

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SECRET OF LIVING
There is an acquaintance of mine who seems to have discovered the secret of living. At any rate, he declares that he enjoys every day. He even goes so far as to say that if he had his life to live over again he would like to have the same kind of life. He is past fifty now and he hopes to go on living for many years. Age apparently has no terrors for him, or decay. Naturally he is a philosopher. The other day I ventured to ask my acquaintance a few personal questions. He was amused when I told him that I thought he had discovered the secret of life. "Perhaps I have," he said. "If I have it is very simple. It means having a good time all the time." "How do you manage?" He took a few moments to consider the question. "It's an attitude of mind, I think," he replied. "I suppose I was born with a cheerful temperament. But perhaps I could not have kept cheerful if I hadn't given the matter some thought. When I was a youngster I saw that life wasn't an outside thing. I must have looked puzzled. "Life is wholly a matter of thinking," he went on, speaking with great rapidity. He tapped his forehead. "It exists in here." "But the mind," I said, "is influenced by impressions from outside." "True, but only to the extent we allowed it to be influenced. And the outside influences are not the only ones. There are others far more important. They operate from within." He smiled good-humoredly. "Those were the boys that I saw I had to control. If I could make them friendly they would take care of the outside influences." "In other words," I said, trying to simplify the language for the sake of my own understanding, "you resolved to keep your inner life happy?" He nodded. "That's the secret!" he exclaimed. Then he added: "The two principles of my life are to accept the will of God and to get ready for eternity. In view of them, all life's troubles shrink into trivialities, and the end is bright with hope. I am contented because my heart is at peace."—John D. Barry.

OLD MEN IN THE WAR

The British army seems to be run by younger men than is the case of her allies or her foes. With the resignation of Sir John French, who was sixty-three years old, as commander-in-chief, to Sir Douglas Haig, fifty-four years old, there appears to be only one British commander over sixty holding a position of high responsibility in France. He is General Dorrington, sixty-one years old. Most of General Haig's immediate colleagues in command are men of about his own years. General Rawlinson is fifty-one, General Plumer fifty-eight, General Pultney fifty-four; Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who has been given the command in German East Africa, is fifty-seven. Sir Ian Hamilton, General Monro's predecessor, was sixty-two—the same age as the new chief of the imperial general staff, Sir James Wolfe Murray.

These figures offer a striking contrast to those for the German higher commands. Those two idols of the German nation, Von Hindenburg and Von Mackensen, are men of sixty-eight and sixty-six, respectively. With the exception of Falkenhayn, the chief of general staff, who is fifty-four, and the Crown Prince of Bavaria and Prussia, who own their positions to birth rather than ability, there is not a German commander under sixty in a position of the first importance. Their ages run: Hoeseler, seventy-nine; Von der Goltz, seventy-two; Von Bissing, seventy-one; Von Falkenhayn, seventy-one; Von Kluck, sixty-nine; Leopold of Bavaria, sixty-nine; Von Bulow, sixty-nine; Von Hasen, sixty-nine; Woerysch, sixty-seven; Eichhorn, sixty-seven; Emmich, sixty-seven; Moltke, sixty-seven; Linsingen, sixty-five; Heering, sixty-five; Scholtz, sixty-four; Gallwitz, sixty-three; Einem, sixty-two.

Nor can the French army be described as an army of young men so far as the posts of highest honor are concerned. Joffre is sixty-three, Hoch is about the same age, and has seen forty-six years' service in the army. Pau is sixty-seven, and Gallieni is one of the veterans of seventy. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the French army has been drastically purged of old generals of doubtful competence, and that the same thing is believed to have occurred in the German army. Historical precedents are somewhat startling. Wellington fought his last battle at forty-six, Ney at forty-five, Nelson at forty-seven, Alexander the Great was only thirty-three when he died, Napoleon was forty-six at Waterloo and Hannibal the same age when he was finally defeated by Scipio.

THE GUARANTEE

"Just have Henry Green guarantee that plan of yours, and then I'll lend you all you need," said a shrewd business man to a young engineer, who came to him with a scheme which needed money and co-operation. "Henry's name is enough for me. I've often banked on it and it never has failed." In every town there are men whose name is a guarantee. Faith in such men is justified by experience. WAITING FOR OPPORTUNITIES There is a great deal of time lost in waiting for favorable opportunities. Many of the good works we

THE CHURCH AND SOME SOCIAL PROBLEMS

In the glare of modern social theories, many facts about the Church are being revealed to people who would otherwise have passed through life without knowing or noticing them. A valuable thing about mistakes is that they teach us what not to do to secure the improvement of society. But up to the time a mistake is clearly known and humbly acknowledged to be such, it continues to spread mischief aplenty among its promoters. The Church has been a faithful teacher. Time has demonstrated that most of our modern fancies are the outcome of the opposite of her doctrine. While race enthusiasts have been shackling conscience and convention placing them on a funeral-pyre, and wildly hurling flaming torches, the Church has towered noble and dignified in the scene, protecting the victim but not assailing the assailant; receiving abuse for her interference and scorn for her conservatism, but bearing with them in a manner to inspire their opposites, confident of triumph, certain of her Divine mission. Modern thought is now indirectly admitting the merit and might of its meek opposer, by recognizing its own weakness and arrogance. Thus in the pale light of present-day panaceas, the face of Christ is seen shining through His Church, and the lips which stilled the storm so long ago on the Lake of Galilee are now heard speaking solemn truths that will calm the tempest of error.

THE HAPPY MAN

The happiest man is not selfishly alert of his own happiness, but rejoices in the happiness of others.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GOD'S OWN CHILD

The great piazza of the hotel was full of gay people. Suddenly in the drive in front appeared a stylish phaeton drawn by two handsome ponies. The driver was a lovely young girl; beside her was an old colored laundress, whose basket of fine clothes reposed at her feet. In a half hour the phaeton and ponies appeared again, but the young girl was alone. Throwing the reins to the man who came to wait upon her, she jumped out of the phaeton and approached the hotel. "Miss Baker, I am surprised," said a young gentleman, laughingly. "Could you find any one but that old colored woman to take out driving?" "I didn't try," she answered merrily; "I was too glad to have her. I have not seen her before for five years. She was our cook at that time, and a good one, I can assure you. I would have known her if I had met her in Egypt, but I met her on the avenue with a basket of clothes so heavy that she fairly tottered under the burden. So I gave her a lift; I couldn't help it, you know." And Gertie Baker's smiling face disappeared within the doorway. "Just like Gertie Baker!" exclaimed an admiring friend. "She is gentle and courteous to everybody." "One of the privileges of nobility," remarked another. In a little cabin a mile from the hotel sat an old colored woman. The perspiration was running down her cheeks but her eyes gleamed with pride and joy as she talked to her only child, a middle-aged woman, whose look told its own sad story. "Just 'ink, Lindy honey," she said, "I was limpin' 'long in de hot sun, my back 'most broke, when you should I see drivin' long but Judge Baker's daughter, Miss Gertie, de lubliest picter I's seed in a good while, her face a-smilin', an' her blue eyes a-gleamin', an' her yeller curls a-ryin'. Lemme see; she mus' be fo'een years ole, 'cause she war nine when I left dar; but she's de same dear chile she allus was. When she seed me, she reined up her ponies side ob de curb, an' calls out, 'Howdy do, aunty?' An' den when she foun' out I war lame an' had a mile to walk wid dese hebbly clot'es, she axed me to git inside wid her. Almos' tuk my bress away but I got in; an' I tellye, Lindy, honey, I didn't git tired o' comin' home. An' Lindy, Miss Gertie is comin' to see yer, an' bring yer flowahs an' 'tings to eat."

A BRAVE LITTLE BOY

An English steamship many years ago was ploughing the ocean waves, headed for America. On the fourth day of the voyage the sailors found a little boy hiding among the articles of freight in the hold. The boy proved to have neither father, mother nor guardian; ragged but with a look of innocence and honesty, he was brought to the pilot. The officer, a man of very rough manner, thus harshly addressed him: "Why did you sneak into this ship?" The boy replied: "My step-father brought me in here and said that he cannot support me any longer and that I should go to my aunt in Halifax."

The pilot, having been deceived often enough in similar cases, believed not a word of the boy's answer, but treated the poor little fellow very roughly. During some days he had different questions put to the boy in order to entrap him in some contradiction, but the boy repeated the same story to everyone. At length the pilot, determining to force the truth from him, grasped him cruelly and said: "If you refuse any longer to tell the truth, I will hang you on the mast of the ship within ten minutes!" The poor child stood there speechless while all looked upon him. The pilot, taking out his watch, counted the minutes. One—three—five—seven—eight minutes had passed; then the pilot said: "You have two more minutes to life therefore tell the truth and save your life." The only answer of the boy was this petition: "Sir, will you allow me to pray?" The pilot gruffly nodded his head: whereon the little fellow, bending his knees and gazing aloft to heaven, prayed the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and concluded with the words: "O Mary, dearest Mother, take me to Thee; I am ready to die, but I can never tell a lie."

Amidst the tears of the passengers, the pilot lifted the little boy in his arms and declared that he would not harm him. The love of truth had conquered and God had protected His little servant for his honesty. It is needless to say that this little boy moreover gained many friends on board that ship. For everyone likes to see truth in others, though alas—not everyone likes to tell it!—The Victorian.

THE CHURCH AND SOME SOCIAL PROBLEMS

social mass, it will work out an answer to the question of capital and labor far more satisfactorily and with much more ease than Socialism ever could. There is something intrinsically wrong in a doctrine which would forcefully strip one class of its possessions to produce peace in another; there is a ring of justice in the Church's teaching that all classes should be respected in their rights. Her remarkable solution of the problem of slavery is a signal evidence of her friendliness to the ideals of social liberty and advancement, and her ability to attain them without throwing society into convulsions. Her long experience with human nature has taught her that violent changes produce still more violent ones. She has always prescribed a rational degree of patience, realizing that it is not a bad fosterer of plans for betterment. And the world, weary of the schemes that have led it so many swift races to the capture of little or nothing, is coming to appreciate that Rome is not devoid of wisdom. Recently a clergyman struck this increasingly vibrant note of public sentiment when, in a letter condemnatory of birth control, he declares that he "looks forward to the day when this early protector of civilization (the Church) will help all sincere men and women of every creed and heresy, to realize honestly the high ideal of the sex life," and expresses the wish that "the ancient voice of Rome cry out to all the world lest we forget." But, though he and many as willing to be fair as he, admire the Church, they do not fully comprehend its spirit. While he concedes that Catholics are right in offering themselves as a bulwark of protection to the natural law, he disapproves them as disregarders of the social values. Without a dispelling of the economic ills which Socialism essays to cure, observance of the natural law, in point of births, is rendered too difficult for the poor. The Church should raise her voice for a better distribution of the world's goods, if she wishes to be consistent with her insistence on the complete observance of the law of God.

It is unfortunate that this critic, discerning so much of the truth, does not discern a little more. According to him, economic theory would render observance of the natural law feasible; according to reason, however, observance of the natural law would render economic theory unnecessary. For the law that is in us teaches, as well as Christ, that the working man is "worthy of his hire"; and if a man receives the just compensation for his labor which Christianity and conscience demand, and labors as much as the needs of his family require, the race will be preserved as compact and intact as the dreamers of a golden future could wish. The message of Christ can gain more for the world than the theory of Socialism, because it asks less, and strikes deeper. The question tersely resolves itself to this: should the Church adopt one modern theory in order to prevent society's adoption of another? Briefly and simply, she adopts and countenances neither, knowing that, if men would give more heed to the Decalogue and less to the poor fitting human wisdom of butterfly theorists, society would secure the health which it craves. Sinai furnishes the finest elementary sociology the world has ever known. The Ten Commandments contain in *nuce* every possible cure for the thousand and one ailments under which present society is groaning. Laws must harmonize with them lest these laws sound a note of lawlessness; likewise, theories.

The Protestant clergyman would have the Church secure the observance of the fundamental prescription of the natural law; would he have her antagonize the right of the man in the world to possess what is his? The Church does not aim to make men equally rich and therefore equally qualified to support their offspring. She has no authority to do anything of the kind, and knows that it cannot be done anyhow. Heaven was not meant to be built on this side of the grave. But she does seek justice for the workingman and, when she fails to win over the capitalist to a sense of fairness, she helps the abused employee, not with cheap promises of a millennium which neither he nor anybody else will be able to see, but with as much practical charity as her means will allow. She pilots him through the storms of life to the real Utopia beyond the grave.—Edward F. Murphy, in America.

LIKE THE ATTITUDE OF CHILDREN WHO ARE AFRAID

REV. R. W. BOYNTON (UNITARIAN) IN BUFFALO COURIER "It is well to remember that some four centuries ago your ancestors and mine were Roman Catholic believers. That is the mother Church, and whatever faults she may have had we should not hurl abuse at our mother, or applaud that course in others. The Catholic cause may be going backward in France and Italy, but it is going forward in Germany, England and the United States. This fact causes a contagious nervous dread in many people which breaks out in angry opposition and misrepresentation. "It is like the attitude of children who are afraid 'The goblins 'll get you if you don't watch out.'"

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

"Our Roman Catholic fellow citizens are taught this Scripture and Catholic doctrine—that the Lord's Day is to be kept by the celebration of the Lord's supper, that it is a definite Christian duty to participate in that celebration and that it is a mortal sin not to fulfill that duty," writes Rev. Chas. Fiske (Episcopal), in the Evening Sun, Baltimore, Md. "What follows? Why, this follows: That any man who chooses shall see thousands upon thousands crowding to Roman Catholic churches on every Sunday morning, one congregation following another as the half hours pass, until many successive congregations have been assembled in the same church on the same morning. Contrast this picture with the scene that meets us in one of our own churches on Sunday morning, and how great is the difference! "Wherein lies the remedy? Let our people understand that church attendance is a duty, not something that depends on the feeling of the moment. "What we need is to learn that public worship is a duty, a duty we have no right to shirk, from which we have no business to excuse ourselves. It becomes a pleasure as we

AN EXAMPLE

People who are afraid of a little mortification of the body during Lent, lest it may injure their health, should remember what fine health is enjoyed usually by the members of the orders of the Catholic Church—the Trappist, for example—who lead the most abstemious lives. When St. Patrick was a youth on the hills of Ireland, dairy employed tending flocks, he tells us that he poured out his soul in prayer a hundred times every day, and nearly as often at night. "Nay," he says, even in the woods and mountains I remained, and rose before the dawn to my prayer, in frost and snow and rain; neither did I suffer any injury from it, nor did I yield to any stultif-

ness." And St. Patrick lived to a good old age.—The Guardian.

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The Capital Life Assurance Company OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, - - OTTAWA, CANADA Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1915

Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS. LIABILITIES: Net Reserve under Policies, Om (5) 3 per cent. and 3 1/2 per cent. standard \$126,854 40; Death Claims awaiting proof 1,000 00; Due or accrued for office or other expenses 512 90; Accrued Taxes 1,311 95; Premiums paid in advance 137 05; Investment Reserve 8,206 54; Capital Stock paid up 129,080 00; Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital 17,954 38; Total \$285,057 22. ASSETS: First Mortgages on Real Estate \$75,600 00; Government and Municipal Bonds (book values) 163,692 52; Cash in Banks and at Head Office 16,085 46; Loans on Policies 4,283 59; Interest Accrued 5,310 20; Interest Due 1,319 20; Premiums Outstanding and Deferred (less cost of collection) 16,507 06; Office Furniture and Fixtures (less 10 per cent. written off) 2,279 19; Total \$285,057 22. Income for 1915: Net Premiums \$77,875 52; Interest 11,985 64; Other Income 12,880 00; Total Income \$102,691 16; Total Disbursements 62,068 82. Comparative Results 1915: Increase in Net Premium Income \$8,325 80; Increase in Policy Reserves 42,127 80; Increase in Assets 45,361 97; Increase in Insurance in Force 267,000 00; Insurance in Force \$2,779,898 00; Interest earned on investments, 6.2%.

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