not left one single house of God to

are unseen, but eternal. The houses

of our forefathers are to be carted

England has lost its hold upon the

DA VERRA LEETLA BABY

admitted the fact .- America.

Irish Padre Tommeeckbride

Now, for eenstance, yesterday

Eet's a baby call' "Carlott'

Dere's a chrees'nin' down our way

O ! so small, jus' two weeks old-

How you call een deesa land? "Godda-father?" yes, dat's me!

Wal, w'en all ees done, you see,

Padre Tommeeckbride, he cries: Everybody com' dees way.

An' I put est een bees hand.

While da padre looks at eet-

Irieh Padre Tommeeckbride

Always he ees do dat way

At mos' syratheeng I say

Eet's a shame to tease a man

W'en he do da best he can !

The good scatter blessings.

When we find one who is naturally

proud, and censorious, and passion-ate, become humble, and gentle, and

self-controlled we ask whence comes

and we answer, "the Sower has sown His Seed;" it cannot be traced

to any natural cause it is the Divine

Seed of Grace.-Father Maturin.

this fruft so contrary to nature

Den Bianca Baldi, she-

But da baby leetle, too.'

We must write eet down," he say.

'Thanks !" he said, an' smiles at me

Wheespers: "Dat's a leetle beet!"
"Sure," I tal her, "dat'sa true,

Laughed an' laughed onteel he cried

An' da child ees bapatize'

PERSEVERANCE

Lord, I have tried to walk the narrow way That leads up Calvary's hill to Thy

Oft have my wandering footsteps

gone astray, Oft has my heart grown faint upon the road;

dismal night,

Thy side : Thy side;
Though my poor soul is scarlet in which the public gladly acknowledges as belonging rightfully to him. Thy sight, Lord, I have tried.

the gloam,

Lord, I have tried.

-T. E. BURKE, C. S. C.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a pure life. For doing your level best. For being courteous to all

For hearing before judging

For thinking before speaking. For harboring clean thoughts.

For standing by your principles For being generous to an enemy For stopping your ears to gossip. For asking pardon when in error.

For promptness in keeping prom For giving an unfortunate person For being homest in business deal-

ings.

For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.

IS BASHFULNESS AN IMPEDIMENT?

I was sitting in the office of the president of a large organization recently, while he talked with a All without is mean and small, young chap who was applying for a

The young fellow was nervous and trembling; in fact, so very ill at ease that he could hardly talk intelligent ly. I realized that he was young and nexperienced, but thought that his bashfulness was a real handicap.

After he had gone-with instructions to report to a certain department the next day-the president turned to me.

Mighty fine young man," he said enthusiastically. "Just a bit bashtul, isn't he?" I

replied. Yes, he is, and I like it. One of his greatest assets!' Then he became philosophical. "Bashful men compromise a great majority of worth-while successes of the country. Watch them and you'll see. I'm a bit bashful myself; in fact, I moments ago."

Since that time I have thought of

against it.

The president of a well-known bank told me a few good reasons why he considered bashfulness a good characteristic.

to make an ase of himself.
"On the other hand, the cocksure

fellow, with all kinds of conceit and egotism, romps here, there and everypeople than of the actual business in hand."

nant reason why country boys were so

naturally bashful. He thinks of the great successful career he has laid out for himself. He does not take up with associates readily, and actually shuns the ordinary 'high life' of the white ways. Consequently, such steady application to business forms a habit of industriousness before he has had time to get led astray. This great that it carries him over the

And as I think of this subject I meeting. He asked me to go with him. Of course, I watched him telligent looking youth. closely, and I remember that I was much pained to see him tremble like much pained to see him tremble like pointing to a big sign, "Visitors Wel a boy "speaking a piece." In fact, it come."
made me think of the olden days "You

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN speak under conditions with which

One of the most successful business men of today was nominated a year or so ago for a great public office. He annorn ed that he would

never would make one.

Was that a policy of his? Was it because he simply didn't like to his touch. speak in public? Not at all! He The face still have I struggled through the simply is too bashful to make a speech! Yet he is such a business dismal night,
Hoping the dawn might find me at millions of dollars, every one of

It is an interesting thing to look back on school days-in high school Lord, I have trod where thorns and and college-and see how the bashful men have fared in comparison Along each stony road my feet have with the chaps who were always willbled;
And when the wasting winds of pasing to "get onto their feet." I remember one boy who was always taking the leaf in depates, in high sion blew
I sought to follow where Thy foot school plays, and in every affair steps led.

What though I still am plodding in We all thought that he would surely where there was speaking or acting. become a great man, no matter what there," said McCormack. Far from the mountain peak where he chose for his career.

A few years ago I saw him driving Take Thou my hand; for, though I'm a grocery wagon in a nearby city.

far from home,

In the same class there was a young In the same class there was a young fellow who stammered and stuttered when a lady teacher would ask him a question. He was the object of much ridicule and laughter. Often I have seen him refuse to recite because he size and refuse to recite the size and refuse the size and refuse to his lips and ren the scale.

"Good instrument," he observed.

He played a half forgotten Tyrolese air. The notes rang out sustained and bell-like. By this time the clerk lips and ren the scale. words out.

A few weeks ago I saw his name attorneys of the State. And we used to pity him, to express our sympathy

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

" A DOORWAY OF A CLOSED CHAPEL"

Baby Jesus Who dost lie Far above that stormy sky, In Thy Mother's pure caress,

Happy birds! Whom Jesus leaves Undernsath His sheltering eaves; There they go to play and sleep, May I not go in to weep?

Stoop and save the motherless.

All within is vast and tall; All without is hareh and shrill, All within is hushed and still.

Let me kiss Thy wounded feet, Drink Thine incense, faint and sweet While the clear bells call Thee down From Thy everlasting throne.

At Thy doorstep I low bend, Who have neither kin nor friend ; Let me here a shelter find, Shield the shorn lamb from the wind

Jesus, Lord, my heart will break; Save me for Thy great love's sake. -CHARLES KINGSLEY

A TRUTHFUL BOY

How people do trust a truthful boy! We never wor y about him when he is out of sight. We never say: "I wonder where he is; I wish I knew where he is; I wish I trembled when I asked for my first knew what he is doing." We know job, just as that young chap a few that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We his surprising statements a great don't have to ask him where he is deal and have come to the conclusion going, or how long he will be gone, that he is right. I have asked quite a number of men who have achieved success, and it may or may not be a coincidence, but every one of them same thing over and over. When he admits that he is bashful, has always seys, "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," been bashful, and has always fought just once, that settles it. — True

WRITING CHEERFUL LETTERS

"Your letter did me a world of racteristic. good." Many times these words have been written, or said, of a mesand his work seriously," he said. sage, but we seldom realize the full "He doesn't enjoy talking with men, import of their meaning. If we did, and is ever conscious of what he says and does. He goes into an office to that carries only good to the absent take up a business proposition, to one, and less frequently the opposite make a sale, or to adjust a deal, and kind—the letter written under the he has that one subject so well in shadow of depression and discourage mind that he knows he is not going ment—that has power to chill and weigh down a heart that might have started the day in glad hopefulness. How many times we write words carelessly, without thinking of their where, thinking often more of his effect, or the possible need waiting grand front and his ability to meet at the other end of the line. We write according to our own mood, forgetting that long after the mood the way, was raised on a farm, said that bashfulness was the one dominant reason why country. ing them, how much more carefully should they be considered before "The country boy is not familiar with city life," he said. "He comes into a new world unacquainted and evil than the spoken word.—True

MCCORMACK'S VISIT TO A MUSIC SHOP

There strolled one day into a music shop in Peoria, Ill., a stalwart young man of robust build. A short distance behind him were two young companions. It happened that there habit of industriousness becomes so was only one salesman on duty; he spoke to the visitors very pleasantly

and asked what they wished Ob, we came in only to fool away remember my first boss, a man with great ability and who achieved a rettem, with the suggestion of an Irish

The clerk was a pleasant faced, in-Make yourself at home," he said,

"You might show me one of the when I "spoke pieces" at the country best violins you've got," said one of saddened Liverpolitan " thus un-school.

A violin was handed burdens his mind:

" Seems to me I've seen you some. the churchyard a vast up to date where before," said the clerk to the drapery store of colossal dimensions man with the violin.

drapery store of colossal dimensions at a cost of a million. One by one

"Look me over again; I'll give the churches in the center you three guesses," replied the man great city have during the last addressed. great city have during the last thirty years been pulled down, till

addressed. thirty years been pulled down, till
Then he laid the bow gently to there is now not one single house of office. He annown equals to work any speecher. He stated that he never had made a speech and that he never had made a speech and payer would make one.

Then he laid the bow gently to there is now not one single notes. There is now not one single notes. There is now not one single notes. There is now not one single notes the strings and played a simple old air which seemed to take on a new that is quite out of the way, right down by the riverside. There is now inspiration under the sympathy of down by the riverside. There is now

The face of the young clerk bright- witness to the reality of the greater ened, and he listened intently till things of life and the things which the last throb of the strings.

"John McCormack!" he exclaimed.
The two other guesses were unMammon alone remain. The bones "But how did you learn to play away with as little delay as possible,

the violin so beautifully?" asked the and according to the local papers astonished clerk. within fifteen months we shall see The singer smiled that expressive opened a colossal shop which will smile of his and sat down to the need 2,000 hands to work it." piano. He hummed the first bar of an operatic aria and then struck the maintained, but according to the piano. He hummed the first bar of keys. It was evident he could play Living Age, their congregations have the piano, too, and he did play it, to vanished. Something other than the growing astonishment of the business is accountable for these clerk.

"Now lat's see what else you've got 'Aha! people. Her clergy know this best likely and often enough have candidly Here's a cornet that has a likely

look. He adjusted the instrument to his

have seen him refuse to recite be-cause he simply couldn't get the looked like a boy on his first visit to the circus. Then the faint grin Always he see do dat way came on his face and he picked up At mos' evra theeng I say.
a piccolo and handed itto McCormack.

Ees no matter w'at I spoke, mentioned as one of the leading young The singer took it and used it, quite He would tak' set for a joke nonchalantly, for the purpose for which it was intended, and used it Wen he do dot best he can!

to good purpose, toc.
"Go right ahead now," said the clerk, with the broadest grin in the Eet's a baby call "Carlott world, " and play everything in the Dat my cousin Rosa's got

It was fun for all hands. McCormack took up the defy. He extracted
Wal, I am da wan dat stand a hymn-like German national song For dees leetla child, my frandfrom an accordin, made a harmonica speak of lightsome feet twinkling in the dance, and plucked from the strings of a harp a nosegay of melo-dies fragrant with the richness of his native land.

I'll play the rest the next time I come to Peoria," he said as the last the last faint murmur of the harp tones passed into silence. "But meantime Twenta-fi cent piece, my frand, I'm going to buy that fiddle. making a little collection, and this will fit very well with the company."

IRISH SPIRIT

LIKE OXYGEN TO MGR. BENSON

DOES ME MORE GOOD THAN ANY COUNTRY IN WORLD," HE

The late Rt. Rev. Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson's warmly expressed love for the Irish was such as would indicate that this convert son of an Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury must almost have wished that he had been born in Erin.

The faithful and loving Catholic novelist saw in the mighty faith and sufferings of the Irish a section of the kingdom of God upon earth which sent him almost into raptures. Inall deed, an Irishman might almost we regret that he did not write an Irish novel or two, though that, perhaps, was beyond what he felt to be his

We province, if he ever thought of it.

In his life of the Monsignor, Father Martindale mentions a visit which the novelist paid to Killarney House in 1904, at the invitation of the late Countess of Kenmare. From it he wrote an enthusiastic letter which included the following passages:

The whole place breathes faith. "I went round to see some poor Castlerosse, and saw such amazing things-people in the most hopeless habitations, cobbled stones on the floor, real saints lying on the beds with all their supernatural friends' portraits on the shelf-crucifix, Our Lady, St. Patrick, and so on. One woman was dying of cancer, beaming. Another dying of some other awful thing—calling everyone 'darling,' myself included, and absolutely serene with happiness. They don't mind death or pain at all. It is as natural to suffer and die, as to live, and has the advantage of being super-natural too. I wish I had the thousandth part of their chance of heaven. They seem like the real Royal Family of heaven."

Again, in another connection, he showed that he was most at home in Ireland.

"Don't mind what they say," he "Go to Ireland and see for wrote. yourself. It does me more good than any country in the world. The air throbs with grace and faith. That's why the Briton doesn't like it. The rest is lies. Don't bother at all about it.'

And, says Father Martindale : "the essentially Irish spirit was to him like oxygen for the soul."—The Pilot.

TEMPLES OF MAMMON FOR HOUSES OF GOD

The last church in the center of Liverpool has been pulled down. It markable success. One day he told accent and with a typically Irish is an art symbolic of the change that me he was to speak before a certain smile. in England. "It is not a question of bringing people back to the Catholic Church; it is a question of re Christianizing the country," an Anglican clergyman recently remarked. Writ-

He was a man who talked with scores of leading business men nearly every day, yet naturally so bashful that he trembled when required to

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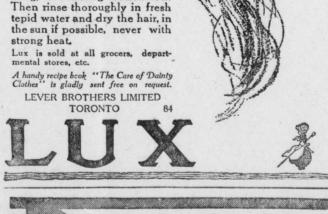
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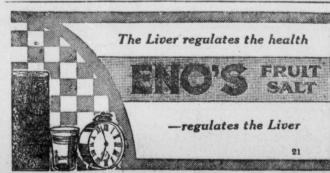
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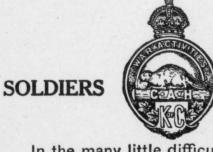
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