

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ARE YOU NEEDED?

Have you made yourself important? Are you needed in your place? You complain that you are slighted? Gloom has settled on your face? Younger men are passing onward to Rewards you cannot claim, And you cry that luck betrays you; But is luck alone to blame?

Others blessed with little talent have been pushed ahead you say; But their services are needed, and they give the best they may.

Would the world care if, tomorrow, you sat an empty distant star? Have you made yourself important? Are you needed where you are?

A GOOD FRONT

A famous self-made man once declared that if he were out of a job and had only \$20, he would spend the money for a new suit of clothes, because he knew how important it was to make a favorable first impression—that is, he would put up a "good front." And that's all right. But another man—who lived a long time ago—whose influence will probably be felt long after the self-made man has been forgotten, made this observation:

"If I had two pence, I would buy bread with one, and with the other I would buy white hyacinths for the good of my soul." The difference between the two men was that one was concerned chiefly about the outer man, while the other was careful about the inner man.

Both bits of advice are valuable, and both are necessary. But the old sage who advised that the inner man be built up first was the wiser of the two; for the soul of a man is of greater importance. You can't hide a starved soul by putting up a good front—it's bound to show through. And, to those who see, it makes a man look hungrier and more pitiful than he who wears a shiny coat and dines on a crust of bread.—Michigan Catholic.

FINDING FLAWS

"All our perfection is attended by some imperfection," said a celebrated man some centuries ago who understood human nature and its limitations.

It is difficult for a man to find flaws in himself or in that which he does. It is ever so much more easy and so much more fashionable to find flaws in other men and in their works.

The conversation which takes place about us as we go to and fro in public places, amply fulfills the truth of the above axiom. Let a subject be mentioned, whether it be a man, a theory, a book, a new invention, a celebration, a motive,—immediately the critics begin to pull it apart. Not that honest and unbiased criticism is harmful; it is rather very helpful when prompted by the right motives, namely motives of zeal for the common good. But let us ask ourselves honestly how many times we are prompted by such motives, how many times the virtue of generosity is portrayed in the critics which we utter so lightly and which sometimes attack the very soul of another man's work.

There are a few small words in the English language which, introduced under certain conditions, wreak vengeance on the most innocent and most praiseworthy things under the sun. To choose but one such small word,—let us suggest to ourselves the use of the comparatively insignificant word,—but.

How often have we heard a person's character or works described by another; everything goes along innocently until all the good has been said. Then comes the division of thought; it is surprising how many imperfections loom up in the wake of that little "but."

He is an admirable character; he is kind to his family, he is a good business man—but. And then the listeners strain eagerly to catch the mysterious consequences of that which is inferred. They are careful not to lose a word which shall convert the honorable character of this man into something not quite so pleasant. They cannot bear to let him pass without picking some flaw in his life.

A famous preacher who was deeply versed in the ways of the human heart, once said: "How many men are damned by the use or rather misuse of that small two-edged sword, that little word of three letters,—but. How many reputations torn to shreds, how many noble impulses hindered, how many trembling hopes dashed to earth by the suggestions which it may imply! O, I would rather hear a man publicly revile his fellow-man in all sincerity, in the heat of passion, than hear him worming his way into the consciousness of others, suggesting by the clever innuendo things which may be so, which might be so, which possibly are so, but which in all probability are not so."

We may even say that the world hangs on the balance of little things, such as the misuse of one small word which brings a host of evil suggestions in its wake.

"Who will dare to speak such a word?" asks Father Faber, reverting to the terrible fires kindled by the spoken word and which crumble into heaps of blanketed ashes the fairest flowers of genius, the tenderest hopes of human hearts.

There are those who, seeing the success of others, immediately conceive that certain works must of

necessity be the offspring of pride. They are willing to acknowledge that of themselves the works are meritorious, but—! And so, with distrust of their fellow-men, with the poisonous breath of evil suspicions clouding their vision, they pass judgment according to the little lights which they may have.

In many a quiet hour the victims of this universal unkindness reap the bitter fruits of the judgment passed upon them by the narrow standards of other men. It is only when, having passed through the deep waters of contradiction of which the Psalmist speaks, and having attained the peace which comes when no longer the judgments of men are feared or coveted, when they find themselves beyond the power of unkind words and enjoying that peace which is one of the most precious fruits of much striving after perfection,—that they no longer care.

It is no praiseworthy task to add wet wood to the burning pile of fuel which has been kindled by earnest ambition and Christian zeal. And yet, unfortunately, there are many men who perform this undesirable task.

Like the notable lady of the novelist's tale whose duty was to conduct the youthful daughters of the man who from abject poverty and a debtor's prison had suddenly become rich and proud,—about the great memorials of foreign lands,—many men find it too common to praise that which other men find good. So it was that the renowned Mrs. General admonished her hapless charges who wandered exceedingly over the sights of Venice, that it was more polite not to wonder and point out to them that a certain celebrated tourist did not think much of it, and that he compared the Rialto, much to its disadvantage, with Westminster and Black Friars Bridges.

"It is a hard thing to live in the world, and to avoid the spirit of it," said a writer of long ago. And so we may say that it is a hard and impossible thing, to live in an atmosphere of kindly thought and charity toward our fellow-men without imbibing something of the sunshine which drives away the mists of distrust and doubt.

"Many a man," says the same writer, "looks to his neighbors a very monster of depravity, while the spiritual physician into whose ear he pours forth his woes, has been touched almost to tears with the spots of green verdure, the refined feminine sensibilities, the almost feminine sensibilities, the refined kindness, but above all with the moral shyness, the ground of so many virtues which he found in that great rough nature. Are we not learning every day how much good can dwell with so very much evil?"

The longer we live in the world, the less we are surprised at our own weakness and that of others, and the easier it becomes to pass over the little judgment of men to search for the bright light in the character of another.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MOTHER"

There is one little debt that you can never pay, A debt that we regret when she's taken away, A debt that the best of us never have paid To the best little sweetheart that God ever made, From the day that she gave you your first baby kiss, There's a love in her soul that could not go amiss; She's your pal, and the earth it has no other charms Like her own safe at rest cuddled up in her arms. In the world there's no song half as sweet or as old As the sweet song of Mother, a theme pure as gold. It's been written and told since the bards started rhyme, Still it seems to grow richer and newer each time. You may fall from the straight road to depths of despair— The world may forget you—still Mother is there. No matter how dirty or soot in sin, She'll open her heart and she'll snuggle you in. The debt that you owe her is quite an amount— 'Twould be nice to pay something each day on account, So I've made up my mind to write each day a line To my real girl—that Old Irish Mother of Mine.

FRIENDS

In every heart, young and old, is a desire for friends. God put it there, and then gave us Himself to satisfy it. A certain writer has defined "friend" as "one who knows all our faults and loves us in spite of them." But who knows our faults more than the Saviour who lived and died for us? He, indeed, is our best Friend.

Being God, however, His generosity is as boundless as the sea. And, beyond Himself, He has given us other friends, most dear and most precious, too; a mother whom all the gold and gems that sparkle in the earth could not buy; a father whose daily toil tenderly makes it possible for us to live and enjoy so many advantages; sisters and brothers with whom to share our souls, to "divide our sorrows, to double our joys; and the companions whose kindness and considerate-

ness bring them as near to us as blood relationship, and make the day a thing of sunbeams.—Catholic Bulletin.

"THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY"

If your sense of social responsibility needs stimulation, read what a recent writer has to say about making yourself desirable company: "The pleasure of your company is requested" is the way the invitation reads. But it does not always happen that your company is pleasing. Yet no one has a right to accept such an invitation who is not pretty sure of being able to give pleasure as well as to get it. We think a great deal about our dress when we go into a company to which we have received a formal invitation. But important as it is that we should look our best, it matters a great deal more that the spirit should be in holiday attire. The young people who go into company in an unresponsive mood, who are self-conscious, casting shy glances this way and that to see how their apparel compares with that of others present, add little to the joyousness of the occasion.

If the pleasure of your company is to be real, go expecting to enjoy yourself. The people who accept invitations because it matters a great deal more that the spirit should be in holiday attire. The young people who go into company in an unresponsive mood, who are self-conscious, casting shy glances this way and that to see how their apparel compares with that of others present, add little to the joyousness of the occasion.

If the pleasure of your company is to be more than an empty phrase enter heartily into the entertainment provided. The hostess whose guests do not feel like doing anything she suggests, has a hard time. You may not care particularly for music, but that does not excuse you for looking bored, or still less, for whispering when someone is singing. You may not enjoy cards, but if that is the entertainment of the evening, enter into it as if there were nothing you liked better.

"The pleasure of your company!" Justify the trusting faith of the one who gives the invitation. Do not go to be a wall flower. Make up your mind that since the pleasure of your company is requested it shall be a real pleasure.—True Voice.

WHY NOT TRY THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA?

By G. K. Chesterton

Commenting in The New Witness on Mr. Bernard Shaw's new book "Back to Methuselah," Mr. G. K. Chesterton takes him vigorously to task for writing on the Immaculate Conception without knowing what it is.

It is refreshing to find Mr. Shaw still full of the very faults of youth; and the chief fault is impatience, with its natural result in ignorance. After really routing not only Darwin but Weismann and nearly all nineteenth century science, he calls a halt to warn us against going back to our "old superstitions." He then tells us what these superstitions are; and goes on to say that "if dwindling sects like the Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, and the rest, continue to preach them, they will dwindle to something yet more minute than their present microscopic insignificance. Members of the three Churches named, therefore, will naturally be interested to learn what their theology is; and it seems that their tenets are as follows: "That the world was made in the year 4004 B. C., that damnation means an eternity of blazing brimstone; that Immaculate conception means that sex is sinful and that Christ was parthenogenetically brought forth by a Virgin, descended in like manner from a line of virgins right back to Eve; that the Trinity is an anthropomorphic monster, with three heads, which are yet only one head; that in Rome the bread and wine on the altar become flesh and blood, and in England, in a still more mystical manner, they do not; that the Bible is an infallible scientific manual, and accurate historical chronicle, and a complete guide to conduct; that we may lie and cheat and murder, and then wash ourselves innocent in the blood of the Lamb on Sunday, at the cost of a "Credo" and a penny in the plate, and so forth, and so forth." Amen.

Now I perfectly well understand that a man may make a rubbish-heap of Darwinism, and still wish to warn men against reacting towards Catholicism. I am myself in very much the same position about the rubbish heap of Capitalism and the apparent alternative of Socialism. But suppose, in the course of my many and delightful debates with Mr. Shaw, I were to write something like this: "A thoughtful citizen must see that there is no case for the Capitalist. But it does not follow that he need become a Socialist; that is, a man who believes that the date of the Class War is unalterably fixed for 1917 A. D.; that there is a great sea called Wages perpetually ebbing and flowing; that the Nationalization of the Means of Production means that all agriculture is wicked and that Lenin holds his position by hereditary right of descent from a long line of Socialist Presidents, sprung from the loins of Lycurgus; that the International is an anthropomorphic monster with millions of heads, and yet mystically all "of

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one mind"; that Hyndman is a Socialist because he justifies war, and Henderson a Socialist because he does and does not; that Das Capital is a lyric, an epic, a three volume novel, and an entertaining book of riddles for winter evenings; and finally that a Socialist may be encouraged to exploit, swindle, oppress the poor, and make millions by usury, so long as he puts everything right by wearing a red tie." If I were to gabble all this off with the greatest vivacity and confidence, as a complete statement of Socialist economics and ethics, and then tell dwindling sects like the Fabian Society that if they stuck to such absurd notions as the supernatural red tie and the intrinsic sin of agriculture, they would dwindle yet further—if I did all that, I fancy that certain impression would begin to form itself in Mr. Shaw's mind. I think he would silently conclude, even while I was speaking, that my conclusions about Socialism were not of very great value; since I obviously had not taken the trouble to find out what it was. He would perceive that my speech was a farrago of phrases that Socialists sometimes use, used for purposes for which they do not use them, with a few things which they do maintain mixed up with numbers of things that nobody out of a madhouse could maintain. That is how I feel when reading his summary of the popular religion and the three historic Churches mentioned. It does not annoy me; because it has nothing to do with anything I ever heard of. For instance; somebody (I cannot imagine who) is accused of holding that Immaculate Conception means that sex is sinful. Mr. Shaw himself does not know what it means. Why not ask? Why not consult a good encyclopaedia? He would soon discover that the Immaculate Conception has really hardly anything to do with sex, except in an ultimate sense of presenting a pattern of a perfect woman as well as of a perfect man. The dogma, true or false, says that the Mother of Christ was free, not solely or specially from sexual sin, but from all original sin; a mystical stain which Mr. Shaw might probably deny in any case. In short, as somebody truly pointed out, it merely says about the Mother of Christ what men like Mr. Shaw would say about the Mother of Christ and about everybody else. What he can possibly mean by the passage about the long line of virgins, or who on earth he imagines to believe in that particular pedigree, I have tried to imagine, but in vain.

I cannot even contradict a thing, for I cannot even conjecture to what it refers. The rest of the statement, however, I can contradict in complete confidence. There are some very queer things taught in the Church of England; and some I think should not be tolerated by any Christian Church; but I will answer for it that Mr. Shaw never heard anybody teach that all sex is sinful, in the Church of Rome it would certainly be heresy to teach it. In the Greek Church, I imagine, it would be if possible more heretical, for that Church blesses the marriage of priests as well as laymen. Why not try the encyclopaedia?

WHY GIVE TO SULTAN WHAT WE DENY TO POPES?

London, Oct. 28.—Why should the British give privileges to the Sultan of Turkey which are refused to the Pope? asks the Anglican Church Times in falling foul of the Liberal Westminster Gazette, which thinks the Turks might be left to deal justly with the Armenians and the other Christian minorities who are being gradually exterminated under Turkish rule in the Near East.

The Church Times does not love the Pope, except as some kind of a superior Bishop, and it is strange to find this journal coming out more or less in defence of the Pope's position.

Particularly does it criticize the Westminster Gazette because it ventures to say that among the Mohammedans the Sultan holds a position similar to that which the Pope holds among Catholics.

This, says the Church Times, is all humbug. It isn't true, and if it were true, which it is not, it would not be relevant. It would only be relevant, this Anglican journal goes on to say, if we (the British) guaranteed the temporal power of the Pope. If that had been done, then something might be said for backing up the temporal power of the Head of the Church of Turkey.

"In fact," continues the Church Times, "so far have we been from

guaranteeing the temporal power of the Pope we excluded the Pope from the Peace Conference. Why we should give privileges to the Sultan which we refuse to the Pope is unintelligible, and certainly is the negation of those democratic principles for which the Westminster Gazette contends.—N. C. W. C.

A WIDOW'S ROSARY

I bless myself and kiss the cross, And the holy Creed I tell; The Paters and Aves trip off my tongue,

For it's me that knows them well. For it's many a day these same old beads, I've told in the same old way—I got them my First Communion morn,

And that's sixty years this May. 'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked, (And I said them joyfully.)

When Our Lord was only a Child himself At His Blessed Mother's knee. Ochoone! But it's many and many a year

I've turned from the joyful deeds; And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went, And 'himself' next morning died, Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries That end with the Crucified?

For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead, A-kneeling beside my bed, We two women—God's Mother and me— Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell Her pains and her darling Son's— It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven, To think of the Glorious ones.

AN APPEAL FOR HOMES FOR CHILDREN

The normal human heart can never be satisfied or comforted by any creature incapable of responding fully to the pure affection God has placed there.

That is why it is so easy and natural for us to regard children as the most suitable subject for the investment of our best love, the richest treasure God has entrusted to us.

Under the care of the good Sisters of St. Joseph at the Orphanage at London there are many little ones for whom good Catholic foster-homes are desired—boys and girls who need all that normal family life can bring to them and who would repay a thousand fold the love and care expended on them.

A number of these children are wards of the London Children's Aid Society. They are Canadian boys and girls, bright, active children, any of whom would be a real asset in your home.

There are three sturdy lads, brothers, eleven, eight and six years of age, just waiting for a chance in life.

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A brother and sister, the little girl, six, and the little boy, eight years old, are also ready to go into foster-homes. Could not some childless home take them both in?

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There are also in the Institution other children, a number of little boys from six to eight years of age who are wards of the Sisters and can be placed into foster-homes. In the Nursery there are some dear wee mites of baby boys and girls to whom your heart would go out if you could see them. To take one of them into your home would be the finest and the most satisfying act of your lives.

All these children need homes today and applications will gladly be received by W. E. Kelly, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, City Hall, London, Ontario, or by the Mother Superior, Mt. St. Joseph Home, London, Ontario. Do not read this and then forget

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