. But the most enthusiastic admirers of the Irish Cardinal can hardly call him a handsome man. His intellect seems to have developed in proportion to his want of physical beauty. In this connection the Cardinal tells the following story on himself: After a visit to the great custom house in New York he remarked on the courtesy with which he had been received and passed through the building without question. One of the prelates present remarked: "That is not surprising. It is only works of art that have difficulty in getting through the custom house and Your Eminence is not a work of art."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Social Amenities for the School Girl.

If it were possible precisely to tell what is good breeding, it would best be expressed by saying it is made up of little things. It is not one thing alone which denotes a lady, although it is quite true that one action may proclaim the fact of not being one. But the hallmark of her who is well-bred and well brought up is her unflinching and unobscured observation of the many trifling acts with which the day is filled.

Unless a girl is unconscious in her manner of observance she becomes a prig, losing much of her charm, as well as some of the effect of good breeding. Kindness of heart is an enormous aid to good breeding. For example, deference and attention to older persons are part of good form. Take a girl who has not had all the advantages of good birth, but is endowed with sweetness of nature and a kindly disposition. In the most graceful way in the world she waits upon her elders, stooping to pick up a handkerchief that has been dropped, or standing aside to let an older woman precede her through the door. The little attentions are the spontaneous impulse of thoughtfulness toward others, and it is good breeding in the best sense of the term that prompts them.

There can be no doubt that kindness of nature, or at least in expression, is an important characteristic of a lady, and unhappily, in summer especially, girls are all too apt to forget this. In the long, lazy days, when they have energy for nothing and neither minds nor fingers are occupied, the tongue of more than one girl runs away with her, as far as comment on her friends is concerned. Nothing is said with a direct desire of being disagreeable or unkind, but if a girl will stop to think over some of the afternoons she has spent recently with her mates, when all have been of the same set, she will be apt to find that some absent friend has suffered at their tongues. Nobody meant really to say anything unkind, but her weak points were rather well gone over and instances cited of things unpleasant, silly or stupid that the one under discussion has done. In other words, her worst side has been held up to criticism and ridicule.

This cannot be called precisely wrong but its effect upon the girls who do the talking is more harmful than to her who has been talked about. The habit of saying unkind or spiteful things is so easily acquired and is such a boomerang for her who does it. Every person has some vulnerable point, some weak spot or failure that may be the subject of criticism or jest. What is more, each person is quite well aware of the fact, and people are afraid of the girl whose tongue is sharp and whose criticisms of others are pointed. They may laugh at her sallies when with her, but each leaves with a feeling of fear as to what she will say about them when their backs are turned, and such a girl loses popularity. Sarcasm is one of the most dangerous weapons that a girl can have, for while at first she hurts others with it, in the end she hurts herself. She is not trusted; her friends are ill at ease with her, and after a time there are many places and occasions to which she is not welcome because of her dangerous gift.

It is a curious fact that the majority of girls pass through the sarcastic age, and, to their credit be it said, most of them outgrow it. There is a time when they think it clever to say sharp and cutting things either to or about a person. If there is a strain of bitterness in the sarcasm, the habit becomes far more serious in its effects upon the girl and she should leave no effort unmade to control it. She can guard her tongue if not her thoughts, and she cannot too soon realize that if she affects irony, considering it to be wit, the sooner she drops it the more friends she will have. Girls who desire to have the sweetness of character so necessary to good breeding might do something toward cultivating it this summer by forming a "Kindly club," whose object shall be to do small kindnesses for others and to say only those things which are kind. An inflexible rule should be that when other people are under discussion a girl who cannot say something kind about them will keep still. A most pleasing part of the procedure will be that she will find that there is none of her friends about whom she cannot say something pleasant, and she will form the delightful habit of remembering the fact, so that when she thinks of her companions it will not be with criticism, but with pleasure.

The result for all concerned will more than repay any effort at remembering the good, and forgetting the disagreeable which exists in each other.—Inter-mountain Catholic.

A Father Talks to His Daughter.

A father, taking his daughter aside, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look on her face, lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Beside you owe her a kiss or two.

A New Book by Father Lambert

Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. The Catholic Record London, Canada.

"Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when you were one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss over which she really wept, and the dream as she leaned over your restless pillow have all been on interest these years. Of course she is not so pretty as you are, but if you had done your share of the work the past ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than any angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders will break her down.

"These rough hands that have done unnecessary things for you may soon be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will forever be closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother, and it will be too late."

Pass It Along.

The old, old recipe for gratitude is still the best—"Pass it along." It is not always possible, not always gracious to return a favor promptly to the bestower. Kindness should teach kindness—pass it along, give of the gift, and so reward and bless the giver, the naturally ungrateful, ungratefully ungrateful would be a better phrase—wells of softness, receiving all, returning nothing. What wonder—human nature being only human, after all—that, in time, bounty ceasing to swell the stream of doing good which overflow daily, hourly in help, sympathy, generosity, and is never the worse for the overflow? The ingratitude has a sneering smile of cool acquaintance and hated enemies, but never a friend in this nothing-for-nothing world.

MY SAILOR PENITENT.

Rev. John P. Pierce in the Holy Family Sunday School Messenger, Chicago.

"A Strange Place for Confession," the story of a man making his peace with God while riding with a priest on the top of a London omnibus, recalls to my mind a similar incident in my own ministry.

I was stationed at the time at Jarratt, Va., in what is known as the "Black Belt." Called to Baltimore on business, I went by way of Norfolk, taking passage from the latter place on the steamer Alabama. While walking the upper deck before the boat left her moorings I was approached by a young sailor of the United States navy. "Good evening," he said. I returned the salutation. "Are you a Catholic priest, sir?" "Yes, father, a kind of a one." Of course I proceeded to "take him into camp."

He told me of sufferings and hardships undergone at sea, and that he had been discharged and was on his way East to see his father and mother, the latter an invalid for many years. He was in need of means to get home. We walked and talked, and after I had tried to help him in a substantial way, I said: "You are quite a young man, and have perhaps many years of usefulness before you. With your experience of years in the navy you can, if you will, be a useful man to society. Had you a priest on your ship?" "No, father. The priest came from one of the other ships from time to time." We were nearing the point I was leading him to, namely, when he was to his duty. I realized time was getting short, so I determined to speak to the point. I said:

"You have been, you say, ten years in the navy. How long has it been since you were at confession?"

He looked at me. "Well, father," he replied. "I will be candid with you. I have not confessed for over eight years." "How is that? You say a priest came to your ship from time to time." "Well, father, I could not—I would not—tell any man my sins. I have been too bad." "Oh, nonsense, my good fellow; you are, if you are all you say you are, just the kind of a man a priest likes to get hold of. Not that a priest likes to hear of your sins, but because he likes to help just such a man and make you feel the joy God has in store for one who returns to Him fully contrite. Now, my good man could you tell me your sins?"

He hesitated a moment and looked me in the eyes. "I believe I could, but I fear you will too hard on me." I saw that God's grace was working. True contrition was surely there, and I promised, no matter what was the sin, I would say not one single harsh word. "Father," he said, "I believe I could confess to you." "Will you,?" I said. "Yes, I will." "Come with me." And I took him to my stateroom.

He knelt for a time in prayer. In the meantime the steamer had started on her way. After a few minutes I asked if he was ready. At once he confessed. After a few words of advice, I dismissed him, but before leaving my room he threw his strong arms about my neck and cried like a child. "God bless you, father, and may you never know such as I was again. I had almost despaired, and more than once I was tempted to end my miserable life, but you have been sent by God, like a good angel, to bring me back to Him and to my duty. I will go home to my mother with a light heart, for I know the first question he will ask will be, 'When, my son, did you go to your duty last?'"

The poor fellow left my room, and after a few prayers in thanksgiving to God for making me the means of bringing back this poor sick soul, I went on deck. I did not meet my sailor friend again until after we arrived in Baltimore and I went to St. Francis' Church to read Mass. There I saw the white uniformed sailor of the night before leaving the altar of the great Command-

er with tears of joy running down his bronzed cheeks. Truly God's graces work in mysterious ways.

Yearning to be a Catholic.

The following letter from a Protestant mother, asking the way into the Catholic Church for her daughter, stirs in our heart a deep sense of sadness. Because it is typical of a host of others, we present it here:

Editor of the Missionary: I write you regarding my daughter, a young lady who has never been baptized nor is she a member of any church. This is on account of the different forms of religion in the family. Her grandfather and all his people were Irish Catholics, so also were some of the relatives on the other side of the house. I am an Episcopalian. I have left the matter entirely to her judgment. It seems that her leanings as well as my own are to revert to Catholicism, yet we do not fully understand its principles. A number of her best friends are Catholics, but it is not on their account that she feels drawn to the Catholic religion. Would you then, in this important matter, suggest what it would be better for her to do? A regular attendance at her church would be almost an impossibility. Her half-brother became a Catholic at your church.—The Missionary.

A DISGUSTING PERFORMANCE.

SECULAR PAPER APPLAUDS CATHOLIC PRACTICE. DENUNCIATION OF "PRIZE WEDDING."

New York Tribune.

Monsignor Fox, of Trenton, did well to denounce the holding of a "prize wedding" for the exploitation of a pleasure resort and to warn all members of his church against attending or countenancing the disgusting performance. His plain, terse words on the subject are to be commended to the careful consideration of many outside of Trenton, and even, we regret to say, of many who profess to be within the Christian Church. A public "prize wedding" for advertising purposes is, he truly said, about as bad as a similarly exploited divorce would be; and he justly added that such affairs grossly violate the sanctity of marriage and aid and abet the conditions which have resulted in more than a million divorces in this country in the last twenty years.

The remarks of this reverent and clear headed priest might well be taken to heart also by those who for amusement, for the raising of money or for other purposes indulge in the ill-bred and sacrilegious buffoonery of "mock weddings." Such things are still occasion-

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ally practiced by persons making some pretension to the possession of intelligence and taste, and even of Christian piety. They even figure now and then as features of church and Sunday school entertainments." We have not yet heard of their being accompanied with mock communion services or mock baptisms or funerals. Yet to the thoughtful and reverent mind, appreciative of the purport of marriage and of the solemn characterization of it and admissions concerning it which are found in the words of the ceremony which is thus travestied, a mock wedding is little less indecent and irreverent than a mock communion would be.

Cardinal Answers Sick Call.

An incident showing the zeal and devotion of Cardinal Gibbons occurred several days ago. With the exception of the staff of the Maryland General hospital there are few persons who have heard of it.

About 9 o'clock one night last week a sick call came to the Cardinal's residence. A woman who had been operated on at the hospital was dying and a priest was asked to come to her bedside immediately.

Unfortunately, all of the priests at the Cardinal's house were out at the time and the Cardinal ordered his messenger to go to a neighboring church and ask one of the clergy there to answer the call. A few minutes later the messenger returned. Fearing, however, the priest would not reach the hospital in time, the Cardinal hurried there. The sacraments were administered to the dying woman who expired the next morning.—Baltimore Sun, July 6.

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