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IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED

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CHATS WITH YOUNG

A GOOD MOTHER

Baron Von Ketteler, the wise and holy Bishop of Manz, writing of his student days, thanked God that he had been preserved from doing any-thing of which he should be ashamed. The prayers of a saintly mother and the example of his pious sister helped him safely through the time of storm and stress. Later on in one of his sermons, Bishop Von Ketteler paid a tender tribute to these two angels of the household

—a good mother and a good sister:

The greatest blessing that God can
confer on man in the natural order is without doubt the gift of a truly Christian mother. I do not say the gift of a tender, loving mother, because if the mother is filled with the spirit of the world, her love is not a oon, but a bane to her child. But a Christian mother is of all divine gifts the greatest. . . . such a mother has long been When rest and her son is seized by the stormy winds of life, and tossed about hither and thither, is on the verge of losing both faith and virtue, her noble saint-like form will appear

to him and gently yet forcibly draw him back to the path of duty. He who has learned to know Christian ity and its virtues, its inner truth purity, its self-obvious love in the life of a Christian mother, or of her counterpart—a Christian sister; he who has tasted peace, the peace which Christ calls His peace in the bosom of such a family—the thought of it will pluck him out of every pool of perdition into which life may hurl him. He who has once seen virtue in such transfigured image can not look on vice, even though he be caught in its toils, except with aversion and contempt. — Catholic

DOING IT SWIFTLY

Waiting to consider whether to do the right thing is one of the most disastrous habits of our life. To plunge swiftly into the right thing on the instant when it ought to be done would revolutionize life for most of us. For one thing, it would give us a great deal more time : the least of the losses from this parleying with ourselves is a waste of time which would seem incredible to us if it were reckoned up and totaled for a week or a month. It would multiply our efficiency, add rightly to the value of the things done, and take from us the dragging sense of half-defeat when we finally the doing of the postponed duty.

Yet how shamefully we go on, day after day, in our faint-hearted, reluctant consideration of plain duties which we might have swept through with triumphantly as we pressed on into unentered fields of freedom and achievement! A man seated in a filled trolley car sees a woman enter. He usually offers his seat under such circumstances; shall he do so now? Or may some other man do it? for a few seconds he considers the matter; and by this time he has lost the opportunity he had of an instant response to his first impulse. To have acted swiftly on that impulse would have ten-folded the blessing in the service. So of a thousand other things, little and big, that come into our lives all the time.

OPPORTUNITIES

Opportunities are like flash lights. They suddenly reveal us to others and also to ourselves. We all long for opportunities. We have a feelthat they might disclose some very fine qualities and a high order of ability which we think we p and which the world has not dis-But the trouble with opportunities is that they seldom properly labeled. Anyone would grasp them if he knew what they were, but they are quite likely to appear to our vision either as in-

significent trifles or as disaster and misfortune. It is in the courage that grapples with these last and determines to get the best of them, that many of earth's greatest opportuni-ties have been disclosed.

KINDLY SILENCE The kindliness of silence is something that we might all bestow much oftener than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in scandal, that when we know of the distress and humiliation that have befallen a friend's household in the wrong-doing of one of its members we tell the tale only pityingly and with very extenuating circumstances, yet why tell it at all? If it were one of our beloved that had stumbled into sin and disgrace, if one dear to us had yielded to sudden temptation, if our ome had been rent with bitterness and dissension, would not the first impulse, a right and natural impulse, be to hide the hurt and stain from every human eye? Would we not bless the friendship that so far as possible closed its eyes and sealed its lips, and that could be trusted not to repeat what it perforce had seen and heard? Surely this is a place where the Golden Rule might have

Catholic Sun. CHARACTER

much wider practice than it has— the shielding of others by silence as we would have our own shielded.—

Character is the quality that keeps us always ourselves. It stands nearest to that innermost part of us that each calls "myself;" sometimes it is even hard to distinguish the two. at first, but a second and harder pull, But I like to keep character in my bodyguard. Character stands firm under every ordeal, if we give it the chance or do so. It says to all the enemies — temptation, discouragement, bad luck, the blues, the hosts of others—"You may defeat the rest of the army, but you dare not come near the general." Character is the quality that always reminds me that am myself. It stands just next to myself, and goes on repeating, "Be yourself! Don't forget who you are; don't act below yourself." Wherever it began, character is the first in our bodyguard. He will never desert. A boy or girl who has character, who keeps character strong and alive, can never truly be defeated.

MAN IS A FAILURE

When he values success more than character and self-respect. When he does not try to make his

work a little better each day.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot see that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making some one happier and more comfortable. When he tries to rule others by

bullying instead of by example.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.
When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbors or to his friends so long as he is prosperous. When he is so busy that he has no times for smiles and cheering words.

COURAGE IS NECESSARY

The ideal man is, first of all, a courageous soul. It calls for courage to decide, in the fair morning of youth, that the straight white way of honor is the way to follow; it requires courage to continue it when the voices of the world and one's own lower nature clamour for its forsaking; it takes courage when one has yielded, to swing back into the old strive after the ideal!

SPENDERS

Let no young man misjudge him self unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substan-

tially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspi-cion, unjust reproach are disagree-able, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to share either or all my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years the lesson that declining years, the lesson that I have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or fam-ine. If you have but 50 cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar.

—Horace Greeley.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR HOLY FATHER AND THE CHILDREN

To the Franciscan missionaries of Mary in Rome is confided the guardianship of one hundred little girls who escaped the Messina disaster. The Holy Father takes great interest in these poor children deprived of their homes, and now and then he gives them an audience. Every year a certain number receive their First Holy Communion, and the day after they are presented, with their young companions, to the Sovereign Pon-

One of the religious relates that recently this great privilege was granted to them. While speaking to his dear proteges, Pius X. felt a pull, at his sleeve. He paid no attention made him interrupt his discourse and he asked, "Who is shaking me so?" A silver tongued voice in-stantly answered: "It is I." The intruder was a tiny girl of five, and when the surprised sister in charge tried to check her, the Holy Father began to question her. "Well, my began to question her. " poor little one, what do you want of poor little one, what do you want of me?" "Holy Father, I am five years old, and I would like to make my First Communion, but the Sisters will not let me." "But," objected the Pope smiling. "perhaps you do not know your catechism suffi-ciently." "Oh, pardon me, Holy Father, question me, and I will answer you." From different parts of the catechism the Pope questioned the child, and received satisfactory answers. Highly pleased with the result. His Holiness turned to the religious in charge: "Sister," said he, "bring this child without fail to "Sister," said the Holy Table to morrow morning." Hardly were the words uttered be fore the happy little orphan beaming with joy, fell upon her knees at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff to ex-press her joy. Was not this a beau-tiful sight?—Annals of the Holy Rosary.

CONQUERING THE TEMPTER

One sultry evening after dusk, an Indian girl twelve years of age, was crossing a room whose windows overlooked the garden. Indian ladies even of the highest rank wear no shoes or slippers within their doors, and the child's bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor. Suddenly, she stopped, trembling from head to foot, rooted to the spot by some terrible fear, yet unable to utter a sound. At last there broke from her lips a wailing, agonized cry, "Mother, mother! I've trodden on a snake. My foot is on its head. Oh, mother, come quick, come

Keep still, child! Keep still! I am coming. Don't move! I am

coming." There was a stir in the next room, a lamp shone through the curtained doorway, and the mother was on the spot. It was a terrible sight that met her gaze—the child in her piteous terror pressing with all ight weight on the foot that held the head of that dreadful serpent called the cobra. It had wound itself round and round the slender ankle in its struggle to free its head Plainly the little one's strength could not hold out much longer. the mother came, and standing by the side of her child, put her arms around her waist. She laid her foot over the little foot and pressed, with all her weight. Then they stood a while-mother and child over the

Presently the struggles ceased; the coils relaxed their hold, then fell away and lay in lifeless rings upon the ground; the serpents head was crushed.

That is a beautiful story and quite true. It happened lately. And, times without number during the nineteen centuries, has it happened that a child has been rescued by its mother in heaven. It is happening all the world over now. Wherever there is a struggle with the evil one. and the weak trembling soul calls on Mary, she flies to the rescue. She places herself by the side of us, she puts her arm around us—the ser-pent's head is crushed.—Catholic Bulletin.

BISHOP ADDRESSES LITTLE CHILDREN

confirming a large class of little children in the city of Rockford, Bishop Muldoon urged his young hearers to be obedient, courageous and temperate in all things. Disobedience to parents is doing,

perhapse more than any other one thing to spoil the American child today," said the Bishop. "The child who defies his parents and says 'I won't' is stepping on to the path that leads to shame or sorrow," he continued. "To day the Amerihe continued. To day the American child tells his parents what State that these guileless Ruthen-clothes he or she will wear, where he ians, quite unconsciously, however, clothes he or sne will wear, where he or she will go, what he will do or won't do, with a brazenness that is positively shocking. The parent who does not make his child mind

and Papists. A bill was presented in that that child is certain to bring the Lower House at Trenton to en-

papers of incorporation for the hold ing of church properties. It provided for the appointment of laymen, along with other trustees, who were to be chosen by the bishop of the diocese, the said bishop being in communion with the Holy See, etc.

So far there was no difficulty, but to make the provisions of the measure general, the lawyer or legislator who drafted the bill added the fol-lowing clause: "Any religious or ganization incorporated under and by virtue of any law of the State shall organize under the provisions relating to the incorporation of Ruthenian Greek Catholic churches."

The bill went through with a rush. It took only five minutes to get it to a final reading; and was about to be sent to the Senate when, fortunately or unfortunately, some one discover-ed that if it passed that body and was signed by the Governor, every religious organization, Protestant as well as Catholic, would have to acknowledge the Pope of Rome before being able to hold property. It was the Lower House at Trenton to en-able the Ruthenians to take out clause was amended, of course, but

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it was too late. The Senate was about to adjourn, so the Ruthenians will have to wait for their papers of incorporation till the next session of legislature. But, meantime, when they come to realize how they had very nearly converted by force their quondam friends they cannot but fail to be very merry over the whole affair.—America.

To have a sweet temper we must have faith in a Divine Providence. That alone lifts us above anxiety and care; that alone plants our feet upon a rock and brings content, satisfaction, and peace into the soul.

deserves the humiliation and sorrow upon him in after life. Children nowadays, in a great many instances, do just about as they please; they are absolu ley beyond parental control. I see them returning from picture shows, unattended, late at night Perhaps their parents have no idea where they have spent the evening. Children, you have to day became soldiers of Christ through the sacrament of confirmation must be obedi ent to your parents, to your teachers, to your pastors. You cannot copy from the world as it is to day; the world must copy from you. When you came to this altar you made one of the greatest sacrifices a human soul can make, namely, that of dedicating your lives to Christ; you are His soldiers and must fight courageously for God and for the right. Evil influences will be all about you, but with the aid of the graces you receive through the sacrament of confirmation you will be able to overcome temptations and to re-

main firm in your faith. "It is no easy matter to be a Catholic, or rather, a good Catholic. The person who says it is easy to be a Catholic does not realize the responsibilities that rest upon a person of our faith. The Catholic who disregards the laws of God and of His Church is not a good Catholic. He is like the soldier who, unmindful of his commander's orders, goes his own way and is soon in hands of the enemy.

Let our little readers ponder these words in their hearts and resolve to be obedient and courageous at all times .- New World.

OUR THANKS TO THE CONTINENT

The following is quoted from an old number of the Continent:

"That absurd and preposterous encyclical' which is alleged to have been issued by Pope Leo XIII. as of a date about twenty years ago and purports to command Romanists in the United States to massacre their Protestant neighbors has again been revived and put in circulation. Protestants everywhere in the name of common honesty ought to stamp on the thing wherever it appears. The Continent recently observed, there is somebody in the United States who thinks he can serve God by circulating atrocious forgeries which are falsely put forth as Roman Catholic productions. The whole business is a very serious reflection on the honesty as well as the intelligence of Protestants, and it must be repudiated with all intensity.

There is all too much ground for controversy with Roman priests and hierarch over the things which they actually do say. To them say offensive things that they are not guilty of is outrageous."

Thanks awfully. But we care less for such " atrocious forgeries," which carry their own refutation, than for the more delicate, but none the less insidious lying of The Continent it. self. The real evil always begins above, never below. The high-class liar is a thousand times more dangerous than the bar room kind What about the glaring falsehood concerning the Catholic Sisters at Reserve, Wis., printed and vouched for by Mr. Cyrus McCormick's paper? All the millions of the International Harvester magnate won't cover up the guilt of it. What such papers as The Continent need is a little common honesty.-Extension.

TIT FOR TAT

Was it not in Newark that the Presbyterians were guilty of trying to capture some poor Ruthenian Catholics some time ago by simulating the Mass and performing other 'idolatrous" acts of worship? The innocent victims never suspected the fraud, and for a time were caught in tne trap. They said their prayers in the Protestant conventicle as piously as they used to do in their little churches in their far-away homes, and no doubt were very grateful to the kind Americans who were so solicitous about the spiritual welfare of unfortunate immigrants in a strange land. Fortunately the trick was exposed by a watchful lay-man, and the dishonorable device to increase Presbyterian church-membership was unmasked and abandoned.



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