CHATS WITH YOUNG

COMPENSATION

Life pays us for the work we do— In misery for our deeds of shame; In friends and honor and in fame For standing fast and standing true

Who live on earth shall surely get The wages that his strength has earned; Not from its course can life be

Unpaid, it never leaves a debt.

Who sows in sin, in shame shall necktie.

reap; Who toils in honor shall rejoice; For life shall smile upon his choice Life makes its laws for men to keep.

THOUGHTS ON LENT

The conception of Lent in the ind of the world, as contrasted to the Church's idea of the penitential eason, is directly opposite. worldling, Lent is a fad; with the Catholic, it is a great fact, holy in its purpose and sacred in its realization. The world regards Lent as time when formality requires a sure ease from frivolity or pleasure, which will be welcomed again after an unhallowed thirst seemingly borne in patience. With the Catholic, Lent is a time for contemplation—a season of prayer—weeks of thought your tumultuous life and try being which should steady the mind in a man.—Catholic Columbian. God and beget indifference to a world that repudiates or reprobates Him. The Catholic goes in the desert, and the desert is not far away—his own barren soul, where flowers of virtue were stifled by the blistering simoon —the blighting breath of a diseased world. The Catholic in contrition for an Easter when the brightness of the risen Christ will show more dark or unbidden spots but

The worldling does not search his heart for frailties, does not retire from the busy mart to hear his Christ in solitude, but considers Lent a time to cultivate an appetite for things always forbidden-to rest from sin so that he can enjoy it with all the more stomach and all the more relish when a meaningless Lent has passed, leaving nothing but the memory of hypocrisy and folly. Lent will help us to the perfect virtue, charity. Charity, like Liberty, or any other word much used, seems from con-stant thumbling to have its meaning worn off. Lent will restore its mean-ing and will inspire anew our sense nursing sister was bending over the of kindness.

will radiate in mind and soul with light similar to that it will find

Many men believe they are truly charitable when they give an alms publicly and a curse privately for being shamed into the giving. They believe that if they esteem what is estimable, preserve a mannerly bear ing towards their neighbors, are devoted to their kinsfolk, that forsooth, they are very charitable. This is not charity at all: "Do not the heathens this?" Lent will set right all this false conception of duty, and will voice the fact that charity goes out to men, irrespective even of their meanness, vulgarity or crime. Lent will tell us that we are all beggars at the gates of God, and so we should sympathize with each other. That we ought at least take our thumb from the throat and our knee from the chest of our neighbor's character, particularly in this season of saving grace—that ours should be help and not detraction—a smile and not a hiss—a friendly word and not a bilious whisper—a hearty kindness and not murder.—Catholic Colum-

BECOME A PERSONALITY

This will be of value to young men whose characters and possibilities Get away from the crowd when

Full individual growth, especial development, rounded mental opera-

tions—all these demand room, separation from others, solitude, self examination and the self reliance which solitude gives.

crowded forest.

The animal to be admired is not It's the prowling lion or the big black leopard with the whole world for his

The man who grows up in a herd, deer-like thinking with the herd, acting with the herd, rarely amounts to anything.

Do you want to succeed? Grow in solitude work, develop in solitude, with books and thoughts and nature for friends. Then, if you want the crowd to see how line you are, come pack to it and boss it if it will

Constant craving for indiscriminate company is a sure sign of mental

grew up among the shepherds. You of the cities never even see the stars, for him and he couldn't see Daddy

and conversation of those who know as little as you do. Don't think hard only when you are trying to remember a popular song or to decide on the color of your winter overcoat or the color of your winter overcoat or the the formal there is a large and the state of the dining room, and, drawing a chair, reached down several rolls.

grass. Be a man.
Get up in your bed-room, read, study, write what you think. Talk more to yourself and less to others. Avoid cheap magazines; avoid excessive newspaper reading.

There is not a man of average abil-ity but could make a striking career if he could but will to do the best

ment forced him into complete seclusion. Beethoven did his best work in the solitude of deafness.

Drop your street corner, boarding-house table.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DO IT NOW

If you have a kind word—say it Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest If you owe a kindness—pay it; Life's sun hurries to the West. Days for deeds are few my brother, Then today fulfill your vow; If you mean to help another, Do not dream it,-do it now.

LITTLE TONY

At an upstair window, in one of the tall houses near Forest Park, Brooklyn, sat a little boy who pressed his curly head and flattened his nose against the pane, as he gazed sadly at the wet pavement below. It was a wild afternoon; gusts of rain and wind tore around the house, as if to seek an object for their fury, while hapless pedestrains turned up their and hastened on to find shelter as soon as possible. In the room next to the one in which the unconscious form of a sick man whose life now hung by a frail thread, which at any moment might snap

asunder.
Michael Hayes, with his wife and child, had come to Brooklyn two years before the time in which this story opens. Failing health had compelled him to retire from business; so he had taken the quiet home near Forest Park, where they lived until the death of Mrs. Hayes left Michael a sorrowing widower with one little boy, Tony, a bright lad of six years. They were "all in all" to each

other, those two. Every Sunday they might be seen going to Mass, Tony with one hand in his father's, while the other grasped a large prayer book that had been his mother's, which he would insist on taking although he could scarcely

spell the simplest words. Tony, whose baptismal name was Anthony, had great devotion to his patron saint. He always concluded his night and morning prayers with a Hail Mary in honor of St. Anthony -a pious practice his dear mother had taught him-and he grew into the habit of asking the Saint to find for him any little toy or trinket no sooner he failed to see it. Every Sunday, after Mass, Tony would get his father to lift him up to the statue you can. Keep yourself to yourself, if only for a few hours daily. for St. Anthony's Bread" on the out

But last Sunday Mr. Hayes' cough was very bad and they stayed at home, and his father read some little prayers to Tony, and told him some which solitude gives.

The finest tree stands off by itself in the open plain. Its branches spread wide. It is a complete tree, better than the cramped tree in the growded forest.

The finest tree stands off by itself in the "Annals of the Holy Childhood," and Tony promised to put by his pennies to give St. Anthony a double lot next time.

he had been alone for a long time. Surely it must be supper time—the

weakness.

If you enter a village or a small town and want to find the man or youth of ability, do you look for him leaning over the village pool table, sitting on the grocery store boxes, lounging in the smelly tavern with other vacant minds?

Certainly net. You find him at work, and you find him by himself.

Talent is developed in solitude, character in the rush of the world.

You wonder why so much ability comes from the country—why Lincoln comes from the backwoods,

while you flourishing in a city, can aloud. Suddenly the tiny head lifted while you flourishing in a city, the barely keep your position.

The countryman has to be by himself much of the time, whether he wishes to or not. If he has anything often told me that \$8. Anthony would help those who gave their pennies to him for the noor." But little Tony Astronomy, man's grandest study, to him for the poor." But little Tong had no pennies. Daddy kept then much less study them.

Don't be a sheep or a deer. Don't devote your hours to the company and conversation of those who know as little as you do. Don't think hard necktie.

Remember that you are individual, not a grain of dust or a blade of grass. Be a man.

The color of your winter overcoat or that, reached duwn savotation that he found there in a basket. "I won't take the basket, 'cause it's too heavy," said Tony aloud, as his little legs climbed down and his arms along the hypothyper tight less heaven the hypothyper tight less heaven to be reached the hypothyper tight less heaven.

should drop it. Perhaps St. Anthony won't mind my not wrapping it in paper, 'cause I ain't got any." Tony was now running along the wet pavement, hatless and excited, in the direction of the church. People indeed noticed the little lad, but are endless. Milton's greatest work was done when blindness, old age end the death of the Puritan grants. church, and hurrying up to it, he reached up the rolls as best he could and then, kneeling down, like daddy used to do, he prayed: "Please St. anthony, daddy said you always helped those who gave you pennies for bread. I didn't have any pennies, so I brought these rolls. O please, St. Anthony, I don't want to live without daddy. Do give me my daddy Do give me my daddy again and make him well-my name's

Anthony, too. Amen."

clasped the bread very tight lest he

It was dark in the church. began to fear and hurriedly left. A heavy mist added to the day's un pleasantness, and the pelting rain worried the little fellow. Hurrying across the street he suddenly stopped, thinking he was going the wrong way, when an auto speeding along knockedhimdown. Passersby and the treftic officer rushed to his assistance and tenderly lifted the little form. Why, that's the lad they're been looking for down yonder. His father a neighbor of mine, has just died and they were missing the little boy; Tony's his name. He must have slipped away on them," said a man in the crowd.

'Dead!" he said briefly.
Little Tony did not live without daddy. Daddy took him along to God and St. Anthony.—St. Anthony Messenger.

LISTENING TO DETRACTION

One of the greatest sources of de-

traction, or back biting, is found in the willingness of people to listen to the detractor, to take pleasure in what he says of evil concerning the neighbor, and at times to encourage | ist uprisings and ask yourself why him in its continuance. Detractors are somewhat like thieves—they steal what belongs to others; while those who listen to the detraction are much like those who receive the stolen goods. There would be no detractors if no one was willing to listen to them. This vice is most common, because many lend their ears to the detractor, express delight at what is told, and by their questionings encourage the evil. If detractors were not listened to, they tion, and thus render themselves worthy to be despised. But, as St. Paulinus says "The evil is so great and so general and finds a resting place in the minds of so many, that it may be said that it is one of the may be said that it is one of the most general of sins because of the man who willingly listen to its suggestions." St. Bernard says that it is difficult to judge which is the more criminal, the one who back more criminal, the one who back bites his neighbor or the one who listens to it. "For this reason," adds St. Jerome, "be on your guard more against curious ears than against a There are three sinlight tongue." ful ways of listening to detrac-tion. First, when one urges people to detraction or encourages them by the approbation which is given to their tales. This is not only a sin against charity, but against justice as well, because a man thereby is the cause by that which runs in herbs, the gentle browsing deer or sheep thinking only as a fraction of the flock, incapable of personal independent direction. It's the prowling lion or the big black private field that is worth look-ing at.

Surely it must be supper time—the gives a certain malignant satisfac-tion, or when there is pleasure in —and he felt hungry. Tony looked distening to the detractor who concut of the window again at the wet tinues the detraction without any out of the window again at the wet and deserted street. The doctor's car was still there. "What is the doctor doing so long with daddy?" he thought. Perhaps daddy was real sick; he would quietly open the door and slip in to see. Just then the doctor was leaving the room, and he heard him say to the nurse out in the hallway: "I do not think there is hallway: "I do not think there is any hope for Mr. Hayes; I fear it will be all over in a few hours; he is still unconscious; but I shall return in a half hour."

The three distribution is when one lacks the courage is the still be detractor that there is no pleasure in listening to his words against his neighor. Although detraction may displease, one commits sin in not striving to



his listeners to go and collect the feathers and bring them back and place them in the bag. With surprise they said it was impossible because the winds of heaven had sent them in all directions and many of them in all directions and many of them for for your The saint then said. far, far away. The saint then said that it was easier far to gather up the many feathers that had been scattered than it was to restore the character broken by the sin of detraction; and yet, before God one is obliged to restitution.-True Voice.

REFUSE TO OBEY

PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF ENGLAND

The Bishop of Birmingham has followed the example of the Bishop of London and forbidden Benediction in the Protestant churches of his The result is the clergy are in open revolt.

One vicar declares he will continue the service; the Bishop has replied by withdrawing the license from the curate of this particular parish and stopping his stipend, to which the vicar answers by promising the stipend out of his own pocket. Then the Bishop of Coventry has started a dangerous innovation by organizing and creating in his diocese a House of Laywomen, to assist in the dic-cesan affairs in addition to the House of Laymen.

RELIGION NECESSARY

There never was a time when re ligion was so necessary as today. The nations have fought for liberty and justice. These are the reflec-tions of religion. Take religion from our halls of legislation and the A doctor pushed his way through the crowd and bent over the form that the men had placed in a passing auto. great ideals. Materialism will soon take root in the hearts of men and a Daddy took him along to little better than the one that kin dled the flames that have consumed the world for the past four years.

Go in spirit to those countries where the red terror is eating into the vitals of government and threat-ening all established order and see what has caused this state of affairs. You will find that those who are defying law and order are men who have refused to heed the word of God and who steadfastly pursued material standards. Visit those unhappy lands shaken by the Bolshey whole populations are living in fear for their very lives and you will find that fomenters of trouble, malconlaughed to scorn the teachings of

Now visit those lands that are happy in the possession of national tranquillity and enjoying unprecedented prosperity and you will discover that they are faithful to the Church; you will discover that religion is held in honour there. And as a consequence of religion's benign influence on the peoples of these nations, justice reigns and anarchy is unknown. The people are imbued with high ideals and those ideals are the beacons beckoning mer on to freedom and national per

will be preserved only by its mellow-ing influence. Let the glow of the people's faith in God dim and there will ensue conditions that men too well understand through the passion

of some of the European countries.
At this crucial moment in Ameri can life and action, we should hold dear our religious traditions. The hostile forces are trying to gain a hearing in this country. They have declared war on the world. The Bolshevist knows that he can combat material influences and batter down the teachings of men. But he is equally aware that his most formidable enemy is religion. He will try to win men to his standard by specious arguments. He will appeal to their need and poverty, and tell them that his system alone will emanci pate them from the tyranny of industrial oppression. He will promise a Utopia to follow on the achievement of his aims. But it is all a delusion.

Let us remember that his system defies justice, contradicts all that religion inculcates, is absolutely subversive of law and order, and is downright anarchy, a defiance of all that the Church teaches. Let us remember, too that inscribed on his banner are the words. "No God, No Country." Does any Caristian need more to tell him who and what these

the chief factor in its preservation and perpetuation be held in honour.
That factor is religion.—Boston

A UNIQUE SPECTACLE IN THE HOLY CITY

On his recent visit to the Catholic University at Washington the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Northampton, England, was speaking of the spectacle presented in Jerusalem when on the Feast of the Assumption some 2,500 English soldiers made the Stations of the Cross there where Our Saviour trod it first. Perhaps the story will be more interesting if we quote a letter printed by the London Tablet in a recent issue (Sept. 28, 1918.) is written by one of the soldiers who was there, to his sister, a nun at

Syon Abbey, England:
"I had rather a fine experience just lately. We were passing through Jerusalem on our way to the front lines, after having been at rest a few miles behind the lines, when the order was passed round for all Roman Catholics to fall out of the column and remain in the city. appears that Major General N. (who is a Catholic) had arranged a Congress for all Catholic soldiers in Egypt and Palestine, to take place in Jerusalem on August 15. Needless to say it cost him a great deal of

When the morning of the 15th dawned, there were, roughly speaking, about 2,500 soldiers, thirty or more priests doing duty with the forces, and a good number of officers We commenced the day with Mass in camp and Holy Communion, then breakfast, after which everybody from the different base camps proseeded to the Jaffa Gate, which is one of the openings in the great walls We then went to the round the city. We then went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built on the spot of the Tomb of Our Lord, where we saw the Anointing Stone and then we proceeded to view the Sepulchre itself and touched the very stone that was rolled away on the first Easter Day. We next visit-ed the Tomb of Our Lady, after which we went to St. Anne's. Underneath the Sanctuary of the above church is the cave which formed the home of the parents of Our Lady. In the grounds of this church is the Pool of Bethsaida.

'Our next point of interest the "Ecce Homo." After the "Ecce Homo," we did something which hundreds of people would like to be able to say they had done, and that was the Stations of the Cross, which took us something like two and a half hours to accomplish, in which process we went over the identical spots traversed by Our Blessed Lord on His way to Calvary.

"The day ended with Benediction at St. Stephen's Church, just outside the Damascus Gate of the Holy City. It is said that such a sight as that beheld on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1918, in Jerusalem had not been seen during the last 800 years. Early in the morning of the 16th we all rejoined our different we all rejoined our different units in the line.



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