

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PASS IT ON
Once when I was a schoolboy going home for the holidays, says a writer in an English journal, I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare, and that being settled I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more, I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill," said he, holding out a piece of paper.
"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.
"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.
I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come to me to repay it," said he, pleasantly, "but I am glad it has."
As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him."

Years had gone by, I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station on one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears he pleaded with the booking clerk.
"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."

"I will, sir, I will!" cried the lad as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.
"I am sure you will," I answered.
I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It's all right, sir, I will pass it on."

TO A YOUNG SERVANT OF GOD
In 1555 a wise old abbot named Ludovicus Blossius, wrote the following instruction to a boy who wished to become a monk:
"The young servant of God should learn by heart certain sweet and loving aspirations, with which wherever he may be, whether moving about or remaining quiet in one place, he may join and unite his soul to God. These he should repeat and turn over in his mind. By aspirations we mean little prayers of ejaculatory full of tender affection, which we send forth lovingly unto God. For example:
"O good Jesus, good Jesus.
"O most dear of all loved ones.
"O my only Love.
"O Sweetness of my heart and Love of my soul.
"When shall I please Thee in all things?
"Have mercy, have mercy, I beseech Thee, on me and help me.
"Behold I salute and venerate Thy wounds as red as roses.
"O Lord God, my most sweet beginning!
"O Abyss of Love!
"O serene Light of my inmost soul!
"O my most Joyful and only Good!
"When shall I love Thee with burning love."
"Aspirations of this nature," continues the abbot, "ought to be sent forth to God calmly. It is not necessary that they should be pronounced by the lips, unless indeed he who uses them should find his devotion helped by saying words. This kind of prayer all agree in declaring to be most efficacious and fruitful."

BEST "DON'T WORRY" CLUB
Nowadays we hear and read frequently about "don't worry clubs." Membership in one of these clubs may be a desideratum, but it is not a necessity to a practical Catholic; the best "don't worry club" in the world is the Catholic Church, because she directs her members to lead a pure and holy life, to do their duty, to rejoice in the Lord always, and to preserve their peace of soul by a simple, childlike confidence in the providence of Our Father in heaven, in accordance with the words of St. Paul: "We know that to them that love God all things work together unto good." (Rom. viii, 28.)

MERELY A DISTINCTION
"We have troubles of our own," is a pregnant statement. It should be sedulously kept before the minds of those who think themselves unfortun-

nate. There is no line of cleavage between the happy and the miserable in this world. There is merely a distinction between those who take life bravely and those who whimper about it. Take your choice; carry the pack on your back and keep your eyes on the ground, or carry it on your head and walk upright. If you need strength to lift it high and carry it evenly, only One can give you that—God.

REFLECTING OURSELVES
The musician understands no more music than is in him, and the artist only what art is in his own soul. The execution may be beyond him, but he appreciates and understands, because he has the music of the art in himself. Some kinds of truth we can see irrespective of what our character is—mathematical truth, for example; but other kinds of truth we are able to grasp only when our character is adjusted to them.

"In the final valuation," said a noted man to the graduating class of a university. "I am what I will. What a man effects his capacity to know. A good man and a bad man can each know and appreciate books and mathematics and the fine arts, but the moment we pass to the correlation of knowledge in the world of philosophy, for example, whether a man sees true or false depends on character. Whole realms of truth are closed to the morally perverted or the disingenuous."
A bad man cannot appreciate Jesus Christ unless he is conscious of his badness and has in him a real germ of good. The impure in heart cannot see God. It is not surprising if they deny the existence of God.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE TRIAL OF SHEP

"My Shep never killed your sheep, Frank Maynard obstinately reiterated.

"How comes blood on him, then?" angrily asked Mr. Thomas for the eleventh time.

"I know Shep wasn't there last night or any other time," desperately declared Frank.

"Prove it, then," thundered Mr. Thomas.

Frank's father stepped out to the yard. He had been quietly listening from a nearby window while Mr. Thomas, a high-tempered, vindictive neighbor, accused the beautiful collie, the idol of Frank's heart, of killing his sheep.

"That dog's got to die, that's all there is to it," said Mr. Thomas, glad to be able to make his announcement in Mr. Maynard's presence.

Mr. Maynard asked Frank into the house, then waved quietly. "What evidence have you against Shep?" at the same time looking keenly into the big dog's honest eyes.

"Evidence!" sneered Mr. Thomas. "A bloody dog when sheep have been killed is pretty good evidence."

"I am not so sure of that," returned Mr. Maynard, with his keen eyes still fixed upon the brown ones of the collie.

That the dog understood every word which had been said Mr. Maynard was convinced, and with his keen gaze he was asking the collie if he was guilty.

The dog's clear eyes never flinched, and suddenly Mr. Maynard turned, squared his shoulders, and said: "Shep shall not forfeit his life till he is proved guilty in a court of justice."

Mr. Thomas laughed a big, sneering laugh.

"All right; if you want to make yourself all that expense, you're welcome. You will have to pay the costs and lose the dog besides."

"We shall see," said Mr. Maynard firmly, and motioning to Shep, they went into the house, leaving the accuser nothing to do but go.

Mr. Thomas was a shiftless farmer, whose straggling, dirty sheep were always getting into trouble, and was bitterly jealous of the trim, beautiful neighboring place to which the city man and his family came each summer.

Mr. Maynard found Frank sitting in the house in dumb despair. "Well, son," he said cheerily, "I am satisfied Shep is not guilty. I have asked him and he says, 'No,' most emphatically. We will have the case tried to-morrow, and I believe we can prove an alibi for him. I am going to make inquiry at once and see if I cannot find someone who was out that night and saw Shep here. I believe it is possible; at any rate, we won't give up without a struggle."

"But, oh, father, he has blood on him, you know," said Frank, his lip quivering. He was a sturdy boy of twelve, but with a keenly sensitive nature, and this was his serious trial.

"Never mind if he has," said Mr. Maynard stoutly. "That dog has killed no sheep." As he said, the big collie jumped up and gratefully licked his hands.

At that Frank, too, sprang up, put his arms about the dog's neck, and said joyfully. "If father believes in you, I will, too. I don't care what comes," and the dog in turn nestled his head against the boy's breast.

woman was anxiously watching over a sick baby.

The trial came on next day and enlisted the interest of the entire community. Frank was very downhearted as he entered the court room with his father and Shep, for the only thing gained by the previous day's investigation was the establishment of Shep's good character, to which every one, excepting Mr. Thomas, was ready to testify.

Mr. Maynard himself was disheartened, but he would not allow Frank to see it, and he still believed in Shep. Firmly he strode up the aisle and turned the collar into the prisoner's box, for the dog's fine presence was his best defense, then with Frank took seats nearby.

The magistrate soon began the taking of testimony, and Mr. Thomas told how he had suspected the dog from the very first, for he had all ways considered him a sneaking cur.

The judge interrupted here and told the witness sternly that he must confine himself to facts of which he had accurate knowledge; the dog should have as fair and unprejudiced a trial as any other prisoner at the bar of justice.

Mr. Thomas went on, scowling unpleasantly, and told how he had gone at once to the Maynard place and found blood on the dog's breast, which to his mind was all the proof needed.

"The boy saw it, too, when I did, and he can't deny it," ended the accuser threateningly.

Then the Maynard servants were brought before the desk and sorrowfully acknowledged that although out late sometimes during the past week, the dog had failed to meet them as was his custom, when they came home, and nobody had heard his bark at night for a week past.

Questioned as to where the dog had probably been staying nights during that time, they couldn't say.

Frank's face suddenly took on a look of astonishment as these facts were brought out, and a moment's intense thinking followed, ending with a flash of light from his eyes.

Then he sprang from his seat, whispered to his father, and almost ran from the room.

The trial went on undisturbed. So keen, indeed, was the interest in the beautiful collie's fate that no notice was taken of the boy's leaving except by Mr. Maynard.

Mr. Thomas confidently produced a witness from his place. The man was a stranger to the community.

"Have you ever seen this dog before?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir," replied the man; "I met him on the road one night last week. He was going toward Mr. Thomas' place."

"Are you sure this was the dog?" persisted the judge.

"I am sure, for there ain't no other 'round here like him."

This was true.

Then Mr. Thomas triumphantly brought forward another man who testified to having seen the dog on the road going toward the Thomas place.

"What night was it?" inquired the magistrate.

"The very night of the sheep-killing, firmly answered the witness."

"You can take your oath on that, can you?"

And the next morning blood had been found upon Shep's shaggy breast. What could be more conclusive in the way of circumstantial evidence?

The room was very still when all this had been brought out, while the fine dog sat facing the court, his clear eyes holding a wistful appeal that went to everybody's heart, excepting the prosecutor.

It hardly seemed worth while to attempt a defense, but Mr. Maynard's lawyer, after looking inquiringly at his client and receiving a nod, began calling his witnesses. Many were examined and all testified to the dog's good character, but there was a half heartedness in it all that was most evident.

The magistrate looked regretfully over at the dog, but there was little question as to what should be done. The dog must be sacrificed, and the judge was very reluctant, for he was an ardent dog lover himself.

There was a breathless silence as the verdict was awaited.

Then came a sound of hurrying feet at the courtroom door. A moment more and a woman, poorly clad, with thin, anxious face, almost ran up the aisle to the magistrate's desk. As she came, the dog stirred eagerly, as if in glad recognition.

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my house nights, an' I knew it wa'n't doing no harm. Well, I missed him powerful las' night, an' when the boy started after me a while ago, he met me comin' to town after some medicine an' he tole me the dog was goin' to be killed fer bleedin' Mr. Thomas' sheep. I tole him 'for he could ask me if I knew anything about it, that I knew 'twan't no. Then he said the trial was a goin' on right now, an' we both come a runnin', fer I couldn't have that dog killed fer nothin'."

"Where do you live?" the judge asked.

"Down in the bottom, 'twixt that city man's place an' Mr. Thomas'—not on the road, but back on the creek bank in the bushes—where folks don't go 'less they have to," she said with simple pathos.

"How do you know the dog did not kill the sheep before or after he was with you?" went on the magistrate. "He had blood on his breast next morning."

"Why," said the woman excitedly, while the dog listened to every word she said with eager, alert gaze fixed upon her. "I can tell you all about that. The dog came to me night before last, by 8:30 o'clock. My baby was so sick I thought every minute she would die, an' the dog lay down across the doorsill an' never stirred all night long, except now an' then he'd come an' lick my hand."

She paused with agitation.

"I know 'bout that blood—sure I do. He was toward mornin' that he suddenly sat up listening, then rushed out in front of the cabin, an' the next minute, I heard dogs fightin'. I ran to the door an' called Shep, an' when I called them dogs hung their tails an' run fer dear life, all 'cept Shep, an' he come back to my door step. I said to him 'Them dogs is been killin' somebody's sheep I'll bet,' an' he knowed it, too; that was the reason he went out to lick 'em. An' then's when he got the blood on him, from off them murderers. I know them rascals, too; they're Mr. Thomas' own two dogs," she turned and looked at him fearlessly. "I saw 'em good. They run on down to the creek past my house to wash the blood off themselves, jes' like sheep killin' dogs allus will 'day after daylight."

"The prisoner is acquitted," thundered the judge, and shouts went up again and again from the crowded room, while Frank, forgetful of everybody, hugged his dog in rapture.

As for the woman, a new day had dawned for her in her lonely struggle for she had won the unfailing friendship of the dog's young master and his father.—Youth's World.

ALL SOULS

With the coming of All Souls Day, one's mind reverts to the "Passing of Arthur" in the "Idyls of the King," where the great Tennyson pays a tribute, unintentional perhaps, to the Church's doctrine concerning prayers for the dead. Said Arthur to the mourning Sir Bedivere:

I have lived my life, and that which I have done May He within Himself make pure! but thou; If thou shouldst never see my face again Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain. If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

We do not need, of course, even the tribute of a Tennyson to show the necessity of Purgatory. It is sufficient for us that the Church teaches its existence. That is argument enough without having recourse to the well-known texts of Scripture which show that Purgatory was believed in even before the institution of the Christian Church.

Looking at the matter from the comingsness or theological convenience, there is every reason to show why there should be Purgatory. Nothing defiled can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The awful holiness of God requires that no soul shall come into the beatific vision until it has been wholly purified. Even when the sinner repents, and the sentence of eternal loss is revoked, there remains a debt of satisfaction

to be paid either here or in the life to come. Who is so bold as to think that he even if he be free from mortal sin, would be ready this instant to be admitted to the joys of heaven? The sense of sin, of our own unworthiness demands the period of expiation. And that is why some writers tell us that the soul in need of purification, so well does it realize the holiness of God, would not escape Purgatory even if it could.

Few there are, anyway, that escape the purifying in the pains of Purgatory. And this is where our duty to the suffering souls has play. Our relatives, our friends, in whatever way they are joined to us, are looking to us for help. We are all brothers in Christ, and by the consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints, our friendship for them does not cease with the grave. We can help them by our prayers, and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

What a comforting doctrine it is! How fraternal this love to those who cannot help themselves! And what friends we by our suffrages are making of these souls against our own days of tribulation.

The thought of our own future, the thought of the sufferings we will one day endure in Purgatory, ought to be incentive enough to us to make use of all the means which the Church places at our disposal for the help of the suffering souls. But more than this is the incentive of true Christian love toward the aid of those who call us "friend." Surely, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."—The Pilot.

TOUCHING WAR-TIME SCENES WITNESSED IN LOURDES

HOSPICE FOR PILGRIMS HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A HOSPITAL

"I entered France by way of Bayonne," writes L. J. Steane from Lourdes to the Sacred Heart Review. "From Bayonne I came to Lourdes where I am now (September 18) and where I have witnessed some of the most touching scenes one would wish to see. It was only two months ago that 127 convents and monasteries—the last remnant of religious communities in France—were closed by an unbelieving government, and now what a change! The hand of the Lord has touched this people indeed.

"France, as I can see it, is transformed into one immense hospital, and what is not hospital is battlefield. The icy touch of death leaves its mark in nearly every family, and the nation which had groped in darkness seems to be finding its God again. Here in Lourdes there are over 1,200 wounded, more or less seriously. All those that are able to do so drag themselves about on crutches or canes; others are carried about by boy scouts in invalid chairs. Nearly all of them direct their steps towards the miraculous grotto, where the Immaculate Conception, with open arms is ready to receive them. The crippled and the maimed, the more seriously and the less seriously wounded all remain there for hours, in dense and silent groups. Now and then a tear comes down from their eyes. Rough and inexperienced hands can be seen fingering the beads. The priests—these Wonderful French priests!—go and come amongst them, encouraging, cheering, advising. What may all this mean? Will the French nation find itself again? I believe so, because what is taking place in Lourdes is not an exception but the French papers inform me that the same things happen everywhere in France.

"Some touching incidents I must refer to. The hospice for pilgrims has been transformed into a hospital. Outside, a short and stolidly built Sister has entire charge of the proceedings. Officers, graduates and privates all take order from her. She receives the wounded, gives orders as to where they should be placed, confers with doctors, and does all this with such a radiant face, that the happiness which fills her soul in being useful to her country communicates itself to all present. Then I catch sight of another group coming down from the basilica. It consists of about fifteen or twenty wounded, marshaled by another Sister. This one is rather old, little and frail. Nevertheless, no mother could have watched more carefully over her little children. She seems to follow all of them at the same time with her eyes, trying to place the weaker near those that are stronger so that assistance may be given the former.

A big artillery man, wounded in the leg, brings up the rear, and it is positively moving to see the little woman trying to force the big soldier to lean on her shoulder!

"When this terrible war will be over, it will be found to have definitely checked the growth of the menace of Socialism in all the States now involved. I can feel it, and it will come true. This is just the opposite of what the average American paper prophesies. And if this war will leave at its end a crippled Socialism in Europe, a free Poland, a free Ireland, an intense or more intense religious spirit in the people, who can say that these dead have died in vain or that even the scourge of war cannot be productive of much good?"

WHAT MORE AUTHORITATIVE?

On the Church, in relation to the war, a writer in "Christian Work and Evangelist" observes that: "If there is anything in this world that should be pushed at just this moment, it is the unity of the Churches. The Church is going to play a great part in the stopping of this war, and a great part in the consideration of

what the new order of the world shall consist in after the war is over. For this we need a united Church, one which can speak with unanimous voice, with a nation-wide authority.

"Perhaps the world has never looked to the Church for some great authoritative word as it will look to it in this time of crisis."

There is but one Church that answers this description—one Church not only of nation-wide, but world-wide authority—one Church of "great authoritative word." The name of that Church, in the connection indicated, at once suggests itself to the mind of every reader. What more authoritative word for bringing about peace than that of the Church founded by the Prince of Peace?

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