APRIL 17, 1916

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR MOTHER

lift all the burdens you can shoulders that have grown of in waiting upon and work-

ing for you. To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own. Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are dif-ferent or that you feel in any way

ferent or that you feel in any way superior to her. To manifest an interest in what-ever interests or amuses her. To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

your pleasures and recreations. To remember that her life is mon-otonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a trip to the coun-try, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible. To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans so that she may carry youth into old are.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college educa-

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

To treat her with the unvarying ourtesy and deference you accord to hose who are above you in rank or

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the re-

or disposition, which may be the ter-sult of a life of care and toll. To study her taste and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive

remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little tentions are concerned. To give her flowers during her

life time and not to wait to heap them on her casket.

To make her frequent, simple pres-ents, and to be sure that they are

appropriate and tasteful. To write to her and visit her.

To do your best to keep her youth ful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by helping her to take pains with her dress and the little acces-sories and details of her toilet.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her rtance as the central factor in the family.

Not to forget to show your appre-mation of all her years of self-sacri-

To give her credit for a large part To give success. To be generous in keeping her sup-plied with money, so that she will not have to ask for it, or feel like a

andicant seeking your bounty. -Pictorial Review.

SAITH THE EMPLOYER

Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the nd, and that's the wrong end. Watch you work, not the clock. A

long day's work makes a long day short, and a day's short work makes my face long. Give me more than I expect, and I'll

Give me more than jou expect, and 11 pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you in-crease my profits. You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe any-body else. Keep out of debt, or keep

spected, trusted, admired and de-pended upon. The change which transformed the heedless Geneva into a general dependence had its root in a loaf of sponge cake. Learn to do something well. Form the taste for excellence.—True Voice. Mind your own business and in time you will have a business of your own to mind. Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to sheal for me is capable of the line there will be the sheal of the line there will be the shear of the shear t

THE WAKING OF GENEVA

the sort that melts in your mouth.

idea occurred to her, and she set her

shall make it."

is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me. It is none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped. Don't tell me what I would like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a walt to my wanty, but IT IS MY WAY

"It is my way," said a boy who came in from school, and threw his cap and coat in a heap upon the floor. "Now, mother, please don't scold a fellow for being careless, but remem-ted to the only mer."

fellow for being careless, but remem-ber it is only my way." "It is my way; you must excuse me," said a young girl to her class-mate, after a hasty show of temper. "You must never mind what I say, but remember it is only my way." "O, Miss Evans, I forgot to return the book I borrowed of you last week ! Yee, I remember you asked me for it yesterday, and I intended to bear it in mind, but you must excuse me ; it don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars. Don't kick if I kick. If you are worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.— Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS in mind, but you must excuse me ; it is only my way."

Is only my way." Harry came downstairs this morn-ing in a very bad humor; nothing suited him; he snarled and snapped at every one who addressed a word to him; but after breakfast, his temper being restored to his normal condi-tion he said they must even him. She was a girl that never did any-thing well, because she was never sufficiently interested to try. She was accustomed to be regarded as incompetent. She took it for granted that all her acquaintances could sur-pass her in the doing of almost any-thing. And then once, by accident, she learned to make sponge cake, of the cost that molta in your mouth tion, he said they must excuse him it was only his way. Dear children, never use the ex

ression, when speaking of a fault "It is only my way." Have no such ways; but if you find them growing on you, sak God for strength, and be-come cured of them. "It is my way," the sort that melts in your mouth. Perhaps it was not so much an ac-cident after all, though it came by seeming chance. The girl—her name was Geneva—remarked casually that she would like some sponge cake. The old aunt she was visiting replied, "We shall have some to day; you chall meter it" come cured of them. It is a wrong will never excuse you of a wrong action in the sight of God or your action in the sight of God or your fellow-men.—Sunday Companie THE EMERALD VASE

In the Cathedral of Genoa there is Geneva was not allowed to go on in her usual hit-or-miss fashion. The an emerald vase which is said to have The

been one of the gitts of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Its authentic history goes back eight hundred years. The tradition is that when aunt stood over her, and saw that the whites of the eggs were beaten five minutes, and that the flour was folded minutes, and that the flour was folded in without any beating, and that a number of things were done exactly as they should be. And the result was that the sponge cake came out of the ovon a crusted, golden dream, and everyone who ate one piece asked for a second behing. solomon received it he it with an elixir which King filled he alone knew how to distill, and of which a single drop would prolong human life to an indefinite extent. A miserable criminal, dying for a second helping. Geneva rather enjoyed the sensaof slow disease in prison, besought the king to give him a drop of this

tion. When she went home she made another sponge cake, as good as the first. When the family came to the table they stared incredulously at the magic potion. Solomon refused. "Why should I prolong so useless a life ?" he shid. " I will give it to those whose lives will bless their work of Geneva's hands. They could fellow men not believe the sponge cake was as good as it looked. But perhaps it was a little better. Even the old gray-haired housekeeper asked her for her But when good men begged for it. the king was in an ill humor or too

the fing was in an in humor or too indolent to open the vase, or he prom-ised and forgot. So the years passed until he grew old, and many of the friends whom he loved were dead; and still the vase had never been opened. Then the king, to excuse himself, threw doubt upon the virtues recipe and complimented her on her skill. Geneva suddenly woke up to the fact that, if she had made a success of one thing, she might of another. She was spending the summer on the shore of a beautiful lake when the of the elixir.

At last he himself felt ill. Then his servant brought the vase that he might save his own life. He opened it. But it was empty. The elixir had evaporated to the last drop. Did not the inventor of this story

self to carry it out in learning to swim. She practised with dil-igence. She listened respectfully to the criticism of her brother, who pointed out her faults with fraternal frankness. And before the summer intend to convey in it a great truth ? Have we not all within us a vessel was over, she had saved somebody's life and crowned herself with glory Have we not all within us a vessel more precious than any emerald into which God has put a portion of the water of life? It is for our own heal-ing, for the healing of others. And how many of us hids it, do not use it for false shame or idleness or forget-By this time Geneva was fairly waked up. She had formed the taste for excellence. She had discovered that to do a thing well is about as

that to do a thing well is about as easy and vastly more satisfactory than to do it poorly. She had always stood near the foot of her class in school. She now began to study with a zeal that went as far toward mak-ing up for lost time as anything ever does. She was beginning to find life fulness ?- Church Progress. GOLDEN THOUGHTS

THE PRAYING MOTHER A BLESS. ING TO ALL

does. She was beginning to find life very interesting. Almost everything was a pleasure, she discovered, if you In the rush of modern life, family ties are being weakened. Holy old customs and practices are dying out. "There is no time for them" is the popular excuse. The grown children gather in for the evening meal, only

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her forever in heaven." Ten years after her death, some

excursions to our true home.

realize meeting my dear mother in heaven is one of my greatest joys.

Her eyes and smiles are at present to

me now as if it were only a moment

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R

KEEPING THE FIRST DAY

How to spend the Sunday, would be a question answered in part by the careful perusal of Holy Scripture. If no time be found during the week by the busy head of the housefor the imparting of religious knowledge, let a portion of the Sunday after Mass, be set seide for the pious reading of the Word of God. Burn up the Sunday newspaper, for it brings no profit to the home. Let not the Christian mind be filled with its husks when delicious nutriment its husks when delicious nutriment is offered in the Book of Books What can be expected of a Christian who attends Mass with a twenty fourwho attends mass with a twenty four-page newspaper stuffed into his mind? Is not a man sufficiently secularized by six days' contact with the world without dipping his mind on Sunday morning once more into on Sunday morning once more into the muddy stream in which he has dipped himself on the preceding six days? He is cold as a clod to the touch of the priest when the latter seeks to open up to him the riches of the Bible and the treasures of Catho-lie Brith and he must lower the lic Faith, and he must lower the spiritual temperature of the entire congregation. The ideal worshipper in God's house is he who knows his in God's house is he who knows his Prayer Book and is saturated with Scriptural knowledge. Such a man will concentrate all his powers upon the several steps of the service, listening to the sermon with devout reverence, and bowing to the Great Sacrifice with despest adoration. Such a man is interested because he such a man is interested because he is informed; and he is informed because he makes diligent use of his Sundays. He keeps the first day of the week quite apart from his politi-cal and his work a day life. It is cal and his work a day life. It is pure refreshment for him to turn to holier things on sacred days of obligation. It enables him to learn more of religion than he other-wise could learn. It will put under his feet a solidity like that of the in his sorrow. He wrote thus of the place his mother held in his heart : "Thank God, at all events, no matter how faulty in other ways, the one love of my life from childhood was my mother ; and the one conso-lation in leaving her was the strong Church itself built on Peter, "Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone."—The Missionary. faith in the divine promise that as it was the only real sacrifice that as could make, I should be repaid a hundred fold, and ensure being with

CONVERSION

From the Catholic Universe, London

was brought to light recently by Father Bennett, C. SS. R., who was at the time preaching a mission at the Church. He stated during Tooting one of his discourses that on the previous evening he had been called to the deathbed of a prominent make real for us the existence of faith. It is delightful to make little resident in the locality, whom he received into the Church.

It was to the deathbed of Dr. David Roberts that Father Bennett was called. Dr. Roberts was the nephew of Sir

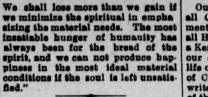
William Roberts, a medical authority of distinction. It was his family that established Calvinistic Methodism in Wales.

since I saw her. A few moments before she died there was a ray of joy, and that old beautiful smile on her face, which I shall never forget. When he was told that the end was near, Dr. Roberts said that he Holy parents are, after the gift of faith, the greatest blessing that God would rather see a priest than any one else. Father Bennett was sent for, and at the request of the patient, received him into the Church. can bestow on a child. What can I render to Him for giving me that

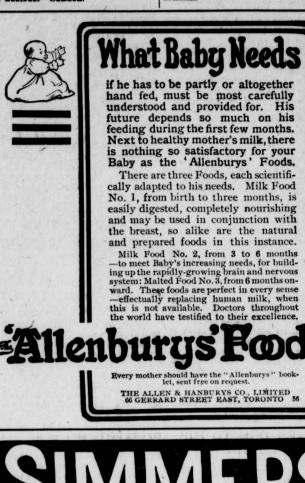
great blessing in such superabund. It is stated that no outward cir umstances conduced to the conver The approach of Christmas-tide drew from this worthy son of a Christian mother the following mes-sage of consolation to all who have sion of Dr. Roberts except the con duct of a fellow student, who is a Catholic. The deceased was fifty. three years of age. been bereft of a loved one: "So many of those whom we loved most and who are most vividly im-pressed on our hearts will unite with

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL

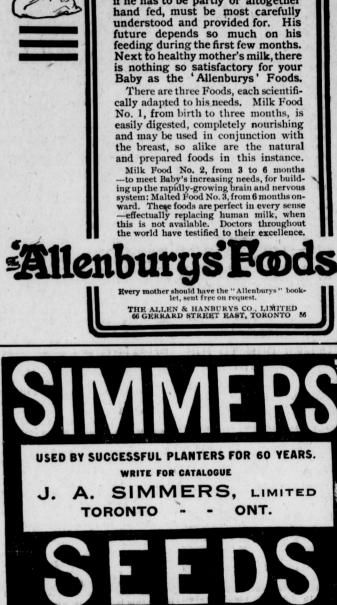
"No thoughtful Catholic will deny the need of Catholic par-ticipation in social activity," re-There is a union of great hope and peace in the conviction that they are 'remarks the Catholic Universe, ever watching over us and longing amid the invitations to new forms of



The soul obtains all that it earn. estly desires.-Seneca



Our Saviour is the true model of all Christians. In the New Testa-ment we find Him presented to us in all His adorable perfection. Thomas a Kempis truly says that it should be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jeeus Christ. "The teaching of Christ," says this great spiritual writer, "surpasseth all the teachings of the saints; and he that hath His spirit will find therein a hidden



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NOTEWORTHY DEATHBED

sentiments he expressed showed that his mother still held her place in his An interesting deathbed conversion thoughts and prayers. The tender, beautiful words are so full of Chris tian hope and comfort that all who have lost a friend may find solace in anding them. He reminds us : "Communion with our friends gone before us to heaven is not only wholesome but holy in its power to

To

budy else. Acep out of uebt, or keep out of my shop. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good woman, look away from temptation when they atic, skillful, competent, and is remeet it.



to scatter again-for club me classes and entertainments of all sorts are rivals of the home. Even

the school children have evening enagements and social functions to keep them out of their homes. There is no time for family gatherings when the day's activities are over. There

nce ?'

is no time even for family prayer. And yet how beautiful the custom is and what blessings it brings on homes where it is practiced! Mothers should make an heroic effort

to revive the custom. Begin when the children are small. Do not wait until the High school and college age when boys and girls are passing out of the influence of home-unless that fluence is so strong and so sacred that they can not grow away from it. The memory of a mother with rosary or prayer book in her hands has been a bulwark against evil to many a son fighting life's battle far from home. It has helped many a youth to realize his vocation. It is related of the mother of Father

Tom Burke, the eloquent Dominican that on winter evenings when the family had assembled, she would say family had assembled, and while say suddenly: "Come, let us have a feast of prayer." And kneeling down she would say aloud the Jesus-Psalter and other long prayers that the older people loved to recite together. "If Mrs. Burke had not been a woman of prayer," remarked the priest, who recalled the story of her devotion, " her son might never have become

for the moment when we safe with them."

The praying mother is a benefac tion to the family and the nation Her highest ambition for her children is to fit them for heaven, and in so training them she prepares them also for the duties of noble citizenship.- Sacred Heart Review.

us in heaven that our Christmas thoughts will naturally be with them.

INCONCEIVABLE IGNORANCE

The most inconceivable thing in life around us is the incompr sible ignorance men have of the teachings and purposes of the Catho-lic Church. This ignorance is not alone confined to the poor and illiter-

alone confined to the poor and inner-ate, even the enlightened classes are apparently as little open to convic-tion on every subject of the truth as they are of the inner workings of Shintoism. On the face of it, it bears out the truth of the paradox, when are non the tag bardow the

bears out the truth of the paradox, "The more you look at anything the less you see of it." Since the days of Christ the pages of history are saturated with Catho-lic history. The remains of the his-torical Catacombs and the early Christian temples are but links that bring the modern church back to the days of the Apostles. Her undivided and undisputed sway over the lives of the world for centuries; the undying life of the Papacy bring her in unbroken continuity back to the days of Peter ; the unmistakable marks of the unmistakable marks of "her son might never have become the man of God that he was." From his childhood he was accustomed to the thought and act of prayer, and of talking in prayer intimately and loviggly with his Heavenly Father. Another holy mother was called away when her son was making his studies for the prisethood. But she had laid the foundations of his charhad laid the foundations of his char-acter deep and strong, and in his grief he knew where to seek consola-tion. He had been trained to think of heaven as a lasting home, where separation could never come between them. That hope and the memory of his filial love and devotion in the years of his boyhood sustained him

ought and labor and to new substi tutes for old charities which t changing conditions of modern life hold out to us on every side, it is well that we should not forget the old wisdom that has kept the Catholic Church the only great teacher and reacher of the multitudes for nineteen hundred years. The new theories dazzle us and some of them ought to draw us, but we can not be too often reminded that no panaces for social sickness that does not take into ac count the deeper springs of human vitality, and no reform of conditions that does not reform the man, can be of any profound or permanent value.

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