

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LOST OPPORTUNITIES
'When I am rich,' he used to say
'A thousand joys I'll give away
I'll walk among the poor I find
And unto one and all be kind.

He never guessed that being kind
Depends upon the heart and mind
And not upon the purse at all;
He never knew or understood
The fellowship of doing good.

Yet many passed him, day by day,
He might have helped along the way
He fancied kindness something
Which belongs entirely to the rich.

His fortune came, but, oh, too late;
The poor about him could not wait;
They never guessed and never knew
The things that he had meant to do.

If God had only let him live,
And when at last his form was cold,
All that he'd left on earth was gold.

A TALK TO THE YOUNG BUSINESS MEN

Take an interest and a due share
In public affairs. It is not only
Your duty to discharge the responsibilities
Of citizenship in a self-governing
Country, but, even from the
Aspect of mere self-interest, it is
Good insurance to do so.

That does not mean that you
Should be "stand-patters." On the
Contrary, seek to find and to sail
With, the current of progress. To be
Reactionary is to be lacking in
Imagination, in feeling and in judgment.

their fellow-men. Success is not a
free gift. Like everything else
really worth having in life, it has
got to be paid for. If you do not
assume and discharge responsibilities
and duties in a measure commensurate
with your success, you are,
from the civic point of view, a
defaulter.

Take heed to remember, those of
you who, by eminent success, may
raise yourselves beyond your peers,
that it behooves you to do all you
can to make your position as little
unpleasant as possible to that
immense majority whom fate has
not singled out for its favors.

Beware especially of that insidious
tendency of wealth to chill and
isolate. Be careful not to let your
feelings, aspirations and sympathies
become hardened or narrowed, lest
you get estranged, and grow apart,
from your fellow-men. Make it a
point not only to be approachable,
but to seek and welcome contact
with the workaday world so as to
remain part and parcel of it and to
maintain your fellowship in it.

I am well aware that to the ears
of those whose appraisal of business
and business-men is based upon
isolated scandals or abuses, or upon
the violent rantings of agitators
ignorant of, or wilfully blind to, the
ethical strides of the past twenty-five
years, lashing themselves into a
frenzy to fight over again a battle
which President Roosevelt fought
and won once for all, blantly
re-echoing old war-cries which have
become obsolete and irrational—I
am well aware that to the ears of
such as these my "message" will
sound fanciful and incongruous, if
not hypocritical. You who have
heard me will know whether it
bears the accent of conviction. I
might have tried to be more original,
subtle and profound, but then
I should have been less truthful. I
have spoken not as a preacher, but
as a practical man from practical
experience. The plain fact is that,
notwithstanding the complications
and innovations which have
crowded into our lives, the signposts
marking the road which leads
to worth-while success remain very
much as they have been for ever so
many years.

I have been in Wall Street for
years. My son is just about to enter
business. I greatly desire him to
succeed. I am giving him no "message"
on his way different from the
one I have given you.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

- IF
If thou canst force thy lips to smile,
When both thine eyes,
Are drowned in tears;
If thou canst bless thy Maker, while
The sad, grey skies
Breed heavy fears;
If thou canst sometimes cause the
sun
To light a place
Where no joy dwells;
If thou canst lead some little one,
With laughing face,
To fairy dells;
If thou canst see the light that
shines
Behind the dark
Which mocks the day;
If thou canst ease a heart that
pines,
One loving mark
Upon the way;
If thou canst leave that word un-
said,
Which may afflict
Thy fellow-man;
If thou canst say when day is dead,
"I have done all
The good I can;"
If thou canst teach cold eyes to see
The message hidden
In a rose;
If thou canst hear the melody
In each unbidden
Wind that blows—
Then all the wealth, and all the
laughter
Of all the world are thine;
Then happiness will follow after,
And the sun will shine.

SELF-DISCIPLINE

The very strength and life of all
self-discipline is order, certainty,
and decision. Our true safeguard
against temptation is to be the same
at all times, in all companies, in all
places; not to vary and adapt our-
selves to the humor of others, there-
by adopting their temptations with
their habits, but to be always and
everywhere ourselves, and to
oppose to the temptations of the
world the consistency of a matured
and practical habit of self-control.
—Cardinal Manning.

HAPPINESS

There is no happiness in the world
like that of a disposition made
happy by the happiness of others.
There is no joy to be compared to it.
There is no sorrow that is not soft-
ened by it; for it is the balm of
unselfishness. There is no inheri-
tance a mother can leave her children
comparable to that which flows
from the luxury of doing good to
others. The jewels which wealth
can buy, the rewards which ambi-
tion can secure, the pleasures of
art and scenery, the abounding

sense of health, and the exquisite
enjoyment of mental creations, are
nothing to this heavenly happiness.

COURTESY TO GOD

Many are discourteous to God.
The day's salutation of the morning
offering is often forgotten or mut-
tered like so much jargon, mean-
ingless alike to those who offer it
and to Him Who receives it. The
little act of courtesy—the sign of the
cross—by which we express our
faith in the mystery of the Trinity
and show our recognition of Christ's
death upon the cross, is often per-
formed as if we were passing a
secret countersign.

Our posture in prayer may seem
non-essential to us, but should it be
so? There are rules in society
which are kept scrupulously. He
would be an outcast who would
place his feet on the table or yawn or
gape; and even in the theatre good
taste is shown by attention and
posture. None but the boor would
rush out in the middle of an act,
except in case of fire. In fact, that
is a general atmosphere of courtesy
in man's relations with each other.
But very often those who recognize
the need and value of courtesy in
the social world are the very ones
who are chary of extending it to
God.

Before the altar men will coun-
terfeit a genuflection, bob into their
seats and assume a posture which in
respect of kneeling or sitting can be
called neither one or the other.
There is no indication that they
recognize the purpose of their com-
ing. And from their hasty depart-
ure one would imagine they came
for the anticipatory pleasure of
getting away quickly. No act of
theirs could possibly be called a
courtesy to God. It is true, of
course, that God reads their hearts.
But it is pleasing to God to receive
the courtesy shown by him who
approaches the altar mindful
always of the relation between him-
self and his Saviour.

In his genuflection there is the
respectful attitude of subjection of
the body—the creature before the
Creator. In his upright posture at
prayer there is seen the attentive
devotion of a son. The few steps to
the Communion rail may express
love and gratitude and reverence,
or else an atrocious carelessness.
Is there no discourtesy to God in
the demeanor of him whose arms
swing like a pendulum? Is there
no discourtesy in rushing from the
Church before Mass?

The Church is a living exemplar of
courtesy to God. The essence of
her liturgy is courtesy. The things
to be done, must be done in a
manner befitting the occasion and
the object of their doing—sim-
plicity, decorum, reverence, piety
and devotion—all mark the courtesy
of the Church's service. Never
does she forget the relation between
God and His creatures. Anyone
who follows the Holy Sacrifice of
the Mass will readily note the cour-
teous acts which tell the minister
and the faithful that they are in
the presence of God. The solemn
genuflection before the Blessed
Sacrament, the uplifted acts of
courtesy to the Divine Presence.
If Catholics would learn the lesson
of exemplified courtesy, they
would more readily give courtesy to
God its proper value. The old
order would give place to new, and
God would receive the first fruits of
a kind heart.—Exchange.

A NEGRO'S FUNERAL

The following very beautiful
tribute to the Catholic Church, for
honoring John Butler, an aged and
penniless negro bootblack, is from
the pen of R. M. Isherwood of La
Fayette, Ind., and appeared in his
paper, the Tippecanoe County
Democrat. Mr. Isherwood is a
Protestant; but one of that class
of Protestants who do not hesitate
to express their admiration for the
good works done by the Catholic
Church. He is a big, broad-minded
man who has openly battled the
bigoted program of the Ku Klux
Klan and their kind. The Tippecanoe
County Democrat says:
"John Butler is dead. John, in his
best days, was a hostler for the
Crouch Stock Farm, and as such he
crossed the Atlantic several times.
He could speak German fluently.
He was known to be honest. His
age and failing health touched him,
and for the last few years he has
been employed at the Retemier
barber shop as porter and boot-
black. John was a negro—dark
copper-colored, always polite and
well-mannered. He was born in
slavery, but always had a good
word in remembrance of his old
'Master' and 'Missus. John died
last Sunday night penniless. Not
a relative on earth had he. He was
of the Catholic faith. His funeral
was held last Wednesday morning
at St. Boniface Church. Lawyers,
bankers and city officials were
among those who attended the
funeral services. There were also
many of his own race. John,
known to be honest in life, was re-
membered at death. His—this
negro bootblack—was a Christian
burial—a most honorable one. And
these people of the Catholic creed,
the people whose priest and they
themselves, women and men, who
would so honor at his death, a
penniless negro bootblack, as to fall
on their knees in prayer for the
keeping of his soul and give him a
funeral worthy of a king—these are
the people whom masked men and
women of another creed would
drive from their lawful participa-
tion in governmental affairs;
whose children they would boycott

from their rightful position in the
business and professional life of our
communities; whom they would
root from their schools, whither their
children and children's children
will be taught the fundamentals of
the same creed, that took up the
emaciated body of this negro boot-
black and gave it honorable Chris-
tian burial. There is a lesson in
the funeral of this negro bootblack,
not only for the people of La
Fayette, but for the acclaimed reli-
gious people of the world. And
how it does put to rout the entire
army of King Klesgles, Cyclops and
all the other flamboyant titles and
vicious practises of the Klan."

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE RIGHT MEDICINE

People who are suffering from
constipation, biliousness or sick
headache at sometimes at a loss to
know what remedy to take to
correct these ailments.
Mr. Arthur Couzens of Smith
Township, Ont., said that he tried
several doctors and various reme-
dies but got no relief until he was
advised by a friend to take Dr.
Norvall's Stomach and Tonic
Tablets. When he had finished one
bottle he felt like a different person
and takes pleasure in recommend-
ing Dr. Norvall's Stomach and
Tonic Tablets to anyone suffering
from constipation or biliousness.
Mr. H. V. Mercer, Druggist of
Lindsay, Ont., recommends Dr.
Norvall's Stomach and Tonic
Tablets because he considers he
owes it to the public to recommend
what will give the best results.

If your dealer does not keep
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cents a bottle or five bottles for one
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A SALUTARY PRACTICE

Often in spirit one who is
removed by distance from a dear
friend or a relative, rests in the
thought of that sacred relation
which binds them here on earth.
Little messages of affection flash
across the space that separates two
loving hearts, and souls hold com-
munion with one another in moments
when the noise and distractions of
the world are stilled.

How much such a message means
to one who cannot be near the
object of his affection! It causes
the heart to beat more quickly, and
tears to come unbidden to the eyes.

Far above, in that celestial King-
dom which knows no partings, there
are those near and dear to us.
Relatives, friends, yes, but above
all there are the loving Saviour,
His Blessed Mother, and the com-
pany of the Saints. They are wait-
ing for the words that come from
our hearts, directed toward them,
words that arise from the neces-
sities of overburdened hearts that
arise from an overflow of joy or
happiness or from some dread or
doubt that assails us.

There is a beautiful intercourse
carried on between the Blessed in
Heaven and the faithful on earth.
The many duties and cares and
distractions of life interrupt it
somewhat, but it should not stifle it
in our lives. Many are the ways of
seeking and holding communication
with God and His Saints. They do
not take much time, most of them,
nor great effort on our part. But
they mean so much that they should
not be neglected for any considera-
tion.

The practice of pious ejaculations
is one that cannot be too highly
recommended. Many of these ejac-
ulations, or little aspirations, are
directed to God, are highly indul-
genced by the various Pontiffs who
have ruled the Church, and their
frequent repetition brings a bless-
ing upon those who make use of
them, here and hereafter.

"My Jesus mercy!" We read
the hallowed words on the tomb-
stone of one whom we knew and
loved in life. They were the
last words that issued from his
now cold and stiff in death. "My
Jesus mercy!" They were the
solemn words suggested by the
priest who stood by the bedside of
the dying Christian with Crucifix in
hand, and called upon the departing
soul to lift itself toward the dying
Redeemer with sentiments of love
and sorrow.

"My Jesus mercy!" There were
countless times during the lifetime
of that man or that woman when
the sacred words, wafted to Heaven,
might have earned a high and holy
title to degrees of blessedness and
glory in the life to come. How
faithful during his or her lifetime
was the departing soul, to the
practice of pious ejaculations, or
loving aspirations directed toward
God and the Blessed in Heaven."

On many a tombstone, no doubt,
these words, "My Jesus Mercy!"
meant little to the one who lies
beneath during life. They did not
represent nearly as much, alas, as
the title on the cover of some
popular and trashy novel, or the
inscription on the billboard outside
some moving picture house.

Thank God, this is the exception
with Catholics. Even those who
fall in their sacred duties, generally
cherish and reverence for the sacred
Passion and death of Christ. Few,
if any there are, who would trample
on the Crucifix, even though they

may despair of the mercy of a
dying God-Man.

But O,—how the thought is very
solemn—how few there are who
really hold this secret sweet com-
munion with Heaven and its
Blessed inhabitants, at least outside
of the brief moments spent on
Sunday at Mass and at morning and
evening prayer. Association with
those who are well-bred or of
gentle birth makes one also well-
bred and gentle, we are told. How
much more, then, does association
with the Author of all beauty of
soul and all perfections engender
beauty and perfection in the one
who seeks and holds that associa-
tion and intercourse!
"My Jesus mercy!" In the
workshop, at the desk, in the
quietude of the home, on the busy
street, when the clock strikes or a
bell tolls its mellow note—any place,
any time, under any condition this
or any other sacred ejaculation may
issue from a loving and faithful
heart. And then, if we may say so,
God stoops to listen to the cry of
His children and angels take up
the beautiful refrain to chant it about
the great white Throne.

Let us then be fervent and faith-
ful in using this precious means of
pleasing God and of sanctifying our
souls and preparing them for that
not distant day, when the cry for
mercy shall have passed into a
triumphant psalm of thanksgiving
to the Author of all mercies.—The
Pilot.

MARQUETTE LAW DEAN

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 1.—Gov.
John J. Blaine has appointed Dean
Max Schoetz of the Marquette
University school of law to the
Wisconsin Committee for Promotion
of Uniformity of Legislation in the
United States, according to word
received here.

State committees are being
appointed throughout the country
and definite plans for the uniformity
movement will get under way at
the convention of the American Bar
Association at Detroit in September.
While representing Marquette at
the Detroit convention, Dean
Schoetz also will attend the meet-
ing of the national committee.

FACE BROKE OUT WITH PIMPLES

Hard, Red and Large.
Itched and Burned.
Cuticura Healed.

"My face broke out with pimples
that looked terrible. They were very
hard, red, large, and they fea-
tered and scaled over. The pimples
itched and burned something ter-
rible. My face looked terrible and I
hated to go any place. The trouble
lasted over a year.

"I read an advertisement for Cut-
icura Soap and Ointment and sent
for a free sample. I purchased
more, and after using several cakes
of Soap and a couple of boxes of
Ointment I was healed." (Signed)
Miss Gertrude Wagner, Rt. 5, Brit-
ain Ave., Benton Harbor, Mich.,
Sept. 10, 1923.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and
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floor available for two
bedrooms, dining room,
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7-Room ALADDIN 609
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ing room, kitchen, three
bedrooms, bath, etc.
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8-Room ALADDIN 788
Semi-bungalow, living
room, dining room, kit-
chen, four bedrooms and
bath, closets, pantry and
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