

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONLY TO DO HIS WILL

We may not ask for life or death God knoweth what is best, Love's trusting prayer rests with Him,

Let anxious thoughts then rest, He will all things on earth dispose, His will therefore be done, In joy or trial ask His aid, From rise to set of sun.

God's special promises are theirs, Who win more souls for heaven, Whose justice tempered is with love

And good impulse is given, For he that clothes the lilies fair, Watches the sparrow's fall, Will give His angel's charge o'er thee,

His love repayeth all, Happy the hearts that trust our Lord, For they to Him are dear, When weary of self and selfish aims,

That still small voice we hear, Because He shed His precious blood On Calvary's gloomy height, Now gives His flesh to us for food,

To make earth's burdens light.

-M. S. MARCIANT

THINK THIS OVER MEN

The widespread idea that irritability is only a bad habit and is always to be conquered through merely exercising one's will power, is a mischievously mistaken idea, says N. Addison Bruce in Forbes' Magazine.

Almost always, as a matter of fact, to be irritable is to be afflicted with some degree of ill-health, psychic or physical. As the Boston physician, Meyerson, tersely states the case, "Irritability is a common reaction of the neurotic and the weak." The really healthy, the mentally and physically vigorous, are seldom irritable and never grouchy.

They are too full of a sense of organic well-being for grouchiness to take possession of them. But let a man become weakened from any cause and at once, if merely as a symptom of nerve fatigue, he may begin to develop grouchy ways. Everybody has had the experience of feeling short tempered after a sleepless night, an attack of indigestion, or a few days of total deprivation from outdoor exercise.

In like manner chronic ill-temper may have its origin in the persistent keeping of late hours, persistent overheating or persistent failure to exercise. These results of nerve poisoning and exhaustion that may have grouchiness as its outstanding sign. There are numerous grouchy workers who need only change their living habits in order to banish their chronic irritability and simultaneously improve their business prospects.

ROSARY MONTH

There is a deep significance and a striking fitness in every action of Holy Mother Church. She knows best the secrets of the great King. She understands better than any mother the cravings of the human heart. Hence, the Church's every religious act is fraught at once with a profound suggestiveness and a tender symbolism which we will do well to study.

It calls for no great powers of mind, for instance, to understand why the Church sets aside with a special consecration the sweetest, loveliest month of the year to the fairest daughter of Adam. May-month seems naturally Mary-month.

But what reason can there be for consecrating October to the Queen of the Rosary?

For is October not the time when Nature is stripped of her garments by the harsh winds and sharp storms that blow mercilessly from the north? Do not the trees and shrubs then stretch out their arms in mute protest against the heartless despoiler who leaves them to stand shivering in the cold? The golden fragrance of the harvest season is carefully stored away for the dank days when Nature will no longer be bountiful and productive, because asleep on a bed of ice.

What mystic connection can there be between this agony of Nature and the Rosary?

October reminds man that life, like Nature, has a winter season. The cold winds of sorrow will blow lustily through the days that promised to be ever warm with the sunshine of gladness. Sadness will usurp the place of joy, falling like a pall over our lives. Misunderstandings will make the future black with the blackness of Egyptian night. Sickness will take all the pleasure out of life.

Now, the dark days of life will be filled with desolation and discontent unless we can bring a light to shine into them. And the only light that never fails is the light that we borrow from heaven. Religion alone can penetrate into the dark corners of the soul. It is the powerful Mazda lamp whose brilliant spark will help to make our lives cheerful and our philosophy of life optimistic. And as the Church wishes us to be always happy, she

turns our eyes to Christ who is the "Light Inexhaustible," and to Mary, the Morning Star, "bright as the sun in its meridian." Into our darkened lives Holy Mother Church makes the light of Mary's smile to shine from the one hundred and fifty lamps which she has strung together on the living electric wire of the Rosary.

The man who loves his Rosary is never wholly sad, never utterly lonely, never entirely discontented, because he basks in the light of Mary's friendship. The man who walks through the dark ways of life need never fear when he has her beads for the lamp of his feet. Just as the sharpest wind that blows cannot harm a man well clad, so the winds of adversity cannot chill the courage of him whose hand is fast bound to Mary's by the Rosary.

October, then, is consecrated to the Rosary because the Church would remind us to store up strength for the hard days that are still before us.—The Rosary Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MARY"

O wondrous Mother! Since the dawn of time Was ever joy, was ever grief like thine? Oh, highly favored in thy joy's deep flow, And favored e'en in this, thy bitterest woe!

Poor was that home in simple Nazareth, Where thou, fair-growing like some silent flower, Last of a kingly line—unknown and lowly,

O dear lily!—passed thy childhood's hour. The world knew not the tender, serious maiden, Who through deep, loving years so silent grew,

Filled with high thoughts and holy aspirations, Which, save thy fathers' God, no eye might view.

And then it came that message from the Highest, Such as to woman ne'er before descended;

The Almighty's shadowing wings thy soul o'erspread, And with thy life the life of worlds was blended.

Well did thy dark eye kindle, thy deep soul Rise into billows and thy heart rejoice;

Then woke the poet's fire, the prophet's song, Tuned with strange, burning words thy timid voice.

Then in dark contrast came the lowly manger, The outcast feet, the tread of brutal feet;

Again, behold earth's learned and her lowly— Sages and shepherds—prostrate at thy feet!

Then to the temple bearing, hark again, What strange, conflicting words of prophecy Breathe o'er the Child, foreshadowing words of joy,

High triumph, and yet bitter agony. Oh, highly favored thou, in many an hour Spent in lone musing with thy wondrous Son,

When thou didst gaze into that glorious eye, And hold that mighty hand within thine own.

Blessed in those thirty years, when in thy dwelling He lived, a God, disguised with unknown power, And thou, His sole adorer—His best love— Trusting, revering, waitedst for His hour!

-HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

MONTH OF THE HOLY ROSARY "Let us not cease to pray well." These words of the World War victor, General Foch, may well serve as a motto for the month of October, known and loved by Catholics as the month of the Holy Rosary. There is distress and anxiety and discontent in many hearts which might be soled by the comfort always found by the earnest Catholic in the devout saying of the Beads.

How can we be content with our own consolation where all around us our neighbors are yearning and longing for spiritual help. How blessed the brave act of any one who will lead one such struggling, striving soul to the shelter of the Blessed Mother's arms during this October. Share the joy of your beads with some one else! Put human respect aside! Show your beads; and, if necessary, explain them. Cheer a lax Catholic to the use of them, or lead a non-Catholic to try them, and you will have endeared yourself to our Mother in heaven. How changed the world would be in the twinkling of an eye, if all would take the great warrior's advice, in itself but the restatement of a very hallowed command. "Let us not cease to pray well."—Catholic Standard and Times.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS

If you find yourself thinking unkindly of any one, turn about and think of every good thing you can about him, and you will find him a

pretty good person after all. Try to say something good about every person about whom you hear something bad, and see how quickly you will overcome the habit of speaking unkindly of people.

Giggling is one of the annoying habits that many girls indulge in. Something seems ridiculous and they start to giggle, and continue to giggle whether there really is anything funny to laugh at or not. Do you know a good remedy for this? Try to recall the prettiest song you ever heard, or the prettiest poem. Try to name all the pretty flowers you ever saw. Get your friend or chum to try it, too; for it is pretty hard for one girl to stop giggling when a chum is giggling in her ear. This plan will work, for I tried it years ago.

Disorderliness is a common habit among boys and girls. If you find yourself growing careless, try to make a place for everything and keep it there. If for one week you never allow yourself to put a thing anywhere but in its proper place, you will find that after that you will put your things away unconsciously, and when you want them you will find them. You may have to run to your room many times a day at first to put away forgotten things, but if you persevere you will surely be rewarded. And when you start out in life for yourself, you will find the habits of method, neatness, and orderliness valuable possessions.—Pilgrim Visitor.

TAKE CARE OF BABY

The life of a baby depends more or less on the sanitary care taken by the mother. Many an infant has had disastrous results from using a poor and unsanitary rubber nipple. Millions of "Nobility" Nipples have been sold and not one unsatisfactory case has resulted. It is a clear transparent nipple of excellent rubber, thoroughly antiseptic and will stand sterilization to the highest degree without collapsing. Buy the "Nobility" Nipple, the best for the baby. Sold at all drug stores.

THE JOY OF BEAUTY

There is a pretty story told of Ruskin by one of his friends who visited the old man in his retirement at Herne Hill. He had gone to visit Ruskin, and the two were sitting together out-of-doors, talking, in the afternoon. Presently there came a man, the gardener, who spoke to Ruskin with familiar deference: "I thought I would come and tell you, sir," he said, "that the schizanthus is in flower." Ruskin jumped up excitedly. "Thank you," he said, "we'll come and see it." And he took his guest to see the two or three blossoms that had suddenly appeared, as if by magic, in the garden.

It is an anecdote that one likes greatly. Beauty was such a precious thing and such a welcome thing to the man who was a world celebrity, not only in his own day, but for all the days that the English language will be read and spoken. Beauty-lover as he was known to be, from the highest intellectuals of his public down to the gardener's boy on his estate, word had to be brought him quickly when any new beauty had arrived within the possibility of his observation.

Something fair and wonderful is always appearing somewhere about us in our world, if only we had eyes to see and hearts to feel and appreciate the loveliness around us. The schizanthus is always breaking into flower. At any moment we might see the butterfly blossoms appear in radiant bloom. It is well for us if we have hearts that leap up like Ruskin's at the dainty prettiness of the schizanthus, well for us if we are quick to love Beauty and greet it wherever we see it.

And the schizanthus is always breaking into flower. The Kuskine anecdote reminds us of that lovely little fragment written by one of our living English poets which he titled "A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace."

ANGLICANS ARE PLANNING PILGRIMAGE TO FORMER BENEDICTINE MINSTER

London, Sept. 6.—Under the impression that St. Alban, the Protomartyr of Britain, was an Anglican, the Anglicans of the St. Alban's diocese are projecting a huge diocesan pilgrimage to their cathedral church in honor of the Saint. The Bishop of the diocese proposes to his faithful that they should carry roses, which are to be deposited on the shrine of the Saint. As a matter of fact, St. Alban was a Roman Catholic in every sense of the word. A Catholic by religious profession, and a Roman soldier by secular occupation, he suffered death for the Faith under an edict of the Roman Emperors when England was Britain and not England. His shrine is in the vast minster church, which served the Benedictine monks of the historic Abbey of St. Alban's as their conventual church. When the monks were turned out the Anglicans retained the church, and when their new diocese was founded in recent times, the abbey became the cathedral. So, on the theory that they possess and retain the stone walls of this great church, the Anglicans will publicly demonstrate their belief that the Roman soldier-martyr who suffered martyrdom in the early part of the fourth century was a member of the Church of England!



For Tired, Stiff, Aching Muscles and as a Rub-down for Athletes DR. CHASE'S LINIMENT

Her shoulders were bowed, and her hands red and roughened with the labor of caring for her family. Her face was seamed and wrinkled, and no longer pleasingly attractive in its youthful contour. But that old woman on the hills knows still the joy and thrill of Beauty. She knows how to lift up her eyes to the hills where Absolute Beauty dwells. Her hands still tremble with delight in plucking the newly-arrived violets, and her old face still lights up at the first twittering of the returning swallows. "I always come home from church through the wood," says she, "and I never pass that way without seeing something new, and realizing what a beautiful world God has placed us in."

For her, the schizanthus is always breaking into a wealth of radiant blossoms; for her the sun sets in a sea of gold in the Western sky; for her the birds melt their notes in liquid music; and the hills in their solid strength communicate to her soul peace, comfort, and abiding faith in God. She has kept the windows of her mind open, and it has been granted her to keep her soul above the mere sordid, degenerating struggle for existence—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help." To her, every rose is an autograph in God's own handwriting, and the breeze whispers His Name.

But all are not like this pure-souled, great-hearted woman. "Beautiful view you have here," said a visitor to another dweller on the self-same hills. "View? What view?" demanded the resident, querulously. "We have no time for looking at views up here, and neither would you have time to be raving about beautiful views if you were not a visitor with nothing particular to fill up your hours."

For the peevish old resident, the schizanthus would break into butterfly blossoms in vain. His back was so bent with the burden of the day's labor that he had forgotten he had around him daily, incessantly, every time he chose to lift his eyes to the eternal hill, beauties of Nature denied to those hemmed in by city walls, bricks, and pavements. He had no time nor inclination to look at the hills and woods, the stars and the flowers, or listen to the song of the birds. His eyes and his ears were blind and deaf to the world's loveliness, which is only a faint reflex of the loveliness of God who is Beauty Incarnate. The nearer we come to see and recognize and appreciate the beauty lying around us in the familiar and commonplace surroundings of our daily life, the nearer we shall come to God Who is the source of all beauty; for that is the mission of true loveliness, to bring us to, not lead us away from God. Daily, during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we hear the eloquent words—"Earth is full of Thy Glory." And the Sanctus in solemn tones, full of dignity and grandeur, gives answer—"We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy Great Glory."

And with the poet once more we may say—"With quickened hearts That find Thee everywhere, We thank Thee, Lord." —Loreto House.

BROOKLYN MINISTER PAYS TRIBUTE TO FAITH IN FRANCE

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The Rev. Charles C. Albertson, a Brooklyn minister, in an article in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, wrote of France and the Catholic Church as follows:

"People who imagine that the Roman Catholic Church in France is moribund or decadent, should witness the evidences of popular interest in the Eucharistic Congress in session at the Church of the Madeleine and at Notre Dame. "A great open air altar had been set up in front of Notre Dame and decorated with thousands of white lilies. The square surrounding the edifice, was crowded on Sunday with devout pilgrims from all parts of the city and from the country. Peasant families were numerous, and after the service made themselves comfortable in nearby parks, where they ate their box lunches."

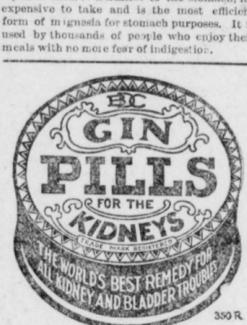
What an honor God confers on us when He calls us to travel the same road as His Divine Son!

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain How To Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The follicle stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sour, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any drug store a few ounces of Bismuthated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter-glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and the acid is no longer gas or pain. Bismuthated Magnesia in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk—is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.



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Toronto Globe: "If this charming idyll of Gascony fails to become a classic it will be because the eye of literature has perished from the land." Ida M. Tarbell: "Abbe Pierre is delightful. It has left me a whole galaxy of pleasant portraits and a tremendous determination to find my way to the only one of these days." Gertrude Atherton: "Exquisite! I don't think I ever found as many beautiful thoughts in any one book." George Madden Martin, author of "Marie Curie": "Comes like a breath of cool pure air amid so much that is dry and arid. It is the other side of Main Street." The New York World: "We move a vote of thanks for Mr. Hudson's book, and so far as we are concerned it is unanimously carried." Marie Conway Demier, author of "Slippy Moches": "Like a whiff of clover and a cool breeze on a hot day. I am sure Father de Rance would have adored Abbe Pierre." Eleanore Gates: "Author of 'The Rich Little Poor Boy.' After many books which have been trumpeted as 'works of art,' 'inspiration,' 'Abbe Pierre comes as a relief, a bouquet.' The New York Herald: "The charm of the book is very real. His old Abbe is a 'creation'—it is pure sentiment, but never sentimentality—a book that one will dip into again and again with genuinely enlightening, comforting warmth." St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "It searches the depths of the human heart, so near to smiles and also so near to tears, it grips one in a way that surprises."

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