CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A PEACEABLE MAN

Keep thyself first in peace and others to peace. A peaceable man does more good

than one that is very learned. A passionate man turns every good to evil and easily believes evil. A good, peaceable man turns all

He that is in perfect peace suspects no man, but he that is discontented and disturbed is tossed about with various suspicions; he is neither quiet himself, nor does he suffer

thers to be quiet. He often says that which he should not say, and omits that which would be better for him to do.

He considers what others are obliged to do, and neglects that to which he himself is obliged.

Have therefore a zeal in the first place over thyself and then thou

mayst justly exercise thy zeal toward thy neighbor.

2 Thou knowest well enough how to excuse and color thy own doings and thou wilt not take the

excuses of others. It were more just that thou should accuse thyself and excuse thy brother.

also with another.

It is no great thing to be able to be converse with them that are good and meek, for this is naturally pleasing to all. And everyone would willingly have peace and love those best, that agree with them.

But to live peaceably with those that are harsh and perverse, or disorderly, or such as oppose us, is a great grace and highly commendable and manly.

3 Some there are who keep them-selves in peace and have peace also

And there are some that are neither at peace with themselves, nor suffer others to be in peace; they are troublesome to others, but always more troublesome to themselves.

And some there are who keep

themselves in peace and study to restore peace to others.

He who knows how to suffer will

enjoy much peace.
Such a one is a conqueror of him self and lord of the world, a friend of Christ and an heir of heaven.—

Thomas A. Kempis STAYING OUT LATE AT NIGHT

The young man who stays out until late endangers his good name. What sort of persons do you generally find out late at night? Thieves, libertines, evildoers. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light that his works may not be reproved." Is it very creditable to young men to haunt the streets at a time when such persons are astir? Certainly not; it is, on the contrary, a disgrace to be found in such company. Be-sides, being out late at night brings young men into all sorts of dangerous temptations to sin.

Health is endangered. Exposure to the night air and a consequent loss of necessary sleep are by all medical men considered injurious to health. Persons out late meet with drunken men and often get into quarrels; they are sometimes roughly handled and even seriously injured. But the principal danger is to the virtue of the young man who makes a practice of being out late at night. His associates are generally people ing of the fear of God, and to whom uprightness of character is a term without meaning. Their lips over-now with boasting, their conversa-tion is vulgar and low, their jokes are coarse and improper. "They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent, the venom of asps is under their lips." (Ps. cxxxix. 4). "The mouth of the fool bubbleth out folly." The (Prov. xv. 2). What can be learned from such companions? Their example is bad and, unfortunately, influences many a Christian young man for evil.

It is further an immoral habit, because it is against the order which God has established. God appointed the night for rest. No sooner has the sun set than a delightful quiet comes over nature, the birds repair to their nests, the flowers close the calyces and droop, man who has labored all day feels the need of rest. The person who prepares to go out at this time separates himself from the order of nature. He who has worked during the day is entitled to rest during the night. But the principal object tion to wandering about at night from a moral stand point is that it gives occasions to sins which young people would be ashamed to commit in the day time. Young men go about from place to place drinking and carousing; they frequent places of doubtful character, are found in company in which they should be ashamed to be seen. Much that is profane and infamous goes under the mantle of darkness. Language is heard that should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the Christian youth. They do not stop at words, they proceed to deeds, "rioting, they proceed to deeds, "rioting, chambering and impurities," of which the apostle speaks.—Exchange.

TEN PROMISES

"I will study the language of gentleness and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.

I will practice patience at home lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me. "I will remember that my neigh-bors have troubles enough to carry

"I will excuse others faults and failures as often and fully as I ex-pect others to be lenient with mine.

I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip and build healthy loves by service. "I will be a friend under trying

tests and wear everywhere a good-will face unchilled by alcofness.

"I will never gloat over gains, but amass only to enrich others and so gain a wealthy heart.

"I will love boys and girls, so that ald one will not find me stiff and

old age will not find me stiff and soured. "I will gladden my nature by smil-ing out loud on every occasion and

by outlooking optimistically. "I will pray frequently, think good things, believe men and do a full day's work without fear or favor."—Author Unknown.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN TEDDY WAS SICK Teddy was sick in bed. The doctor had just come; Teddy could hear him talking with mamma in the next

"I can't persuade him to touch the milk," his mother was saying, "He never drinks it when he is well. What shall I do?"
Teddy listened eagerly for an an-

so with another.

It is no great thing to be able to

heard aright. He trusted his ears still less when the doctor walked on smiling, up to the bedside.

"How do you feel this morning?"

he asked, taking Teddy's wrist in his cool hand.
"I haven't had anything to eat,"
whined the little boy. "I can't drink

milk. "You'd better try," said the doctor.
"I can't. Mayn't I have a cooky?"

"Or some bread and butter?"

" Why not ?"

"Because milk is better for you."
"But I can't drink it.

The doctor was preparing a pow-der, and did not reply. Teddy won-

dered if he heard.
"Did you ever hear the story of the little woodchuck?" Doctor Huntington looked up with merry eyes.
"No. sir," said Teddy. "What is No, sir," said Teddy.

"Well, it was this way," and the doctor seated himself comfortably in his chair. "There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a nice, deep hole with his mother. There was nothing he liked to do quite so well as to run around in the sunshine. At the other end of the lot there was a tall tree, and one morning the little woodchuck's mother said : "To day you must learn to climb that tree. I cannot always be here to protect you.

cannot always be here to protect you.
and if a dog should catch you away
from home you'd be in a fine plight."
But the little woodchuck looked
up the steep trunk, and said: 'Oh, I can't.' The next morning his mother said to him again; 'To-day you must certainly learn to climb that tree! But once more the little woodchuck answered, 'I can't,' and ran off to

play in the sunshine. 'It was not long before the mother went to visit a neighbor. The little woodchuck was having a glorious time, when all of a sudden he heard a yelp, and there was a dog rushing toward him! He looked longingly at his home across the lot; but the dog was between — and he was coming nearer every second! The little woodchuck ran as hard as he could make his feet fly, but the dog ran faster. Just as he thought he could not run much farther, he came to the because there wasn't anything else to do, the little woodchuck just scrambled up that tree—up, up, till he was out of the dog's reach! You see, he had to, and so he did. I hope to-morrow I shall find you a great deal

And the doctor smiled a kind good-

Teddy lay thinking after his mother and Doctor Huntington had gone

"I wonder if I could." he thought, 'I'm awfully hungry!" and he ceached for the glass of milk on the table by his bed.

When his mother came back the glass was empty, and Teddy was smiling contentedly among the pillows.— True Voice.

THE SISTER AND THE SOLDIER Preaching in St. Paul's Church, Washington, His Eminence Cardinal

Gibbons said : "Many a narrative and thrilling story of the sublime charity of our devoted Sisters has been cited.

Shortly before the Spanish-American War two Sisters of Charity were walking in the street of Boston, and while passing a corner of the street one was grossly insulted by a young person, who assailed her with vile language. She simply and silently pursued her journey.
"Some time afterward, when the

war broke out, the youth enlisted in the army. He was wounded and taken to a hospital. The Sisters nursed and attended him with motherly care. He was deeply impressed with their attention, and one day said to the Sister in charge: "I love the religion which inspires such sentiment as you exhibit and will em-brace that religion, but I have committed a sin which weighs upon my conscience. I once insulted one of your companions, and I would peace-fully die if I knew she forgave me."

"Let your mind be at rest," replied the Sister. "It was I whom you in-sulted. I recognized you when you

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entered the hospital. I heartily for-

give you.' The man died in the faith which could inspire such divine forgiveness and charity. Dearly beloved, let us, like that sweet Sister of Charity, forgive those who have injured us, no matter how great or how small the offense, and Christ will receive us in the hour of death. If we love we can forgive, and love is His greatest com-

THE WELL BRED GIRL The girl who is well-bred never

finds it necessary to announce the fact to the world. Good breeding is as natural to her as breathing, and

as natural to her as breathing, and as necessary, too.

She never gossips or listens to tales about her friends. This sort of conversation is not pleasing to her.

The well-bred girl seldom apologizes—it is not necessary for her to do so, because she is always careful of ether receives feelings, and she of other people's feelings, and she never talks of her private affairs.

The well bred girl never makes herself conspicuous in public places, and does not permit herself to be drawn into any arguments in conver sation which might involve others.

She is gracious and hospitable, giving of what she has with a good will, and never attempts to entertain in a way she cannot afford. Indeed, she is just a simple, wholesome girl careful of other people's feelings and always has a ready fund of sympathy

for those in trouble. RULES FOR A BOY It is mean to allow another boy to

be blamed for your faults. It is mean to take advantage of a fellow who does not know about things as well as you do.

It is very mean to take anything that is not yours, even if it is only a stamp or pencil or a button. Keep honest and always straight in little things.

Always speak the truth. Keep your mind and your thoughts

SHAMELESS BRUTALITY

Riot reigns in Mexico. Animal passions are dominant. Shameless brutality is the order of the day. The Carranzistas are in power: so too, is the demon of hate and lust. A motley horde swept down the Lroad avenues of the capital, bearing ban-ners that flung defiance in the very face of God. Religion was blas-phemed, God was outraged. There vas order in those ranks; the ranks broke and anarchy began to reign. Houses were looted, schools were big tree. 'Dear me!' he gasped, 'I closed, Sisters were driven hither can't climb it!' And then, because the dog was almost upon him, and oners, thrown into stables, left there without food or drink, and then were submitted to a mock execution.

This is the triumph of a policy conceived in iniquity and executed in human blood. Never since the days of the French Revolution have such crimes been done against innocent men and women. Never has God been blasphemed more shamelessly.

Imagine it, some twenty priests slaughtered like beasts by men who are held up to us as champions of freedom and enlightenment! Imagine it, consecrated virgins outraged by abandoned, brutal men called librators! Was there ever a story of greater shame? Was civilization ever brought into greater contempt? The wild, untamed savages slew Sisters, but respected their virtue: 'Mexicans, Mexicans thought fit to be hailed as champions of democracy lacked the instincts of savages and perpetrated sins that make decency blush. The infamy of it! The shame, the crime of condoning the acts of godless men who revel in an orgy of lust!

DO YOUR RUBB 1 SCOUR d Dutch Cleanser

EQUAL FOR

CLEANING METALEWOOD

They came into God's temples and converted them into dance halls; they vent to God's consecrated altars, whereon the hopes and joys of men are built, and used them for bestial purposes ; they used the sacred chalces for the same base ends, they donned the holy vestments and so dressed were photographed stand-ing by the side of nude women of the street. They flung virtue, yes the street. They flung virtue, yes and decency, every shrewd of it, to Great men these, noble men these, champions of liberty, all of them! Can you not see it? They maltreated bishops, they tortured, mutilated, slaughtered priests, they outraged Sisters, they defiled altars, and chalices and sacred vestments. They turned themselves into animals more reckless and wanton than the beasts of the field. Who could do Behold the champions of more?

liberty! They are friends of education, too. They destroyed schools, they burned one fine library, they broke and cast aside the instruments of a splendid physics cabinet; they sold stolen type writing machines in the streets of Saltillo for \$1 a piece. At the prompting of a catch-penny American, little better than themselves in honor, they sent the superb library of a bishop to a foreign country for sale. In the name of democracy, they did the devil's work in very truth.

A Mexican bishop describes their exquisite tortures as follows ;

"A leader of the bandits comes in and asks the priests to let him know where the money is. On being told there is no money the bandit puts a rope round a priest's neck, takes him out and hangs him for a time, or if there be no convenient place for hang. ing, he knocks the priest down, puts a foot on his chest and all but strangles him. Then several shots are fired and the living victim is dragged away with a great show so that his companions may be led to believe that he has been killed; the same tortures are applied to the One of the priests about whom Bishop — writes me says that he thought his end had come. After the torture he was cast into dark room, and on recovering began to feel about, when he discovered his six companions in a like state with

That speaks for itself. So, too, do other documents. Not long since the Vicar-General of the diocese of l'amaulipas, with provisional residence at Tampico, received this note from the then commander, now the

governor of the State : The day after to morrow (Shrove Tuesday) I shall come for you to wash my feet, after which I shall demand of you all the money the late bishop left you. In default of the gold I shall hang you to the

est tree in the plaza."
Shortly after the scoundrel who wrote this published an article in his paper, from which the following "headings" are taken:

more Roman "No Churches." 'No more priests."

"We need no more churches, only

"It is not necessary for people to elieve in God, whom no one can see. We shall not permit churches to

But why write more? The tale is sickening. Besides there are others in the United States who know more of this pillage and rapine and murder than the writer. Let them speak out. The faction that communicated with Huerta nine months since, offering him help and immunity from interference, if he would but carry out a campaign of persecution, could illuminate us. It has secrets to reveal, in which we are all interested Can we coax it to talk? We are ready to listen. Begin, then, speak out, you who know.—America.

THE HURRY OUT CATHOLIC

The late Fathew Matthew Russell S. J., the kindly editor of the Irish Monthly for forty years, on many oc casions referred to the "hurry out " How does he spend the Catholic. time that he saves so carefully?" Father Russell asked, and he comnented:

What madness, to hurry over our religious duty in order to have more time for doing something immensely less important than the duty that we

the Holy Sacrifice, while the altar was being prepared for benediction several persons went away without waiting for that beautiful and solemn rite. The dying man—for such he really was—had to drive to his hotel in a cab, and on the way he said to his son: "You saw those people—never do that! You may want that blessing yet!"

SOCIALISM

CATHOLICS AND

Because we Catholics denounce ocialism. (sometimes without really being sure of our ground) we are accused by Socialists of defending every evil of the present social order.

As a matter of fact the Catholic Church stands for justice as between rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, al-ways and ever: and a Catholic is soundly so when, denouncing Social istic extremes, he denounces also the injustice of those who to day would make the common people wage slaves. A poem by the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J., which we find in the New York Freeman's Journal, expresses so strongly and so admirably Church's condemnation of the injustice done to the poor by those who exploit them, that we take the liberty of reproducing it here for our read

"THE SIN THAT CRIES FOR VENGEANCE O ye, who hire the working poor And give them only what you must! Your ill-got wealth will not endure, Your hoard will crumble into dust.

You starve and stunt the growing child, You take the sunshine from its life,

You drive it into ways defiled, You fill its youth with bitter strife. You keep at work the tender maid Til late at night, without her due, The overworked and underpaid Have no redress from such as you.

You pluck the blossom from her face You steal the vigor from her limb, You rob her figure of its grace You make her lustrous eyes grow dim.

You change the poor to poorer yet, You heard your gold nor know for whom;

From all your millions you may get, Perhaps, a more expensive tomb. Or else you spend your stolen wealth In one long round of social life; You care not for the failing health Of starving child or struggling wife

Your very blood is changed to gall, Your human heart is turned to stone You know the earth is made for all, And not to sate the rich alone.

Redress must come,-but not from those Who banish God and wreck the home;

The cure for human ills and woes Is furnished by the Creed of Rome. For ever since the Church began, She shields the weak from age to age; She preaches love from man to man, She claims for all a living wage,

She says: "O ye, who grind and cheat. Whose creed is false, whose greed is

What justice you to others mete, The same the Lord will mete to you."

We may say in connection with this that while we have noted with approbation the anti Socialist cam-paign financed by the Knights of Columbus, we believe that it should be supplemented by another movement aiming to instruct Catholics (and non Catholics too) as to where the Church really stands on this whole subject of social and economic justice. This movement should make it plain that in opposing Socialism the Catholic Church is not der present system, in toto, and is not resisting every effort at reform and re-

We greatly fear that in laying so much stress on the "anti" side, we are creating this false impression among outsiders—an impression fos-tered and strengthened for their own purposes by those whose position and influence we fondly believe ourselves to be demolishing. We greatly fear that we are putting ourselves in a false light before the public by a policy of negation and protest in-stead of one of affirmation and con-

struction. In order to make this matter clear to everybody, a programme of social reform that is essentially Christian and sound should be evolved - a programme that Catholics every. where could safely subscribe to and labor for—and the exposition of this programme should then be entrusted to men who know their subject thoroughly, and who have the ability to present it sympathetically and winningly. We have such men in the Catholic Church of America, and they could accomplish a wonderful work in the field indicated.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SPREAD OF DISCONTENT

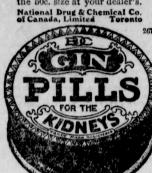
Joseph Barondess, one of the leaders of the Jewish workers in New York city, who has been a prominent Socialist, has formally abjured Soci-

alism.
"I have gradually come to realize,"
he said, that the Socialists only use the trades unions as a means to their own political ends. Their far-fetched leave half done, or much less well done than we could do it if we gave to it full time and our full attention.

A very active professional man of the best efforts of the laborers to A very active professional man broke down in health and came up to consult the Dublin physicians. He and his son attended Mass in one of the best efforts of the laborers to improve their condition. The leaders of this movement have constantly been sowing discontent, discouragement the Dublin churches. At the end of ment and despair among the people."

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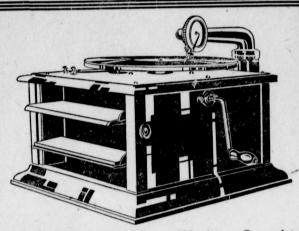


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