CHATS WITH YOUNG

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find

you in; For every day I stand outside your And bid you wake and rise and fight

Wail not for precious chances passed way, Weep not for golden ages on the

Each night I burn the records of the

day, At sunrise every soul is born again. Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf

and dumb : My judgments seal the dead past with its dead, But never bind a moment yet to

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say: "I

No shamefaced outcast ever sank so But yet might rise and be again a

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all Dost reel from righteous retribution's

blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of And find the future's pages white as

anow,
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell! Art thou a sinner? Sins may be for-

morning gives thee wings to flee from hel!, Each night a star to guide thy fest

to Heaven. -WALTER MALONE

Living a white life. Hearing before judging. Being candid and frank. Thinking before speaking Harboring clean thoughts. Discounting the talebearer. Standing by your principles. Stopping your ears to gossip. Asking pardon when in error Being as courteous as a duke. The influence of high motives. Bridling a slanderous tongue. Being generous with an ene Being square in business deals. Sympathizing with the oppressed. Giving the unfortunate fellow a

Being patient with cranky neigh-

Promptness in keeping promises. Putting the best possible construc-tion upon the doings of others.

—Union and Times.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN

Our nation needs badly today the good Catholic layman, the man who lives up to his religion, or manfully strives to do so. He is needed in the home, the native source of obedience and reverence, of respect for law and order, of mutual charity and forbearance. Christian marriage, the basis of the home, grows daily more rare outside the Catholic Church, and the dread consequences of its decay are only too visible in the ideas, the character and the moral annals of the upcoming gener-

The good Catholic layman is need ed in the public service of the community, where the dictates of commorality and the command. ments of God are too often set aside for private gain and to the detri-ment of the rights, progress and left his companions and turned aside,

clergy and assures the respect and be perceived through the broad exgood will of those who are yet outpasse of dark, pulsating water. which there is nothing but a renewal the immoral and cruel paganism of antiquity.-Msgr. Shahan.

THE REWARD OF PRAYER

Recently four of us were talking of prayers to different saints and of the answers to the prayers we had experienced. We are four middle aged people and have had the usual indifferent experiences as to success and happiness in life that falls to the lot of those who are not born to set through the windows that the sancthe world on fire with their brilli-ancy, nor to make it over by some wonderful process they have invented. "I do not like to tell my experiences exactly," said a quiet voiced man, "because I fear criti-cism and time has not dulled the satisfaction I feel for one of the most perfect answers to prayer I have ever heard. My parents were merely For a moment Pierre hesitated, not well-to-do people and a false business move took every cent of their living. My father died very sud-But only for a moment; the Blessed brother to his home in New York. tabernacle and carry it with him to One after another of my brothers Rigny.
and sisters left for some employment But now another situation was to One after another of my hothers Righy.

and sisters left for some employment. But now another situation was to that seemed to scatter the family be faced. The key of the tabernacle of his family the priest kneeling at unfulfilled quest.—P. T. Olton.

like grain is sown from the sower's hand. I drifted about the neighborhood, accepting any kindness given water was rising: it was fast growing me, feeling bitterly, my position but not knowing which way to turn to become self supporting. I looked and felt like an outcast. One night there seemed to be no matches. At I crept into the church and prayed. Perhaps I would better say I talked to God and I prayed to the saints. I fell asleep, and that night I was a guest in the house/ of God. The caretaker found me in the morning and was disposed to be anything but kind, but presently something above his ankler. Fortunately the I was saying seemed to reach him and he gave me breakfast and after street, besides being built on a slight land. I had washed my face, he gave me money to go to a certain town to a man we will call V. Martin. This man gave me some work to do and and seized the ciborium. But when I soon grew independent and was spoken of as a good business man. I married, and I have felt that another possible to take a single step.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CORPUS CHRISTI (THE LITTLE FLOWER STREWERS)

Dear, children, kiss your flowers, and fling them at His feet: He comes, the Lord of flowers, of all

things fair and sweet. His glory all is hidden, but who He is you know: Then throw your flowers before Him,

and kies them as you throw. YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY FOR Yet envy not the flowers that die so

sweet a death— One heart's fond sigh is sweeter than rose's perfumed breath. More sweet than sweetest incense the tears of love that flow, The thrill of faith that mingles with

every flower you throw. Yes, let your flowers be emblems of holy thoughts and prayers That from your hearts are springing —for hearts alone He cares, Oh! may your hearts before Him

with loving worship glow, While thus you throw your flowers and kiss them as you throw. Ah! soon the rose leaves wither-

bloom again on high, That God unveiled beholding whom 'neath these veils we know. And at whose feet, dear children, our

flowers, our hearts, we throw.

we, too, like flowers must die,

A BRAVE LITTLE BOY The village of Graverolls, was on about forty families. There the vicar of Rigny went several times a week to say Mass in a little chapel. Pierre Hureau, a boy of eleven, always served the vicar's Mass. He was now ready to make his first Communion, after having from his infancy shown unusual piety.

On the morning of January 28, when Pierre crossed the bridge on his way to school at Rigny, he re-marked that the Seine was rising rapidly, but the village was situated on an elevation above the river, and he had often heard his father and mother say that it was in no danger whatever from a flood. At 4 o'clock happiness of the people.

He is needed above all in the Church, where the grave sacrament.

Thus it happened that he was quite al life of her faithful laity is the alone when he came in sight of He at once perceived sanctity and power, where the word that the flood had made great ravages of God falling on ardent and humble since morning. As far as he could hearts, bring forth fruit a hundred see before him, the fields were inunfold, and where the growing multi tude of her devoted children inspires thought to be free from danger, the confidence and resolution in her tops of the trees were all that could

side the fold, but are daily more deeply moved by the unity and harmony and growth of the great reached the bridge. At Graverolls silence and desolution greeted him. that made necessary the mediaval other habitations also. Water began knight, to stem the deep current of to appear in the roadway. There pure secularism and naturalism that | was no one in sight. Everyone had tend to sweep away the last remnants of Christian life and order, after counted faithfully on meeting him on the usual route from school. They could not have thought, of course of the detour he was in the habit of making every day to pray a few moments in the little chapel.

And thus they had missed him. Pierre looked about him. The water had not yet mounted to the floor of the bridge; there was time for him to return to Rigny, where he would be sure to find his family. But as he passed the chapel he saw tuary lamp was still burning, and he knew that the Blessed Sacrament must be there. Doubtless the sacristan an old resident of Graverolle, had forgotten in the haste of departure, and the vicar would not come again until to morrow. To morrow and my mother, long an Sacrament must be saved. He rewas taken away by her solved to take the ciborium from the

before long I was mightily interested he reached the chapel door, he found in farming and I really made it pay. himself in the water almost up to his

spoken of as a good and in a good another married, and I have felt that another blessing answered my prayers. My benefactor in dying left me considerable property. I vowed if God let me become a respectable member of society I would give liberally to the walfare of others and I have, but I must be found the charge of the church; the platform of the altar, two steps above that; and the water had already Everything I am and everything I reached the level of the first step of own is a direct answer to the praythe communion rail. He turned to the altar, whereon, hidden in the ciborium, reposed his Lord and his ers I made in the old church when I was a desolate, homeless and half starved boy."—Catholic Sun. God. For a moment a spasm of anguish convulsed his soul. Must he perish, there, all alone? No, our Lord was with him. Tears began to roll down his cheeks. He knelt close to the altar, in front of the ciborium. He prayed but time passed slowly—oh, so slowly. And it was dark and cold.

The water was now creeping into the sanctuary. Pierre climbed upon the altar shelf, where he remained the altar shelf, where he remained the shelf, where he remained the shelf shalfs battle flag, it is well known, is shalfs battle flag, it is well known, is moments. The water was now rising above his feet. It crept along the Stripes, symbolizing the aims and shelf where he crouched. With a hopes of the United States of America. There are a good many people the along the shelf where he ciborium in one moments. The water was now rising side by side with the Stars and above his feet. It crept along the Stripes, symbolizing the aims and tabernacle. There he sat, with it pressed to his heart, still praying. At length, his head fell upon his breast and he slept, without letting to his head of his troown. Many half of his troown. breast and he slept, without letting go his hold of his treasure. Meantime the water remained stationary.

somewhat subsided, a small boat containing a priest with two oarmen, made its way to the submerged village of Graverolle. They advanced toward the chapel, the door of which they found open, forced by the winds and the waves. The water was still so high that the little boat could ride upon it easily. All they could see as they passed the aisle, was the taber-But in the heavenly springtime shall nacle, on top of which sat a pale, boyish figure, his head sunken on his breast. In his hand was clasped the ciborium.

" Pierre!" cried the vicar. There was no answer. The boat and Times. came nearer.
"Pierre!" again spoke the vicar.
"My dear Pierre."

In a moment one of the boatsmen had the boy in his arms, lifting him into the bottom of the boat, while the priest took the ciborium from his loosening clasp. Pierre slowly opened his eyes. There was a heavy blanket in the bottom of the boat—a large, warm blanket, on one half of which they laid him, throwing the other half over him. Oh, how delicious it was, that feeling of warmth, of release, of companionship! He opened his eyes slowly and gazed into the kind face of the priest above

Pierre, are you cold?" asked the vicar.
"Not now, Monsieur l'Abbé,"
answered the feeble, tired voice, in a

Are you hungry? "No, Monsieur l'Abbé," came faint-ly from the trembling lips.

"Will you have a morsel of bread and a sip of wine? We have a with us. We thought perhaps to meet some poor sufferers on the way, but had no idea we should find you here. Your parents are searching for you averywhere. We searching for you everywhere. We came for the Blessed Sacrament. A Gentle and womanly, yet with the few drops of wine now, my little courage of soldiers leading a forlern

No, no-not that !" murmured the

boy. What, then?"

bending over him and marking the glassiness of his eyes, the exceeding waxen pallor of his face, the blueness of his trembling lips. Again the boy pointed to the ciborium.

heaven. They were full of tears. "Yes," he said, "you have deserved it well—the bread of angels, I will give you the God for Whom you

They heard the murmur of a prayer, while his face shone with a light

not of earth. "Come," said the vicar, 'let us hasten back to Rigny that his parents may see him once more. They are

The boat floated out of the chapel into the broad stream that had once been the main street of Graverolls. The sun shone out radiantly; Pierre opened his eyes to its soft, ineffable The priest lifted the boy's head to his knee.

I feel so happy now, mon Père,' he murmured, with a sweet smile and a look of gratitude.

his bedside, the boy opened his eyes BOYS! GIRLS! EARN GODD

for the last time.

The mother sobbed aloud. Pierre felt for her hand and laid his own upon it; then, closing his eyes he heaved a faint sigh, and his pure soul took its flight to heaven.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

TRYING TO IGNORE GOD

Again the vexed question of the agency which won the War is bobbing up tenaciously in the daily press without, seemingly, any prospect of a solution that may satisfy the seekers after the truth in the matter for the sake of truth. "Gasoline" is the latest agency that is claimed to be the determining factor. Marshall Foch is quoted as having said that "the will to victory" constituted the irresistible force that conquered. The great soldier does not believe in anything of the kind. He knows well that man's power or will counts as nothing in such cases. The Kaiser's "will to victory" was con-Kaiser's "will to victory" was con stantly before the eyes of his be-fooled battalions. The great Marshall takes no credit to himself as to the winning of the War. His victory he attributes to the united prayers of the millions of little children who in response to his special appeal. assembled at Mass to offer their Holy Communions to the Almighty Disposer, in one grand united peti tion for success in the War as a means to the attaining of peace. This fact has been given out, more than once, before the world, but the infidel press brazenly attempts to the fallen Spirit, their master. the prayer of the millions of chil Next morning, when the flood had dren all over the Catholic world, asked for by Marshall Foch, has wor out over the efforts of Satan and his hosts, and caused the laurels of victory to be borne to the shores of the United States at the very moment when the prospects of a victorious outcome from the War seemed dark-

> invisible to mortal ken. The truth that is emblazoned high in the firmament of Time, as the law of the whole Universe, visible and invisible, remains now as ever "Man proposes, but God disposes." It is sufficient.—Catholic Standard

est and the star of hope became

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO NUNS ON CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL

The model of the memorial to the nuns of the battlefield to be erected by the Ladies Auxiliary, A. O. H., was recently submitted for inspection. On its marble face will be sculptured the figures of ten nuns, representing the various Sisterhoods engaged in nursing our soldiers during the Civil War. Highly artistic as this group promises to be, it will hardly surpass the simple eloquence of the words to be inscribed on the reverse of this noble monument. They are Lincoln's own tribute to our Catholic Sisters:
"Of all the forms of charity and

benevolence seen in the crowded wards of the hospitals, those of some Catholic Sisters were among the most efficient. I never knew whence they came or what was the name anything I have ever seen in art, so long devoted to illustrations of love. among the suffering and the dying hope, to sustain them in contact with such horrors. As they went from cot to cot, distributing the "What, then?"
"That, if I may," pointing to the ciborium—"if you will, non Père, before I die."
"Ah my child," said the priest, bending over him and marking the control of dren, all the loved ones he was soon The priest raised his eyes to to see again if he was obedient and patient. How many times have I seem them exorcise pain by the presence of their words! How often has the hot forehead of the soldier the opened the ciborium and laid the Sacred Host upon the tongue of the dying boy. He closed his lips softly with a smile of gratitude.

They heard the murmur of a present the soldier grown cool as one of the Soldier bathed it! How often has he been refreshed, encouraged, and assisted along the road to convalscence, when he would otherwise have followed. which these unpaid nurses filled his The same tribute can once more be

paid today to the thousands of Cath-olic Sisters of every nation whose deeds of sacrifice and heroism are written in the hearts of countless soldiers of the World-War.—America.

There is an old saying, "As long as there is life there is hope." We can change that and say just as truly, "As long as there is hope there is life." Without hope, without desire, life soon fails, because life is but a

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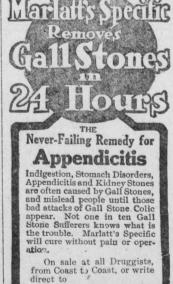
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