

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S DAY

Tender, gentle, brave and true,
Loving us whate'er we do!
Waiting, watching at the gate
For the footsteps that are late,
Sleepless through the hours of night
Till she knows that we're all right,
Pleased with every word we say—
That is ever mother's way.

Others sneer and turn aside,
Mother welcomes us with pride:
Over-boastful of us, too,
Glorying in all we do.
First to praise and last to blame,
Love that always stays the same,
Following us where'er we stray—
That is ever mother's way.

She would grant us all we seek,
Give her strength where we are weak.

Beauty? She would let it go
For the joy we yearn to know
Life? She'd give it gladly, too,
For the dream that we pursue:
She would toll that we might play—
That is ever mother's way.

Not enough for her are flowers,
Her life is so blent with ours
That in all we share and share alike,
She is partner, through and through;
Suffering when we suffer pain,
Happy when we smile again,
Living with us, night and day—
That is ever mother's way.

A GOOD MOTHER

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is the loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are but of little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Remember, therefore, girls and boys, that a good Catholic mother is a blessing, and more and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits of human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a reason dominant with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness. A man may go through all the world, he may run through every stage of belief and disbelief, but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying, there will rise up before him like a morning star the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called "mother."

FROM STAGE COACH TO STEEL KING

Mr. Charles M. Schwab recently told in a popular periodical of his humble beginnings and how opportunity opened up for him his later career. He said:

"What formal education I had in my youth at Loretto, Pennsylvania, where we lived, was received at St. Francis College. It was at the college that I found some opportunity to put into practice a native bent for mechanics."

"I put in some months driving a stage between Loretto and Cresson Station—a period which brought me into contact with all sorts and conditions of men and gave me ample opportunities to study human nature, both raw and refined. After leaving school I obtained a job in a grocery at Braddock, Pennsylvania.

"The magnet for me in Braddock was the Edgar Thomson steel works, owned by Carnegie Brothers & Co. The superintendent of the works was a customer at the store. His name was William R. Jones—a name that became well known throughout the steel industry. I had always had the ambition to be a steel engineer, and looked up to Captain Jones, knowing something of his reputation.

"One day the captain offered me a job at a dollar a day, a substantial increase over the wages I was receiving in the grocery. The job was to drive stakes."

"That job marked the beginning of his career.

Mr. Schwab has a magnificent summer home in Loretto, and the new Catholic Church erected there a few years ago was his gift. It is a large Church for a small town, but with one or two exceptions all the people in Loretto are Catholics.

REMAIN STEADFAST IF YOU WISH TO ATTAIN YOUR GOAL

The very pleasurable ease with which many of us break our higher purposes and turn aside in feverish haste in the pursuit of some elusive object, does not argue well for our future content or prosperity.

We are impatient and impatient, inclined upon the slightest provocation to change our minds over night, at a sudden veer of the golden weather-cock. We have no steadfast, fixed course.

When we wake in the morning we are undecided. Our purpose of yesterday is gone. We have a new one which appeals directly to our lofty ambition, so much so, indeed, that we stride briskly down the

street, forgetting in our elation to acknowledge the smiling nods and cheery good-mornings of our friends.

By night our certitude has somewhat withered before the intense heat of cogitation, and we are filled with doubt.

For years and years we have gone around and round with the compass. But on this occasion everything is different. We cannot move.

Our great project for which we have been husbanding our strength, is hidden somewhere in the midst, our sight is defective, our hands are unsteady and there is a tug at the heart that we cannot much longer endure.

Event has succeeded event not as we expected, but as our solicitous friends had foretold. Our old smiling habit is gone. We are discouraged, down in the depths. The world goes on merrily. There is no tenderness in its heart. It cares not a whit whether we sigh or sing, whether we are clothed in purple or in tatters and rags.

And some of the merriest are carrying a load in their souls, because they, too, have broken their purposes. But they refuse to yield to discouragement.

They have resolved to try again, and to keep on trying as fast as ever they fail, trusting not in themselves for sustaining strength, but in the higher power—being prodigals seeking their father's house!—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER'S CORNER

In the ruddiest glow of the western light,
She sits in her favorite nook:
The dear hands busy, the dear face clothed
With its tender mother-look.
The smile that softens the quiet mouth
No evil pang embitters,
And the sunlight touches the fingers deft,
Till the tinkle gleams and glitters.

Oh, the tranquil moon of the mother-life
That sways our human tide;
How the household good and the household ill
In her slender hands abide!
'Tis a little ripple of broken toys,
Or the wreck of a strong existence;
'Tis the timid yearning of childish mouths,
Or a deep cry in the distance.

'Tis the clinging clasp of a baby's hand,
Or the kiss of a new-made bride;
Or the groping wail of the last white one
Who turned to the wall and died.
Little or great, she meets them all,
With the seal of her trust upon her.

And the sobs are stilled, and the tears are dried,
In the light of the mother's corner.
Alas! for the homes where the bride must wait,
And the strong man cry in vain;
Where the sick one turns to the vacant chair,
And dies in his unsoothed pain.
No tender touch from the quiet lips,
No balm for the heart-pierced mourner;
O Christ! by the cottage of Nazareth!
Despoil not Our mother's corner!

MOTHER'S DAY

Common consent and custom have set aside one day in the year to be known as Mother's Day. Of course, mother has three hundred and sixty-five days in the year now. This setting a certain day, however, has the merit of attracting some heedless, thoughtless, selfish child to the fact that he has a mother. Some children seem to forget that. They seem to think that if they send an occasional letter or throw a piece of money or make a present of some sort that they are remembering mother. That is far from being the truth. The mother heart wants something else; its hunger will not be satisfied with an occasional tribute; it wants perpetual adoration. It wants to be known that it is always being considered—and that is no selfish spirit of craving, for mothers are not selfish.

How beautifully the attitude of the Catholic Church fits in with this tribute to a mother! It insists at all times on a devotion to the real Mother of the world. It asks us to remember at all times the Mother who is the type of perfect womanhood. We honor our earthly mothers in the respect we pay the Mother of God. It is part of our nature, it is the fulfillment of a yearning for affection that is denied us, once we leave the home nest and escape the tender, gentle ministrations of the devoted, unselfish human mother. Mary can fill many an aching void; we turn to her and through her see again the tender face that bent over our childish form, soothing and loving, when all the world spurned us.

Catholics have a perpetual Mother's Day. This month we merely emphasize it. If our earthly mother has passed to her reward, we may pray to the Mother of all for her future bliss; if she is still with us, we may confide her to the tender mercies of the Mother she taught us to revere at the same time we pay tribute to the universal Mother. Mother's Day has a double significance, then, for the

devout Catholic.—Catholic Columbian.

THE GLORY OF HER SEX

"What has devotion to and love of God's Mother accomplished in the world since the beginning of Christianity?" asks Father Stanislaus M. Hogan, O. P., in his recent book on the "Mother of Divine Grace." He then lets John Ruskin answer the question, quoting from "Fors Clavigera" this remarkable passage:

"After the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty has magnified me, and holy is His name.'"

The foregoing tribute paid to Our Lady by the non-Catholic author of "Fors" is borne out, of course, by the testimony of history. Until Mary came "the most wretched of all creatures was woman," whom paganism had defiled in body and soul and then left helpless in the mire. But with the birth of Our Lady the emancipation of woman began. For the Virgin-Mother's transcendent share in the mystery of the Incarnation conferred on her sex a glory and a dignity which has ennobled womanhood, hallowed virginity and made motherhood a fair and sacred thing. Without question the exalted position held by woman today in every Christian land was won for her by the Church's devotion to Our Divine Saviour's incomparable Mother.

The coming of Mary is a yearly reminder that Our Lady, as of old, is still the glory, the model and the protector of her sex. The Catholic girl, the Catholic maiden and the Catholic mother of today will invoke this month the maternal care of Mary with the same loving confidence with which their sisters in the Faith have for ages past begged Our Lady's help, and never without obtaining relief, in every anxiety, sorrow or misfortune that comes to them. But many thoughtful men believe that the maidens, wives and mothers of our time stand in greater need of the example, patronage and assistance of the Blessed Virgin than did the women of almost any other age. For the widespread moral chaos attending and following the Great War seems to have broken down to a most deplorable extent many of the safeguards of womanly purity and what were once considered the common decencies of life are widely disregarded nowadays without at all shocking public opinion. The prayerful study of Our Lady's ways, however, it should be remembered, will be found today, as always, the sovereign corrective for the loss or perversion of the womanly virtues. For Mary lived perfectly the life of a girl, a maiden, a wife, a mother and a widow so that, in God's design, she might ever be for every woman, whatever her station or condition, a flawless pattern of fragrant virtues. But more comforting still, this stainless Virgin now reigns as Queen of Heaven, has been made the almoner of God's mercies and graces and looks down with eyes of motherly compassion on those of her own sex especially, who are striving valiantly in these evil days to keep their minds clean and their hearts pure. Mary is a true mother still, and to no one surely more of a mother than to women who stand in great need of her powerful help in order to gain Heaven safely at last.—America.

MILLION DOLLAR FUND FOR MISSIONS

An appeal to Catholic women to create a million dollar endowment for the support of missionary Sisters and catechists teaching in the missions of the United States and its dependencies, is made in an exposition of the third phase of the \$5,000,000 Mission drive of the Catholic Church Extension Society of America in the March issue of the Extension Magazine.

"We make this appeal only to women who can afford a donation of \$1,000 without hurting themselves or anybody depending upon them," says Right Rev. Monsignor William D. O'Brien, acting president of the society, and author of the appeal.

"This \$1,000,000 endowment fund (to be known as, 'The Missions School Endowment Fund,') Monsignor O'Brien continues, 'is to be built up and carried out in the same way as the Prelates' and Priests' Fund for the support of students to the missionary priesthood, or the Catholic Laymen's Fund for the support of missionary priests, as previously outlined.

"This, \$1,000,000 fund placed at interest at 6% will produce \$60,000 a year and this \$60,000 will provide twelve scholarships of \$5,000 each. Each of these scholarships will

FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 6

Appearance of Tea No Guide

The only way to test tea is to taste it. Many people have the idea that a finely rolled and tippy tea is superior in flavour to a large rough leaf. In reality this is not of necessity the case. The altitude at which the tea plant grows determines the amount of essential oil and alkaloid theine in the leaf. The essential oil gives tea its flavour; the theine contributes the stimulating value. The only way to insure always receiving a uniform quality is to insist upon a skilfully blended and scientifically sealed tea like "SALADA" whose reliability, goodness and delicious flavour have become a household word.

"SALADA"

produce in interest \$300 a year, and this \$300 will be given annually in portions of \$150 each, or \$15 a month for ten months to help support two Sisters teaching in the mission schools.

Upon the death of the donor, the statement says, a sum of \$5,000 is set aside in her name as a perpetual scholarship endowment, sufficient to aid in the support of two Sisters.

In telling sentences, pointing out the dire need of the members of the Sisterhood the article says:

"Isn't it about time that some of us tried to do something for the missionary Sisters teaching in the backwoods of our country? For generations they have been carrying on hoping and praying that something might be done to assist them.

"They suffer and sicken and sometimes almost starve to death trying to implant the Faith of Our Fathers in the hearts of the little ones entrusted to their care."

ATTACK ON PRIESTHOOD CAUSES PARTY SPLIT

London, Eng.—Two Catholic members of Swansea Corporation have quit the party to protest against local Labor's espousal of the anti-Catholic cause.

An article by a minister, the Rev. S. Skelhorn, started the trouble. Published in the local organ of the Labor party it attacked the priest-hood in violent terms, charging priests with having buttressed superstition, witchcraft, slavery, serfdom, persecution, war, immorality and poverty.

Councillor Cronin and Mr. John Dooley, the latter a prominent official of the Transport and General Worker's Union, protested against the article and against a lecture by Mr. Skelhorn announced to be given under the Labor party's auspices. After the protest, the projected meeting was cancelled, but the Swansea laborites tactfully announced that the lecture was withdrawn solely because previous lectures were unsupported.

Cronin and Dooley thereupon resigned from the party and the former declared his intention of running at the next election on the anti-labor ticket.

Characterizing Skelhorn's article as an affront to Catholics, Mr. Dooley says first consideration must be given to religion.

Councillor Cronin says he objects to any communist or socialist body using their papers to promulgate views obnoxious to Catholics.

A new Irish Catholic organization is the result of the split. It will be an independent body including Catholics of all shades of political thought, which will be used as a balloting power at elections.

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE RIGHT MEDICINE

People who are suffering from constipation, biliousness or sick headache are sometimes at a loss to know what remedy to take to correct these ailments.

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