

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DON'T FORGET
In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own; Remember those in house of glass Should seldom throw a stone. If we have nothing else to do But talk of those who sin, 'Tis better we commence at home, And from that point begin.

Then let us all when we commence To slander friend or foe, Think of the harm one word may do To those who little know. Remember curses, something like Our chickens, "roast at home"; Don't speak of others' faults until You have none of your own.

MASTERS OF MEN
Every man believes himself to be his own master. He arranges for himself a program according to his own ideals. He feels that he is responsible to no one for these ideals, nor do they of necessity conform to the standards of the majority of men. Yet such men are ruled by certain masters as well as their less aggressive neighbors. Life is master, and holds them in its iron grip. Its laws fasten on their weak human physical being and try as they may they cannot alter the immutable power. Death is master, although his rule is indefinitely postponed to the end of long years. And what tyrannical and uncompromising masters both life and death can be!

It is difficult to gain a true estimate of most men. Usually we see them at their best. They are edged about by certain fixed rules which they must follow. At work, at recreation they are careful to conform to the standards of the majority of men. They are simply acting a part and the effect on other men depends largely on their ability as actors. While many a man appears to be master of himself and to be living serenely in an atmosphere of masterful restraint, all the time he is consumed by galling chains that bind him in a dominion as enthralling as that of the early slave masters of the race.

How rare to find in these restless days the man of serene and undisturbed tranquillity. The man whose just anger does not lead him into passionate moods and who, in the midst of scenes and incidents the most trying can still remain master of himself.

A Papal Nuncio once paid a visit to the studio of a great musician. Having transacted his affair with him, he was about to withdraw. At the door he turned to bid farewell to the great man of genius, with the salutation: "Good-day, Master." Whereupon Gounod, reverently inclining toward the Crucifix occupying its honored position on his work cabinet, replied: "There is no Master here but Him!"

A man cannot serve two masters was said in the long ago. As it fitted the case of the hired laborers toiling in the pleasant and fruitful olive groves and vineyards of Palestine or who served in the palaces of kings, so it applies as admirably today. One must be loved, the other hated. One must be served faithfully, the other carelessly and laxly.

What a beautiful and safe philosophy is that which Gounod and others of his stamp believed and practiced. We can scarcely wonder that the fruits of such lives were beautiful and sublime works which have made the world better and more noble.

"Civilization," writes Bourget, "in advancing, more and more refines the nervous sensibility and more and more develops this melancholy of souls whom no desire satisfies but who design to staunch their ardors in an infinite source. It is very probable that in the face of this bankruptcy of scientific knowledge, many souls will fall into a despair comparable to that which would have seized Pascal had he been deprived of faith."

Philosophy, science, civilization alike show heaps of debris. Men have been urged on by ambitions, the fevers of the human brain, which have consumed them. Instead of permitting science and philosophy to serve them, they have become slavish servitors. Sensibility says Pere Millet, is the most dangerous asset of a man if he be not subjected to the firm rule of a strong and unyielding will.

Such is the grandeur of human dignity when a man is master of himself that it has inspired souls in all ages of history. It is a very great incentive to nobility when we view the life of one who has scaled the dizzy heights at the cost of great suffering and inconvenience. In the physical world all things bear out the admirable plan of the Great Architect of the world. Roses bloom fairest in the midst of thorns; the little finch sings his sweetest among the thistles. So, great souls have found the flames of fiery combat like cooling draughts to the parched lips of men who thirst.

Men have penetrated the frozen regions of the far North with dauntless intrepidity, making little or nothing of the hardships encountered in their masterly command over the inferior forces which would compel lesser men to yield. Others have entered the unfathomable depths of African jungles at the imminent risk of encountering all sorts of poisonous reptiles and venomous wild beasts. Far from the

sight of a white man or the sound of a loved and familiar voice, they have crossed burning deserts in search of the promised land. Heat, thirst, hunger, uncertainty, all torments of mind and body were willingly undergone for the mighty purpose in hand. A strong will and indomitable courage were necessary for the accomplishment of mighty projects. Mastered by the thrilling ambition which impelled them they pushed on . . . and sometimes travelers passing that way months later found nothing to mark the trail save a little heap of withered and bleached bones on the sand.

Itinerant preachers pass by from time to time with their doctrines of attaining strength of will and overcoming obstacles to success and happiness. Books are being written every day in specious language and there is no dearth of those who will listen and read. But in all this there is only a germ of the beautiful truths which have already been revealed to men and which are comprised in the memorable words of Gounod to the Papal Nuncio: "There is no Master here but Him."

During the bloody regime of Marat and Danton a young noble was among others unjustly condemned to the guillotine. In vain did his spiritual advisor strive to reconcile him to an unkind fate. He could not accept death with resignation. But, when all other arguments had failed, he was won by the noble ideal of mastery over the weakness of his will and the atonement for all the weaknesses of his past life. With renewed courage and holy hope, he faced death courageously, saying to his falling and treacherous human nature: "I am master here."

There is something inexpressibly consoling and elevating in the example of so many great souls who, to the common frailties inherent to all of us, superadded the ability to look courageously on pain and sorrow and to calm with lofty resolution their weak human fears.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VISION OF THE WOUNDS

Two hands have haunted me for days,
Two hands of slender shape—
All crushed and torn, as in the press
Is bruised the purple grape.

At work or meals, at prayer or play,
Those mangled palms I see;
And a plaintive voice keeps whispering,
"These Hands were pierced for thee."

For me, sweet Lord, for me?
"Yes, even so, ungrateful thing,
These Hands were pierced for thee."

Through toil and dangers pressing
As through a fiery flood,
Two slender Feet, beside my own,
Mark every step with blood.

The swollen veins, so rent with nails,
It breaks my heart to see,
While the same sad voice cries out afresh:
"These Feet were pierced for thee."

For me, dear Christ, for me?
"Yes, even so, rebellious flesh,
These Feet were pierced for thee."

As on we journey to the close,
These wounded Feet and mine,
Distincter still the Vision grows,
And more and more divine;
For in my Guide's wide open Side,
The cloven Heart I see,
And the tender voice sobs like a psalm:
"This Heart was pierced for thee."
For me, great God, for me?
"Yes, enter in, my love, my lamb,
This Heart was pierced for thee."

—ELEANOR DONNELLY

LITTLE GREGORY'S ANGEL GUARDIAN

It is related in the life of St. Gregory, Bishop of Tours, that when he was still a child his father fell dangerously ill. Gregory, who loved him very much, prayed fervently every day for his recovery.

One night when he was fast asleep his Angel Guardian appeared to him and said: "My child, you will relieve your father; do what I am going to tell you. When you rise in the morning write the name of Jesus on a little piece of wood, and, without saying anything, place it on the pillow under your good father's head."

The first thing little Gregory did when he awoke was to run and tell his mother what had been revealed to him by his good Angel Guardian; she charged him to go immediately and do as he had been told. He did so; wrote the name of Jesus on a small piece of wood, and thrust it gently into his father's pillow. Scarcely was it there when the father found himself cured and Gregory gave thanks to God and his good Angel.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION

At a special meeting held recently in Rome evidence bearing on the Cause of a Servant of God of our own time, Father Paul Ginhac, of the Society of Jesus, was introduced with a view toward his future Beatification. The story of Father Ginhac reads like an exquisite poem whose strophes chant the praises of God and the glories of all things created by Him.

fond of worldly pleasures and an apt mimic, so that his company was frequently sought. He was little given to serious conversation or to prayer. But in the Providence of God he was called, as many another great servant of God, to higher things, almost in spite of himself. Almost by violence we might say, for the change came as instantaneously as it did to his great Namesake, Paul, on the Damascus Road.

In the simple French village where Paul Ginhac lived the care-free days of his youth, it was customary to hold religious processions through the principal streets. On one occasion such a procession was passing on its way and came to the corner of a public square. There, with his gay companions stood a youth, laughing and joking. It was Paul Ginhac. He raised his eyes, and suddenly turned deathly pale. His companions shook him by the arm, trying to find out what had occasioned the remarkable change of conduct.

Borne by several of the village boys, a life-sized Crucifix, with its bleeding, pleading Figure, was carried on a stretcher. Most realistic it was to the simple pious people who crowded along the sidewalks, many of whom shed copious tears at the recollection of the Saviour's wrongs. But more than tears were vouchsafed to the young man who had come simply to gape idly at the demonstration.

Suddenly the head of Christ moved. The eyes of the statue turned toward him and fixed full on his face a look of unutterable pleading love. Then they turned away and the countenance resumed its former impassivity.

Paul Ginhac detached himself from the crowd. Sobered and awakened, he made his way to the nearby convent where his Sister, a religious, had long been praying for his conversion to a more holy life. He recounted the miracle to her and voiced his determination to offer himself immediately and without reserve to God.

The marvels accomplished in the religious life of Father Ginhac are, through the intervention of Divine Providence, about to become known throughout the entire world. Within a comparatively short time after his death the Holy See has taken the preliminary steps toward a thorough investigation of the life of him who has been called "A Man after God's Own Heart."

Above all he was a man of prayer. He trusted everything to prayer, and never undertook the smallest action without first recommending it to the consideration of the Heavenly Father Who rules and keeps all things. Sufferings strongly marked a life that was spent in toil for others, but always these sufferings were borne with complete resignation, even joyfully, after the example of One Who, having joy set before Him, preferred the hard thorny way of the Cross.

In the near future the story of this heroic soul who, having put his hand to the plow, never looked back upon the pleasant fields of his boyhood, will be told in full. Surely its lesson is this: in a carefree and pleasure-loving and money-mad age; that the Crucifix is the most consoling, most satisfying, most strengthening, most learned Book in all the world, that from it we may draw all the help and inspiration necessary in our many needs. That Christ is really passing by in our day, as truly as He passed in the little French village, seeking out whom He loves, that we have but to turn our eyes toward Him, to contemplate His suffering and His beauty, to realize how insignificant, how inferior and sordid are the things of earth, many of which are not only useless to us, but a real impediment in our long and painful struggle toward Eternity.—The Pilot.

"RADIO QUESTION BOX"

New York, Oct. 16.—The "Radio Question Box" conducted by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P., as a part of the broadcasting program of the Paulist Fathers' new station here was inaugurated Tuesday night. All Catholics and non-Catholics were invited to participate in this weekly program in questions to Station WLW, 425 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York. The questions may be on religion in general, on the Catholic religion in particular, or upon any matter of philosophy or history that has a bearing on religion. Answers will be given each Tuesday evening at 8:30.

In his first talk of the series Father Gillis, after outlining the plan and purpose of the Question Box took up a hypothetical question of about forty-five thousand words in length, which, he said, he had received recently. These forty-five thousand words, Father Gillis said, can be reduced to the following: "Can one be a Catholic and a Liberal? Is there such a thing as liberal Catholicism? Is not a Catholic necessarily a reactionary?"

FATHER GILLIS ANSWERS QUESTION
Answering the questions thus summarized Father Gillis said: "I think the answer depends upon what is meant by that elastic word 'liberal.' 'Liberal' is a good word. But it is sometimes used in an evil sense. Shakespeare speaks of a 'liberal villain,' meaning a 'licentious villain.' 'Liberal' and 'libertine' are from the same source. Obviously a Catholic, or any kind of Christian cannot be a liberal in morality.

"In politics, especially in British and Canadian politics, a liberal is one who is not a Conservative; not a Tory. I think the vast majority of Catholics are liberals in politics. In our own country it may be fair to say in a very broad sense, that the Republican party is conservative, and the Democratic party is liberal. I need not tell you which of these two parties has the support of the majority of Catholics.

In Sociology and Political Economy, as well as in politics, I think that Catholics tend to the liberal side. The Catholic Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction was hailed by the liberal organs of America as a most excellent scheme for social betterment. The ultra-conservatives, on the other hand, have considered the program dangerously liberal.

The two most prominent Catholic writers in England, Hilaire Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton, are both extremely liberal in their economic views.

"The famous Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labor is considered by conservatives and capitalists as ultra-liberal.

IN SPHERE OF THEOLOGY

"In the sphere of theology, however, it is generally supposed that Catholics repudiate liberal views. I am not so sure that even this reputation is deserved. In the recent Evolution controversy, for example, it developed that the orthodox Protestant view of the literal interpretation of the Scriptures is incomparably more narrow and conservative than the Catholic view. There are biblical scholars in the Catholic Church, not a few, whose position would be counted ultra-liberal, judged by the standards of old-fashioned Protestantism.

"However, we Catholics never dare to be so liberal as to deny or to question a truth once definitely settled by Christ, and conveyed to us from Christ by the Infallible Church.

"If that be conservative, we think it healthy conservatism. We dare not be more liberal than our Master. We dare not be so liberal as to deny the truth, that He has forever established. Finally, if by 'liberal' is meant toleration, patience with the views of others, and kindness to every man, no matter what his opinions may be, Catholics not only may be, but must be tolerant. St. Augustine many centuries ago, uttered a wise maxim which we try to follow: 'In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.' In things necessary, unity; in things doubtful, liberty, in all things, charity."

SUIT TO DETERMINE WHETHER SANCTUARY LAMP BEARS DUTY

Washington, Sept. 26.—A test case to determine whether or not a sanctuary lamp is legally a part of an altar in Catholic churches, and as such to be imported duty-free, has been carried a step further here with the filing of an appeal with the United States Court of Customs Appeals. The case, which involves a question never definitely settled heretofore, was presented before the Board of United States General Appraisers, where the Catholic contention was denied.

Specifically, the protest is that of the Rev. Charles D. Hogue, Rector of St. Charles College, Catonsville, Md., as to the assessment and collection of \$484.40 duty on a sanctuary lamp imported and presented for use in the parish of St. Charles. If the case is won, however, it will mean considerable saving in similar instances throughout the country.

Under the United States Tariff Act of 1922, an altar imported for presentation without charge may come into the country duty-free. It is the contention of Father Hogue that the sanctuary lamp in question, which is the gift, without charge of the late Elizabeth Jenkins, is a part of the altar and hence not dutiable. It was pointed out in the previous hearing that the lamp by itself is a nullity, and that according to Catholic canon law, the altar could not contain the Blessed Sacrament without the lamp. Hence it was contended that in this weekly program, as the two parts of the question. Further, 425 more, the point was brought out that the lamp has no value for illumination purposes but has a purely liturgical function.

Mr. James R. Ryan, of the Department of Laws and Legislation, National Catholic Welfare Conference, is appearing in the case as attorney for Father Hogue.

JUBILEE RECALLS STRANGE PROPHECY

London, Oct. 12.—When the church at Great Yarmouth celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary this week a prophecy that came to pass was recalled.

In the middle of last century a Spanish priest, Don Lopez, took up the task of trying to start a mission at Great Yarmouth. He collected alms from the nobility of Spain and then tried to buy a site for his church.

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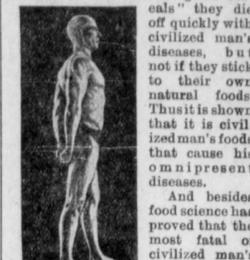
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CIVILIZED FOODS DEATH TO SAVAGES

Tuberculosis, cancer, flu, pneumonia and most of our diseases are unknown among savages. The reason is that they live upon natural foods. When they contact civilization and begin to live upon civilized man's white flour and refined "ghost cereals" they die off quickly with civilized man's diseases, but not if they stick to their own natural foods. Thus it is shown that it is civilized man's foods that cause his own present diseases.



And besides food science has proved that the most fatal of civilized man's food practices is the refining

of his chief foodstuffs, the grains, their body-building mineral salts, fats and vitamins.
Dr. Robt. G. Jackson, of Toronto, (shown here, age 65) editor of the physicians' Dietetic Age of New York, has taught this for years. To counteract the effect of these refined foods, Dr. Jackson devised Roman Meal, a natural whole grain food, made from whole wheat, whole rye, flax and bran, rich in all those elements refined out of white flour and "ghost cereals." Roman Meal eaten several times each week, will compensate the deficiencies of white flour, etc., and promote good health. It prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation. Beef has 962 food units to the pound. Roman Meal has 1,600. Especially valuable for nursing and expectant mothers and children from the 10th month. At grocers.