

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A-TELLING HER BEADS FOR ME

Tonight fond memory brings me
My old home across the sea,
My old mother in the doorway
A-telling her beads for me.

"Tis years since I departed
From the land beyond the sea,
Still in fancy I can see her
A-telling her beads for me.

Many years now the sod's above her
In the church-yard cross the sea;
Yet in fancy she's still in the door-
way,
A-telling her beads for me.

O! the memory of a sweet, dear
mother,
It's the sweetest can ever be;
O! how dear when I recall her
A-telling her beads for me.

And how could I do ever
Any wrong, or guilty be,
To sorrow that good old mother
A-telling her beads for me.

—F. L. CLEMENT

WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN?

Definitions of the term 'gentleman' differ vastly according to standards of judgment. The bootblack may regard as a gentleman such a customer only who gives him a tip. The unpretentious factory girl may find a gentleman in the man who goes to work in a white collar and pressed suit, although he be only a low-paid clerk, while she will fail to give this recognition to a skilled and well-paid mechanic who dons his work-paid clothes in the morning. And so we go up the social ladder we encounter constantly varying conceptions of what goes to make a gentleman.

Perhaps the best characterization of a gentleman, as the world sees him, has been given by Cardinal Newman in his "Idea of a University," as follows:

"The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may grate or jar on the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision, of feeling, or restraint or suspicion of gloom or resentment. His great concern is to make every one at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the distant and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable silences or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome.

"He makes light of favors which he does and seems to be receiving, while he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ear for slander or mere gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets every thing for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments; or insinuates evil which he does not say out.

"From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to become our friend. He is patient, forgiving and resigned on philosophical principles. He submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is his destiny. If he engages in conversation of any kind his discipline intellect preserves him from the blundering discovery of more brilliant, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean; who mistake the point in the argument, waste their strength in trifles, misconceive the adversary and leave the question more involved than they found it."

The foregoing paragraphs are sometimes quoted as being Newman's own ideal of a gentleman. Such is not the case; he merely states the worldly ideal and then proceeds to pass criticism on it.

It goes without saying that the worldly ideal which Newman sets forth objectively contains many excellent rules of conduct, but it is far from conforming to Christian standards. In fact, everyday experience brings one in contact with gentlemen who do not meet such a test. "The creature we call a gentleman," says Owen Winter in "The Virginian," "lies deep in the hearts of thousands that are born without chance to master the outward graces of the type."

In the little brochure, "The Formation of Character," by the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J., there is an excellent discussion of the worldly ideal of a gentleman. The latter conception is not rejected entirely, but is found wanting in as much as it is based merely on natural motives.

"The Christian ideal," says Father Hull, "comprehends all that is excellent in the worldly ideal, correcting its superficialities and crookednesses wherever they exist, but above all, making up its deficiencies and raising the whole to a higher plane. It is of the utmost importance at this stage to emphasize the truth so much insisted upon in our standard theology, that the supernatural does not destroy or cancel the natural, but presupposes it, adds to it and sublimates it."

The self-control exercised by the worldly gentleman from purely natural motives may stand him in good stead if he should on occasions be prompted by supernatural considerations. Every kind of self-restraint helps in the formation of

character, so that a man who has learnt not to yawn in company will find himself greatly helped in resisting temptations of a more serious kind.

"The difference," to again quote Father Hull, between the natural gentleman and the Christian gentleman—assuming each to be more or less perfect in his own line—does not consist so much in the moral virtues practised, nor yet in the adornments of mind or manner, which are the same in both cases. The difference is one of motives—the natural gentleman being what he is simply and solely because of the intrinsic attractiveness of the qualities he adopts, while the Christian gentleman—besides this motive, which of course he ought not to despise but ought to appreciate—adds the reflex motive of living in harmony with God's will according to the model given by Christ. Thus the whole paraphernalia of culture and refinement and moral excellence is elevated into the higher dignity of personal religious service."—Buffalo Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TWO LETTERS

"Dear Joe," she wrote, "I scarcely know
If it is kind of me to write
This bit of news to you—but, Joe,
Jack Brown proposed to me last night,
And I said 'Yes'! I know this will
Be quite a shock to you; but pray,
Let's still be friends, for I am still,
As ever,
Yours sincerely, MAY."

Perhaps you see the love-lorn Joe
Perusing this most cruel note
And overwhelmed with grief. But,
no,
Joe simply took up pen and wrote:

"Dear May: So glad; But wasn't he
The clumsiest you've ever seen?
He was when he proposed to me.
I wish you luck,
Yours, JOSEPHINE."

THE GIRL IN BLACK

The rich man frowned.
"You understand of course that
you have no legal claim. No lawyer
would think for a minute—"
His caller interrupted him. She
was a young girl dressed in black.
Her sensitive face needed only
plumpness and color to make it
pretty. Even without either he
recognized its charm.

"Yes I understand. Father owed
you money and he gave you that oil
stock in payment. He didn't know
how much it was worth, even then,
and now it is worth a great deal
more, isn't it?"

She was so childishly simple in
putting the question that he almost
caught himself smiling. He sternly
repressed the inclination.
"The value has appreciated," he
acknowledged, and waited.

"Mother and I have very little,"
said the girl. Of course, we want
you to have all father borrowed, and
the interest. But to get so much for
so little hardly seems fair, does it,
when you are so rich?"

The time he let himself laugh.
And the girl looked at him, flushing.
"My dear young woman," he said,
"let me suggest that I wouldn't be
rich long if every time I made a
profitable transaction I was obliged
to return to the other party all my
profits. Business is not a form of
charity. It is conducted on the principle
of each for himself."

The girl reflected.
"Then there's no use my staying
any longer," she said and stood up.
The eyes that met his showed no
hostility, but a grave wonder, and
somehow that made him more un-
comfortable than if he had seen hate
in their gray depths.

He stood frowning when she left
the room. Unusually like! It was
preposterous that when he had made
a handsome thing out of a deal with
an impractical old scholar, his daughter
should appear and ask him to
make restitution like a criminal. She
seemed to think that the fact that
he was rich and they were poor made
a difference.

"Silly sentiment," he growled.
"And if the shoe was on the other
foot, she'd sing a different tune.
That sort of people are as ready to
feather their own nests as anyone
else, if given the chance."

But the wonder in the girl's eyes
overcoat, gesturing away the servant
who would have helped him. He
would take a little walk. The doc-
tor was always telling him to leave
his car alone and do more walking.
Today he had a feeling that his
nerves needed the bracing air.

Three blocks from home he came
upon a scene of disaster. At the in-
tersection of the streets lay an over-
turned wagon, belonging to a vege-
table vendor, as was proved by the
turnips and carrots and parsnips
and potatoes that had been scat-
tered in all directions. The horse
responsible for the mishap had been
extricated from the broken shafts,
and stood at a distance, his head
drooping. The driver, a thin, middle-
aged man wore the blank expression
of one temporarily stunned by mis-
fortune.

The usual crowd had gathered.
Some were asking how it happened.
Others were offering advice.
The rich man would have passed
on, but at that minute a girl slipped
out of the crowd, a slender girl in a
black dress.

"Can't you get some boxes or bas-
kets out of the wagon?" she asked,
addressing the owner. "Then we
can help you to pick up all these

vegetables. You'll help, won't you?"
she asked, turning to a boy who had
laughed.

The boy started.
"Sure," he said after a moment
"I'll help."

As a matter of fact, nearly all
helped. The men went over to the
wagon, and presently with a great
deal of straining it was righted.
The others in the crowd, following
the girl's lead, had been picking up
the scattered vegetables. Barring
the tomatoes, which were decidedly
the worse for wear, they had come
through with little damage. And in
the case of the wagon, too, the injury
was less than might have been ex-
pected.

The boy who had laughed brought
over the horse and helped to harness.
Some of the men lifted the boxes
of vegetables into the wagon. A
woman went up to the vendor
with a friendly smile.

"I live at 9220 on the next
street," she said. "Stop tomorrow,
please. I like the looks of your
vegetables."

A man in the crowd, his hand-
some overcoat streaked with dust
where it had come in contact with
the wheels, spoke up:

"I'll take a bunch of this celery
along. It's as good as ever, as far as
I can see."

He dropped a coin into the vendor's
hand and went his way.

The girl in black was stealing off
unnoticed when she was stopped by
the very man with whom she had
just concluded an unsatisfactory in-
terview.

"I see you're consistent," he
said. "You think of somebody be-
sides Number One. Suppose you
walk back to the house with me.
I'd like to talk over the matter with
you. Perhaps after all,
you were right."—N. Y. News.

ST. JOSEPH'S MONTH

During the month of March Holy
Mother Church asks us to keep our
eyes fixed attentively on the benign
figure of St. Joseph. When she bids
us to do this, she is well aware that
we can all draw great profit from a
contemplation of his virtues and
character.

The virtue that shines preeminently
in the life of St. Joseph is his
childlike humility. Chosen for the
highest dignity that ever was con-
ferred upon man, he still retained a
sense of his utter dependence upon
God and his unworthiness for the
office to which he had been called.

We can easily imagine with what
feelings of reverence he looked upon
her who had been chosen from all
everywhere to be the mother of the
Incarnate Son of God, and with what
holy trepidation he drew near to the
Infant whom it was his privilege to
protect. The hardships of his hum-
ble life as carpenter were gladly en-
dured for the sake of the holy child
that had been put into his hands.

And since he was so grounded in
humility, it is no wonder that we
see all the virtues blossom forth in
his life.

If this month of St. Joseph brings
a deeper humility, a more profound
sense of our dependence on God's
goodness, we can entertain the hope
that the work of our spiritual per-
fection is well under way. And the
more closely we observe St. Joseph,
and the more earnestly we try to re-
produce in our lives the lesson of his
life, the more securely we shall plant
our feet on the road that leads to a
conscious union with God.

It is well also to bear in mind dur-
ing this month of March that St.
Joseph has been declared the Patron
and Protector of the Universal
Church. During these days of war
and stress, when each of the belliger-
ent nations is trying its best to bait
the Pope and thus belittle his in-
fluence in the world at large, it will
be well for us to pray to the foster-
father of the Christ Child, who
exercises his care and care his pro-
tecting mantle over Christ's Regent
on earth, leading him safely through
dangerous ways.—Rosary Magazine.

AN IRISH POET ON
IRISH SONGS

Some one was singing a ragtime
song to the accompaniment of a
hand organ on the street just as a
representative of the New York
Evening Post arrived to interview
Mr. Padraic Colum, the Irish poet
now visiting the United States.

"Your American popular song has
nothing to say," remarked Mr. Colum
referring to the ragtime ditty.

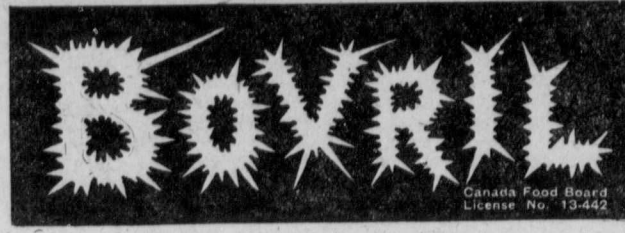
A query as to the quality of the
popular Irish songs aroused the poet.
He pounced on a thick volume in his
bookcase:

"Take a look at these com-all-
ye's!" he said. He opened the book,
his eyes eagerly scanning its pages.

"Hundreds of good songs! Thou-
sands of others are not in this book!
Not a one of these that is not
born of Irish soil, or that does not
speak to the Irish of some tradition
or racial trait or national aspiration."

"Such a song says something,
means something to Irish men and
women when they sing it. It has
something of the quality and much
of the reaction of poetry. Many of
these songs were composed by small
shopkeepers, schoolmasters, police-
men, field workers." Many of them
were created spontaneously by the
folk at their work. That's how we
get these numerous words in so many
of the ballads meaning less syllables
the singer threw in while he cast
about for the rhyme he needed.

Melodies were made up to the count-



less political and love songs that
make Irish song literature so rich.
Often the melodies outlive the words;
then other words take their place.
That's how the Irish have come to a
literature of the people, for the
people, by the people."

One reason why the Irish take
naturally to poetry is their taste for
words, Mr. Colum said:

"They say that the English
praise the vocabulary of from
300 to 500 words," he added. "Dr.
Pederson took down 2,500 words
of the vocabulary of the Irish of Arran
Islands. Dr. Douglas Hyde wrote
down a vocabulary of 3,000 words
from people in Roscommon, who
could neither read nor write, and
thinks he fell short by 1,000 words
of the vocabulary. The average Irish-
man speaks a highly dramatic and
colorful language, the language of
poetic expression. An Irish
peasant was talking to me of some
children left orphans with indifferent
guardians. 'Sorra a bit so and so
would care if they went the way of
the wild birds!' 'Some children,'
said another, 'would come to you on
a silk thread and with others the
chain of a ship wouldn't pull them.'"

"The Irish love to memorize what
has appealed to them and to recite
it aloud or to sing it. I know of a
Kerryman who is returned in the
census as illiterate. He dictated to
his daughter a thick copy-book of
translations in Gaelic of Homer's
Iliad he had memorized from hear-
ing it read somewhere. Padraic
Pearse, president of the Pearse Irish
republic, had a gardener who was
also set down by the census as illiter-
ate. He had learned so much of the
life of one of Ireland's great figures
that he was able to dictate a life of
that man, which is now used as a
Gaelic text-book in the National Uni-
versity."

"It is in such soil that the Irish
poet sows. And we're hoping that
with a soil ready to receive and the
poets of Ireland sowing in it seeds
native to the soil, a literature will
take root that will flourish even out-
side of Ireland."—Sacred Heart
Review.

TO ENRICH THE MIND

Rushing through a formula of
words without attention or devotion
to the object of prayer. Every
prayer should be a meditation—and
this word is derived from two Latin
words which are rendered into Eng-
lish by the phrase: "To enrich the
mind."

Our mental soil should be rich
enough and deep enough to afford a
root hold for the fruitful plants
which grow from the seed of God's
word. This mental soil should con-
tain a store-house, a plethoric treas-
ury of plant food so rich that it can
be drawn upon every day, every
month and every year of our life.

As the profit in agriculture con-
sists in making the soil produce
more abundantly than of itself it is
able to do, so I likewise, in the culture
of mind and soul, we must add the
elements of prayer, meditation, as
well as careful elimination of the
noxious weeds which will grow
rapidly in the best of ground unless
they are seen and then plucked out
by the roots.

Therefore, if we wish to enrich
our mind, we must add to its natural
endowment the fruitful fertilizer of
prayer, which will show us how to
plant, what to plant, what to erad-
icate, how to irrigate with God's Sac-
raments and what kind of a harvest
we may reasonably expect.

Take, for instance, the Lord's
Prayer, which Jesus Christ Himself
taught. Made by Him, it is as truly
a work of Divine wisdom as any act
of God. It is short enough for the
time that can be spared by the most
harassed man of business. It is
simplicity itself—it is complete—it
is sublime and of admirable efficacy.
Recite it slowly, think of the mean-
ing of each sentence.

First of all, we address God as
"Our Father," a lesson not under-
stood by atheists or infidels, or by
those among nominal Christians who
wish to sin, as when and where
they please; who reject the wisdom
of the God that made moral laws for
man's individual and aggregate bene-
fit, and who regard God as a horrible
tyrant if He dare to restrain or to
punish the violations of His just and
merciful laws. In their ignorance
of the truth that God is our Father,
men have looked upon Him and have
taught others to consider Him as a
cruel merciless being.

These men have misinterpreted his-
tory, perverted its facts, misrep-
resented its laws and customs and held
the law itself and the law giver, re-
sponsible for the wickedness of indi-
viduals who violated the law. They
have glorified vice, exalted criminals,
sneered at every virtue as effeminate
and at every saint as a fool.

They have denied the existence of
God, put in His place the vague in-
definite spectre which they call
"Nature" and have accused those
who believe in an infinitely perfect
God as the followers of a Being Who
placed man on this earth for the sole
purpose of inflicting Him with every
possible misery and of gloating

over his torments in an undeserved
Hell. To all this ignorance and ab-
surdity it is sufficient to reply, in the
words of our Lord: "They have not
known the Father, nor Me."

Our God is not a merciless, horrible
tyrant, Who delights in the torture
of His children. He is our Father,
to Whom the Book of Wisdom says:
"Thou lovest all things that are, and
hatest none of the things which
Thou hast made."

As Catholics we know that every-
thing we have is the gift of our lov-
ing Father—everything that we use,
—our food, our garments, our pleas-
ure, all these things come from God.
Even though the Scripture does say
that the "fear of the Lord is the be-
ginning of wisdom," it also says that,
"Perfect love casteth out fear."

This fruitful plant of true life can
come only from the good seed of
God's law planted by faith, nourished
by hope and cared for by charity,
which is love for God and for fellow-
man. These virtues are kept alive
by fervent prayer which "enriches
the mind."

Think of the possibilities of happi-
ness for mankind if everybody should
pray fervently, "Our Father Who
art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy
Name. Thy kingdom come, Thy Will
be done on earth as it is in Heaven."
—Boston Pilot.

LENTEN SUGGESTIONS

Go to Mass every morning.
Go to Holy Communion every
morning.

At least go to Holy Communion
every week.

Make a visit to the Blessed Sacra-
ment every day.

Make a sincere effort to keep the
letter and the spirit of Lent.

More people are killed by eating
than by fasting.

We all eat too much meat. The
doctors say it is a prolific source of
disease. The whole world asks re-
straint in eating.

Buy a book of Catholic devotion.
Read it for at least fifteen minutes a
day.

Get acquainted with yourself. Get
chummy with your soul. A medita-
tion of ten minutes a day will go
very far to make you a thoughtful
Catholic.

Attend the special devotions for
Lent.

Make the Stations of the Cross at
least once a week. This practice
will keep you in the spirit of Lent.

Set aside some of the money you
save from little luxuries for charity.
—New World.

RECONSTRUCTION

SOCIAL PROGRAM OF HIERARCHY

WINS APPROVAL

BISHOPS' PROGRAM SHOWS THE

REMEDY AS WELL AS THE EVIL

During the week the program of
social reform proposed by the
National Catholic War Council
through Rt. Rev. Peter Muldoon, Rt.
Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Rt. Rev. Wil-
liam Russell and Rt. Rev. Patrick
Hayes, won unanimous approval.
As a document for industrial recon-
struction based on Christian justice
and progressive legislation it com-
manded respectful consideration. It
was especially praised because of its
freedom from radical and reaction-
ary measures and because it placed
the Catholic Church in America once
more on record.

The following editorial opinion is
taken from a New York paper which
caters to labor news: "The Catho-
lic War Council, then, is but contin-
uing the work of the Church in the
past when it sounds a warning
against this new slavery. It points
out that what has come to be known
as 'big business' is one of the ag-
encies by which the real producers of
wealth are deprived of a just com-
pensation for their labor. To put a
stop to the excessive gains of a small
minority of privileged capitalists is
one of the serious problems of the hour.
It is suggested that, in dealing
with this problem, the following re-
medies should be employed: That the
monopolistic control of commodities,
which is the fruitful source of these
excessive gains, should be dealt with
through adequate Government regu-
lation of such public service mono-
polies and heavy taxation of in-
comes, excess profits and inheri-
tances." The reasons assigned for do-
ing this are thus stated in the report
from which we are quoting:

"The precise methods by which
genuine competition may be re-
stored and maintained among busi-
nesses that are naturally competitive
cannot be discussed here; but the
principles are clear that human beings
cannot be trusted with the immense
oppression and extortion that go
with the possession of monopoly
power."

"A much needed counsel on the
dignity of man is administered to

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the capitalist, who is reminded that
those who help him to accumulate
his wealth are not mere machines
that are not to be treated as such.
Here are words which it would be
well every employer took to heart:

"Above and before all he must
cultivate and strengthen within his
mind the truth which many of his
class have begun to grasp for the
first time during the present war;
namely, that the laborer is a human
being, not merely an instrument of
production; and that the laborer's
right to a decent livelihood is the
first moral charge upon industry.

The employer has a right to get a
reasonable living out of his business
but he has no right to interest on
his investment until his employees
have obtained at least living wages.
This is the human and Christian in-
contrast to the purely commercial
and pagan ethos of industry."

What we have quoted from the
pronouncement of the National Catho-
lic War Council demonstrates that
the sympathy of the Catholic Church
is fully enlisted on the side of Am-
erican wage workers in their striving
to realize their just claims. Her
moral aid in the coming years will
be of incalculable value to the cause
of labor in America."

PRINCIPLES TO BE SPREAD
Due to the vast amount of "war
news" the program did not get suf-
ficient recognition from the daily
press. It is expected that the
Bishops will soon evolve ways and
means not only for spreading the
influence of the Catholic Church in
the industrial world, but will also see
to it that the principles of Christian
social justice are maintained as far
as lies in their power.—Brooklyn
Tablet.

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fear, is eager for work, and bears up
under ridicule.

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