

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## ALPHABET OF SUCCESS

It is said that Baron Rothschild had the following alphabetical list of maxims framed on his bank walls:

Attend carefully to details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation nor business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for self-improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Xtend to everyone a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right.

And success is certain.—Sunday Companion.

## KEEPING PROMISES

We all admire the man who can keep an appointment on time, the man who, when he says he will be in a certain place at a certain time, will be there, rain or shine; the man who, when he says he will do something for a friend, can be thoroughly relied on to do it. The thing we admire about him is his ability to keep a promise. Unfortunately, how many people treat their promises in an easy going sort of way, keeping them when it is easy to do so and neglecting them when they please. There is a double loss in this way of dealing—the loss of the actual keeping of the promise itself for the one who expected it, and what is a good deal more serious—the loss of that sense of reliance in the one of whom the fulfillment was expected. The ideal for all to copy is the man whose words and deeds coincide, the man whose word is as good as his bond.—Freeman.

## STICK TO IT AND WIN

If we could analyze a strong, vigorous character, we should find it made up largely of the conquering habit, the habit of overcoming. On the other hand, if we should analyze a weak character we should find just the reverse—the habit of failure, the habit of giving up, of yielding instead of conquering—the lack of courage, of persistence, of grit.

There is no genius like that of holding on, and making continuous effort under difficulties.

There are a thousand people who have talent—people who have gifts. Brilliance gives up, and talent gets disheartened before difficulty and lets go.

There are some very brilliant men in public life who almost do great things, men who raise great expectations in some particular line, but who never win out. They remain perpetual prospectuses of words which are never published.

I believe that more people fail from the lack of staying power than from almost anything else.—Intermountain Catholic.

## THE NEED OF PATIENCE

"I am strong, but not patient," said a busy man, urging his physician to radical measures rather than slower and surer treatment.

"Impatience is always weakness," was the reply.

We need patience always and everywhere, with ourselves and with others, with disappointments and burdens, with the slow growth of good. We need it with the blunders of ignorance, with the pain we must bear, and the evil we cannot remedy, with the unfolding of God's plans which, to our eager eyes, often seem to move so slowly.

"Ye have need of patience that having done the will of God ye may receive the promise," says St. Paul. Waiting is harder than work, but no one can be really strong without the grace of patience.—Catholic Columbian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## LULA'S ROSARY AND HER DREAM

## STORY FROM LIFE

Yes, I am called a keepsake now, and it is a long time since I have felt the fingers of my dear mistress gently touch each joint of my body. You ask me where I am, where is my mistress, and why I am called a keepsake? Listen, dear friends, and I will relate to you the story of my simple life.

I was made in a convent by the hands of a sweet, gentle nun. As she formed my slender body she whispered fervent prayers to her beloved Spouse. A few days after my completion, a young girl named Lula visited the Sister and I was given to her. As she laid me carefully away in a case I heard her say:

## "What a pretty Rosary."

So then I knew I was a Rosary. How lonesome and homesick I felt in the little case! What a change for me! In my former home I had companions; here I had none.

My first experience in the world was rather strange to me. I was carried all around by Lula. Wherever she went she took me with her. One morning I was taken out of the case and, to my astonishment, I beheld a beautiful sight. I was in an immense structure, so different from my little home. I was bewildered. I looked around, and saw altars with burning candles upon them, lighted hanging lamps, statues of saints and angels and beautiful pictures.

I was turned in the hand of my mistress and saw everywhere many faces looking toward the altar. Later on I found out that I was in the House of God. Then I felt more at ease. I knew that I was highly prized and was to be used for a good purpose. I gained this information from a brother of mine whom I recognized in the hands of an old gentleman kneeling next to my mistress. We were speaking to each other, planning how we should meet as often as possible, when my brother was put away into the pocket of his master's coat, and the old man left the Church.

Occasionally, after this first meeting, I met my brother and became acquainted with many other Rosaries. Some were old, some young and some were black or brown, others were white like myself. So far I have spoken only of my earliest years. Now to continue.

My mistress, perhaps through carelessness, began to grow tired of me and left me home in my little case. Possibly I was less pretty, but had I not met others just as old as myself? I never again met my old friends. I was never brought to the church. I was a prisoner in my little home. How I longed to get out! Days passed into weeks. How long I was there I cannot say. However, one evening I felt my little house moved, the door was opened and once more I was free. I stretched my body out full length and in my excitement I fell from the hands of my mistress and was picked up by her with one of my links broken. She kissed me and, taking me into another room, bent back one of my broken links and joined me into place again and put me in her pocket. I knew where I was going to. What joy I felt upon entering the church. I missed a few of my old friends and inquired what had become of them. I was told that some were brought to other churches, that some were lost and some were at home.

After leaving the church Lula and I friend of hers walked home together. I being naturally inquisitive, listened to all my mistress had to say, as I had heard her mention my name and I knew her conversation must concern me. Here is what she said:

"Oh Annie, what a strange dream I had last evening. I must confide in you. I dreamed I had a golden crown given to me by a most beautiful Lady and that she told me to fill each open space on the border with a rose. I thought that I took the crown with me into a garden filled with white roses and setting to work I gathered all I could. I placed each rose into the space allowed for it and had finished all, as I thought, when I saw that I had left one still open. Then, too careless to finish it, I was about to leave the garden, when the lovely Lady approached me and said:

"My dear child, I come for you to crown you with your work of love and beauty."

"I was about to hand her the crown when it fell from my hands and was broken. Lifting it, she kissed me on the forehead and said: 'You had only one more rose to place, and it would have been finished. Complete, dear child, the circle on the first opportunity you get, for although you grew tired of this beautiful work, you loved me and pleased me. My Son will then crown you with this.'"

"Handing me the crown, perfect, except for the open space, she disappeared."

"What a strange dream that certainly was," said Annie.

"Yes," said Lula. "I connect this dream with what I have neglected to do for some time. I have a Rosary with which I loved to pray, but not very long ago I began to grow careless, by leaving it home, although I still said the Rosary with other people at the church, but without mine in my hand. To day the dream seems to me to signify my carelessness in not using my Rosary. When I took it out of the case I dropped it and it broke."

"It reminded me that I had dropped my crown and I consider that this beautiful lady must have been the Blessed Virgin. I cannot describe her exquisite beauty; to attempt it would be in vain. I could not even if I were able in the most eloquent words of language give you a faint idea of her loveliness."

That was the story I heard Lula telling her friend. The dream was

## NO ALUM.



the cause of my release. The next day I was given to Annie by Lula. She treasures me as a keepsake in remembrance of my dear mistress who had such a delightful dream.

A few days after I came to Annie's home I heard her telling some visitors that Lula had entered a convent, where she now is a Sister of Charity.—Eulalia Frances Hughes.

## FATHER OF TEN CATHOLICS BECOMES A CONVERT

The Rev. Francis Koch, O. F. M., former rector of St. Elizabeth's church, Denver, recently received the father of ten Catholics into the Church shortly before death. Father Koch is now stationed at St. Anthony's monastery, Butler, N. J., and the convert, Daniel Emmons Smith, died two miles from that town, in Smith Mills. He was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church when, forty-five years ago, he became the husband of Julia Anna Sisco. While Father Koch is given much credit for the conversion of Smith just before death, the lion's share of this honor must go to Mrs. Smith.

The husband, at the time of his marriage, was strongly Protestant and somewhat prejudiced against Catholicity. Ten children were born to the union—six sons and four daughters, one son and one daughter dying in childhood. The mother was not only able to have every child baptized into the Catholic Church, but so impregnated them with Catholic principles that not one entered a mixed marriage. All are married now with the exception of the youngest daughter, and there are thirty-two grandchildren.

Daniel Smith lived until he was seventy years old, but it was not until this year that, due to the work of Father Koch and the influence of his large Catholic progeny, he accepted the true faith. He had a beautiful and happy death.—Denver Catholic Register.

## PRAY FOR THE DEAD

Forgetfulness of the dead is a peculiarly base form of inconstancy. Whatever obligations we owe to the living—of kinship, or friendship, or common charity—are immeasurably increased when the living become the dead and lose the use of those opportunities of eternal gain that make life most precious. Death is a surer bond than life because safer from life's inevitable changes and estrangements, and its faithfulness as well as its helpfulness is a claim upon the generosity of the living. "The poor souls" we call the dead who are expiating their sins in purgatory, not because they are poorer than we who have not yet won purgatory's assurance of heaven, but because they are helpless in so complete a sense that they can receive no help unless it comes as the aims of our charity. To the earthly mendicant a fraction of the rich man's wealth represents affluence, and to the souls in purgatory one day of life's opportunities of grace and petition stands for the attainments of eternal happiness. The prayers we give them are not great gifts in themselves, but they become inestimably great in the good they purchase.—Catholic Sun.

## MARRIAGES THAT ARE NO MARRIAGES

The Catholic people and others need to be reminded that there are certain laws to be observed and certain conditions to be fulfilled when it is a question of marrying. The Church calls these impediments, by which marriage is rendered sometimes unlawful and at other times null and invalid, is entered into without the obstacles being removed or if the conditions be not complied with. It not infrequently happens that Catholics contract a marriage which appears publicly valid and good, but which for the presence of some circumstance is intrinsically no good as a binding contract. The state also recognizes the invalidity of some marriages contracts which are entered into without requisite conditions, and when such is the case, the state pronounces them null. The law of the land acknowledges what is known as an annulment.

The Catholic Church declares there is no getting away from a right and proper marriage, from a lawful and valid marriage contract. But through her competent tribunals and legitimate authority she is sometimes called upon to pronounce a marriage contract null and void from the beginning, and the man and woman who were or had been thus united were not actually and validly mar-

ried and are perfectly free to marry again. People must not be startled or shocked when they learn either privately or from the newspapers that a Catholic, or other person who had been divorced was married by a priest. The divorce is by civil law, but the ecclesiastical law may have pronounced a previous marriage null. We must not be startled to learn that some persons who appear to be married are not married at all. Not every marriage ceremony results in a valid matrimonial union. So when it is found out that the union is not all right, that the marriage was void and null as a contract, the parties in the case have a right to enter into another contract which will be valid. There is nothing monstrous about that.—Monignor Thomas in the Baltimore Catholic Review.

## A "WAKE" IN THE TRENCH

## TOUCHING STORY OF DARE-DEVIL IRISH CHUMS

A story of great human interest was told a press representative by two wounded privates in the Grenadier Guards. The incidents had reference to the "waking" in the trenches of two Irishmen, chums in life and chums in death—an incident typical of Irish pluck and Irish daring.

They were a pair of the most devil-may-care fellows in the world. Where one went the other always insisted on being by his side. You never saw such affection, even between brothers. Early one morning they were both seen near a mine crater, and the Germans were shelling our position in most awful fashion. The two lads wouldn't budge an inch.

"Suddenly one was picked off, and the other made a desperate attempt to fetch him back under a terrible fire. This cost him his life, and a few moments later we laid the two of them side by side. On them we found a pair of rosary beads, and medals. A little party of Irish chaps took charge of the corpses, and 'waked' them behind the parapet of a trench, kneeling down to pray together for the repose of the souls of the fallen boys. A sergeant told his beads, and it would have made you cry to witness the behaviour of the others. It was a beautiful morning, and you can imagine what a weird scene that rough-and-ready 'wake' made."

"When the prayers were over the sergeant bent over the corpses and settled their hands in the shape of a cross. He placed the medals over their hearts, and round their necks he strung the rosary beads. They were buried where they were 'waked,' and a few green sods shaped like a cross supplied a tombstone. This is the sort of thing you simply can't forget."—Catholic Herald.

## MONK'S CARICATURE AN UNJUST PICTURE

One of the pictures most commonly seen in the art stores and print shops to day is one representing the monk as a convivial, roystering sort of a person, with bloated, repulsive countenance.

Now, there is no more effective way of impressing a lesson upon the mind than through the medium of pictures, and to the vast majority of the multitudes who, year in, year out, daily view those atrocious caricatures of a sacred profession, this is the sole type of monk that exists now, or ever has existed. Even Catholics, who should know better, sometimes do not, and they, too, come at last to accept this vulgar monstrosity as a correct portrait.

And who are those monks who are thus caricatured? Why, they are the men who carried the light of civilization and Christianity throughout the world; who have preserved the arts and the sciences and the literature of Greece and Rome from the devastating eruptions of the northern barbarians, and transmitted them down through the ages to us; then, with sublime courage, and patience, and perseverance they have won these same rude hordes of barbarians to the Gospel of Christ, taught them the arts of peace and industry and of the crude material fashioned the enlightened nations of Christendom.

The real monk, the ideal, the intellectual monk, the monk of the cloister, the studio and the laboratory, such as a Benedict, a Bede, a Bernard, a Columbkil, a Roger Bacon, a Dominic, or a Francis of Assisi, would make a worthy subject for the artist's brush, and would convey to the casual beholder, as well as to the student, the lesson of their lives—the worth and nobility of the self-sacrifice. But on the contrary, this is the body of men who are vulgarly caricatured by cheap color mixers and held up for the jibes and ridicule of a generation that knows them not, and which is therefore prepared to accept that false ideal for the true.

The stage is also a grievous sinner in this regard, the monk of the play-wright being invariably a truculent fellow, woefully lacking in the principles and characteristics of manhood. The monk Joseph, in "Richard III," the creation of Bulwer Lytton's prejudiced mind, is a specimen of this sort. Even Wagner's opera of "Tannhauser" is marked by the Pilgrim's chorus resembling nothing so much as a motley band of dissipated fellows. This, however, is the fault of the stage manager rather than the composer. The effect of the audience, either in play or opera, is not in favor of the monk.

From time to time we notice advertisements that, to put it mildly,

are in execrable taste. We suppose, for instance, that "Coates' Plymouth Gin" can bid for the patronage of the public without caricaturing a monk. Is an obese, sensual-looking object in monkish garb, an irresistible proof of the quality and potency of Coates' gin? Must the monk who tilled the fields of Europe and kept burning the light of learning, and whose deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice sparkle gem like on the pages of history, must he be dragged forward, glass in hand, to proclaim the merits of Coates' Plymouth gin? If the proprietor must have an illustrated advertisement, why not present to service a toper, broken down and bloated? He, surely, more than others, is best qualified to exhibit in his own person the prowess of gin, or any other intoxicant. Or the distiller could get a sorrowing wife or mother to tell how liquor salted her heart with desolation, and set her son and husband on the road to dishonor. Or, again, he might procure a picture of an orphan asylum, and show that many of the children are there because of the drink he is proud to advertise. But Catholics should be quick to resent caricatures of what they hold in veneration. They should not permit them to pass unchallenged, and we venture to say that any protest will merit the commendation of the fair-minded Protestant. Elsewhere we have banished the stage Irishman with his scurrilous and idiotic buffoonery. We can, if we wish, eliminate the caricature of monks from the public press.—N. Y. Catholic Times.

## HUMILITY AND GREATNESS

"The more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant," thus spoke the great Dr. Pasteur. The more he knew, the less he valued himself, the more he regarded his God. We believe it was Dr. Brownson who said he learned his faith from his servant girl. It has ever been thus. The great gifts of God—the greatest of all, faith—are given to minds that are empty of self, for they have room for God's grace, just as Bethlehem's untenanted cave was made Christ's birthplace. On the contrary, the mind that is filled with the vanities of human learning crowds out Christ. Humility ever attracts the gracious gifts of God. We know his greatness in the same ratio in which we know our own nothingness. The Breton peasant in his simple, yet sublime truth, was Pasteur's ideal, and not the proud scientist who delved into the mysteries of Nature only to be confronted with his own incapacity. Lacordaire said: "A little philosophy brings us back to it," and this can be equally made to apply to science. Great learning always tells us what we ourselves are and, knowing ourselves, we know how poor we are in word and work, and poverty is the parent of humility. As a consequence, the truly great are the truly humble; they place themselves rightly and look up to the great God who rules us all, and, pitying the meanness of human toil, enriches it with His grace, as He supernaturalizes it with high purpose.—Catholic Columbian.

## A LOVER OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

St. Francis de Sales used to say to all his penitents, whether in the cloister or in the world: "Go confidently in peace and humility that you may respond to the desire of the Divine Spouse Who, in order to unite Himself to us, has annihilated and abused Himself so far as to become our food, the food of them who are themselves the food of worms. Do not omit your Communion on account of coldness and distractions, for all that takes place in the senses and without your consent. Nothing will so quickly restore peace to your soul as the visit of its King; nothing will so warmly permeate it as its Balm. O God, what happiness for you that your soul while awaiting the union that we shall have with Our Lord in heaven, may unite itself to Him by this Divine sacrament in such a way that we receive by actual Communion Him Who the cherubim and seraphim adore and receive by actual contemplation. There He repairs and purifies everything. He loves in the heart, understands in the brain, lives in the breast, sees with the eyes, speaks with the tongue and performs in us every one of our actions. Then we no longer live in ourselves, but Jesus Christ lives in us."

Thus did the holy Bishop's heart pour itself out in love, admiration and gratitude for this most lovable of all mysteries. He used to say that he found help for every need in the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Mother of God, for the love of Mary is inseparable from that of her son.

## GOOD FROM EVIL

It has been stated frequently since the beginning of the present war that religion has become a most vital matter to many who had grown careless. Instances have been offered in various countries of the truth of the fact that if war drives men to a violent expression of passion, it also leads them nearer to God.

News reaches us that in the city of Turin, in Italy, the people have awakened to a vivid realization of the beauty and the benefit of Faith. Recently a great celebration took

place at the Shrine of Our Lady. Pilgrims came from afar, and the people were aroused by the earnestness of the pious and learned Cardinal Richelmy. For three days and two nights the sanctuary was kept open for the devotion of the people who crowded in and out in an unending stream. In the course of the preparation and the celebration of the feast itself fifty-two thousand persons received Holy Communion. Among these more than twenty-seven thousand offered Holy Communion for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Scenes of this character, though not always on so large a scale, are common in Europe at present. The people, aroused by the inexorable horror of war brought home to them in so vital a manner, are fleeing to the only source of consolation and strength: to God Himself. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and Mary, Help of Christians, are the centers, in different spheres, of national supplication and prayer.

When the moral atmosphere becomes highly charged with atheism and religious indifference God allows man to work out his salvation through the terrible crucible of suffering. Man's inhumanity to man then becomes the scourge in the hand of God; and when the proud spirit has been laid low moral reformation usually follows.

Keen observers may pride themselves on an intimate knowledge and

insight into these terrible catastrophes. But he who does not stand upon the summit of Faith with his eye fixed on the eternal Providence of God, fails to grasp the reason of it all.—St. Paul Bulletin.

## SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process

She Tells How She Did It

A well-known Society Lady, who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."

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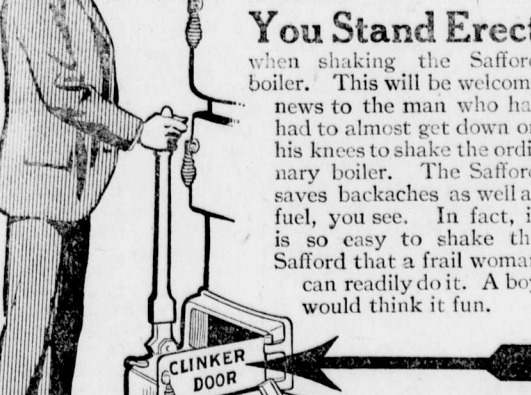
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## Safford Boilers and Radiators

If you are going to have hot water heating installed in your home, you will be wise to consider a specialized system. The Safford system, for instance, is built by a company that specializes exclusively on hot water and steam heating. This system is designed to heat a home more perfectly than you, perhaps, think is possible; to burn one-third less fuel; and to require the least amount of attention.

You Stand Erect when shaking the Safford boiler. This will be welcome news to the man who has had to almost get down on his knees to shake the ordinary boiler. The Safford saves backaches as well as fuel, you see. In fact, it is so easy to shake the Safford that a frail woman can readily do it. A boy would think it fun.



## LARGE

and roomy is the clinker door, situated so you can see right into the fire-pot and locate and dislodge any clinker in a jiffy. A great improvement over the ordinary clinker door—a mere slit to squint through and in which it is quite impossible to handle the poker with any effect.

The foregoing are but two examples of minor improvements. But they serve to show how thoughtfully the Safford is built down to the smallest details. The major improvements are described in our "Home Heating" booklet, a copy of which will be mailed as soon as we receive your name and address.

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