

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

How few people have leisure to do the things they would like to do! Most are always vainly struggling "to catch up." This is not right. Some spiritual writer has said there is always time enough for the things that we ought to do. That must be true. God would not require of us more than we could possibly accomplish. Conversely, then, is it not all that we possibly can, have we not done all that we ought to do?

A Perpetual Tonic.
The man who has learned the priceless habit of never slighting his work, of always doing to a finish whatever he undertakes, has a perpetual tonic. There is nothing else which gives the satisfaction which comes from a sense of completeness, of wholeness, from an absolutely completed task.—Success.

It is Not so Much
What you earn as how you save.
What you sing as how you sing it.
What you want as what you need.
What you give as how you give it.
What your work as how it is done.
What you possess as how you use it.
What you learn as what you remember.

Good to Have Work.
It does people good to work for a living. The strongest characters, the best morals, the greatest prosperity is found in regions where labor is required; where men have to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The less reliable are the people, the lower is the standard of morals and the less value is placed upon life.

Don't be Dishonest.
How many boys and young men have failed, lost character and been discharged from positions where, with integrity, honesty and attention to their employer's interests, they might have succeeded in making for themselves a successful and honorable career? Temptations to speculation—to gamble, to bet on horse races and baseball games, etc.—and consequent deception and dishonesty are very seductive. It is like the habit of drinking—the only safety is in total abstinence. Stop the very beginnings. Let not the fingers and the conscience be defiled with the itching of a single penny; then you will be safe and stand a fair chance of success. But allow yourself the least pretense, the least dishonesty, and—ten chances to one—you are lost. You are ruined for time, at least without sincere repentance, and it may affect your destiny in the world to come.

Self Respect and Human Respect.
Self respect is another characteristic of an exemplary and honorable man. He is guided in his moral conduct by well-defined principles of rectitude, from which he never deviates and by an enlightened conscience, which he reverences as the voice of God. He seems to commit in secret any mean or dishonorable act that he would be afraid to do in public. He has the courage of his convictions and he will modestly but firmly adhere to an unpopular cause which his sense of duty dictates rather than espouse the popular measure that would gain him applause. Like the Apostle of the Gentiles, he is not disquieted by the unfavorable judgment of men, provided his actions meet the approval of his conscience; nor is he deterred from the straight line of conduct by sneers, or ridicule, or by the imputation of unworthy motives. He will never stoop to obtain, by ignoble methods, the advantage over an opponent; for he does not regulate his actions by the false maxim, that the end justifies the means.—Cardinal Gibbons in Catholic Colambian.

A Fighter or a Skulker?
Life is not victory, but battle. Soon in the hushed chamber each will hear the sunset gun. In that hour, looking back, the only events worth remembering will be our moral victories. Then the combatant engaged will hang on the walls of memory like the swords and shields of vanquished enemies. But here and now growth is through struggle and life means rattling musketry. As the hero of old hurled his helmet far into the ranks of the enemy and fought his way through until he regained it, so for us not to gain new heights is to confess defeat. Earth's saddest scenes are not battlefields covered with heaps of dead. Life's devastations are not storm-swept fields or cities consumed with fire. Earth has no scenes so sad as the groups of men who have been devastated by passion and scorched by sin, there is one heart that still throbs for them. God is on the side of him who has stumbled and fallen into the mire. "Go where you will, put far from your mother country, conscience, honor, love, but forget not that one heart, the Infinite, still beats true. Die where you may, in the wilderness or garret, or cell, one love shines like a star.—God's.

Vital Economy.
Vital economy is a condition of increased vitality. We have been told of the tremendous waste of power that for countless ages occurred at Niagara Falls. Such waste is small compared with the enormous waste of human vitality that occurs every day in this country.

The average man wastes his forces in a thousand ways. There are men who shake hands as if they were hauling on a hawser, who manipulate their knives and forks as if they were chopping down trees, who handle pens as if they were crowbars, who wastefully use up in these and other everyday acts enough energy to change their lives from a desperate struggle for maintenance in a serene triumph.

Vital economy is an art. It can be learned by any human being who desires it sufficiently to follow a course of simple mental and physical exercises. The principle of the mental exercises may be summed up by saying that any excitement, tension, or worry will produce excess of muscular action and consequent waste of force. The physical exercises consist of certain free movements of the body for the purpose of

learning to move with the smallest possible outlay of force.—Success.

Be Good to Yourself.
"If," remarked the Practical Man, "I were asked what is the best resolve to make, I should unhesitatingly reply, 'Be good to yourself.'"

"Rather unnecessary advice that," observed the Cynic, "since humanity is another name for selfishness!"
"But selfishness is not goodness," replied the Practical Man. "If I cheat another, I am injuring myself more than him, and I not good to myself. If I am intemperate, I am hurting my health, destroying my mind and sinking my soul in the mire; that is not being good to myself. If I permit hate to dwell in my heart, I inject that much poison into my being; is that goodness toward myself? If anger, pride, the lust of the flesh or the lust of gain dominate me I have set a base ruler over my manhood whose reign means the loss of my empire. That is not being good to myself. Not being good to myself, whatever goodness I may show to others is tainted with baseness. If the source is foul, the stream will be muddy. In the goodness to others of a man who is evil to himself, there is always the base desire to blind men, or to purchase their condemnation, and the vain hope to silence the voice of conscience. But goodness from the man who is first and above all good to himself is like the sunlight showered over the earth. It is poured out fully, unconsciously. It knows not and cares not where its rays fall and on whatever they do fall they bestow blessings manifold. First be good to yourself, then you cannot help being good to others."—Catholic Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.
By Anna H. Dancy.
CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.
THE IROQUOIS LODGE.

Coaina saw how futile were her hopes of escape, and with a sharp human pang, she resigned herself to the bitter necessity of her situation, while she implored the protection of Almighty God, and invoked the assistance of the Immaculate Mother. She felt that, beside these, she had none else to fly to. She knew that on the morrow she would be scorned and cast out by her people, for who would believe in her innocence, in the face of such evidence, when her reputation was already tainted by calumny? Her enemies had snared her, and thrown over her innocence a garment of blackness which no eye could penetrate; save the sleepless glance of the All-seeing; which no glance of loving compassion could fathom save hers—the Mother of Jesus; which all would shrink from with scorn, save the angels who were given charge over her. In one sense she may exclaim: "Poor, forlorn Coaina!" In another we may exclaim: "O, maiden of divine predilection! honored art thou in thy sorrow and shame! thy thorn thy griefs are budding heavenly blossoms for the crown which is weaving for thee in heaven!"

Thus resting in strong faith upon God's promises, Coaina's troubled heart grew more calm. The rich blood had forsaken her face, leaving it cold and pale, and as she stood leaning against the cedar post, she looked like a statue carved out of stone, so motionless and apparently breathless was she. Suddenly a bright red gleam shot across her closed eyes. When she opened them she saw a pyramid of faggots heaped up in the middle of the lodge, under which a fire had been kindled, and now shot here and there between the interstices of the wood, red tongues of flame, which crept in and out like fiery serpents. Around this fire stood, first in order, the children and young people, and behind them, those more advanced in life. In the centre was the medicine man, in his grotesque trappings, and hideously disguised.

At a signal from him, all raised their hands; he threw a piece of deer's fat into the flames, when every one present cried out, in a measured and unearthly chant: "Tah! Tah!" After this, a small space was cleared by the medicine man, who now produced a pouch in which there was a pipe and powder, which he called *potau*. The pouch was charred solemnly around the fire, all chanting Tah! Tah! after which the *potau* was taken from the pouch, and distributed to all the men, who smoked it, and fumigated their bodies with it as with something sacred. An Iroquois filled a pipe with it, and lighting it by his own, handed it to Coaina, who, by a quick movement of her hand, dashed it to the ground and placed her foot upon it, exclaiming: "In the name of Christ I trample upon the idols of the heathen!" This outraged the Indians beyond expression, and they would immediately have done her violence for her contempt of a right which they held sacred had not Ahdeck interposed his authority, which they, on the present occasion, sullenly obeyed.

At length the dawn crept through the crevices of the lodge, and ere long a deeper glow of crimson heralded the rising of the sun; then Ahdeck approached Coaina, and told her she was free to go. She sprang from the lodge, like a wild doe from the trap of the hunter, hoping to escape the attendance of Ahdeck, with which he had threatened her, and get back in time to be present at Mass; but he, watchful of every movement, was in an instant easily kept pace with her swift footsteps. Glorious was the rising of the red and golden light out of darkness; brilliantly fell the splendid rays upon the hoar-frost, which glistened like myriads of tiny crystals on the grass and leaves; joyfully dashed the scarlet-crested woodpecker from tree to tree; a low warbling echoed fitfully and sweetly among the gorgeous foliage of the forest; and overhead the grey squirrels with feathery tail erect, scampered up and down the branches. Nature smiled, rejoicing over the birth of this new day, which was so full of sorrow to the

young Indian maiden, now hastening homeward, all heedless of the brightness around her, and compelled to bear the presence of her enemy, who kept close behind her, determined not to separate himself from her until the eyes of all the village had witnessed her shame. Suddenly an object standing on the edge of a projecting rock, and half hidden by an overhanging hemlock tree, arrested Coaina's attention; and shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked intently for an instant, then, uttering a low cry, she stretched her arms towards it, but it disappeared in the shadow of the forest, flitting away like a mist before her eyes. Then she fell fainting to the ground. It was Tah-ra-hee!

Altonin had sought him the evening before, and told him, with protestations of reluctance, and had even shed tears, that the Iroquois held that night the festival of Taho; that she had good reason for knowing that certain of their people would be present, and, to watch and see if any baptized Algonquin attended it secretly—then she hinted at her hidden griefs about Coaina, darkly intimating things which she declared she dared not disclose. This interview following so close upon the mysterious billet he had received, aroused in Tah-ra-hee's mind the most suspicious vigilance. He could not sleep, therefore, and he laid his head upon the over-hanging rock we have described, and there waiting patiently, with a dull, heavy misgiving at his heart, he at last saw Coaina emerge from the Iroquois lodge, attended by Ahdeck. It needed no more to convince him that Coaina was not only false to him, but that she had lived a most hypocritical life, and was unworthy of a regret. He was a Christian, he would not, therefore, revenge himself upon the Iroquois by taking his life; he would formally and publicly annul his betrothal to Coaina, and leaving her to the punishment her crime deserved, go away from the tribe, to hunt along the shores of the dark Sauganay.

This was the conclusion which, after long and silent cogitations, he arrived at; then he sought Father Gleason, and laid bare his heart before him; after which he privately consulted with the chief of his people, and notified them to meet in solemn assembly the next day.

Pause an instant, reader, whether young or old, and reflect on the evils of malice, slander and rash judgment. We have seen how innocent Coaina was, how truly pious and unblemished was her life before heaven; and yet we behold her clothed with depravity as with a garment, a despised and rejected outcast; wearing all the appearance of guilt and hypocrisy, through the *pride, malice, ambition and envy* of others, who, still esteemed and honored, triumphed for a season in their wickedness. And remember, friend, *this is no fiction!* Coaina actually lived and suffered as our feeble pen describes, and to this day the young girls of "the Lake of the Two Mountains" will lead the stranger to her grave, and with fast-falling tears relate as they twine wild flowers around her place of rest, her mournful story.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EFFECTIVE CHARITY.

Nothing shows the sympathetic character of the American people better than distress. Individuals and societies give of their time and funds to soften the hardships of their less fortunate brethren. An open purse is seldom denied the poor in an hour of pressing need. Men may be selfish of their own comforts but they are not heedless of those whose lives hang upon their charity. The recent storm is a verification of the fact.

The best demonstration, however, is found in the many philanthropic societies whose work is the care of the poor. Through these agencies thousands in money are disbursed annually in the battle against misfortune and distress. While methods may frequently be a matter of honest dispute none will deny that great results are accomplished. None, therefore, should refuse to help in the work.

This conceded the only other point involved is, should we make the distribution ourselves or assign the task to some of the organizations formed for that purpose? The deceptions practiced upon the personal distributor of financial aid, it seems, should leave no room for doubt. Among those who have made the problem one of special study it is universally admitted that effective distribution of charity can only be secured through organization that has systematized the work.

To the Catholic this makes the task one of little moment. For among all the known charity organizations of the country that of the St. Vincent de Paul Society holds the first place. It counts among its friends and contributors Jew and Gentile and men of all creeds as well as those of no creed. Every dollar committed to its care finds its way into some charity. Among its membership may be found the best and most prosperous men in every parish. Men in the professions; men of vast business interests, in fact men in every walk of life. And their work? That of visiting the poor in their homes, extending them aid and giving them food, clothing and employment without informing the world of the fact. It is the organization, therefore, to which Catholics should commit their charity for distribution.

More than that, it is the organization in which all earnest Catholics should hold membership. For this little is required. There is no initiation fee, no dues. At the meetings each member gives in a collection whatever sum he feels disposed, and the amount of the contribution is not the business of any other member. Quarterly Communions during the year about complete the obligations. The members supply their own social pleasures. If our Catholic men would only attend a meeting they would learn its advantages and be prompted at once to join the ranks. Its membership makes for nobility of soul.—Church Progress.

LENTEN THOUGHTS.

By Rt. Rev. Thomas Conaty, D. D.
Winter's icy mantle covers the earth and all nature about us seems in the sleep of death. Like garments of the tomb are the robes that envelop her, and the biting frost-wind paints weird fancies upon the window pane, to tell us that grim winter is raging without.

It is fitting that this season of the year should be emblematic of death, and that darkness and desolation should envelop nature in the somber trappings of the tomb; for even as winter now locks nature in a cold embrace like that of death, ages ago in this same season our manifold sins chilled the Heart, and brought darkness and desolation into the life of nature's King, and the final and most agonizing chapters of the story of our redemption were begun. The wind wails now the death of nature, and its voice is rigorous with the fury of winter, but soon it will become ever softer and gentler till over the blossoms of spring it is sobbing in mournful cadence the requiem of the redemption. During these days we should hearken to nature's pleading; for this month, standing midway between the manger and the cross, between Christmas and Easter, lead us to the Lenten days that precede the great sorrows of our Divine Saviour.

Lent brings the thoughts of His sufferings for us, and the necessity of suffering in our lives in order to merit His love. It leads us step by step up the rugged heights of Calvary, and asks us to be true subjects of our thorn-crowned King, true followers of our despised and rejected Master. Lent reminds us of sin and all it cost Jesus, and it warns us to shun sin and its allurements, to fear the world and all its pleasures; it urges us to mortification and penance that thus satisfaction may ascend to heaven for our many faults.

Therefore we should prepare for Lent in the spirit of the true Christian who believes that as Lent leads to Easter, so the spirit of Lent is needed in our lives to lead us to the heaven for which we live. The cross and then the crown—suffering and then glory, Lent and then Easter, in life and above all, in the blessedness of God's choice rewards.—School and Home Magazine.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

The author of "Golden Sands" tells of a zealous woman who was eager to do good to her fellow-creatures. One of her methods was novel and it contains a suggestion for other well-disposed persons who have God's honor and their neighbors' spiritual welfare at heart. This good lady always reserved a tenth part of the sum set aside for alms for the purchase of something destined for the benefit of souls. It was sometimes a printed sentence on judgment, on the Divine mercy, on the presence of God, sometimes it was a pious pamphlet or medal. She selected these trifles in bright colors, red or blue, to attract the eye. She let them fall, as if by accident, all along the road, with the idea that they would be picked up by a child, a young girl, a laborer returning from his work, and that perhaps these two or three lines of a sentence, already heard at catechism, would awaken a remembrance of conscience or recall a forgotten resolution.

Oh, who can tell the pious harvest which she thus has sown? says the narrator. She never went on a journey without forgetting, in the cars, in the diligence, those alms for souls. She never heard when anyone called her to recover them. She lost a great many of them by leaving them accidentally in borrowed books and in those which she lent. She used them for wrappers when she had occasion to send parcels, and sometimes she gave a coin to poor children to scatter them in public places. She never knew the good which this pious seed brought forth, sown thus in a thousand souls. Certainly, many grains were sown in faith, despised and treated with contempt; but could it be possible that none of them took root? Continue your labors in silence and obscurity, industrious sower. God, who sees all, God, who counts every step, writes all in the book of life, and may the publicity which I give to your zeal find you many imitators.

Take time to think. There is no thought without time. There can be no wisdom without silence.—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

PUTTING BABY ASLEEP.

If baby is restless or sleepless do not give it "soothing" medicines to make it sleep. These medicines always contain opiates, and you are merely druging the little one into temporary insensibility—in fact you are placing its life in peril. Restlessness and sleeplessness is usually the result of some trouble of the stomach or bowels, and if this is removed the child will sleep naturally, and awake bright and healthy. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and the mother has a solemn assurance that the medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Louis (Wells), Gwynn, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from colic, cried a great deal and was very sleepless. After giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared and through giving him an occasional Tablet since, he has always been healthy, and is now a strong rugged child. No mother should ever be without the Tablets in the house." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., the Tablets will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box.

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