

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TAKING CHANCES

I shot an arrow in the air; it fell in the distance. I know not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his cat, and I had to pay him six and a half dollars.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BE HONEST BOYS

Sit down and think about it boys. Do you really want to be honest men? Men who can be trusted anywhere? And with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now.

God loves honest boys, and he loves honest men. He says that the man or boy who is faithful in little, will also be faithful in much.

THE LITTLE LIE

Once there was a Little Lie flying through the air. It came to a child's heart and said, "Let me in."

HOW IRISH NUNS CAME TO BE LOCATED IN YPRES

The thrilling narrative of the marvellous escape of these Irish daughters of St. Benedict from their beloved, bomb-riddled Belgian home affords a fresh confirmation of the adage:

THE OAK AND THE CONVERSION OF THE GERMANS

There are few children who have not heard of the part that the little shamrock played in the conversion of Ireland to the Catholic faith.

him he develops his mental power, makes his judgment a safe guide to follow.

they called the "Tree of Thor, the Thunderer."

St. Boniface told them that the tree must be destroyed. "Such idolatrous superstition will ruin your immortal souls," he assured them.

"But we would not dare to destroy the Tree of Thor," they answered, "for whosoever touches it will be avenged by Thor himself."

"All Nature belongs to the one true God," St. Boniface said. "Will you believe in Him if I destroy this tree and no blight falls?"

And they assured him they would. So the saint took the ax, and hewed mightily at it, in the meanwhile fervently invoking his patrons, the Blessed Virgin, beseeching her to intercede that her Son would lend him aid.

The pagans stood not far off in fear and trembling—when, lo! a stroke of lightning flashed out of the heavens and threw the tree to the ground.

"It is the bolt of Thor the Thunderer!" they cried, "see how he punishes the profaner!"

But St. Boniface was not disturbed. Saints are not easily disturbed. He waited until the excitement had subsided, and then, touching the tree, he called their attention to it. It lay there a three huge pine-shaped pieces, wide apart, like a flower.

"Behold the symbol of the Blessed Trinity—three in one!" he exclaimed, and with Boniface the people all fall on their knees, after which Boniface explained to them the doctrine of the true faith.

And that is the part the oak played in bringing the Catholic religion into Germany.—Extension Magazine.

THE ENEMY'S APPROACH

It was towards the end of last September that vague rumors of the enemy's approach began to disturb the nuns.

On October 7 the Germans were in possession of the town but the Abbey was saved for a time from their unwelcome presence.

Just one week after the coming of the Germans the troops of the Allies poured into Ypres to the number of 21,000. A famine took the edge off the joy felt by the Irish nuns when they heard the song of their British deliverers.

The bakers could not supply the immensely increasing demand for bread and it required all the resourcefulness of the nun's old servantman, Edmund, to secure a few loaves for the religious. Prayers went up to God unceasingly in the Abbey as well as in the town.

The nuns also found some alleviation of their painful anxiety in making badges of the Sacred Heart for the soldiers. This work gave rise to an incident which will afford us an opportunity of showing how charmingly Dame Mary Columban can write.

CHILDREN AND THE "LITTLE HEART"

"Even the little children in the streets came to ask for a 'little heart' until the poor Sister at the door was unable to get through her other work owing to the constant ringing of the bell.

In despair, she laid her complaint before her superior, saying that a troop of children were there again, of whom one had come the first thing in the morning for a badge.

On receiving it she had gone outside, where, exchanging hats with another child, she promptly returned, pretending to be someone else.

The Sister who had seen the whole performance through the 'guichet,' had smiled at her innocent trick and given her another. But now here she was again this time with some one else's apron on, and bringing half a dozen other children with her.

Mother Priorress then saw the little girl herself, who, nothing abashed, put her hand, saying, 'Des petits coeurs s'ill vont plus, Ma Soeur!' This was too much for Mother Priorress's tender heart, and,

instead of scolding, she told them there was nothing ready then, but for the future, if they came back on Mondays, they might have as many 'petits coeurs' as they wished.

The little troop marched quite contentedly out of the door, headed by the girl who could not have been more than seven years old—and diminishing in size and age down to a little mite of two, who toddled out hanging on to his brother's coat.

The devout procession was brought up by a tiny black dog, which seemed highly delighted with the whole proceeding."

GERMAN SISTERS LEAVE

Meanwhile the danger was steadily increasing for the brave little Flemish town. Crowds of refugees, from places in the firing line, invaded the streets.

The rigours of a martial law were felt even in the Abbey, from which four German nuns, all over twenty-five years in the convent, had to depart for Holland.

The sound of hostilities came ever nearer and nearer. Roulers, Warneton, Dixmude, and finally Bruges fell into the hands of the invaders, who had come by thousands, were up against a million of Germans.

Frightful losses were sustained on both sides, by those defending Ypres and those attacking it. The ambulances came continually brought in the unfortunate victims from the battlefield, and the nuns gave up all the time at their disposal to the "rolling" of bandages, for which were sacrificed sheets and veils, and in fact anything that could be of service to the wounded.

FLIGHT FROM BOMB RIDDLED CONVENT

Despite the danger and anxiety the regular observances of the house went on at the usual hours. But on Wednesday, October 28th, the bombardment of the town began, and it was judged advisable to send away some of the nuns with their paralytic Abbesse to the Poperinghe.

A few days later, acting on the advice of French and English officers, the remaining nuns, with heavy hearts, started from their old home under a hail of shells, for Oulton Abbey, Staffordshire, where they had been offered an asylum by nuns of their Order.

A THRILLING JOURNEY

The pathetic story of their flight is graphically told, and no one that takes up this plain, unvarnished recital of their perilous adventures will be tempted to lay the book down unfinished.

The hairbreadth escapes of the nuns and their passage through a red sea of human gore, by tottering buildings and the white, emaciated faces of starving crowds are relieved at intervals with acts of courtesy on the part of the Belgians, pleasant and unexpected meetings with Irish soldiers, who seemed to spring up from the ground just when discouragement or powerlessness threatened to swallow up the little band of defenceless and frightened women.

Here is one instance out of several that might be quoted.

THE GOOD IRISH SOLDIERS

"As we were nearing the Rue de Lille, where the shells were falling thickly, two soldiers came forward to help us with our packages. We chatted a few hurried moments, stopping every one or two minutes, to avoid a shower of bricks, as we heard a shell hiss over our heads and fall on one of the houses by us.

One of us remarked to the soldiers: 'It is very kind of you to help us.' To our delight they answered: 'It is our same religion, and our same country.' They were both Irish Catholics—one from Kerry, the other from Belfast.

When we reached the outskirts of the town they were both obliged to turn back, not having leave to quit Ypres. The Kerry man left us hurriedly; but our man from Belfast ventured a little farther, though in the end he thought it wiser to return to his regiment. So we shook hands with him, and thanked him heartily, wishing him good luck and a safe return to dear old Ireland! Our good Mother Priorress had a bag of pears in her hand, so she said to him: 'Here, take these pears, and eat them, and we will pray for you.' But he turned away, and said, 'No, no, keep them for yourselves.' Here the poor fellow broke down, waved his hand and wished us 'Godspeed!'

The famous blue flag, the great historic treasure of these Irish Benedictine nuns, has some pages devoted to its history. Means were found, it seems, to save it from the Germans.

CHANGED

But a few years ago France, or rather the French government, deemed the priests and nuns unworthy a place in the sun; these good people were driven beyond the confines of Masonic jurisdiction, they became exiles without reason. Now, the same French government has discovered that these holy persons had in them the stuff that makes

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

heroes and heroines. It has bestowed its highest decoration for bravery, the coveted 'Legion of Honor,' upon sixty seven priests and one hundred and twenty-seven nuns, who distinguished themselves for valor on the firing line.

SOME FRENCH HEROINES

Mr. Philip Gibbs, war correspondent in France, for the London Daily Telegraph, paid tribute to the courage of the French women, in these words:

They are very patient, these women of France, and immensely brave. I have seen them walking very quietly and calmly away from villages burning under shell fire, or threatened by an advancing enemy, where they have left all that made up the wealth of their life, even though it were a grinding poverty.

I have traveled with train-loads of these refugee women, with their children about them, and often, when I have heard their conversation, and seen the tranquillity of their faces, I have said to myself: 'They are wonderful, these French women.'

Sister Gabrielle, a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, is named among these heroines. Mr. Gibbs relates an instance of her brave conduct. She refused to leave the town of Clermont-en-Argonne when the inhabitants fled before the enemy.

With three of the nuns she remained to care for the forty two old people in their charge, who could not be removed. The town became a torch about her and the Germans entered the convent. Sister Gabrielle's heroism and fearlessness won the respect of the officer, and he preserved the convent from fire and the soldiery.

To his credit be it told he kept his word that no harm should befall the old people.

CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE

We are being vilified, abused and insulted daily. Through the press, from the pulpit and the lecture platform, still more from the undignified soap box, irresponsible and unscrupulous calumniators pour forth vials of filth and abuse against things Catholic.

We have been patient and forbearing under most galling circumstances; and we must continue to be patient, but let us not be apathetic lest our inactivity and silence be construed against us. Let us arouse ourselves from our lethargy and become active, under this gall-ing fire, let us organize an intelligent body, let us organize as able defenders our cause, and thus lend to the clergy and to the Catholic press the support which is their due.

The remedy, an effective antidote for all this bigotry and calumny—so say venerable churchmen who have weathered more than one such storm—is intelligence concerning our Church, her teachings and her history. The Church has an answer for every question which may be propounded, an explanation for every doctrine she teaches. What, then, is there for us to do? Simply and earnestly to inform ourselves, that we may give the necessary answers and explanations when confronted by the honest inquirer whose curiosity has become aroused by the ceaseless activity of abuse.

And this most beneficent result may be accomplished through the medium of the Catholic Reading Circle. Were we to see a flourishing Reading Circle in each city and town throughout the land, intelligently directed and affiliated with some central organization, I venture to say that the ghost of bigotry would be speedily laid at rest again, for it would be a reflection upon the intelligence of our fair-minded non-Catholic fellow-citizens (and, thank God, the great and overwhelming majority of them answer to that description) to suppose that calumniators, whose only weapons are lies and filth, will continue to find an audience once the facts have been placed at their disposal.

And how can the truth be more quickly and effectively brought home to them than through the instrumentality of the intelligent Catholic layman, with whom they come in daily contact in business and social circles?

It is then for us, the Catholic laity, to rouse ourselves from our attitude of indifference, and to respond readily and heartily to the call which has come to us above the tumult; and it is little indeed that our leaders ask

of us. Would we brook the charge that we are not loyal sons of the Church? Are we then prepared to state to the questioner the reasons why we are loyal to the Church? Are we familiar with the doctrines which the Church teaches, with her history and her attitude generally? Are we prepared to refute calumnies, to explain matters concerning our Faith which may be called in question? Scarcely any of us are thus qualified. We must acknowledge our deficiencies in these respects. We are convinced that the position of the Church is unassailable, but have we the facts and the arguments ready at hand when we need them? Are they immediately available to us? Do we even know where to find them? Or must we refer the inquirer to our clergy, with regard to whom we maintain a respectful distance? We need not be theologians, nor highly skilled logicians, but we do need to be solidly educated in at least the fundamentals of Catholic knowledge, and alive to the arguments in behalf of the religion we profess, if we would escape the charge of ignorance and hope to combat the influences which are at work against us.—Catholic World.

MORE ROMAN THAN THE ROMAN—IN DRESS

The Bishop of London (Anglican) when at Rouen—during his recent visit to the front—courteously called upon the Archbishop of that ancient city. Out of respect the visitor was arrayed in purple. The dress was unusual, as in the Catholic Church purple cassocks are rarely used in social functions. The London Tablet, narrating the incident, tells what came of it—as follows:

A bishop, archbishop, or even a cardinal would not think of paying or receiving visits save in plain black or red-seamed cassock. . . Hence the archbishop, who is nothing if not witty and genial, must have been somewhat taken aback at the contrast between his visitor—in purple and himself in his simple but correct black cassock. With ready French courtesy he sought to cover the mistake, and even to turn it into a subject of indelicacy, by thanking the Bishop of London not only for his visit, but for his kindly wish to do him honor by coming to him in an attire which in magnificence was so much greater than his own—greater, in fact, than that of a cardinal. It seems hardly credible, but certain organs of the Anglican press, on the strength of the archbishop's playful compliment, have gravely assured their readers that the Archbishop of London was "greater than a Cardinal." The ingenuity of misreporting could hardly go farther.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHAT SHE WOULD DO WITH HER LEGACY

Here is a little story that shows what strength of purpose can accomplish, when supported by grace. We quote from the Missionary, Washington, D. C.:

We lately had a visit from our old friend, Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

Days of arguments and of protests followed, and sleepless nights of bitter chagrin. But the girl stood firm. At last the father, a well-to-do merchant, said to her: "My daughter, you are my only child, and I have always intended to leave you all that I have; I will do so if you stay where you are, in our dear old Methodist Church. But if you join the Catholics, I will cut you off with a dollar and one cent." The girl's eyes sparkled, and she answered: "Papa, I trust you will not die for many years. But when you do and I get that legacy I will put the dollar and one cent in Father Martin's collection plate and pray hard for your soul." She came into the Church and her father forgave her. The mother is now under instruction and there are hopes of getting the father.

IF WE LOVE GOD

In a recent issue, the Toledo Record said: "One recommendation of the Catholic Educational Convention is deserving of more than passing notice. Several of the delegates, cleric and lay, suggested the idea that the Catholic laymen could do much to put the Church in the proper light before our non-Catholic brethren. No work is more worthy of the zeal of a Catholic. There are millions of non-Catholics in our country who would embrace the faith did they but understand it. The clergy are doing great work in this line but the laity can do more. It is hard for the priest to get a hearing. The non-Catholic people will not come to him. They will not of their own choice go to a Catholic church to hear sermons, nor will they read Catholic literature to any great extent. The laity meet them day after day, in business and social life. They have their confidences and have many opportunities to discuss religious questions with them. Convert one soul, pray for one particular non-Catholic friend. Urge him to study the Church. Give him Catholic literature. Bring him to the Church. If that one soul be brought to God through your ministry, God will not forget it."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of a Sister of Charity who, as a nurse, attends a non-Catholic family, and after a shipwreck and rescue from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions.

FABIOLA, by Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christian life is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old edition.

TYRANIS, by Rev. John Joseph Franco, S. J. An absorbing story of the persecutions of the fourth century, and the attempt of Julian the Apostate to restore the gods of Rome and Virgil.

THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. John Talbot Smith. As mysterious and fascinating in its plot as either of the sensational productions of Archibald Claveling Claveling, which would not shame the brush of a Tuckey or Dickens.

THE TWO VICTORIES, by Rev. T. J. Potter. A story of the conflict of faith in a non-Catholic family and their entrance into the Catholic Church.

THE MINNIE'S DAUGHTER, by Cecilia Mary Caddell. A story of the adventures and final conversion of a miner and his family through the selfless labor of his daughter. In this book every part of the Mass is explained in a simple and clear manner.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This story is not of the sort written simply for amusement; the author's simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to that of the joys of heaven and the sorrows and trials of others rather than our own.

IN THE CRUCIBLE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A story of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others, and a key to the divine truth story of Him who gave us all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

TEARS ON THE DIADEM, by Anna H. Doney. A novel of the inner life of a young girl, interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it down before finishing the entire story.

"DEAR JANE," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing sister whose ambition to keep the little household together is told with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDGE, by Rev. A. J. Theobald, S. J. A dramatic war of exciting narrative infused with a strong religious moral tone.

THE MERCHANT AND THE WIFE, by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of compelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant, and Raphael Banks, who, through the uncertainties of fortune, gains the parental approval of their marriage, which had been withheld on account of differences in social position.

MARIAN ELWOOD, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a beautiful girl who, through her sister's influence, is converted to the Catholic faith.

CONSCIENCE TAKES, by Hendrick Conscience. Thoroughly interesting and well written tale of a Finnish girl, including "The Recruiter," "Mina Hoel," "Gensendock," "Blind Rosa," and "The Poor Nobleman."

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting and well written adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution.

THE COMMANDER, by Charles D'Estienne. An historical novel of the French Revolution.

BEECH BLUFF, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the Civil War. Two other stories are contained in this volume: "Agnes," and "For Many Days."

CAPTAIN ROSCOFF, by Raoul de Nader. A thrilling story of a young man's adventures in the Civil War, who with his family and adopted sister, Catholic Crusoe, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, M.A. The adventures of Owen Evans, Esq., Surgeon's Mate, who with his family and adopted sister, Catholic Crusoe, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, M.A. The adventures of Owen Evans, Esq., Surgeon's Mate, who with his family and adopted sister, Catholic Crusoe, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, M.A.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, by Mrs. C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic tales, including "A Little Heroine," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Jerry and His Friends," "The Boys at Barton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

MERRY HEARTS AND TRUE, by Mrs. C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Heroine," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Jerry and His Friends," "The Boys at Barton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

THE AFRICAN FANTASY, translated by St. Rev. Mr. Joseph O'Connell, D.D. The story of the life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom together with her companions, in the year 203. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

HAWTHORNDEN, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact.

KATHLEEN'S MOTTO, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady who, by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

ALIAS KITTY CASEY, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catharina Casey, a girl threatened with marriage, who in an endeavor to elude her suit, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a mental position in a hotel, taking the position of a mad woman, and under the name of Kitty Casey, the story is well written, and a romance of the highest order.

LATE MISS HOLLINGFORD, by Rosa Mulholland. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mulholland, who has written a number of books for young ladies who are interested in the life of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the secret history of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS, by Mrs. A. Hoffman. This is an exceedingly interesting story, which some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined.

ROSE LE BLANC, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A thoroughly entertaining story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors.

THE STRAWCUTTER'S DAUGHTER, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

LADY AMABEL AND THE SHEPHERD BOY, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of a humble shepherd boy for the daughter of a noble English family is recounted. In the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and finally results in her marriage.

MAY BROOKE, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It shows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

AUNT HONOR'S KEPSAKE, a chapter from life. By Mrs. James Sadler. A chapter from life. By Mrs. James Sadler.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT, a tale of "Early Kentucky," by Anna C. Minogue.

BLAKES AND FLANAGANS, by Mrs. James Sadler. This book is the author's masterpiece.

CARDOME, a spiritual tale of romance and adventure in Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue.

CINEAS, or Rome Under Nero. A strong novel of early Christianity, by J. M. Villiers.

FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY, by Catherine M. Mearns.

OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE, by Mrs. J. Sadler. Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an Irish Borough.

ORPHAN OF MOSCOW, a pathetic story full of interest for young readers arranged by Mrs. Sadler.

PEARL OF ANTIOCH, by Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerfully written story of the early age of the Church.

THALIA, by Abbe A. Bayle. An interesting and instructive tale of the Fourth Century.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION, by Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of the South and Kentucky, by Mrs. James Sadler.

ALVIRA, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

AILEY MOORE, a tale of the times, by Richard Baptist O'Brien, D.D. Showing how evictions, and such other distressing and unjust things administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of the heroic lives of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LONDON, CANADA

"Cool as a Cucumber"

You can't hope to be as cool as a cucumber in the hot, sultry days, but you can keep your body at a comfortable temperature by eating the foods that make healthy tissue without heating the blood. Cut out meat for a few days and try

SHREDDED WHEAT

with berries, sliced peaches, sliced bananas or other fruits, with milk or cream. It has all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. A complete, perfect nourishing meal for the sultry days.



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