

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE RECIPE

It's doing your job the best you can And being just to your fellowman; It's making money—but holding friends, And staying true to your aims and ends; It's figuring how and learning why, And looking forward and thinking high, And dreaming a little and doing much; It's keeping always in closest touch With what is finest in word and deed; It's being thorough, yet, making speed; It's daring blithely the field of chance While making labor a brave romance; It's going onward despite defeat And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet; It's being clean and it's playing fair; It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair; It's looking up at the stars above, And drinking deeply of life and love; It's struggling on with the will to win But taking loss with a cheerful grin; It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth, And making better this good old earth; It's serving, striving through strain and stress, It's doing your noblest—that's Success!

—EDICTON BRADLEY

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF SUCCESS

In his address to the 1922 graduating class of Boston College, His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell called to the attention of these young men about to face life's responsibilities the fundamentals from which their future careers must draw their inspiration.

The world today knows but one interpretation of the word 'success.' Ask the man of prominence in commerce, in science, in the professions, who is a successful man. Invariably he will point to one whose assets are represented by a certain number of ciphers written after a dollar sign, whose presence is welcomed in a certain class of society, whose knowledge has won for him the distinction of being rated a scholar, or whose genius has caused his name to be rated high in the scientific world.

Who shall say that the standards of modern society as they are recognized by the majority of so-called successful men are better than those of the old pagan world? For present-day worldly philosophy can not even boast of the principles which were embraced by numbers of those in antiquity who though they knew not the true God, yet were constantly striving to reach a something that represented in vague fashion to them a perfection of soul that looked beyond life's veil.

The youth of our country, just entering the lists of active life, in the words of His Eminence, "ready to spring out into life's activities, to wrest from life something of fame, of honor, of glory, of success" present a picture which the world watches with expectant eyes.

From the portals of our Catholic colleges had some forth during the past weeks thousands of young men eager and ready to take their place in the ranks of those who are makers of civilization, and who will leave their imprint on the ages to come. Within the academic walls of a Catholic college, as His Eminence well says, "they have received the highest and best principles of life, the principles on which the edifice of our civilization rests."

The spirit of the world offers little that is exalted or that commends itself to the sincere thinker as worthy of emulation. The craze for money has crowded out the higher and more lofty ideals in every walk of life. The overweening desire of fame for fame's sake, has caused men to become arrogant. There is little humility to be found.

Epictetus proved conclusively that a poor despised Phrygian slave could live a life of the loftiest exaltation. Feeble, deformed, born in wretched poverty, the despised goods of an ignoble master, he showed how one who apparently was born for misery and annihilation, could wrest immortal happiness from life, and could leave a memory which is cherished throughout the ages.

Marcus Aurelius, a Roman Patriarch, of unusual beauty and of noble ancestry, a great conqueror and scholar, showed to the world that it is possible to lead a holy and virtuous life in the midst of a luxurious empire, and to leave to the world the rich fruits of his meditations on higher things.

The Church, understanding the great purpose of existence, "to keep alive the fire of God's love, to keep clean and untarnished His sacred truths, and to carry into execution the high principles inculcated by the faith" looks with anxious yearning on the long ranks of her young athletes as they advance into the arena, to see whether they will shrink back from the encounter, whether they will be courageous and faithful to the traditions of their exemplary heroes who in every age have written illustrious records into the story of her life.

Not for the sake of victory will the noblest battles be fought, but for the sake of truth alone. What matter it if whether a man be successful in the eyes of his fellows, whether he accumulate a fortune or die dispossessed of all earthly goods, whether he become distinguished or pass from life unknown and unnoticed,—if he does his best to conquer that immortal citadel—himself?

Noble examples are extant in every age which shall serve as shining lights before the way of our Catholic youth. Those who have gone before have left behind them something which the innundations of time have never been able to efface. The secret of their record was simply that they worked for Eternity rather than for Time.

His Eminence sounded the keynote of the encounter when he said, "True success is not achieved by following the patently false philosophies of the world, but in sincere Christian character formulated on the great principles inculcated by those who have been appointed by God to expound His sacred Truth." —The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IRELAND

Have you seen her smiling valleys, graced by ever-winding streams?

Have you seen her glancing mountains flecked with sunset's glowing beams?

Have you spied her feudal castles with their treasures of the past?

Have you viewed her verdant hill-slopes, crowned with castle tottering fast?

Have you walked beside her sea-board, gazing at her cliffs sublime?

Have you coasted by her harbors in the balmy summer time?

Through her fairy islands, ever, have you strayed, on summer's eve?

Have you basked beneath the shelter of her stately forest trees?

Have you heard her Shannon's murmur—kings of rivers time both now and then?

Have Lee's smiling placid waters passed unnoticed until now?

Has wild Gougane-Barra ever, with its wild romantic site

And its rushing laughing fountains brought you thither with delight?

Have Killarney's vaulted beauties—mountains, lakes and streams sublime ever, ever, down the ringing groove of time?

Cannot Wicklow's heather mountains with its Glendalough of fame,

And Avoca's vale of stillness with Tom Moore's immortal name

Claim a place in your affections—banished son of Erin'sisle

In Australia's lonely forests—from your country many a mile?

Yes! the world-famed Giants Causeway, with its heirlooms of the past,

And Cashel's rock and Tara's hill with memories crowding fast,

And those ancient seats of learning fame has ever called her own

Bind her sons with fond remembrance to their father's island home,

Sons of Erin! Patrick's children, let your treasure ever be

The land of harp and shamrock green, Acushlagal Machreec.

—London Catholic Bulletin

THE CABBAGE PATCH BABY

"We've got a new baby over to our house," Barbara Allen cried, dancing up and down upon her toes. "Want to come and see it?" Bertram nodded. Of course he wanted to see a new baby—who didn't? "I'll come by your house on my way home, anyhow," he said.

The new baby was very red and very tiny and not so very pretty, but Barbara and Bertram thought it the very nicest baby they had ever seen. Its little hands were very pink and pretty, and Barbara said it had wonderful eyes, only it didn't open them very often.

"I wish we had a new baby at our house," Bertram said, as he slowly walked home. "Little babies are not as pretty as Eileen's doll, but they are much nicer because they are alive! I wish we could get a new baby."

Suddenly he stopped and peered through the fence. This was Mr. Selby's truck patch, and Bertram had heard somewhere that you find babies in cabbage patches. He crawled under the fence, passing the long rows of beets and turnips and carrots, and at length came to where the cabbages were growing. Bertram looked in every one and there wasn't a baby in any of them, but just as he turned to go he caught a glimpse of something white and pink in the clump of grass beside the fence. It looked like—it couldn't be!—He ran just as fast as he could and parted the tall grass.

"It is a baby—it is a baby!" he cried, dancing up and down. "And it is bigger and prettier than Barbara's baby—it is even prettier than Eileen's doll—but it isn't so clean." It wasn't a very clean baby, to be sure, but Bertram well knew the magic powers of soap and water. He bent over and picked up the sleeping baby and stumbled off with it to the hole in the fence. It

was very fat and heavy, but he managed to get it home.

Mother, who had gone shopping, had left her lunch on the table in the kitchen, but Bertram quite forgot to eat. The baby waked up and cooed at him as he lifted it upon his mother's bed and Bertram brought soap and warm water and washed its face and hands.

He opened the chest where Mother kept all of his baby clothes and picked out an embroidered white dress. The buttons didn't all seem to match just right, but when he had finished and had laid the baby back on the bed it looked very nice indeed! How delighted he was when it drank the milk from the cup he brought it!

He was just wondering what they should name it when the little girl who lived next door called to him. "Did you know that Mrs. North, the new lady that lives in the little white house, has lost her baby?" she asked. "It crawled away, while she was washing clothes and she didn't miss it for a long while. And now she can't find it."

Bertram had a curious "all-gone" feeling way down in the bottom of his stomach—a horrid feeling much worse than a stomach-ache. "W-w-what kind of a looking baby was it?" he asked.

"I haven't seen it yet, because she just moved in," Eileen said. "But she says it is a very pretty baby, all pink and white, with brown curls."

Bertram went back into the house. The baby—his baby—had brown curls, and now that she was clean, was pink and white. But hadn't he found her in the cabbage patch? What was that about "finder's keepers, looser's weepers"? And perhaps it wasn't the same baby at all!

Bertram pulled down the shade, so no one would see in and tried to play with the baby, but he didn't feel just right. When Tommy had found the ball that he lost he had brought it back—and Tommy had wanted a ball like that awfully.

Bertram's mother said that Tommy was an honest boy and could always be trusted. What would she say about him if he found a baby and didn't take it back to see if it was the one he was lost?

Very sadly Bertram lifted the baby from the bed and put it in his little wagon. He hauled it to the door of the little white cottage and ran up the steps to knock. "Did you find your baby yet?" he asked.

Before he could hear her answer there was a cooing sound from the door and the woman who opened it ran down and bent over it. "It's my baby!" she cried joyously. "Come on in until I thank you."

Bertram followed her in, and before he knew it he was telling her all about finding the baby in the cabbage patch and how much he wanted to keep her. "I'll tell you what we'll do," the baby's mother said. "You shall have a third interest in her and come every day and help us to bring her up. I think it will be good for her to know a nice, strong honest little boy who will help take care of her."

Bertram brightened. That would be very nice, after all; a third interest in a baby would be better than no baby at all. And Mother was honest—Faye N. Merriman in Rosary Magazine.

THE CRIME WAVE

Sociologists and penologists are staying awake nights speculating upon the causes of the crime wave. So far they have given us an imposing array of reasons for the present increase in the number of offences against the law. The automobile is blamed for encouraging crime since it affords the robber a ready means of escape. The automobile does not create crime, it facilitates the commission of crime.

The movies are held responsible for many crimes. No matter how virtue is lauded and vice condemned on the screen, the visible and vivid portrayal of crimes even for the purpose of inculcating moral lessons suggests to impressionable minds, ways and means of perpetrating lawless acts. The imitative faculty in children for instance is often provoked by so-called comics, so that it is no uncommon sight to see boys and girls on the streets aping the antics and absurdities of their favorite-screen stars.

The loosening of restraints on womankind according to one penologist is responsible for many of the crimes in which women are concerned. This of course is the penalty the world must pay for the new freedom. Thousands of women make ill use of the changed conditions as the increase in condemned too plainly shows. That most of these offences are committed by those scarcely out of their teens does not speak well for the moral restraint exercised by parents upon the growing generation of emancipated women.

There is something wrong with a civilization that furnishes such incentives to crime. The sociologists and penologists have published a severe indictment upon American civilization in discovering so many causes of crime. The trouble with all such attempts at diagnosing a crime wave is that they do not even scratch the surface of the problem. Crime is sin. Sin is an offence against God. The moral law as well as the civil law is outraged by crimes that involve violations of the Ten Commandments.

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Such causes as penologists enumerate are not causes but rather occasions of crime. The real cause is lack of religion which implies failure to acknowledge the supreme dominion of God, to obey His law, to be moved by the fear of His punishments and the hope of His rewards. The founders of our Government firmly believed in religion and morality as the twin foundations of a peaceful law abiding nation.

NOTHING BY CHANCE

Sometimes we forget that God has a concern for even the smaller happenings of our everyday life. Nothing is truer than that we are continually in the midst of Divine Providence and that God is always moving—in the smallest affairs of each life. Life is full of God. He is always coming to us. On our lightest days He faces us continually with new tasks for our hands. We meet people as strangers, perhaps riding with them for a few miles on the railroad train, or down town on the trolley car, and the opportunity is given to say a word whose influence may change a life. To show the Face of Christ to one who knew Him not, to reveal a thought of comfort which will make a sorrowing heart stronger to go on with its load of grief. Even chance meetings are providential opportunities arranged by God Himself for helping His children, but would often we fail to use them for God's purposes! Perhaps the person you are sitting with and talking to needs the words you have ready on your lips to speak. They are words of life—eternal life which you do not get time to utter because there are so many idle words which insist on being spoken. Coventry Patmore in one of his poems recalls this duty: "Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word Between the idle talk, Lest with thee, henceforth, night and day, Regret should walk."

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

A Catholic could hardly pay a kinder, sweeter tribute to Catholicism than Matthew Arnold did, when he wrote: "Catholicism is that form of Christianity which is the oldest, the largest, the most popular. It has been the great popular religion of Christendom. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism envelops human life and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from their Church, but they feel themselves to have drawn from

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God is in every experience of life. If sickness come, we must needs pass through it. It is not accidental; it is not to be an empty experience. There will be duties, there will be lessons to learn, there will be blessings to receive. If sorrow comes, we "must needs" pass through it. It will not be an easy way, but the "must needs" will make it sacred, God's way, and if we pass through it reverently, trustfully, with acquiescence, the way will be bright with God's presence. If it should be the way of death, we must needs walk in it, and the must needs will make it the divinely chosen way for us—a way shining with love and joy.—The Missionary.

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