

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE BOY WHO LOVES HIS MOTHER

She sat in the porch in the sunshine, As I went down the street— A woman whose hair was silver, But whose face was blossom sweet, Making me think of a garden When, in spite of the frost and snow, Of bleak November weather, Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me, And the sound of a merry laugh, And I knew the heart it came from Would be like a comforting staff In the time and hour of trouble, Hopeful and brave and strong, One of the hearts to lean on, When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch, And met his manly look; A face like his gives me pleasure, Like the page of a pleasant book. It told of a steadfast purpose, Of a brave and daring will, A face with a promise in it That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing: I saw the woman's eyes Grow bright with a wordless welcome.

As sunshine warms the skies, "Back again, sweetheart mother," He cried, and bent to kiss The loving face uplifted For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on, I know that this is true; From lads in love with their mothers Our bravest heroes grew. Earth's grandest hearts have been loving ones Since time and earth began; And the boy who kisses his mother Is every inch a man.

—Exchange

ALPHABET OF SUCCESS

It is said that Baron Rothschild had the following alphabetical list of maxims framed on his back walls: Attend carefully to details of your business.

Be prompt in all things. Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right; fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently. Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious. Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation nor business.

Join hands only with the virtuous. Keep your mind from evil thoughts. Lie not for any consideration. Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for self improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Xtend to everyone a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right.

And success is certain.

MAKE USE OF EVERY MINUTE

Time is capital. It is one of the factors in achievement. A man has just so much of it allotted to him. What he puts to good use, is well invested; the hours he loses are wasted.

Ben Franklin's advice was: "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." Similarly it may be said: "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves."

Some men accomplish more in their spare time than other men do all day.

The world grants all opportunities to him who can use them. Power and fortune are hidden away in the hours and moments as they pass, awaiting the eye that can see, the ear that can hear, the hand that can do.

But too often we see nothing in our days, and waste them in longing for the impossible, like the farmer in Pennsylvania who became so infatuated with the desire to get rich from oil wells that he sold his own farm for a song and bought a piece of land in Texas, where oil was being produced in great quantities. He failed to find oil there, but the man who had bought his farm got rich from an oil well discovered in the very swamp which the former owner had considered worthless.

It is much the same with us and the way we regard our time—which is, in a sense, our capital. People who trifle with the moments, longing for some unusual chance of opening usually do nothing in life but build castles in the air. It is not always the boy who is "haunted by visions of wealth," or even the one who is thrust into the midst of great opportunities who gets ahead. But far, far more often it is the boy who seems to have "no chance," but who doggedly makes use of every minute of time, and climbs to power on his firm conviction that "time is money."

He that neglects opportunities, shirks responsibilities, does so with peril to his advancement. What we

get out of life depends very largely on our determination to get the most out of each moment as it passes.

One of the greatest regrets of people as they near the end of their life journey is that they did not make better use of their time. Thousands of people go through life constantly regretting their lack of early advantages of education, yet they have wasted time enough to have given themselves an equivalent of a college education many times over, by wise improvement of their spare moments.

No matter whether you are out of work or buried in it, a priceless chance to better your condition awaits you in the disposition of your spare moments. The way in which these are spent has made all the difference between mediocrity and grand achievement, in the sum total of life, to thousands of men.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY AND HIS ROSARY

The other morning a boy in a street car was hunting for something in his pockets. He took out twine, a few nails, a tattered note-book, a pencil or two, some sinkers, and a tangle of other things. He tried another pocket, and brought out more string. Something came out with a jerk, on the end of a hook, and fell right in the middle of the car. The people on either side saw that it was a pearl rosary. The owner picked it up, looked it over carefully and slipped it into his pocket. "That's my First Communion rosary," he said to a classmate, and there and then these two staunch young Catholics began to talk about how much they thought of the little white rosaries that were given to them on such a memorable day in their lives. "He was careless to carry the rosary about like that," a careful child may say. But still he loved his rosary, and you know boys carry their greatest treasures in those crowded pockets. May he always be a Knight of Our Lady.—Sacred Heart Review.

LOVING HEARTS

Twenty-four girls who are school-mates, friends and neighbors, the other day organized themselves into a club which they called "The League of Loving Hearts." The President of this club is thirteen years old, and the youngest member is ten. They meet every Saturday afternoon, and they are trying to do what they can to make other people happy. They dress dolls and send them to settlements in the cities where they are distributed among little girls who are overjoyed to have a real doll. If a little girl has never had a real doll to play with and has had to make one of an empty bottle with a bit of ragged shawl tied around it, she is a perfect sunbeam of gladness, when some morning she wakes up and finds that somebody she does not know has sent her a doll with a lovely face and pretty hands and a nice, clean dress.

These girls do not confine themselves to sewing for the poor. One of their aims is to help mother along, to relieve her by putting their things away in the proper place, instead of scattering them around for her to pick up, and by taking time to visit people who are lonely, and who like to have a moment of merry talk when happy girls run in to see them.

When the daisies come, and before that, when the crocuses and jonquils are here, the girls will send flowers to school rooms where there are other girls who seldom see a blossom or a plant.

A League of Loving Hearts can be organized by a Sunday school class, by three or four girls or by half a dozen, and they will not only find plenty to do, but will always have good times whenever they meet.—Selected.

BEING GOOD TO MOTHER

"What have you done with your money?" asks a wise friend of young folks in the Homiletic Monthly.

"Have you taken your money to your mother or spent it on yourself?" "Have you gone without any dainties that your mother might have it?"

Children should try to give pleasure to their parents, and to show how grateful they are for all the care and love bestowed on them. "We can not repay them for all their care for us when we were little," says this writer. "God alone can repay them; and so we ought often to ask Him to bless, protect and keep them; we ought to pray for them every evening and whenever we hear Mass, and such prayers are very pleasing to our Father in Heaven. . . . When we are grown up, and our parents are old and feeble, it is our duty to take care of them, and supply them with comforts."

Uncle Jack hopes that all his boys and girls will read these words and remember them. It is a beautiful sight to see kind, loving children helping their mother, and ready to do anything they can to help father too. Here is a little story of a great man and his mother.

There was an interesting account of the life and work of the late Archbishop Riordan in the "Historical Records," and one of the things that pleased Uncle Jack most was how the learned and holy prelate showed his love and respect for his mother on the day that he was consecrated Bishop. His aged mother was of course the first to receive his blessing, but that was not all. As soon as the ceremony was over the new Bishop went to the front pew where his mother sat, with tears of joy

running down her face. Her son bent over her and kissed her, resting his hand on her in the old familiar way for a moment before he left her. Love and respect your parents.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SPOILERS

It is impossible to make a practical Protestant out of an Italian Catholic. The missionary activity of the Methodists in Rome has produced ample proof of this fact. For a great many years they have been harassing the Catholic Church. Large sums of money have been spent, much bad feeling has been stirred up, and the net result is a handful of men who have been robbed of their Catholic faith and in return have received little more than a little material aid.

Mr. Tipple has just returned to Rome after a vacation in this country. He told those who contributed to his cause about the great things he had accomplished in the heart of Catholicity. Perhaps they had visions of St. Peter's being turned eventually into a Methodist meeting house. The contributors have accepted the desires of Mr. Tipple as facts accomplished. Because he is silly enough to expect, or worldly wise enough to make believe that he

expects, that Methodism will one day be a power in Rome, they make liberal donations to his mission.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Tipple and his associates have accomplished next to nothing in Rome. They have been able to tempt some of the very poor who have in some cases feigned an acceptance of Protestantism in order that they might get material aid.

They become hypocritical, openly associated with the Methodist mission and inwardly holding to the old faith or they reject the old faith without accepting anything in its stead. Such people, of course, were never practical Catholics or they would not have sold their heritage for a mess of pottage, but the little faith they did possess was better than the utter irreligion into which they have been led by those who seem to think that even hatred of God is better than the worship of God in the Catholic faith. Mr. Tipple knows that he can never establish Methodism in Rome. Yet he rejoices in his methods because he knows that they harass the Catholics.

And yet these ministers write volumes about brotherly love and fraternal unity while they practice doctrines of hatred and dissension. And the worst feature of it all is that a gullible public lends its aid with-

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out ever calling for facts and statistics, but with implicit trust in the guerilla missionaries.—The Pilot.

The Church holds on her way through the long chain of the centuries, secure in the conviction of her oneness with Christ. Following the Apostles, there comes the innumerable army of martyrs; and to these succeed those countless legions of Christian souls who, in the face of the world's hatred and persecution, have manfully carried the cross.—Father Tilman Pesch, S. J.

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They Shall Not Pass

The Immortal Cry of Canada at the Second Battle of Ypres.

The defence of Ypres following the first ghastly gas attack April 22, 1915, exalts all history. By it our men were transfigured and the undying, imperishable Soul of Canada revealed.

In the name of these Heroes of Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, Vimy Ridge, Lens, The Somme, Verdun—aye and the Deathless "Old Contemptibles"—we beseech you, Women of Canada, to Dedicate Yourselves and Your Families to War Service by signing the Food Service Pledge.

The sacrifice is not great. We merely want you to substitute other foods for part of the white bread, beef and bacon your family now eat.

"What follows almost defies description. The effect of these poisonous gases was so virulent as to render the whole of the line held by the French Division practically incapable of any action at all.

The Stand of the Canadians

"The left flank of the Canadian Division was thus left dangerously exposed to serious attack in flank, and there appeared to be a prospect of their being overwhelmed and of a successful attempt by the Germans to cut off the British troops occupying the salient to the East.

"In spite of the danger to which they were exposed the Canadians held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences."

From

Sir John French's Seventh Despatch, General Headquarters, 15th June, 1915

Thou Shalt Not Want

The Undying Pledge of Canada's Mothers to Her Sons.

When baking use one-third oatmeal, corn, barley or rye flour. Or, order some brown bread from your baker each day.

Substitute for beef and bacon such equally nutritious foods as fish, peas, lentils, potatoes, nuts, bananas, etc.

Third, and this is most important—positively prevent the waste of a single ounce

of food in your home.

A Food Service Pledge and Window Card has been or will be delivered to you. The Pledge is your Dedication to War Service—The Window Card is your Emblem of Honour.

Sign the one and display the other.

Woman's Auxiliary, Organization of Resources Committee, in Co-operation with The Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller.

Sign and Live up to Your Food Service Pledge