

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FATHER

Used to wonder just why father
Never had much time for play.
Used to wonder why he'd rather
Work each minute of the day.
Used to wonder why he never
Laid along the road and shirked;
Can't recall a time whenever
Father played while others worked.

Father didn't dress in fashion
Sort of hated clothing new.
Style with him was not a passion
He had other things in view.
Boys are blind to much that's going
On about 'em day by day,
And I had no way of knowing
What became of father's pay.

All I knew was when I needed
Shoes I got 'em on the spot,
Everything for which I pleaded
Somehow, father always got.
Wondered, season after season,
Why he never took a rest,
And that I might be the reason
That I never even guessed.

Father set a store on knowledge,
If he'd lived to have his way,
He'd have sent me off to college,
And the bills were glad to pay.
And I know what his ambition;
Now and then he used to say
He'd have done his earthly mission
On my graduation day.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler,
Didn't understand just why,
Saw his body growing frailer,
Then at last I saw him die.
Rest had come! His tasks were
ended,
Calm was written on his brow;
Father's life was big and splendid,
And I understand it now.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

VALUE OF POLITENESS

A president of the Chemical Bank, New York City, was once asked, "What conduces to your success from the start?"

His reply was "politeness." When I became assistant paying teller I at once recognized the necessity of uniform courtesy to all. I observed that many a shabby coat hid a package of bonds or a snug sum of money, and that magnificent attire did not always cover a millionaire. This knowledge suggested to me the prudence as well as the justice of being courteous on all occasions. If I had twenty tongues I would preach politeness with them all, for a long experience has taught me that the results are tangible and inevitable. Politeness is the Aladdin's lamp of success.

It is easy for boys to think that it makes little difference whether they are polite or not. But in his opinion, as the experience and testimony of this bank president shows, they are mistaken. A boy whose manner is rude and whose speech is pert, is absolutely disqualified for any important position. —James Elmer Russell.

OVERLOOKED BEST THINGS

It is good always to look up, says The Messenger of the Sacred Heart. A story is told of a man who one day in his youth found a gold coin in the street. Ever after this he kept his eyes on the ground as he walked watching for coins. True, during his long lifetime he found a goodly number of gold and silver pieces, but meanwhile he never saw the flowers, plants and trees which grew in such wondrous beauty and variety everywhere; he never saw the hills, the valleys and the picturesque landscapes above his head. In fact, to him this fair world meant only a dreary and dusty road, merely a place in which to look for coins.

This is really the story of thousands of men. They dwarf their lives and hinder their possibilities. They never lift their eyes off the earth. They live only to gather money, to add field to field, to find pleasure or to scheme for honor and power. They never lift up their eyes to the hills that picture the very clouds. There is no blue sky in their picture. They have no heavenly visions. They are without God in the world. —Sacred Heart Review.

ECONOMY AND SAVING

Some of the great American railroads issue bulletins to their employees with such items as these: "One lead pencil equals the hauling of a ton of freight two miles."

"One track bolt equals the hauling of a ton of freight three and one-half miles."

"One red lantern globe equals the hauling of a ton of freight seventy-five miles."

"One station water pail equals the hauling of a ton of freight twenty miles."

"One gallon of signal oil equals the hauling of a ton of freight sixty miles."

There could hardly be a more effective way of showing the economic importance of little things. And if a billion-dollar railroad takes the trouble to look after its track spikes and bits of waste, and turns them into their equivalent of accomplished work, surely an individual citizen might practice the same economy and efficiency with advantage.

Suppose we replace the railroad bulletin with some such list as this:

"One lost lead pencil equals car fare home."

"One newspaper, bought and not read, equals a box of matches."

"One novel, purchased and discarded instead of drawn from the library, equals a bushel of potatoes."

"One necktie never worn, equals a Sunday roast."
"One meal at a fashionable restaurant instead of a better one you might have had at home equals a suit of underwear."
"One suit of clothes thrown away instead of being cleaned and pressed equals two tons of coal."
"One lawnmower allowed to fall to pieces equals a pair of shoes."
"One plot of garden ground unused equals a month's grocery bills."
"One box of expensive cigars equals pipe tobacco for a year." —Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO'S "IT"

"On-ery, u-ery, ickery, Ann, Filley, folley, Nicholas, John."

Down in the meadows, the children at play
Tell their quaint numbers the old-fashioned way;

All in a row, while the counting is done,
Lips tightly closed, but with eyes full of fun,

Listening to catch every saying and sign,
Waiting their turns, to the first in the line.

Grandma smiles for grandmas know
The funny old counting they said long ago.

After the spinning-wheel lessons were done,
Down in the orchard and out in the sun,

Just a wee while before candle-light
Grandma was off with the rest for a game.

And she will tell, if you ask her, the way
She and her playmates the queer words would say.

In the same orchard, her grandchildren tell
Riddle and catchword that no one may spell.

Go where you may, 'tis the merry old game;
Everywhere children may play it the same.

Playing at tag the land over, they know
The counting our grandmas said long ago.

—F. W. HUNN

THE BOASTFUL BOY

"Did Harmon tell you that? Don't mind a word that fellow says. He is the biggest brag in Boston." The high school boys in the vestibule of the car were disputing noisily. One voice rose shrilly above the others, the voice that denounced "Harmon."

Uncle Jack wondered if anyone would say a good word for the boaster, but no one did, and presently, when their stop was reached, the boys rushed off.

"That wasn't charitable, Uncle Jack, or kind," objects a sodality girl. "And they talked behind his back."

Granted, little girl. It is uncharitable and unkind, also mean, to say things against another person, but the boy or girl who has the foolish habit of bragging has very few friends. He or she may deceive a newcomer for a while, but only for a while.

Uncle Jack read a story the other day about a boy who had Harmon's fault. No matter what feat a comrade performed, John would shout: "That's nothing! Who couldn't do that!" Even at home he bragged, until at last his family put their heads together to cure John of his very bad habit.

He had been particularly boastful and rude one evening, snubbing his brothers and sisters and making them very unhappy by sneering at their work and boasting of how much better he could do things.

His father was pretending to read, but was quietly studying John. The boaster went upstairs to get some books, and when he came back everyone seemed to be very busy.

"At last I have finished the second book," said grandma, holding it up proudly.

"Pooh!" said John's mother, scornfully. "That's nothing! I could do two pairs to your one."

The children looked up, greatly surprised, but grandma and mother were smiling at each other.

"Father, please look at my example," begged Alice. "I haven't made a single mistake."

"Pooh! That's nothing," answered her father, not even taking the paper she held up. "You ought to see the way I did examples when I was your age."

Alice was astonished and hurt by such a reply from her good father, and was about to turn away, when he drew her to him and whispered something that made her smile.

After that things were quiet for a while, until mother spoke about her geraniums looking so fine.

"Pooh! They're not half as good as those I used to raise," said grandma. "I had flowers all winter long and you had only a few poor little blossoms."

"What is the matter with everybody?" wondered John.

He wondered more when his father told of tipping the scales at 168 pounds, and his mother spoke up crossly:

"Pooh! You call that doing well? Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

And at that everybody except John burst out laughing. Father fairly shouted.

John was thinking quickly. "Father are you laughing at me?" he asked presently, and his voice sounded so oddly that father stopped laughing at once, and said kindly:

"Not at you, exactly, my boy. We wanted to make you realize how boasting sounds, and how unpleasant it is. But mother spoiled our plan."

Perhaps mother thought that John had been tried enough.

And perhaps he had. He wondered if he had been as disagreeable when he boasted, and he determined to overcome the habit.

So the lesson was not wasted. Uncle Jack hopes that if any of his young people are inclined to brag, that they will take themselves to task seriously, and begin at once to curb this ugly fault. Wasn't it Father Ryan, the poet-priest, who said, in one of his poems: "Great hearts beat never loud?" —Sacred Heart Review.

CONFESSION

If there is anything that men value in life, if there is anything that men seek for, it is some friend in whom they may confide. There are times when it would seem that men prefer even death itself to being longer compelled to dwell alone with some secret in their heart.

Do we not often hear of men giving themselves up to justice and severe punishment, preferring anything rather than the suffering and anguish which their secret entails? Is it not the greatest sign of love and affection when one confides to another the secret story of his life, good and bad as it is? Who can tell the anguish of him who looks about in vain for such a friend?

He will find many who wish to be considered friends. The world is full of those who smile and salute you, but you know that there is in their hearts no real sympathy for you. You look around for some one who will listen to your story, who will understand, who will help you; where is he to be found? Who cares for you enough to waste his time hearing your sorrow or shame? Each one is so burdened with his own that he has no time left for others. If you should at last gain a patient hearing, are you sure that you would not be laughed at for your scrupulousity or despised for your wickedness?

Are you sure that if something happened tomorrow to turn this friend into an enemy your own secret would not be published to the world as a testimony against you? We all know that in the world even the fastest friends do not confide their secrets to each other, especially those very secrets which weigh most upon them and which they desire most to share with another.

In the midst of all this shallowness and fickleness is the poor sinner to be allowed to yearn in vain for a true friend? If Christ loved sinners so much, surely He must have provided for this great want which every repentant sinner feels. And so every repentant sinner feels. And so every repentant sinner feels.

He has. Turn to the confessional. There you will find the friend you seek. There you will find in God's minister one who will not only listen to you patiently, and give you his time as liberally as you choose, but who yearns for your confession and will assist you to make it, encouraging and aiding you in your timidity and shame to tell all, to unboomer yourself of all, especially the worst you have to say, the most shameful you have committed.

By God's grace, too, he not only hears you patiently, nay eagerly, but with true sympathy. For the grace of his ministry aids him to place himself in just rapport with those who seek his confidence.

If it be an Augustine who sits in the confessional he sympathizes with the penitent, seeing in the confession of the poor sinner at his feet only a repetition of his own weakness, his own former shortcomings, from which by God's grace he has been permitted to arise a conqueror.

If it be an Aloysius pure and unspotted from contamination with the world, then again he sympathizes because he knows full well that were it not for God's all-saving grace he, too, would lie where the sinner now is, and deeper. In the confessional, then, the sinner finds patience and sympathy.

But more still, he is sure of eternal silence; of a silence that from its unbroken observance seems to be an argument itself of the divinity of this Sacrament. For in all the history of the Church it has never been known that a secret revealed in confession has been betrayed. There have been Judases who have betrayed the Lord and His spouse, the Church, but never has one of them been known to open his lips to divulge a secret gained by the vow of perpetual silence.

This it is that begins the great work which this Sacrament was instituted to accomplish. The first step toward conversion is the knowledge of our own wickedness, and the willingness to acknowledge it. Add to this the deep sorrow which fills our souls, the sense of utter unworthiness which follows at the sight of our own enormities and which, directed by the experienced wisdom of the confessor, fits us to receive the pardon of God.

Then the encouraging words of the priest who tells us of the great love that God bears us, and narrates to us again the story of the penitent Magdalen, and recalls to our minds the cross upon which Christ, the Savior, died for us that we might live; till our hearts are filled at once with deepest sorrow for the past, and firm resolution for the future, and

together penitent and confessor mingle their prayers to heaven, and finally are heard the consoling words of pardon which are ratified in heaven and give joy to the angels of God. "I, by the power committed to me as a priest of God, absolve thee from thy sin." —From the works of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

THE BIBLE

NORWAY'S FIRST PROTESTANT BIBLE WAS PRINTED NEARLY 300 YEARS AFTER THE REFORMATION

We shall probably hear within the next few months not a little about the aversion of the Church to the spread of the Bible among the faithful of pre-reformation times, about its chained inaccessibility to the masses and incidentally how marked a change was wrought by the religious liberators, the four hundred years' anniversary of whose chief is commemorated this year.

So it cannot but be both timely and interesting to hear what the Norwegian Catholic Weekly, "St. Olaf," has to say concerning the telling facts in this question. Reporting a discourse delivered by the Protestant Bishop Dr. Bang in Christiania on the activity of the British Bible Society, the article in question tells us that the bishop in his address spoke of the attempts made prior to the activity of the Bible Society to spread broadcast the sacred book.

These, according to him, met with very little success. And even these attempts were confined to securing for each minister and church a copy; since the cost was so prohibitive as to make its spread among the people impossible. Two hundred years ago a Bible in Norway cost as much as a good horse.

Strange, indeed, in face of this fact, that our carping critics expect the Catholic Church even one thousand years ago to have a Bible in every home. It is quite sure, however, that when once the Scriptures were gathered into one book, in the fourth century, every church and every priest had a copy.

Bishop Bang in his discourse was frank enough to inform us that: "the activity of the British Bible Society was, in the beginning, very limited. Only in 1854 were they in a position to print the entire Bible. The first Norwegian New Testament was printed in Groendahl in 1819."

But the reformation was introduced into Norway in 1536. A little arithmetical figuring cannot but lead to a very obvious conclusion.

Truth is always very interesting, more so very often than fiction. Our own people miss a great deal of what is interesting by not equipping themselves strongly enough with helpful antidotes to literary and mental and spiritual turmoil we cannot be too well equipped to meet errors, trite but for all that reshaped to surfeit.

—C. B. O. C. V.

LAYMEN AND MISSIONS

We Catholics can well maintain that we have nothing to learn about the manner of preaching the Gospel. The Catholic Church alone received the divine commission to go forth and teach all nations. We have been doing that from the beginning. And thanks to the grace of God we have been doing it well. In every land under the sun our good, devoted missionaries have been laboring. It is an old work in the Church. It is a trust that all the present civilization in the world is due to the Catholic missionary. As that is true of the past, so will it be of the years we are facing.

The Catholic Church, indeed, is the only power of whom permanent success in the missions can be expected, for it is she alone that has the authoritative voice of yea and nay. Some Catholics are at times apt to forget that fundamental fact. They are inclined almost to fear that the Church is not facing the present situation as she faced the past; to fear that her glory, her vitality is chiefly of the past; that what was capable of converting the Romans and the Celts is facing a different and a harder proposition today in the missions to the peoples not yet made Christian. It is however, the same faith and the same power and it will produce the same results in God's good time. That thought should give us confidence in the apostolicity of the Church. It is a thought that is somehow needed in an age that is so largely material. Some Catholics even lose heart as if the final victory were to go to those that are the better masters of finance. Our age attributes so much to the power of money; it is inclined to make that power omnipotent. Where the most money is, there, it is assumed, will be the greatest success.

And that thought has been suffered to invade the spiritual realm. An instance is found in the missions. It is known, for example, what a vast amount of money is annually contributed to the Protestant missions. Commercialism is writ all over them. Success is hoped for in proportion to the dollars contributed. It is a blind way to look at things. To understand that, we have but to weigh the results of the missions relatively. In mere money the Protestant missions are to an untold degree superior to the Catholic missions. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been contributed to the former, so much, that in proportion the offerings to the Catholic missions

seems, though great, trivial. The Protestant missionary societies have superabundant means to build and endow schools, hospitals, Bible presses, whereas our missions are continually in need of help.

Yet who does not know that the results from this financial outlay are not proportionate. Our Catholic missions, with far less of this world's goods at their command, have accomplished more than all the other missions put together. It is all the difference in the world, the difference between the Divine and the human, between the power of the spirit of God and the power of mere money. Anyone can plant, but God must give the increase.

We have, then, no reason to fear for our missions, or to dread their being overwhelmed by finance. It is our faith that the Church will not fail, and that means the Church in pagan lands as well as in those lands now Catholic but once pagan also.

Yet such faith does not mean an inactive faith. If that faith is strong it seeks to come nearer to the day when the Divine prophecy as to one fold and one shepherd shall be realized.

And to that end we all, laymen as well as priests, must work. And sometimes the conversion of what those outside the Church are doing in their own misguided zeal for their missions is beneficial as a spur to us.

At a recent Protestant mission congress the notable feature was the presence of so many laymen. They were not what are strictly called mission or church workers. They were men from the business world, heads of great business corporations, busy men of the world, yet they found time to come together and consult as to what means should be employed to make the foreign missions of their particular sect more successful. They have taken an aggressive attitude. They have not left the work to be done by chance missionaries, but are prepared to give their time and money to cooperate with those actually engaged in foreign fields.

Is there not in that a hint to our Catholic men? Our missionaries need our help. Money is not the all essential. But our missionaries could do more if they did not have the worries about the material part of their work. To help them in their Christly labors of saving souls should be the pleasure as it is the duty of every Catholic. —Sacred Heart Review.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS

Thursday, November 1st, Feast of all Saints, is a holy day of obligation—that is, it is obligatory, under pain of mortal sin, for every Catholic who can do so, to hear Mass on that day just as on Sunday. Of course, as on Sunday, there are exceptions to this—such as persons who are sick or who are so circumstanced as to render attendance at Mass impossible. Such persons withheld from Mass should make a remembrance of the Mass by reading the prayers at Mass in their prayer-books, by saying the Rosary, or performing some other devotion. In this way they will participate in the Church's celebration of the glories of All Saints.

Friday, November 2, All Souls Day, is not a holy day of obligation but it is a holy day of devotion, and one that is faithfully observed by Catholics everywhere. This is the day on which the Church bids us especially to remember the souls of the faithful departed. According to the Church's teaching the souls suffering in Purgatory, unable to help themselves, may be helped by those who constitute the Church militant on earth. We Catholics in our religious life are constantly reminded by the Church of the claims of the souls in Purgatory on our prayers and works of charity; but on this day particularly the Church presents the case of the poor souls to us. She reminds us that the dependence of the suffering souls upon their friends on earth is very real indeed, and she bids us to have them remembered in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Therefore, on this day every Catholic should attend Mass if possible to show his desire to befriend the poor souls suffering in Purgatory. The day, as we have said, is not a holy day of obligation, but there are few holy days of the year of more deep and tender import, there are few whose significance comes home so surely to the pious Catholic heart. —Sacred Heart Review.

"SPEAK YE THE TRUTH"

"Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor." Such was the counsel given by St. Paul to the Ephesians. It is needed today. For alas! men still deceive one another, misrepresent, calumniate one another. The lie comes easily to the lips of many. They do not hesitate to trifle with truth, to give the wrong impression, to lie outright if lying will serve their purpose.

Children learn to lie through their parents' bad example; employees are forced to lie in their employers' interests; newspapers lie because their readers demand sensations and are not scrupulous as to a basis of fact.

What a mean, contemptible fault this lying is! What a grievous sin it becomes when it maliciously destroys a man's reputation and ruthlessly injures him in his material affairs! —Sacred Heart Review.

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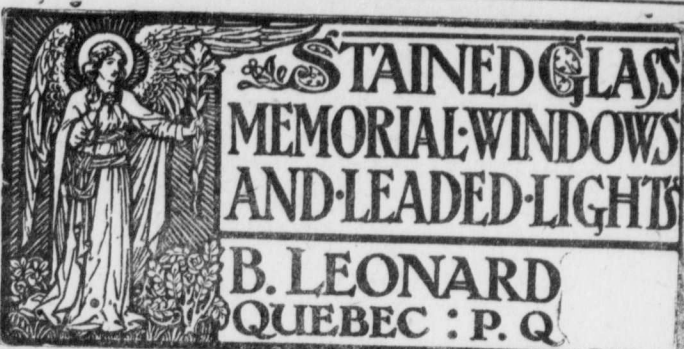
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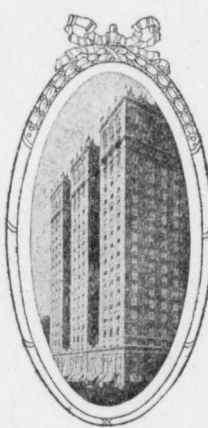


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