

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## COUNSEL

Oh, you shall be afraid, my boy, before you come to victory. Yes, you shall see the frightful things that every man has had to see, and you shall feel the fearful blows which every man has had to bear.

But meet them as a man, my boy, and you the crown of joy shall wear.

Oh, you shall look in failure's face and you shall hear the scouter's jeer.

And you shall feel like giving up because no help for you is near.

And you shall see your plans go wrong and all your castles tumble down—

But keep the faith and start anew, and you shall some day win renown.

I would not bid you not to weep, for tears of grief shall fill your eyes.

I would not bid you not to care when you shall lose the thing you prize.

For hurt and pain are hard to bear and sorrow cuts into the soul—

But stand you fast and serve the truth, and you shall come unto your goal.

There shall be days when hope is dim and days when joy seem far from you.

There shall be rugged hills to climb and dreary tasks for you to do; it is no easy path you face, no light and simple game you're in.

Life shall be a test, and you shall win.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

## DRONES AND WORKERS

The road of life is strewn with the bones of drones. Modern society is held inert by thousands who strive to do as little as they can, critics of all change, opposers of every good movement, constitutional malcontents. The universe never suits them. They cry for action and when action comes they hark back to conservatism.

It is this inert, unyielding mass of individuals who constitute a strong opposition to any endeavor for the betterment of conditions. They receive the reward of their insensate prejudices. They are pushed aside, forced backward or flung out of the way, that good may be done.

Leaders count on the presence of this element, just as an engineer or contractor figures on the amount of rock, or quicksand or other natural obstacles to an edifice that is to be erected. The man who bores a tunnel or who digs a canal estimates the opposition to his purpose, calculates what will be needed to overcome it, assembles his forces and carries the undertaking through.

When anyone takes the lead in a project to eradicate abuses or promote better methods, when a man comes to a town to inaugurate some needed improvement, opposition may be expected. It is part of the work. There are first certain people whose selfish interests must give way before public good, others who resist any change, and a large number who without rhyme or reason prefer to leave things as they are.

The shopkeeper who is accustomed to carelessness in the sale of meats, the dirty dairymaid who demands the right to sell typhoid milk for a good price to consumers, both resent sanitary provisions. The death rate never bothers them while their bank accounts remain good.

The incompetent or corrupt official or clerk cries out against manifest improvements in methods. Even the average householder prefers a lax enforcement of laws that inconvenience him. A large section of the community desires a law enforcement about as efficient as a leaky sieve. These people see no interests except their own. To them office, employment or trade is a sinecure. They demand something for nothing, a day's pay for three hours' work.

Fortunately, such people though united in a vague way for disorder can never reach an agreement. They are too selfish to compromise for their own interests even. They resent or complain and stop there. Thus their numerical importance is discounted by their general weakness and known uselessness.

But no leader can do much alone. He must have willing workers, who are in sympathy with his hopes and plans and who give loyal and honest service to the cause in which they are enlisted. It is indeed a part of leadership that it attracts men of good will as the magnet draws iron. Such a body of men has cohesion, clear discernment and well directed energy.

This is the secret of success. The soul of an army is its esprit de corps. The advance of a corporation or business venture depends on numberless employees who are imbued with a sense of responsibility. Thus the manager of a railroad, the owner of a factory is present by proxy in his humblest employee. It is the disciplined army as against the unorganized mob.

There is a measure of service in every line of employment that cannot be purchased for mere money. There is a something in the breast of a normal worker which leads him to give more than is rigidly demanded by regulations. He has a joy in well done work and claims the victories won and the results obtained as in part his own.

It is from the ranks of such men that leaders are recruited. They may start anywhere along the line,

but invariably they are men who do just a little more than is asked of them. The drone worker remains stationary. He is like the block in the pavement over which the traffic rumbles until it is worn out and replaced by a similar block.

On this workmen cherish a curious resentment against the corporation that gives them bread and butter. They work against their will. They have no heart in what they are doing, no interest in progress made. They give the minimum of service and exact the last cent of pay. For this very reason they are condemned by their own dispositions to be journeymen all their lives.

The willing worker diffuses good. He rejoices his employer, he encourages his companions, he benefits the public, and is contented himself. The old soldier tells of the campaigns of his general as if he had planned each one in the commander's tent and had fought it out at his general's side. It was because of this that he fought so well.

The aged railroad man is equally enthusiastic on the subject of the road. It is his road and the efficiency of its service is the joy of his heart. These are qualities incommunicable, but happy is the man who possesses them and fortunate the employer who can enlist such assistants.

Thus in every branch of business in every avenue of trade are tried and true men who work well because they know no other way and scout every other. They are the men who escape the original curse of labor. They earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, but to them the bread is sweet and the labor joyful. Each day brings to them a satisfaction to be obtained in no other way, of good and willing service, loyal co-operation and the consciousness of upright life. —A Looker-On in The Pilot.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## MEMORARE

Remember, holy Mary, 'Twas never heard or known That any one who sought thee And made to thee his moan, That any one who hastened For shelter to thy care, Was ever left abandoned And left to his despair.

No, ever Blessed Virgin, Most merciful, most kind, No sinner cries for pity Who does not pity find.

And so to thee, my Mother, With all my faith I call; For Jesus, dying, gave thee A mother to us all.

To thee, O Queen of Virgins, O Mother meek, to thee I run with trustful fondness, Like child to Mother's knee. Oh, scorn not my petitions, But patiently give ear, And help me, O my Mother, Most loving and most dear.

—ARTHUR

## ACCEPT EACH DAY'S TRIALS AND JOYS IN THE PROPER SPIRIT

John Oxenham expresses the following beautiful thought in his "Hearts Courageous."

The night is very black and grim—Our hearts are sick with sorrow—But on the rim of the curtain dim A pulsing beam, a tiny gleam, Whispers of God's tomorrow.

Beyond the night there shines a light—Our eyes are dim with sorrow—But Faith still clings, and Hope still springs.

And Love still sings of happier things, For Life is fighting strong new wings In search of God's tomorrow.

But somehow a thought from Father Lasance rings truer; it is not a fretting for present ill and a self pitying and self-comforting by the thought of future peace. No; it is a welcome of each day's trials and joys, as coming from the hands of Divine Paternity for His little children's good. And welcoming and thus mastering the problems of each day, all a lifetime's puzzles are there in solved. This is how Father F. B. Lasance expresses it:

"Any one can bear his burden, however heavy, until nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, until the sun goes down. And this is all life ever means to us—just one day at a time."

And we all know "St. Teresa's Bookmark," as well as the famous words of consolation from St. Francis de Sales. But all this implies a childheart, the spirit of simplicity and trustfulness and undoubting faith. The greatest need of this day is for men who have forgotten to grow up; men and women, too, who are like children playing at their father's knee. As a devout French writer exclaims:

"O simplicity! truth of the early age, pure and childlike tenderness of the ancient days, will you never be restored? Must we believe that you are dead and gone forever? But if it be true that ages are in the life of the world as years are in that of man will you not O sweet springtime of Faith, after so long and dark a winter, return to restore youth to this earth and its innocence to our hearts?"—The Echo.

## CASTE

The auctioneer glanced at his book. "Number 29," he said, "black mare, aged, blind in near eye; otherwise sound."

The cold rain and the biting north-east wind did not add to the appearance of Number 29, as she stood, dejected, listless, with head drooping, in the center of the farmers and horse dealers who were attending the sale of cast off army horses.

She looked as though she realized that her day had waned, and that the bright steel work, the soft well-greased leather, the snowy head-ropes and the shining curb were to be put aside for less noble trappings.

She had a curiously shaped white blaze, and I think it was that, added to the description of her blindness, which stirred my memory within me. I closed my eyes for a second and it all came back to me, the gun stuck in the mud, the men straining at the wheels, the shells bursting, the reek of high explosive, the two leaders lying dead on the road, and above all two gallant horses doing the work of four and pulling till you'd think their hearts would burst.

I stepped forward and, looking closer at the mare's neck, found what I had expected, a great scar. That settled it. I approached the auctioneer and asked permission to speak to the crowd for a few moments.

"Well," said he, "I'm supposed to do the talking here, you know."

"It won't do you any harm," I pleaded, "and it will give me a chance to pay off a big debt."

"Right," he said, smiling, "carry on."

"Gentlemen," I said, "about this time a year ago I was commanding a battery in France. It was during the bad days, and we were falling back with the Hun pressing hard upon us. My guns had been fired all the morning from a sunken road, when we got orders to limber up and get back to rear position. We hadn't had a bad time till then, a few odd shells, but nothing that was meant especially for our benefit. And then, just as we were getting away, they spotted us, and a battery opened on us good and strong. By a mixture of good luck and great effort we'd got all the guns away but one, when a shell landed just in front of the leaders and knocked them both out with their driver; at the same time the gun was jerked off the road into a muddy ditch. Almost simultaneously another shell killed one of the wheelers, and there we were with one horse left to get the gun out of the ditch and along a road that was almost as bad as the ditch itself."

"I looked hopeless, and it was on the tip of my tongue to give orders to abandon the gun, when suddenly out of the blue there appeared on the bank above us a horse, looking unconcerned down at us."

"In those days loose horses were straying all over the country, and I took this to be one from another battery which had come to us for company."

"I turned to one of the men."

"Catch that mare quick!"

"In a few minutes we had the harness off the dead wheeler and on the new-comer. Pull? Gentlemen, if you could have seen those two horses pull!"

"We'd just got a move on the gun when another shell came and seemed to burst right on top of the strange mare. I heard a terrified squeal, and through the smoke I saw her stagger and with a mighty effort recover herself. I ran round and saw she'd been badly hit over the eye and had a great tearing gash in the neck. We never thought she could go on, but she pulled away just the same, with the blood pouring off her, till finally we got the gun out and down the road to safety."

"I got knocked out a few minutes later, and from that day to this I've often wondered what had happened to the mare that had served us so gallantly. I know now. There she stands before you. I'd know her out of a thousand by the white blaze, and if there was a doubt there's her blind eye and the scar on her neck."

"That's all, gentlemen; but I'm going to ask the man who buys her to remember her story and to see her last days are not too hard."

She fell at a good price to a splendid type of West Country farmer, and the auctioneer whispered to me, "I'm glad old Carey's got her. There's not a man in the country keeps his horses better."

"Old Carey" came up to me as we were moving off. "I had a son in France," he said, "in the gannets, too, but he hadn't the luck of the old mare"—he hesitated a moment and his old eyes looked steadily into mine—"for he'll never come back. The mare'll be all right, sir," he went on as he walked off, "easy work and full rations. I reckon she's earned them."—London Punch.

## CONDITIONS OF THE DAY

Everywhere in the world, there is an indefinable unrest, the gravity of which cannot be questioned. We live in a time when discontent is general. No one is satisfied with his lot; everyone, on the contrary, has complaints real or imaginary, and sometimes is under the influence of hate. Classes organize to fight. Employers complain of their workmen; workmen of their employers. Strikes become more and more numerous, and more and more disastrous. The women, on their part, seem tired of rocking the cradle and of the pains of maternity, and they prefer to the joys of the family, to occupy positions which hitherto have belonged to men.

Whilst the cities are gorged with population, the land finds fewer and fewer hands to work it, and to make it give up its fruits. And, as is natural, the cost of living does not

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stop going up, and makes housekeeping impossible in many cases. Let us add that those who have too much are ostentatious and consequently those who have not enough sometimes have sentiments of revolt. If some angels of charity give themselves to the miseries of the day to assuage them, how many there are who think only of amusing themselves and of making of life a joyous carnival. One might say that a frenzy of pleasure has seized on all classes of society. Nothing more is needed to relax the principle authority. The family spirit is slowly disappearing; and the good old traditions as well. Every one wants to overstep discipline and to satisfy their pleasures; all are seeking to get rich quickly by any means.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

## EVIDENCE OF LOWER PRICES

Evidences of an actual decline in the cost of living is contained in the latest report of the Federal Reserve Board. The downward tendency of prices is not startling, but it is nevertheless an indication that forecasts a sharp reduction in commodity prices. The Board declares that while the average monthly family expenditure for food decreased in seventeen cities, it increased in thirty-two. That local conditions of transportation and supply and demand, should cause prices to sag in some places is taken as the beginning of a reduction that will soon be noticed in all life's necessities.

One important factor that has not been overlooked by economists is the drop in the wholesale price of corn. The nation's autumn supply is now quoted at \$1.10 a bushel, a decrease of 50 cents from the former price of \$1.60 a bushel. When we realize that corn is the food of cattle, hogs, and poultry, and that the farmer uses it at the rate of billions of bushels annually, we can gain some idea of the saving that can be made in the purchase of meat products.

Two billion bushels of corn at 50 cents less a bushel means a saving of a billion dollars. Meat and dairy products in the economic phrase are merely condensed corn. If corn growers and shippers can reduce the price of corn, then meat packers can reduce the price of meat. The lower cost of meat products will mean a substantial decrease in the cost of by products such as hides and leather.

The story of corn is being repeated in the case of wheat and cotton and other staple products. The most encouraging news that the consumer has heard for many months was the recent announcement that prices for wool cloth are to average from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. lower than last year.

Same buying has proved a boon to the nation. The demand for luxuries and semi luxuries has fallen off and merchants are maintaining great caution in replenishing their stocks. The nation seems to have recovered from that disease which someone has called "expensitis."

The reopening of international trade, and the increase in tonnage of the world's shipping to far above the pre-war average, should bring the influence of international conditions again into our home markets.—The Pilot.

## HOME SICKNESS

Each year, at the beginning of the scholastic term, one notices a peculiar distress among the newcomers in a boarding school. Though new, and perhaps better than at home, the surroundings of the school do not at once fill a certain vacuum in the hearts and souls of those boys. In common parlance they have "the blues," unbidden tears flow from their eyes, and, in aggravated cases, there is an almost irresistible tendency of running away from school, running to the centre of gravitation for which their heart is aching—their home, where papa and mamma, brothers and sisters, loom up with a new force of attraction.

This shows that man lives not on material things alone. The sights and sceneries of his native place, the kind voice and smiling face of father and mother are feelings the soul as much as bread and meat feed the body. Torn away from these familiar scenes, the soul languishes like a flower or tree deprived of its native air and soil.

However, while certain plants can simply not subsist in certain climates, man has a great power of accommodation. Provided he has the fortitude to triumph over the first assaults of home sickness, he can manage to feel at home under almost any circumstances. But this does not mean that man is equally well off under any circumstances. From the very fact that environment

is part of his life, we should conclude that his personal worth depends very much on the character of his environment. As healthy or unhealthy food builds up or tears down the body, so a virtuous or vicious environment makes or mars the soul.

Parents, therefore, who must let their children go away from the sweet and elevating atmosphere of their home, for the sake of affording them the opportunity of a higher education, need have no fear, if they send their children to a Catholic boarding school. The Catholic boarding school is, for the Catholic boy or girl, the best substitute for the Catholic home. There the children have Fathers or Mothers who look after their bodily and spiritual welfare and who exercise the necessary amount of vigilance. From the standpoint of mental discipline, which is so essential during the years of intense work when the young people are pursuing their higher studies, the boarding school is even preferable to the home. For the home cannot possibly be free from social distractions which would withdraw the young mind from intense application to studies.—S. in The Guardian.

What is experience? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called our illusions.—Abbe Roux.



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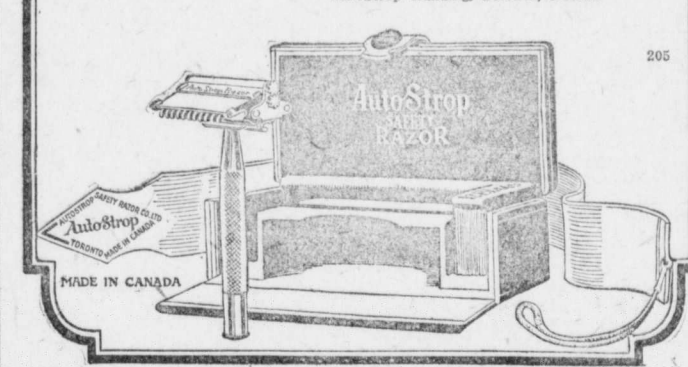
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