

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A SMILE

A smile is quite a funny thing; It wrinkles up your nose, And when it's gone you never find Its secret hiding place.

THE HIDDEN POWER

All a out us, we recognize that mighty forces are at work abetting man in his toilsome journey through life.

We pass swiftly from one point to another, vaguely cognizant of the fact that if we are able to do so; it is because of some stupendous power, — steam, electricity, whatsoever it may be — at work for our benefit.

Basil Valentine, the great founder of modern chemistry, could differentiate chemistry from the old alchemy and apply its precious treasures of information to the uses of medicine.

There is a Force stronger, more potent, more manifest than the mighty powers which we daily see applied to external things with such startling effect.

Great writers, preachers, teachers have alluded to this Power, even men of little faith or religious practice.

The fallacy of the last part of this otherwise noble analogy is apparent to the man of faith. There are those who have named this Unseen Power for us and made it their life study.

Long ago, when we were little children, and learning by slow steps the immense possibilities of the power to will, to reason, to act, we came to realize that there was a silent influence within us and around us, a silent voice, if we will, clear, persistent, now bidding us against our inclination to adopt one course rather than another, now warning, now reproaching, now spurring us on to renewed courage in the high hope of victory over self.

In all the ways of life, if we are sincere with ourselves, we must acknowledge that we have at some time or other met and struggled with the infinite.

There was a man, cultivated rather in heart than in soul, who, long since sat in the nave of an Old-World cathedral and heard for the first time the majestic swelling of the "Dies Irae."

The piercing cries of anguish, echoed by the choir and officiating priests in alternate chorus, awoke a great cry of fear in his soul.

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is the separation of the soul from the body and how dreadful it is to fall into the hands of the living and just God.

No, nothing can stand beside that hymn which sums all human passion gives them a galvanic life beyond the coffin and leaves them still palpitating, before the living and avenging God.

The consciousness of the great hidden Power which patches over man at every moment of his existence, when it dawns for the first time in all its intensity on the soul, stupefies, bewilders, terrifies, belittles, elevates.

The noblest ambition is oftentimes quenched in the insignificant trifles that disturb the even tenor of our lives. Courage fails at the sight of the accumulate forces that seek to destroy peace and confidence in the great significance of life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS WHAT A BOY CAN DO

"What can a boy do, anyhow?" You ask. "What, grand or great?" Listen a moment, lad, I pray, And I three things will state.

A boy can make the world more bright By kindly word or deed; As blossoms call for Nature's light, So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure By lips kept ever clean; Silence can influence just as sure As speech — oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true By an exalted aim; Let one a given end pursue, Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three Thus stated in my rhyme; Yet what, dear lad, could greater be?

THE LORD'S LEDGER There is living in New Orleans, in the downtown section, below Canal street, a good old Irishman who keeps a little wood and coal and produce shop.

Every night, after she closes up her little shop, she toils laboriously over these books, and, after ascertaining the day's profits, she enters one-tenth of the amount upon the credit side of the "Ledger of the Lord."

VULGAR ARTIFICIALITY Painting the lily was held by Shakespeare to be the acme of the ridiculous, the absurd and the unnecessary.

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clerks in his employ, according to the Times of that flowery city. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination on his knowledge of business.

At one examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?"

A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but he was not to be floored. He wrote: "Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

ORIGIN OF ALMA MATER Perhaps it may not be generally known that the term "Alma Mater," which is universally applied to colleges and universities where men receive their scholastic training, is of purely Catholic origin.

It has its source at the University of Bonn, and drew its inspiration from the beautiful-chiseled statue of the Mother of Christ — known as the Alma Mater — placed over the principal portal of that celebrated seat of learning.

NOTRE DAME SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Notre Dame, Ind., Dec. 13.—Destructive criticism is the rule adopted by the several organizations composed of students of Journalism at the University of Notre Dame, which now has more than one hundred young men engaged in preparing themselves to enter the newspaper and literary world.

The inauguration of the department in 1912 was a response to the appeal of Pope Pius X. for a Catholic press that would furnish a militant defense of the faith.

Although one of the smallest departments at the University, the students of journalism far outnumber any other group in the point of honors won.

THE POLICY OF DR. JOHN COONEY; who has charge of the Department of Journalism, is not to burden the student with technical knowledge regarding the manufacture, sale and distribution of newspapers, but to have them devote their time to history, economics, philosophy, English and other subjects that make up a really liberal education.

THE ROSARY SAVES A SOUL

The following incident may serve to strengthen our resolution to say our Rosary daily:

A young officer in the army, who had been careless in the practice of his duties to God, had, however, one virtue; he had bound himself by a promise to say the Rosary every day. This promise, he faithfully kept for years.

One day during the War, he returned to his tent utterly worn out with fatigue and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

He sprang up and as one after another the beads passed through his fingers contrition for passed sins entered his heart.

Impressed by the coincidence he consented and made his confession. When the day dawned, he assisted at the chaplain's Mass and received Holy Communion.

See Velvetex Announcement on page 8.

DUTY

We are told that the world is divided into two classes of men—those who are afraid of the head waiter and those who are not.

To state the axiom more plainly, there are two classes of people in the world—those who are afraid of the judgment of others and who quail before public opinion—and those who fear nothing when they know they are in the right.

The effect of this noble charge on the little group of jurors, representing widely diversified vocations—the farmer from the fields, the teacher from the classroom, the store-keeper, the accountant,—can readily be conjectured.

In these troublous times when the aftermath of a World War has left many countries disorganized and their resources diminished, when we find anarchy running riot and honest men paying the penalty of their heroism by death—there are still those who stick fast to duty although arrayed against them are the insuperable forces of might and power.

Almost two thousand years ago, on the Hill of the Beatitudes, a majestic Figure stood forth fearlessly and proclaimed the most astounding doctrine the world had ever heard up to that time.

Since that day, with the great Promise ringing in their ears, men have come forth willingly and gladly to promulgate doctrines which they believe to be right at the risk of odium and even death itself.

For the upholding of right ideals, men have suffered in our own day and will always suffer. For the world, as in the days of Christ, has no willingness to be held in check.

In the mean, petty, trivial commonplace sorrows of every day in the world we can take new courage from the glorious example of the many who, bearing their burdens, have nobly above the difficulties, the animosities, the crudenesses of their lot.

All the world loves a hero. Whether he be a conqueror through fire or sword, of great armies, of the physical secrets of the universe—or whether he be a conqueror over the odds of life—the thought of him causes the heart to beat more quickly and a flush of pride to kindle in the eye.

The world today has its martyrs in every walk of life, they who have "kept the will unshaken and their vision unobscured. Terrible, unpersuadable and right"—these moral heroes come forth into the arena of public opinion and stand unabashed before the throng.

Of such a hero of our own day and hour, the press of his native country pays a glorious tribute. Men's eyes grow moist and their hearts beat high as they read. A long and solitary fight he made of it in order to bear the burden imposed on a sensitive and lofty soul.

His record is a glorious one and has been written well. Here is the type of man who is dear to the heart of all true Americans, although he was of another land and clime. He spent a great soul in doing his duty. No man has ever done more.

Inadequately fed and clad, without exercise or even sufficient air, he toiled unremittingly in his little office trying to work out his noble and lofty ideals.

A saintless soul, a man of unscrupulous honor is a king on earth. Great souls have always risen above the bugbear of human respect. On his deathbed, Beethoven, the greatest Music Master of the ages, read Scott for the first

time. He threw "Kenilworth" down with the utterance: "The man writes only for money." He did not accept the fact that pecuniary difficulties are ever an excuse for selling a great and glorious gift for less than its worth.

For the honor and glory of the race there are such men as these in every country and age. Unblinded, unthought, "all alone their fight without a friend to make their sword-arm lighter. Their signature is their bond for the honor of the nation in whose behalf they have pledged their lives."

DRINK EVIL GROWS IN IRELAND

Dublin, Dec. 9.—Unfortunately, during the past year and a half the drink evil has become a menace to Ireland. From July, 1921, almost to the present time, the liquor traffic was uncontrolled, because there was no regular police force in the country.

The Free State Government has organized a force called the Civic Guard, which, when completed, is to consist of 4,000 men. General O'Duffy is Commissioner of the Civic Guard. Addressing members of this force at their training ground, he said:

"Ireland never was less temperate than it is today. It is an absolute disgrace to see public houses in Dublin and the country towns with their front doors open for practically 24 hours a day, and those who cannot conveniently get to town for drink are manufacturing their own."

He pleaded for the unity of all parties on a common platform for the suppression of drunkenness. Prominent Republicans have repeatedly protested against the national danger of increased drinking.

A little while before his death, the late Cardinal Brugha, himself a lifelong abstainer, wrote an able pamphlet on the subject. Mr. De Valera also emphasized the view that temperance was the economic and moral necessity of the hour.

This agreement on a very urgent public question is one of the hopeful signs in the Irish situation.

SCHOOL QUESTION IN IRELAND

Dublin, Dec. 17.—Education has received recent attention from the members of the Free State Dail. On the estimates, many phases of the problem were discussed. Improvements and reforms of various kinds were suggested.

In effect the answer of the Free State Minister of Education was that for the present no sweeping changes would be made.

WANT RELIGION TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS Equally with every other body in Ireland, the teachers were anxious that religion should be taught in the schools. He would never support any system in which the teaching of religion under the supervision of ecclesiastical authorities was not a part of the day's work performed by the teachers.

Catholic teachers in the Six Counties who had refused to recognize the Belfast Government have now acknowledged that administration and will henceforward receive their salaries from the Ministry of Education in Belfast.

Pure Green Tea— is guaranteed the finest when it bears the name "SALADA" Famous for its Flavor—Just try a sample.

Hotel Fort Shelby Detroit Lafayette Blvd. at First St. Close to Detroit's Busiest Corner Winning for Detroit Fame For Hospitality In the front rank of Detroit's fine hotels, the Fort Shelby, with its 400 pleasant rooms, offers you uncommon advantages in location, environment, service and equipment.

Then The Gifted Musician Called Neither Janes nor his wife were real musicians. She could play a little and he liked music, but they weren't expert judges of it. They had bought a Sherlock-Manning Piano. They liked it—but they weren't just sure that they had chosen wisely.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company London, Ontario

Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about.

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