

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAY IS DONE
The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er
me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And remembers sorrows only
As the mist remembers the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of
summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured
volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the
Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—LONGFELLOW

STOP

Stop shirking your religious and
home duties.
Stop procrastinating.
Stop giving way to fault-finding.
Stop looking at the dark side of
life.

Stop neglecting to return
borrowed books.
Stop silly vulgar flirtations.
Stop supposing that the world
could not get along pretty well
without you.

Stop taking pessimistic views of
men, things, and the theory of the
universe.
Stop furnishing your friends with
the minute particulars of your
bodily ailments.

Stop sending to newspapers
"something I've just dashed off
and haven't stopped to correct."
Stop telling a busy man, "I know
you're busy, so I'll only keep you
a minute," as a prelude to an hour-
and-a-half's attempt to take his arm
off.—The Pilot.

IN OURSELVES

How many men ever take upon
themselves a self-examination to
see what they are doing with their
own lives, and what influence they
have on others? To do this a man
must gauge himself honestly, and
see in how far he is master of his
own habits and powers.

To know all we can of ourselves
in relation to the world about us,
to take nothing for granted except
by reason of our limitations, to
watch every word and act carefully
this is the manifest duty life makes
on us.

In this generation we must be
men and women who are not afraid
to live according to the inner voice
of conscience, who are directed by
a common faith and a perfect
understanding of it, if we are to
take this world about us as a sculptor
takes his marble and fashions it
to the ideal within him.

THINGS TO FORGET

Forget the slander you have heard;
Forget the hasty, unkind word;
Forget the quarrel, and the cause,
Forget the whole affair because
forgetting is the only way.
Forget the storms of yesterday;
Forget the chap whose sour face
forgets the smile in any place;
Forget the trials you have had;
Forget the weather if it's bad;
Forget the "knocker" he's a
freak—
Forget him seven days a week;
Forget the home team lost the
game,
Forget the serum-half was to
blame,
Forget the coffee when it's cold;
Forget to kick, forget to scold;
Forget the plumber's awful charge;
Forget the teamman's bill is large;
Forget the coal man and his ways;
Forget the frost in winter days;
Forget, wherever you may roam,
Forget the guy who wrote this
poem.

Forget that he, in social bliss,
Forgot himself when he wrote this;
Forget you ever get the blues,
But DON'T forget to pay your dues.

IT IS USELESS TO FRET

We are so apt, when we realize
that we have made a mistake, to sit
frowny and weep over the spilled
milk, instead of picking up the pail
and carrying it more carefully

through the rest of the journey. It
doesn't do a bit of good to fret over
the past; worrying never helps in
any case. When one has irremediably
erred in judgment, the best
plan is to forget as soon as possible
all about it and set your face
against the future rather than
towards the past. No one of us is
perfect, and even the highest type
of manhood or womanhood is liable
once in a while to prove that it is
only human after all.

Young wives and housekeepers
aim for perfection, and are woefully
disappointed when they find that
experience is the only trainer that
can be relied upon. If the bread is
burned they weep, if the first dinner
party is not a success they brood
sorrowfully for days over an incident
that is apt to happen to the best of
us. It is sufficient to weep over the
really great trials, but it is useless
to wear one's self out in unnece-
sarily grieving over what cannot be
helped. Put on a bright face, laugh
instead of crying, keep up a brave
heart, and the world will become so
much more delightful to live in, and
you will be much pleasanter to live
with.—Southern Cross.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER'S LOVE

The counsel sought at mother's side
In vanished years of happy youth,
Should check the angry word of
pride,
And hold us in the path of truth.

We loved her then, we love her
still,
The dear, sweet face, the tender
eyes,
Her voice of love that chained our
will
And led us on to fairer skies.

If what is pure we hold today—
The richest gift the heart retains;
Her precept fanned the feeble ray,
Made captive with her rosy chains!
If o'er the path where honor sheds
A lustre won from bravest deed,
Soft glory o'er our forehead
spreads—
Her's the honor and the meed!

Fame's chaplet on our brow may
glow,
The world's applause be yours and
mine,
Yet words of praise from high or
low,
Are naught when mother's arms
entwine!
And sweet as chime of passing
bell—
Rich in that love a mother holds,
Her lips the deepest feeling tell,
A love that cherishes and folds.

Than thine O mother, never hand—
With pleasure softer or lighter—
Carress'd the brow, by fever
fanned,
Made gloomy hours the brighter.
O mother love! our hearts recall,
How joyous was its beaming,
In youth, beneath ancestral hall,
In manhood richer—gleaming.

—The Pilot

HENRY'S OPPORTUNITY
"Henry," said the priest to the
boy in the Catholic boarding school,
"now often do you go to Holy Com-
munion?"

"Every Sunday, Father, and
every Wednesday morning with the
Sodality."

"Very good. But how often
does the Holy Father want you to
go?"

The boy smiled. He knew the
correct answer.
"Well, why don't you go every
day?"

"Oh, Father, I wouldn't pre-
sume."

"Wouldn't presume? Do you
presume to take your breakfast?
Holy Communion is your spiritual
breakfast. Oh, my dear boy, don't
deprive yourself of the strength
and grace you will derive from
daily Communion. You don't com-
mit mortal sin, and as your soul is
always in the state of grace, our
Lord longs to come to you. Later
on in life you will enjoy the oppor-
tunity that you have now, when
you live under the same roof as
Jesus in the Tabernacle. All the
more reason why you should now
strengthen your soul as much as
possible with its Heavenly Food."—
Catholic Universe.

SPREADING SCANDAL

"I hear," or "They say" becomes
by the time it has passed over a
few lips a full-fledged indictment,
garnished and trimmed with the im-
aginary circumstances. A story that
began "I wonder" or "perhaps" takes
the shape of "Everybody says" or "It
is the common report," or "It is
understood." The first gossip says,
'I wonder now,' the second says,
'I heard,' the third says, 'It is re-
ported,' the fourth says, 'People
are saying,' the fifth asks with
surprise, 'Didn't you hear? Oh,
yes, every one says so,' the sixth
says, 'It is so.'

"Long before the victim of the
charge has a chance to deny it, if
he ever gets such a chance, the
thing is settled. Someone ventures
to suggest that perhaps there is no
truth in it and mildly asks for some
proof. He is laughed at. It is
hinted to him that he is soft, credu-
lous, easily deceived. A dozen
reasons are produced, founded on
nothing, why the charge is probably
true. One objects that nothing was
ever said against this person. The
others point to him: 'That is
always the way; the sly ones are the
worst. But I always had my doubts
about that person,' etc., etc. Do you
not recognize the procedure? Of
course, you do. It is as familiar as
breakfast, dinner or supper, almost

as common as the wearing of shoes."
—Catholic Transcript.

A GREAT WRITER'S FAITH

The inspiring words of counsel and
encouragement uttered by the Holy
Father to the one thousand Boy
Scouts of Italy who had recent audi-
ence with him, are replete with the
wisdom which is so necessary in
this age of false propaganda and
commercialism. His Holiness
suggested the thought of human
respect as the great bugbear which
is strong enough to stifle the most
noble impulses of the human soul
and to lay waste the fair flowers of
virtue. His Holiness cited the in-
stance of a great Italian Catholic
writer whose memory has been re-
cently celebrated on the occasion of
the centenary, and whose piety
equalled his talent, as an example
of that disregard of human respect
and of the advice of the world
typical of the perfect Christian.

The beautiful faith of Nanzoni is
well exemplified in a letter which he
wrote to his little daughter, Victo-
ria, who had announced to him
that she was about to receive First
Holy Communion.

"My dear Victoria," he wrote in
reply, "your letter afforded very
great consolation to me, since I
learned that the Saviour, in His
mercy, is going to visit you in a
special manner. Yes, my Victoria,
the sentiments of ineffable thank-
sgiving which you describe give me
the sweet hope that this is the be-
ginning of graces which will be in-
terrupted, of blessings never to be
interrupted. The joy you have
already experienced and which will
be further augmented tells of the
true content which comes from
union, most intimate and inderu-
ctible union, with God. Love
and thanksgiving, confusion and
courage! Confide all the more
as you realize your weakness, be-
cause the Saviour will never desert
those who know Him and pray to
Him. Promise that in all and
above all you will be faithful to His
holy laws, promise Him without fal-
tering, since He to Whom you have
allied yourself has also promised
His gracious assistance. Ask Him
with firm hope for whatever you
need, ask Him in anticipation of
the dangers which will come from
the world which will try to intimi-
date you and cause you to adopt
contrary practices from those which
ensure salvation. On this happy
occasion, feel a most lively grati-
tude, a most tender affection, a
most humble reverence for that
Holy Virgin of whom was born our
Redeemer and our God, Who be-
came through her our Brother.
Pray that you may have her pro-
tection all through your life. Your
angelic Mother will thus look upon
you with complacency from Heaven,
and will supplicate for you and
offer thanksgiving with you."—The
Pilot.

SECRET OF SUFFERING
There are many Christians who
chafe at suffering, and, often, in its
acute stage, are apt to question the
providence and even the justice of
God. The mental confusion caused
by pain can alone be responsible for
such thoughts. They are neither
logical nor just. Suffering is the
coin with which heaven is bought.
If the grave put an absolute end to
life and all its hopes, there would be
sound argument in the revolt
against suffering. But it does not.
The Christian knows that death is
the portal to our next existence—a
beginning, not an end. And in that
existence, the Christian knows that
an eternity of bliss will be his; but
surely, not for the asking or expect-
ation. Every desirable objective
in life requires the fulfillment of
certain conditions, in direct ratio
to its desirability or value, real or
imaginary; whether it be wealth,
fame, station, or pleasure; and no
one ever dreams of questioning the
price paid for its attainment; in-
deed, no price is thought too high
and no endeavor is thought too
great that will ensure its posses-
sion.

And yet we find numbers of Chris-
tians—that is professed followers
of Christ, the Man of Sorrows—
quarrelling with the proportionally
small price that they are called
upon to pay for an eternity of bliss,
like which there is no possibly
earthly comparison. How illogical,
to say the least. Suffering that is
the denial—voluntary or submissive
—of the natural leanings, is not
only the price asked, it is also, and
primarily, the means by which the
old leaven is purged, and the soul,
thus purified, may become more
fit for its heavenly destiny. For
heaven is the destined lot of all;
and those who do not fulfil that
destiny will have none but them-
selves to blame. Far from looking
on suffering, as so many erroneously
do, as a burden, an infliction, or an
evil, the Christian should recognize
it—what it really is—as a boon, a
mark of Divine favor: "Whom He
loveth He chastiseth," not in wrath,
but in mercy, that we may be better
fitted for His love and that reward
which all desire, but so few are
earnest in the endeavor to deserve.
God gives nothing for nothing, as
He accepts nothing without com-
pensation; but though our gifts
and efforts will always fall very far
short of the magnitude of His
reward, His love, and His mercy
will always supplement the defi-
ciency, in the recognition of our
earnestness to give the best that is
in us. Let us, therefore, welcome
suffering, however undesirable or
discomforting in itself, for in it are

the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.
—The Monitor.

GIVE US MEN

It is a common thing nowadays to
hear men declaiming of the family
and national security. It is better
to find practice than theory. The
stability of the family surely spells
security for the nation. But the
family must be encouraged, not
frowned upon and penalized. The
lot of the poor man is none too
light. And when his honesty of
purpose and fidelity to sworn obli-
gations bless him with a large
family it is none too inspiring to
find that both he and his depend-
ents are sooner or later occupying
a berth on the sidewalk instead of
a comfortable tenement.

A casual reading of the daily
journals clearly shows that large
families are at times the subjects
of discrimination. We refer to no
single or individual cases. We
refer, rather, to a practice that has
become all too common in society.

It may be useful to recall that
during the War when soldiers were
wanted to fight our battles amid
shot and shell on foreign fields, no
such hue and cry were raised
against his families. Then the cry
was "Give us men." The national
honor was at stake, our reserves
were called upon. Money in the
billions and men in the millions
were sent across the wide ocean.
The money is spent. The boys who
went to War, in large numbers, lie
in unknown graves from the North
Sea to the Adriatic. Others have
returned maimed for life. Of those
who returned, sound in body, surely
the memory of what they endured
will ever remain with them, for the
terror and frightful privation of the
battlefield surely can never be for-
gotten.

If the doctrine of small families
were taught and practiced in the
past, where would America ever
have recruited the most glorious
army that ever fought under
national banners? No, there is no
grave fault to be found with big
families. They are the blessing of
God on honest and conscientious
parents and are the one great asset
to any nation. Surely, we should
encourage, not penalize large
families. Aside from the morality
of the case, which is the chief factor
to be considered, when irrational
pets take the place of children,
there is something radically wrong
and the nation will suffer sooner
or later. "Be fair to honest and
large families" is a legend that
should be in honor today, even as
it was during the great World
War.—The Pilot.

HIGH MASS

All Catholics worthy of the name
assist at Mass at least once a week.
It is the direct command of
Almighty God, no less than a pre-
cept of the Church, that one day
out of seven should be sanctified
and set apart for sacred service.
The faithful in general obey the
precept of their religion prescribing
attendance at Mass, though this in
itself is only the minimum required
under the pain of mortal sin.

In the ceremonial of the Church,
elaborate and detailed, rubrics are
prescribed for the reverent and

solemn celebration of the world's
great act of worship. These rubrics
are of great antiquity and were
primarily intended for the celebra-
tion of the sacrifice in which many
of the parts were sung. Hence the
Mass is best understood when it is a
High Mass. In itself it is a great
liturgical action, with a beginning,
a middle and an end, and all these
parts are intended to stand out with
significance and impressiveness, in
the remarkable ceremonial which
has been built up around the great
act of the Consecration of the Body
and Blood of our Lord. The Low
Mass came later. While there were
many excellent reasons for its intro-
duction, the fact remains that the
idea of the Church is better carried
out in the celebration of what we
know as the High Mass.

It is deplorable that a preference
for what is known as the Low Mass
has become so noticeable among the
Catholics of our time. To be gener-
ous in God's service means more
than to assist at the shortest Mass
we can find and that, but once a
week. There is a mine of religious
instruction simply in the ceremonies
of the Church, and when these are
followed intelligently, not only does
there come to minds a better appre-
ciation of the Holy Sacrifice, but
also into hearts a deeper love for
the mystery of the Mass and more
sincere gratitude for the graces
purchased by Christ's redemptive
death, perpetuated to us in His
immolation on the altar.—The
Monitor.

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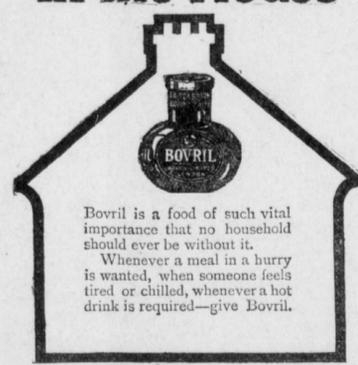
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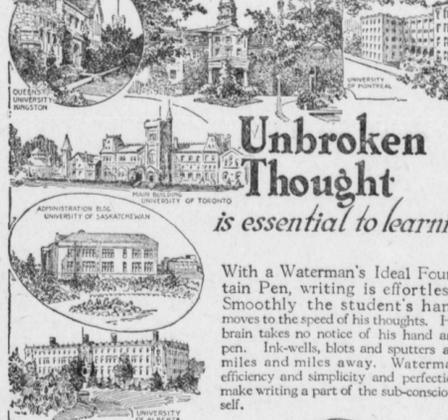
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