ROYAL
Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD.

IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED

DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR

CHATS WITH YOUNG

A HEALTHY HABIT

One of our noted educators retraits which we observe in young people given to our care I would draw attention to the passing of strict honesty. We may not close our eyes to the unpleasant fact that in twenty-five years 'smartness which is so often but impudent trick ery, has ousted certain fine things from youth's ideals. I do not mean that all our boys are actively dishonest, but they are less punctillious about honesty than they should be."
No other virtue is of more intrinsic moral worth than that of absolute honesty. Upon it rests the haracter no race of men or code of thought may live. Honesty mean soundness through and through, an absence of pretense, a wholesome healthy condition that renders im possible the telling of falsehoods, the pilfering in a hundred small ways of things or honors that do not belong to one

Thou shalt not steal "-so runs one of the commandments that Moses received for us. "Thou shalt not steal "—yet many who obey that law to the letter break it in the pirit. For though they would not touch a neighbour's purse or property, they have no hesitation about stealing other things from him, his deas his ambitions, his honor and his reputation.

We all know the anecdote that fly like birds of ill omen about the heads of Gossip's victims; how, here a word and there a word" with a few suggestive smiles and a cold silence or two achieve the blackening of a reputation and set inno cert men upon the painful way of "living a story down."

"Do unto others as ye would that they would do unto you," is a part of the old and golden rule and every time we break it we, lose something of moral wholesomeness since truth and love depend for perfection upon honesty, A striking instance is told relative to the sterling honesty of a

Detroit workingman.

Late one Saturday night as he left the store, where he had been " shopping" for his wife he stepped upon a olled up handkerchief in which a \$10 bill was pinned. No one saw him pick up the treasure, there were no marks on the handkerchief and no doubt \$10 would have helped him to place certain little "extras" before his sick wife. But he went straight to a news office, paid for a full advertisement and five days later turned the handkerchief and bill over to the original owner, poor old Polish woman. In one of the ways in which stories of such things get around several of his feland chaffed him roundly for being so glaringly "honest." "I could not have touched a nickel of it," he said. "It would have burned a hole in my pocket; besides, my father brought us all up to know the difference between right and wrong, and I remember that a great saying of

I remember that a great cap."
his was: "Be as honest as the day." Are many fathers bringing their sons up in that fashion now.—Michi-

THE TROUBLE WITH TOM

Many men are dreamers, who can but who are not men of action and make good" when the time for action comes.

What's become of Tom Irving ?" asked an elderly man who had returned to his native town for an Old Home Week celebration. "When I left, Tom was the coming man here, but I don't see his name on the program, or hear anyone speak of

Is he dead ?" "No," was the reply, "but his epitaph is written."

Ah, you mean he is incurably ill? Poor Tom? He was the cleverest and most brilliant fellow, really a The town could hardly afford to lose such a man!"

'It hasn't lost him. Tom Irving is as well as he ever was in his life But his epitaph has been written for twenty years, just the same. found it in a magazine one day, labeled 'An epitaph for a has been, and it exactly suits Tom's case. It has just five words in it, but they are to Solomon was seven years in buildeled 'An enitanh for a has-been,' and

He stopped running to wish.' " "Tom was in the running, all right, when I left," said the returned native. "He had everyone else beaten, at least it looked that way." It would have been that too, if he had kept on," said the

"But he found running hard, steady work, and he loved to dream and to imagine great things. Tom had an imagination that stopped at nothing. He let it crowd out the working end of life. He dreamed of being a leader, until he forgot to keep step with the front ranks of the company any more, and so he kept falling back until he didn't even keep step with the last rank, and they passed on and left him behind. For years he has been a nonentity, a fail-His wife and daughters keep a boarding house to support him, and Tom sits round and talks of what he

chance. Poor Tom !" Poor Tom, indeed. There are many of his kind, all over the land. Some of them were gifted and fortunate when they began the race. some were just ordinary in their qualities and abilities. But of all, same thing was true, and worked

meant to do for the community, and would have done if he had had the

castles instead of laying foundations. Not even a genius can do that, and succeed, much less an ordinary human being: So all the possibilities of their lives were lost while they dreamed and wished, and shirked.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN HONORABLE NEWSBOY

"I chanced to be walking down town," says a correspondent of a contemporary, "during that hard storm we had a few weeks ago. The wind struck a small newsboy about eight years old and scattered his-papers right and left in the mud. As he picked up the few that were near him, I heard him say, 'Dat

"For some foolish reason I laughed. probably at the odd speech. Turning on me he asked, savagely, 'Wot yer

"Not at you, my boy,' I hastened to explain, and then to put myself right, I said, 'Here's a quarter to start you in business again.'
"He thanked me. 'You ain't a bad sort,' he said, and he scooted off to

the newspaper office.
"This was not the last I saw of

him. As I was hurrying to the ferry, I heard the patter of feet. He overtook me, and asked breathlessly Say, mister, do you go by this way every night?' Why?" I asked.

"'Cause,' he continued, 'I want ter

cause, he continued, I want ter give you a paper every night till I squares things with yer.'
"Now, is there a man," continued the correspondent, "who wouldn't like to help a boy of that sort; or who doesn't believe that in half a little little little would develop into a little lift he would develop into a successful man ?" - Sunday Com-

THE GENTLEMAN BOY An eminent educator, addressing an assemblage of parents, said in

part:
"Let your boy with the first lisp ings of speech be taught to speak accurately on all subjects, be they trivial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell s

iie.
"Early instill into your boy's mind decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys make namby pamby useless to themselves and to everybody else.

"Teach your boy to have an object in view, the backbone to go after it, and then stick.

"Teach your boy to disdain revenge. Revenge is a sin that grows with his strength. Teach him to write kindness in marble, injuries in

"There is nothing that improves boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his him on his honor—trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy, who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make

gentleman, nothing else will.
"Let your boy wait upon himself as much as possible. he has to depend upon himself the more manly a little fellow he will show himself. Self dependence will call out his energies, bring into exercise his talents. The wisest charity is to help a boy to help him-

"Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy wh is happy in his father."

THE MYSTIC SEVEN

On the seventh day God ended his

In seven days a dove was sent. Abraham pleaded seven times for

Jacob mourned seven days for Jacob pursued a seven days' jour-

ney to Laban. A plenty of seven years, and famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream of seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days, and remained seven days in their tents.

Each seventh day the law was read

In the tabernacle there were seven lamps. Naaman washed seven times in the

River Jordan. There are seven sacraments. There are seven capital sins. Our Saviour spoke seven times from he cross, and after His resurrection

He appeared seven times. In the Apoculypse we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven pledges, seven thunders, seven vir gins, seven angels and a seven headed monster.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS TEND TO NARROWNESS

Vocational guidance so strongly advocated at the present time by many educators was declared a men-ace by Dr. T. E. Shields of the Cath olic University of America, in an address before the general assembly of the summer school at Dubuque

college.
"The general tendency in this country at the present time is to measure everything by dollars and cents," said Dr. Shields. "Vocationout in the same way. They stopped running to wish. They bullt air cultural view of our people. Specialal guidance is destroying the whole

izing on one subject shuts out every-thing else and gives us a people that is dangerous. They are narrow, and they think themselves authority on everything under the sun. This tendency to specialize has caused an appalling deficiency in the educational life of America. People want and like broader views, and specializing tends to narrow."

A LOST INSTINCT

One of the strongest bonds to keep society together, to prevent its dissolution and ruin, is the realization of its dependence upon the Creator and of its duties towards Him. It is the individual's clear perception of his responsibility to a higher law, and of the stern sanction of that law. One phase of this, Catholics call the sense of sin.

Now, if there be one fact looming ominous in our modern world, it is the gradual sponging out, the attri-tion of the idea of sin. The intellect of millions calmly slumbers in the treacherous repose of indifferentism and scepticism, of doubt, agnosticism and infidelity. multitudes are in an intellectual coma. Their souls have become dulled and atrophied by the miasmas of a rank materialism, poisoned by the virus of sensualism and vice. A misty twilight has settled down upon the tribunal of conscience Man's nobler powers have been swallowed up in a portentous eclipse. Darkness and light seem to have compromised. Those great ideas, the storm-anchors of humanity on life's restless seas, God. Eter-nity, Judgment, Sin, are blurred to shadowy and evanescant outlines; an infallible sign of corruption and decay. This explains the age, its low moral ity, its vertiginous return to the pagan-

ism of Greece and Rome.

No age, it is true, has the accursed monopoly of sin. All men are sons and heirs of the great original trans gressions. All are smirched with its guilt and stain. All ages are more or less sinful. Even in the days of the early Church, when the lessons of the Gospel had brought forth their loveliest flowers; even in the Ages of Faith, the ages of the great universities and the Gothic cathedrals, when humility, meek ness, charity and chastity bloomed under the shadow of the Cross, sudden, at times savage outbursts of lust, cruelty, or revenge, proved that the volcanic fires of passion only slumbered, but were not quenched. The paroxysm over these men, these ages recognized them. They did not juggle with it as with a toy. They knew its nature, its malice. They bewailed their crimes. They did manly, at times, heroic penance for them. For them sin was sin. It was not veneered with thin sophisms, glossed with glittering phrases. They knew that by their sins they had debased their nature to ignoble uses. They knew they had offended God. They had the sense, the instinct of sin. In spite of themselves they shuddered at it; they dreaded its fearful con-

equences in time and in eternity. Our century has gone beyond all that. Pilate, the representative of pagan age, asked in the presence of the Living Truth: "What is truth?" and would not waitfor an answer. In the very shadow of the Cross, men today shrug their shoulders and sneeringly exclaim "What is Sin?" and go their way. Evolutionists tell us that animals and men themselves gradually lose those organs, or at least the use of those organs which the struggle for existence no longer sum. ing itself out of its old rudimentary cocoon. It is sloughing off, with many other things, the sense, the instinct and the fear of sin. Useful, perhaps, in a former age, in an earlier period of the world's civilization, we need it no longer. Not a few proclaim this gospel from the house tops. Thousands whisper it to their deluded hearts and act it in their ives. Right and wrong belong to the lexicon of the bygone age. thought of sin must not spoil our banquets or break the cadence of the whirling dance or dim the guady lights and colors of our festivities. What has it to do with youth and pleasure and wealth, with roses and

pleasure and wealth, with roses and garlands and song? So millions speak. The causes of this dreadful state of affairs are varied and numerous. At the very root of the matter, as foundation stones on which this second tower of Babel rests, we must place the destructive principles of a false philos ophy. And this even for those who could not define what philosophy means, but who unconsciously have been inoculated by the poison of modern unbelief. Thousands have never heard of the animosities of Kant, of the philosophy of Hegel, Fichte or Schelling. But thousands hold what they taught The "identity of contraries and The "identity of contraries and differences" would puzzle them. Without knowing it, they profess it. From the clouded heights where the leaders of that false philosophy pitched their tents, the fog has crept ver the dwellers in the lowlands of life and blurred, distorted into grotesque shapes the true forms of things. Do we not hear it said that a statement may be false yet not false, a lie yet not a lie, that there may be a God, yet not a God, that what one affirms another may with equal truth deny? Does it not mean equatrum usny. Does not mean that there is no such thing as objective truth, that a thing is true or false as we think it so? Coming to concrete examples they will tell you that sin is an evil, yet not an evil, wrong, yet not wrong, that you can

AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED. shun it or worship it as you please. Does it not finally come to this that men must not be troubled about it, that it is not to be taken into ity and civilization. Where that sense account when we are to assert our individuality, and when it may stand in the way of the perfect expression and realization of self? Is that

novel, the lecture room, or behind

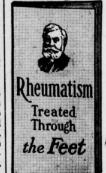
the glaring foot-lights of the stage

If multitudes doubt the very exist-ence of objective truth and ignore the difference between right and wrong, just as many are unconsciously affected by pantheism. And pantheism, denying all distinction between God and Creation, makes sin impossible. God and man, says the pantheist, are one. Man is responsible to himself alone for his cts. Morality is thus destroyed. Man is his own rule of conduct, his own standard of action. Identified with the absolute right and the absolute good, he can not deviate from that right and good, he can not sin. And the conclusion of the materialist does not differ. there be no spiritual if we are puppets driven hither and thither in a tragico comical Punch and Judy show at the will of blind, relentless forces, if we are mere automata, there can be no sin. For sin is the free, conscious, deliberate choice of moral evil. It is a free man's act. It is a stain upon the spiritual soul. And, who, says a materialist of the school of Moleschott, had seen, felt or weighed a soul? Who has caught it in his test tube or imprisoned it in his retort Closely analyzed, the popular Phil osophies of to day, Positivism and Bergsonism, and Christian Science and Pragmatism lead to the denial of sin. These doctrines are fast griping generation in their merciless has been re-edited; entire articles have been expunged. Now the Decalogue must go. It must be broken to pieces and the fragments kept as curios for the smile and the sneer of posterity. The great law of the New Covenant will be: "There is no such thing as sin! Think, do as thou wiit! Eat and be merry! Crown thy brow with roses! To-morrow we

The fearful consequences of this perversion of the moral sense must give us pause. Numbers no longer distinguish between good and evil. With them fair is foul and foul is fair. As in the great tragedy, so in their hearts, all good things begin to droop and drowse. Moral corrup-tion follows intellectual falsehood The voice of conscience is dulled contemptuously set aside. Christian nortification is a superstition to be laughed at. Mastery of the passion self-control are absolutely unknown

A sense, an instinct, has been lost Yet the perception of good and evil. the sense and instinct of right and wrong, of virtue and sin, is the prerogative of our nature It is the sign of its nobility and

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grandeur. Where it is vigorous and active, society and the individual alike rise in the scale of true moraleither fails entirely or is consider ably blunted, we can not expeclofty ideas or a pure and noble And when to the teachings of a ruin ous philosophy the passions lend their aid, when the allurements of the world, enhanced by all the wizardry of science and the bland-ishments of art, afford every opportunity for reckless indulgence we wonder that Christians, Catholics at times, reproduce in their speech and in their dress, in their amuse ments, in social and in private life, in their mad rush for pleasure, wealth; for worldly success and honors, all the worse features of a Corinthian morality or a Babylonian civilization? To save society, to lift up the individual, we must reassert again in unmistakable lan guage, the great principles of Catho lic ethics and the moral law. A mag nificent proof of the divinity of th Catholic Church is to be found in her uncompromising teaching throughout her long history of the malice, the folly, the awful consequences of sin. She preached it be fore wicked emperors and kings, to frenzied multitudes, to peasant and prince without favor or fear. She does not falter now. The lesson is needed to-day.—John C. Reville, S. J.,

KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING

Perhaps nothing is more interest ing at the present time than to note the change of opinion with regard to monks and nuns, to use the popular names for religious, that comes people when they know something by actual contact with members of religious orders. Many a person outside the Church is quite sure that such to them apparently unnatural institutions, cannot be for good and can only serve to give openings for serious abuses. They know no at all of the supernatural, and therefore they fail entirely to understand the meaning of the lives of monks and nuns. In our time, however, there are so many religious all around us here in our life in America that it is very hard for those outside the Church to be entirely without meeting them. If the meeting is more than casual, it is, indeed, surprising to see how soon their opinions of monks and nuns change. Some of the greatest admirers of our Catholic religious now are men and women who remorse muffled, if not entirely in their younger years were quite sure, out of the depths of their ignorance of them and the prejudices which they had imbibed from education and reading, that the monastic institution was a serious blot on the Catholic Church. They are now even more assured that it is one of the most beautiful features of the Church and one of those that makes them doubt whether they themselves are quite right in their religious views. As a matter of fact, contact with religious men and women has brought more non-Catholics into the Church than any other single feature of our

Catholic life. A very interesting exemplification of the change in view with regard to monks and their work has come as a consequence of the study of what was accomplished by the Franciscan monks out on the Pacific coast. In a recent number of the Century Magazine, Henry Van Dyke, now our min-ister to the Hague, pays a fine trib-ute to the work of the Franciscans on TODAY! the coast. He tells of how much they did for the Indians, how gloriously they brought the benefits of civilization, but above all the bless ings of Christianity to them, lifted them up, made them as happy as it is possible for human beings to be, and with what unselfish sacrifices on their part all this was accomplished. Their work was ruined by politicians for whom the one thought was how much money they might derive from the confiscation of the property.

At last there is coming home to men the realization that the periodigovernment persecution and breaking up of monasteries and convents is largely a matter of graft. We know how pervasive the power of graft can be and it explains many things in history. It was easy in times of political disturbance to work up feelings against the inoffensive ks and nuns, and then politicians could divide among themselves their properties, though these were really inheritances for the poor and the nnertances for the poor and the needy. They have done it in Italy in our time, they have done it in France, they are doing it in Portugal, and it has been partly accomplished

in Spain. What wonder that it should have been done in the early days of the Spanish American Republics? Every investigation shows that there was no real reason for it except the political necessity for funds for the party and its members.

Such persecutions in history are usually said to be due to some unpardonable faults. The monasteries are often supposed to have gotten out of touch with their environment. Evils are declared to have accumulated in them until their corruption could be no longer borne with and reform had to be made. Those who talk thus know nothing about the realities of the case. When they know, they understand, and then the monks and nuns of any time prove to be beautiful characters, veritable Christians in every sense of the word. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, the poet said but above all what lics need to insist on at the present time with those outside of the Church when they utter calum-nies, is that they do not know us. With knowledge always comes understanding.—Buffalo Union and

THE CATHOLIC BRIDE IN A NON-CATHOLIC HOME

If there is any one in the world that my whole heart goes out to it is the young wife of a non Catholic husband. While the rosy time of the engagemeet flew by filled with all the joyous business of getting ready to be a bride, little thought had she that any difference of religious opin-ion or lack of religion in the man she loved could ever mean anything in the happiness of their future lives.

But the honeymoon has not waned till the young wife knows she is facing a problem which may make or mar her life. And here I want to say to every woman who finds herself in that position. "Be no less a Catholic in your new home than you were in your old." Never, never, make the mistake of dropping your Catho-lic practices or anything connected with your religion, thinking that this or that might seem odd to your ausband, or that his not understanding it might have a bad effect; be assured that if he will not tolerate things Catholic in the first golden days of your married life, he will not do so later and no matter how odd or superstitious they may seem to him at first, when he learns their true significance they will gradually become

beautiful to him. Live your religion, but do not argue it. Always explain any doctrine or practice gently and clearly, reading a passage from the "Faith of Our Fathers" or from Deharbe's cate chism, as the case may warrant, but never one word of argument, no matter how sorely you may be tempted.

In short, live up to the best that s in you, and make the atmosphere of your home a Catholic atmosphere from the very first day you enter it. Let your husband and his friends find Catholic newspapers and books on the reading table. Don't be ashamed of your crucifix and sacred pictures : they are a silent profession of that faith which is your most precious heritage.

Remember your husband chose Catholic girl from all the world of women to be his wife, and by the true Catholicity of your life you will make his home the sweetest, happiest, holiest spot on earth for him, proving with the passing years the wisdom of his choice. Perhaps you are asking me, little

bride or bride to be, why I feel called upon to give this advice; now I will tell you why the subject appeals to me so strongly.

Twenty years ago, fresh from the convent school, I came a bride to the nome of my non-Catholic husbandcame to live among his people in village where I was the only Catholic. My husband's family received me with affection, but alas! I was soon to know that they were bitterly preudiced against the Church, without knowledge of one of her doctrines, ut with misinformation enough to fill volumes.

I saw how easy it would be to make a failure of my life; prayerfully I re solved never to be drawn into an argument of religion, but to explain carefully each little thing as opportunity offered.

dined with us they made some com-ment on the sign of the cross which they observed I made before I said grace. Oh, how glad I was to unfold its beautiful sacredness to them all! It was like giving a soldier a chance to defend his flag. When I had finished I knew that never again would it seem a superstitious practice to them.

Once when my husband found h could not move me from what he termed my overscrupulousness, he said impatiently, "Oh, I believe you are different from any woman I ever saw." A year had scarcely gone by when he said almost the same words but in what a different tone! Kneeling by my bed, his arm around me and his little son, he repeated the same words and added, "And I thank God for my brave Catholic wife."

Years have gone by since then : I have had the happiness of seeing my despised religion respected among my husband's people, and the still greater happeniss of seeing my beloved hus-band baptized, and have knelt beside him at God's holy altar with all our children; so now you know why my heart goes out to the girl who stands where I did twenty years ago.—Mrs. A. in the Southern Messenger.

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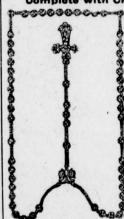
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