CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A BUILDER'S LESSON

How shall I a habit break? As you did that habit make. As you gathered you must lose; As you yielded now refuse. Thread by thread the strands we

twist Till they bind us neck and wrist; Thread by thread the patient hand Must untwine ere free we stand. As we built up stone by stone, We must toil uphelped, alone, Till the wall is overthrown.

But, remember, as we try, Lighter every test goes by, Wading in, the stream goes deep Towards the center's downward

Backward turn, each step ashore nallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste Leveling what we raised in haste: Doing what must be undone Ere content or love is won! First across the gulf we cast Kite-borne thread, then lines are

And habit builds the bridge at last.

-JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY THE GREAT MESSAGE

Fashions change from time to time. New manners and new customs, new inventions displace those familar and accustomed to us. Our hearts are restless, said one who realized to the full the truth of this axiom. Never satisfied for long, they are constantly turning to the next moment which they hope will offer them fuller meed of con-

tentment than the present hour.
But a short while ago, men looked eagerly up to the heavens, scanning with breathless suspense the far horizon for the tiny speck which seemed scarcely more than a bird, skimming the blue ether far above the earth. The cry of "Airship" echoed by many voices, was the signal for a general rush to the windows or fields. With amaze-ment people watched the evolutions of these giant mechanisms skimming

along as if born to travel with their human freight at that far attitude Not content with the manifesta-tion of his newfound power, soon the cry for something further told of craving of men for change. One model replaced another, at a toll of human life which may scarcely be said to have repaid the scientific advancement of the

hour. Man was scarcely satisfied.
. . . Not only would he control the passage of this vast bird of machinery across the sky. He would also perform all sorts of feats in order to startle and amaze

Such feats of daring, accomplished at a frightful risk, were more than balanced by the long list of casualties. A sudden dip into the ether, a sudden snapping of some part of this delicate and intri-cate mechanism, and there remained but a ruin of twisted steel and broken wings, and beneath them a scarcely distinguishable heap of

human fragments. Today the thoughts of men are turned in another direction. Praceveryone is interested in In private dwellings every evening, small groups are gathered together waiting eagerly and listen-ing breathlessly for the faint sounds transmitted over a little wire. . .

the fragment of a popular song, the latest jazz music,—but they hail it as a message of infinite moment.

Along the city streets, various advertisements in the shop windows announce the exhibition and sale of apparatus wherewith this craving of man for radio may be satis-Magazines and newspapers like flooded with reports of such. Radio is everywhere, and everywhere men are carried away

In a year,—in two years, this craze for radio will have been superseded for something newer, something still more advanced in scientific achievement.

Of themselves, new inventions are in no manner to be despised. But the grave danger in our age seems to be that man may become wholly engrossed by these popular crazes so that his attention may be diverted

from his supreme end.
Although born with head erect, as an old philosopher tells us,—and eyes lifted to the stars, man walks with head bent and eyes turned toward the earth.

Two thousand years ago, on the shore of a beautiful lake in Galilee, the Saviour walked in His white robe, calling to Him first one and then another. In those far back days there were few scientific achievements. No giant railroad systems choked the land; no factories blew their grime into the pure skies . . . there was not pure skies . . . there was not so much to distract man from his destiny. Simple were the tastes of the poor fishermen who listened with wide eyed wonder to this Prophet and more than Prophet of Galilee. Their science lay in the hidden depths of the sea where lived multitudinous shapes of animal religion of the Jews taught them

through the ages succeeding one doing a kind deed - no, not even another, and that will re-echo until the end of time. A message not of earthly King or of Emperor, and which related to eternity rather and in return he stole a purse con-

appeal to all alike. It was the secret gospel of the poor and the despised. It rebuked pride and covetousness and a host of insidious soul maladies that were eating the heart out of the world.

"He that heart others to hear let the secret the secret to hear let the secret to

sounded like the trumpet which should awaken a generation that

Today, if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts! So pleaded the Prophet of old, knowing well the perversity and obduracy of the heart of man which turns unwittingly from the things which are worth while to those which are

of no worth. From thousands of spiritual watchtowers, the Great Message of Christ is flashed in these later days of the twentieth century. Like the bright beacon which illumines some lonely signal tower at sea,—thousands of red lights flash before Catholic tabernacles like danger signals on the devious pathways of

Christ still speaks, while thousands of men turn a deaf ear to His message. Who is willing to be poor in spirit, in an age prolific of riches and pride? Who wishes to be meek when he may wield his authority over other men? Who is content to be humble with Christ when the voices of earth persist and

With little instruments attached to their ears, men sit in breathless attention waiting for a little insignificant message, scarcely a whisper at times; the echo of a speech made by some potentate whose name will soon perish with his dust, or the echoes of a popular song which tomorrow will be relegated to oblivion, or news of some ceremony

of State, -these and no more. If this earnest attention given to radio should be turned to the message broadcasted by our Lord from Galilee twenty centuries ago, and sent from thousands of homes today, if men, pausing in the midst of their busy endeavors, were to harken to the world message of His Divine words, truly there would be a new earth and a new generation only saints want to be a hero, but only saints want to be martyrs, and of men.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE OLD DARKEY'S ADVICE

Don't be what you ain't, Jes' be what you is.
If you is not what you am, Then you am not what you is. If you're just a little tadpole,

Don't try to be a frog, If you're just the tail, Don't try to wag the dog. You can always pass the plate,

If you can't exhort and preach, If you're just a little pebble, Don't try to be the beach. Don't be what you ain't,

Jes' be what you is.

DANGER OF IDLENESS The harm of doing nothing is seldom realized. But it means going backward. Or, it means floating along to somewhere, it also transmitted over a little wire.

They are waiting for the message which comes from some place at a distance. It may be no more than the fragment of a popular song, the -to practice self-criticism: to find out if anything is the matter, and

then correct it. We suspect if every boy and girl would undergo a little self-examination, they would find idleness was one of their habits. And they are thing for idle hands to do, and that something is evil always.

Now, work is not always struggle with one's hands. It does not

the kindness that you or I or any one else can put into it. Nothing that sosts so little can give a greater return. Nothing is more listitude and the sosts of the sost so little can give a greater return. limitless and nothing has a finer grace. It is as fine and beautiful in the humblest charwoman as it is in a queen. It is the symbol of a good heart. There is a world of truth in these words: "Kindness is like the sun. Everywhere the kind man goes, he brings into being priceless things—golden sympathics radiant faces glowing and

pathies, radiant faces, glowing and grateful hearts." and vegetable life, fashioned by an Omnipotent Hand. The ancient It is the attribute of something fine Moreover our influence is involuntiated by the control of the contro

han to time.

This message did not, however, a shelf in her kitchen. When some

heart out of the world.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" The words of the him hear!" The words of the money still in it, the tramp having the pure world in the dooryard with the money still in it, the tramp having the pure world in the night. ness always pays. Its dividends are sure, and often we never know how large they are because of the way seeds of kindness have of blooming

in other hearts.-The Echo. HEROES

George was reading his history and, lost to all the world, for George was a boy, and a boy loves his dinner and tales of Indians almost as well as his dog. The part of the history which George was studying dealt with the early Jesuit ons among the Indians.

called his mother. George. 'this is the third time that I have told you to go and see to the furnace. It needs coal. You know you have to attend to it, so why must I keep everlastingly nagging at you to get you to do your

George closed the book. "Great guns," he cried, "can't you let a fellow read a few minutes in peace? I was reading all about Father Jogues and the Indians. Believe me he was some scout!"

"I wonder," mused his mother aloud, "how long you would last if it were you, instead of Father Jogues, who had been sent as a missionary to the Indians."

"I'd last longer than he did," asserted George, "for I'd club those red-skins to death if they tried half the monkey-shines on me that they did on him But he wanted to be a martyr.' answered Mrs. King.

"Well, I don't," confessed George.
I want to be a hero."
His mother looked keenly into the eye of the needle that she was now threading.

"And can you be one without the other?" she asked. Why, sure you can, mother

I don't want to be a saint.' "Don't worry," answered his mother with a smile. "From present indications there is no cause to worry that a halo will surround my George's head. But about the hero business: What makes a hero,

George?"

"Doing things," replied George,
"and doing them well."

"Yes, doing things—doing one's duty faithfully and conscientiously, not bothering about consequences. Doing things, and doing them well,

as, for instance, attending to the Oh, shucks, mother. Don't tell me that tending to furnaces makes heroes. Gee, what heroes janitors

They may be," mother replied, "they can be. The only reason that we may not know whether or not they are heroes is because the opportunity does not always come in every life to prove to the world the stuff one is made of. -True Voice.

THE LIVES WE TOUCH

The Acts of the Apostles relates how in the early days of the Church people carried the sick and afflicted into the street that, as Peter passed by, his shadow, at least, might fall apt also to think it is a dangerous habit. Remember the old saying that the devil always finds something for idle hands to do, and that miraculous. Everybody casts a shadow, and every one of us exerts some kind of unconscious influence over others. It may not always be short of breath. If a person thinks of things that are true, if he builds up noble ideals, if he plans enterprises of good will, if he makes use of his spirit in forming fine resolutions—this is not idling.

—Catholic Universe. esolutions—this is not idling. Important or less so by our personality. Either we make those we touch better, nobler, truer or we leave them not so good. There is something almost startling in the thought that in every word we may one else can put into it. Nothbetter, nobler, truer or we leave them not so good. There is something almost startling in the thought that in every word we speak, in every deed we perform, in every impression we leave we are setting in motion an influence which shall go on forever. This thought should stir to seriousness even those fritude and speak of the section shall go on forever. This thought should stir to seriousness even those frivolous ones who give themselves themselves in the seriousness even those who have the seriousness even those themselves the seriousness even those the seriousness even those themselves the seriousness even those the seriousness even those the seriousness even those themselves the seriousness even those themselves the seriousness even those the seriousness even the

No one lives to himself. You can soon of Christ. And that so many not live and influence others. If you lived alone on some South Sea island you might say you have no influence, that it is no matter what fields of Flanders and in other spots

It is the attribute of something fine in one's nature. Never is it more graceful than when it reveals itself in the very poor and humble, and in communion with Jehovah. True, there were ambitious men then as now. But in general, men were trained to prayer.

From the Divine lips there flashed a message that has re-echood and more of that is where it is often found in the greatest abundance. It is as we desire by any planning or posing. It must be distilled from our life as we live it in truth. Hence the reason we frequently are disappointed in people we have what one writer styles of one vast, and we can not make it such graceful than when it reveals itself in the very poor and humble, and that is where it is often found in the greatest abundance. It is as now the day to turn to prayer, and to uplift their souls in the very poor and humble, and that is where it is often found in the greatest abundance. It is as we desire by any planning or posing. It must be distilled from our life as we live it in truth. Hence the reason we frequently are disappointed in people we have which would have expelled the crucitary, and we can not make it such give, blossoms in wooden crosses. Hhat he was taken away from the geverywhere. And yet but a few years ago, one of her citizens proud our life as we live it in truth. Hence the reason we frequently are the Crucified would be forgotten by the Crucified would have expelled the crucitary, and we can not make it such give, and we can not make it such fix, blossoms in wooden crosses. Hat he was taken away from the geverywhere. And yet but a few years ago, one of her citizens proud our life as we live it in truth. Hence the reason we frequently are the Crucified would be forgotten by the Crucified would be forgotten by the Crucified would have expelled the crucified. The communication is now of the crucified would have expelled the crucified woold on the large of

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influence will always be a true and exact diffusion of the essential

Example that has no voice, the ommonplace deed that secures no precious silent forces making for oliness. No philosophy can explain the mysterious elements of Christian influence. Such influence however is the supreme force working in society for its purification and its uplifting. Let us aim at the sincerest, deepest, purest personal life, and we shall bless the world more than we think.—The Mission-

CHRIST OR CHAOS

Every generation has its cares, its ideas and its madness, writes the author of the "Storia di Cristo" which has recently appeared in its third edition in Florence. And he goes on to say that it is fitting and necessary that the Gospel of Christ should be retraced by every genera-tion as an antidote for the ills peculiar to its age.

Events transpiring of late in our country, have proved the truth of the assertion of the late Holy Father Benedict XV., that disregard for authority is one of the crying evils of the times.

But a generation ago, it was unusual to find the youth of the country taking power unto themselves and legislating as seemed best to them in regard to their affairs. Parents, teachers and other lawful guardians usually determined the right and wrong of grave situa-tions. Indeed it would hardly have occurred to children of a few

decades ago to question such authority or to war against it. An editorial in one of the daily papers aims to reach the seat of the trouble when it says: "Schools can only be conducted with profit to the pupils and state by the oversight of duly constituted authorities and the executive supervision of ably competent teachers in whose interest the tax-payers support them. The usefulness of students as citizens depends largely on straight thinking, balanced judg-ment and loyal obedience which they obtain in the classroom."

Strange as it may appear to some, one never hears of such proceedings as strikes in a Catholic school or college. Never in the history of Catholic education have pupils of the authority of religious teachhe obedience of pupils sub-

ject to them.

A short while ago a non-Catholic professor made the observation:
"One never hears of hazing in a tenance those barbaric practices and good; but if not, well and good which have in certain cases in the Alas, how many lovers of the

which have in certain cases in the name of science rendered men stupid or maimed for life."

Where is authority?—The Church points to the Crucifix hanging mutely on the walls of her classrooms. The answer is evident. The true representative of Christ, the Divine Teacher she is never questioned by her loyal and obedient subjects.

Men have not succeeded in driving.

frivolous ones who give themselves lightly to every sinful habit or custom if fashion sanctions it.

No one lives to himself. You can sion of Christ. And that so many

pathies, radiant faces, glowing and grateful hearts."

It is easy to prove this to be true in our own experience with life. It is easy to prove that kindness is a little seed from which there often comes a golden harvest. No one ever yet saw a truly great man one ever yet saw a truly great man one ever yet saw a truly great man of the life of the pour than the life of the pour that it is no matter what you do, how you live, no matter to wither the eyes of all America turn reverently and sorrowfully today, thousands of wooden crosses mark the graves of the youth who offered their lives in fearful sacrifice. Those who in life never knew sure you do not give forth any the life. Those who in life never knew the consolations of the crucifix, rest with the provided by given the provided by the who did not have the element of kindness strong in his nature. It start the least trace of evil in the and revered it, in the shadow of its magnified Widow Douglas who

acter does not distil the spirit of Christ although it affects the language and the posture of charity, of gentleness, of sweetness. It is our life we need to watch for our influence will element the spirit of the walls of churches and schools, on steeples and the summits of mountains, in the streets and lanes, at the heads of sick beds, above th tombs,—millions of crosses recall the death of the Crucified. . .

"Scrape off the frescoes from the churches; take away the frames of chronicle, the personal magnetism the altars, and the Life of Christ that defies analysis—these are will still fill the museums and galleries. His words are written in the imperishable monuments of literature. And, were all else to be obliterated, blasphemers will still remain to be unwilling witnesses to His Presence

There is always chaos without the Cross of Christ. Men strive to invent new instruments whereby do away with such abuses as disaway with such abuses as dis-regard for authority and the like. New methods one and all end in ignominious failure. There is no chaos where the Crucifix rules.

Doubtless God could have made a more perfect fruit than the strawberry, once said a famous lexico-grapher, but doubtless he never did. So we may say that God could have raised up another standard for the salvation and sanctification of the human race . . . but He raised up the Cross.

Truly "men waste time and talents," seeking in the name of taients, seeking in the name of science to be a law unto themselves, seeking in the name of art the myrrh, olibanum and mystle perfumes which will interpret the immortal spirit of Bossuet. What men need today is prayer, not perfume, is the Crucifix, not radio.

Men have never been able to drive

Men have never been able to drive Jesus Christ from the hearts of His people. In millions of loving and loyal souls He will ever sit en-throned. With him there is no dis-

Over the great gate of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, in the year 1527, a marble stone was put in place, testifying to the faith of the citizens, and inscribed: "Jesus Christ, King of Florence. Chosen by the Decree of the People."

Verily, His reign has not passed.

-The Pilot.

A LOST ART MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS Gentle and admirable, the art of minding one's own business, despite the Puritan exegesis of Cain's reply. Most of us have read the report of the traveller in Burma which says that a foreigner may go and settle down in a Burman village, live his own life and follow out his own customs in freedom. No one will Catholic education have pupils customs in freedom. No one will walked out on their own decision. There has never been any question and convert him, or insist that he ought to do differently, and that, if differently, outcast, either from civilization or from religion, or from both. The people will accept him for what he "One never hears of hazing in a is, and let the matter rest there. Catholic college. Indeed, the Catholic Church would refuse to counand conform to Burman habit, well

human life there must be who in their moments of despondency would fain seek a haven in Burms and rest there forever and forever Weary of being uplifted and reformed, weary of peevish little Dogberries in public office, of impossibilist Socialists, evangelical preachers, policemen, and the other agents of organized meddling in Men have not succeeded in driving the Crucifix from the country. "Whatever is done here,—Christ is the End and Principle." agents of organized medding in other people's affairs, the human spirit courts repose—repose among congenial souls, such as this traveller (may the kingdom of heaven spirit courts repose—repose among congenial souls, such as this trav-eller (may the kingdom of heaven

Poor Huckleberry Finn! His brief experience of the uplift at the hands of the Widow Douglas was surely difficult enough to enlist the sympathy of his dear shade for those whose resolution to escape is more infirm than his. After all, he had youth on his side: it is the busi-ness of youth to rebel and of age to acquiesce. Lolling in the Elysian fields, blest in the companionship of those whose sins were perhaps many but at least human, we fancy he consoling arms. France, the land which would have expelled the cruci-

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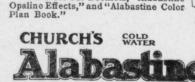
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