CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write, Three words as with a golden pen, In tracing of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn, thou the shadow from thy

No night but has its morn. Have faith. Where'er thy bark be

The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth-Know this: God rules the hosts of

heaven,

The habitants of earth. Have love. Not love alone for one, But man as man thy brother call, And scatter like the circling sun,

Thy charities on all. Thus grave these words upon thy Hope, faith, and love-and thou shalt find

Light when thou else wert blind. KINDNESS ALWAYS PAYS

A genial member of New York City's police force, employed in traffic duty where the problems are many and patience is often tried, is wearing a smile these days more winning, if possible, than is his usual wont. His concept of duty makes possible the enforcement of law and order without antagonizing the public whose actions he must regulate. And /genial kindness part of his program. Re-ently he has fallen heir to gift of \$5,000, provided him the will of an elderly New York matron to whom he once extended a passing courtesy in the ordinary discharge of his traffic duties. The kindness was remembered, and the officer's three chil dren may now safely continue the schooling which might otherwise have been impossible. Virtue is its own reward, we are told. But there

WORK AND STUDY

We are all of us familiar with the man of wealth or means who keeps on working although he could well afford to take it easy the rest of his life. His excuse, as a rule, is that he would rather wear out than rust out—a wise conclusion. It is the same with study. Recently the University of Wisconsin had a woman student of eighty years enrolled, and now I read of an eastern woman entering college with her grand daughter. She is going to study again "to keep young," and in that I think she shows her wisdom. An college graduated a man

seventy-six years old this summer.
People who keep thinking are usually happy. It is when a man becomes a drifter and a floater down the stream that he becomes dissatisfied and discouraged. Every human being should keep studying all the time. Not only should you study along some line in which you are interested but you should take you know nothing. It is surprising how little any of us know. To tap a new vein of knowledge is like being refreshed with a cup of cold water on a hot day. The entire mind reacts to new discoveries of ideas and bits of knowledge.

Keep studying about the things

you are most interested in and they keep adding new interests outside your present work or occupation. Everytime a new set of muscles is developed in your body, every part of the body is benefited. In like manner every time you add to what you already know, all other knowl-

edge becomes enriched.

To keep studying your friends is to improve your friendships. To keep studying books is to come closer to all mankind. It's that "keep studying" that smoothes the

OUR TALENTS

honor to Almighty God and to human nature. God meant us to be individually insignificant, and do

It is the common insignificant people who are indispensable in everyday affairs. God meant it so, and whoever is discouraged at his own insignificance or will not use the little which he has, quarrels with the evident plans of God.

Our Lord, who understood perfectly the needs of men, and had all history before His eyes, gives a significant turn to one of His parables. mificant turn to one of his parables. He tells us of some servants whose master was about to leave for a journey, and gave each of them a certain sum of money to traffic with while he was away.

will Ah see later.'

THE POLITE CAB DRIVER
The other day, in a downtown district of Pittsburgh, two Sisters while he was away.

bygganda, shout trafficant turn to one of his parables. English, and then he gave the Apostolic Blessing. Having received this the pilgrims loudly applauded the Pope, while he moved out of the hall, smiling and giving his blessing.

angry lord.

Perhaps you have very little influence. Perhaps you see few opportunities of doing any one good. Perfluence. Perhaps you see few oppor-tunities of doing any one good. Per-haps you are one of those who have received only a single talent. Then clearly you are in especial danger. You are precisely the one at whom the parable points. Use what you have, do the good you can, join yourself with your neighbors and share in their good works. Never say, "I do not matter." You do matter greatly. The master, who is away on a journey, will return very soon and ask, "Where is the talent which I gave you?"—The Pilot. received only a single talent.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ONE SINGLE SOUL

Strength when life's surges maddest

To bring one soul to the Crucified. And how many souls may be thine,

may be thine, And a throne like that where the Seraphs shine: While angels in wonder and envy

The glorious mission God gives to And if there are times when the human heart Is tempted to wish for an easier

part God's life-living grace forever will

Sustaining, supporting, enlightening And thy burning work for the souls

win them, will save them own reward, we are told. But there are instances where it merits even further compensation.—America.

* again yet again; Though the Lord of the harvest would take for thy toil The life-work that brought thee one

single soul. -The Missionary MONTH OF THE HOLY DEAD November belongs to the dead by time-honored Catholic tradition and We call this the month of the holy souls, or of the poor souls; and these tender terms remind us of the teaching of our faith regard-ing the souls detained in purgatory and of our duty and a-blessed mercy it is—to help these souls by

our prayers and good works.

We Catholics do not "mourn as those who have no hope" for the dear loved ones whose going has left us lonely and sorrowful. We do not seek relief in ouija boards or aprirtistic mediums, or other coult

lieve it to be. We ask the prayers of those whom we know to be beloved of God, nor does it much matter whether they be alive or dead, since we suppose them always to remain human enough to be interested in human beings. Hence it is that the Catholic Church has always advocated prayers to the saints; just because the saints are dead, why should we cease to beg their intercession? So, again, is it with those who are in purgatory. I prayed for them when they were alive; in their troubles, in their day of trial, I remembered them before God, why now that they are still in a state of trial should I put aside closer to all mankind. It's that "keep studying" that smoothes the way and lights up the path for progress. Keep studying. It helps us to meet all the affairs of life gracefully.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR TALENTS

OUR TALENTS
Faith, affection, gratitude, loyalPerhaps you undervalue your own ty to the dead, all move us to re-Perhaps you undervalue your own importance in the scheme of things. It is a common failing and a comfortable one. "I do not matter much, either way," says Idleness. "If I work hard, I can accomplish little. If I don't work at all, the loss will never be felt. How dear is sweet tranquillity!" So he sits by and dreams or criticises.

TEXT TO SUIT OCCASION great things together.

Our individual insignificance is precious, because it enables us to co-operate, to supplement and strengthen the work of other men.

In this later years he had been a model of rectitude. One Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart is dered by the recipients as souvenirs. rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cell-mate sitting in the front row. Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly: "Ah preacher announced solemnly: "Ah takes much text dis meaning," from details and the solution of the recipients as souvenirs of the Holy, Jubilee and of this audience, but above all as a remembrance of the resolutions which the pilgrims had made, as a result of the Jubilee, for the guidance of the recipients assouvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs are the recipients as souvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs are the recipients as souvenirs are the recipients as souvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs are the recipients as souvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs are the recipients as souvenirs and the recipients are recipients as souvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs are recipients as souvenirs and the recipients as souvenirs and the recipients are recipients as a recipient and recipients are recipients are takes man text dis mornin' from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.''

One received five talents, another two, another only one. Now, the significant detail for us just now is this—that the man who received only one talent was the one who lost heart and wert off and hid his money in a napkin. The other two traded industriously and pleased their master on his return with gain. But the silly fellow who had only one talent, hid his away—and he was bitterly punished by his angry lord.

Perhaps you have very little in-

EXTENSION SOCIETY PRAISED BY POPE

Catholic Observer.

By Mgr. Enrico Pucci

The pilgrimage brought to Rome by Mgr. W. D. O'Brien, director of the Catholic Church Extension Society, was one of the most suc-cessful and interesting of the Amerpilgrimages coming to Rome

The Holy Father, in the welcome which he gave to the pilgrims showed he held the organization in One single soul, Oh! what is its worth?
His Heart's last drop Who redeemed the earth.
One single soul! Ah! Saints have died

The learn soul to the Crucifed.

Showed he held the organization in high consideration. On the morning of the audience, the pilgrims waited for His Holiness in the Ducal Hall, while Mgr. W. D. O'Brien and Mgr. with Mgr. J. M. O'Brien and Mgr. Dini, Rector of the Pontifical Collings of Propaganda Fide, awaited lege of Propaganda Fide, awaited him in the Hall of the Sacraments. The Pope arrived accompanied by the prelates and chamberlains of his Noble Anti-camera, and escorted by the Noble Guard and the Swiss Guard. Mgr. O'Brien, kneeling by the Noble Guard and the Swiss Guard. Mgr. O'Brien, kneeling before His Holiness, was the first to receive the Papal Blessing and then presented the offering of the pil-grims. The Holy Father received it with thanks in the name of the poor of the whole world and of those who turned from all parts of the world to the charity of their common Father. After having greeted and blessed the other Monsignori, the Pope passed out to the rows of pilgrims along the wall

who greeted him with loud cheers.
His Holiness, smiling, commenced
the round of the hall, giving his
hand to each of the pilgrims to kiss, and distributing commemora-tive medals of the Holy Jubilee, while Mgr. W. D. O'Brien beside him gave the necessary information and explanation regarding the various groups represented in the pil-

THE POPE'S WELCOME

The tour of the hall completed, Holiness mounted the throne and delivered a speech in which he welcomed with all the affection of his paternal heart, the children come from the distant America to gain the spiritual gifts of the Holy Year and to ask for the benediction of the common Father.

Never as in this year," said the Holy Father, "have we felt so strongly the sense of universal fatherhood which came to Us direct from the Heart of God when, by a munion of Saints gives sufficient comfort for our aching hearts.

We believe so intensely in the life beyond that for us death does not make the huge difference that others would have us suppose. Those who have crossed over to that other life are themselves alive. We call it life, and a real life we believe it to be.

Truth. Rever have We felt it so profoundly as when every day We see the unity and universality of the Church become a tangible reality in the coming of all peoples from every part of the world, even the most distant unities.

The bridge too seems pensive, gazing sad At its face in the tremulous tide; Weary feet that have crossed it, now resting:—

As I passed I am certain it sighed.

The Spouse of the Christ, still kneels on the hill, from every part of the world, even Fount of grace, watching life as the most distant, uniting in sentiments of faith and piety at the Streaming hope to the dead in Ho tombs of the Apostles, here within the Vicariate of Jesus Christ.

You have come to take a worthy place in this magnificent manifestation of unity, a place which belongs to those who contribute to such a fine and useful undertaking for the good of the Church, as the worthy Catholic Church Extension Society in the United States, that great country which gives Us so much consolation and in which We have

so much hope.
"And so We give the Benediction to all and every one of you, to your families, all your dear ones, to your country, your work, your inten-

"Returning to your country you will say that the common Father has love for all your people and to all he sends his blessing which comes from the depths of his soul. From the paternal house the heart of the Father follows the hearts of the sons and accompanies them in thought and with his prayers, and begs God to give them all good things, a wealth of spiritual treasures and all material prosperity."

the Bay.

Like a chrism of mystical sweetness

ness

Come the mem'ries of days that are

Then His Holiness declared all the articles of devotion that the pilgrims had brought with them blessed, and gave to the priests of the Pilgrimage not only the power, but the charge to impart in his name, with the consent of their A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail respective Bishops, the Apostolic sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as to their care. His Holiness pointed

In conclusion, His Holiness asked that the Rev. Father McCabe, a young priest of the College of Propaganda, should translate it into

ST. PETER'S BAY RE-VISITED

Little waves flecked with foam kissing sand-drifts
That blush crimson with wantoning

(Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.) Far away sounds the boom of the A lone curlew wings in from the

> From field on a hill gazing sea-ward Floats the fragrance of clover and musk: On a breeze wafts the echo of chil-

> Singing songs in a garden at dusk. Through a twilight silvering to

> moon-mist I hear herds lowing far, far away— Then silence—I'm alone with my mem'ries. And the beauty of St. Peter's Bay. These 'rapturing scenes were my

boyhood loves.— Where I dreamed all the dreams of youth's day:—
The old haunts seem fain to caress. Did they wist as the years sped

The waters and the sands and the sea-plaint the same as in life's yester prime:— Have I changed?—like a garment that's faded-

I' have known the bludgeonings of Fond hearts that I lov'd in manhood's blithe spring,
They like me show the scourgings of

years-Sunny curls that were gold, changed to silverroses they are dead, drenched

with tears. Brows that were snowy when I went away longer in view :- How 1 cried At the toll Time took in the speeding

years.— Blessed hour, how many have died! There is the wharf in the foam, quite forsaken-A mere wreck which the tide rocks and dips ;

Waiting vainly in tears for the sea-men
Who went down to the Bay in their ships.

Streaming hope to the dead in Her

The dead, how they sleep there in rows ! How the Acre of God has grown larger : It has garnered the hearts I loved

Earth, lie lightly as dew on their Loving Saviour, give their souls In a grave in a nook in yon church-

Where a fir-tree sobs, sighs and Lies a heart that I loved in youth's morning, When life was a lilt of old love

How visions long dead rise up like fond dreams-Live again as I stand here today,

Where we stood, you and I, long ago, and gazed At the dunes slumbering down in the Bay.

flown, When you, dear, were near and sang old songs

What old songs can unfold! Had l Now there 'neath the flowers and the silence, Where love-seeking zephyrs dream, Lies that fond heart, enshrining my

A withered leaf in a silent stream. We're blind to the mysteries of future. None can tell what the unborn shall But I know 'tis sweet to have lived

and known The winsome charms of St. Peter's Bay. -REV. THOMAS R. GORMAN Oklahoma City, Okla.

When thou art troubled and afflicted, then is the time to gain merit. Thou must pass through fire and water before thou comest to refreshment.—Thomas a Kempis.

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