

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT A YOUNG MAN COSTS

The legion of lads who have now left school and who, as young men, leaving boyhood behind them, are to begin to go at the serious tasks of life, makes it timely for them to consider what it has so far cost their parents to rear them:

So you are twenty-one. And you stand up clear eyed, clear-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you? Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him costs \$25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all. You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and grey streaks in his hair; and your mother—oh, my boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety, and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you; but— If you are what we think you are, you are worth all your cost—and much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much but "Hello, son!" way down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever; and as for the little mother, she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes. You are a man now.

And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty years to help you up! and already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you—twenty-one? Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you. Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you out. It will put to test every fiber in you; but you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—only if there be the willing and cheerful mind. All hail you on the threshold!

It's high time you are beginning to pay the freight—your debts to your father and mother. You will never pay them all, the love, the care, the anxieties, the labors, the tears, the sacrifices, the hopes, the plans, etc., that they made, and suffered, and endured, and went through for you. But you can do something—you can make a part repayment by kindness, sympathy, attention, respect, obedience, deference, generosity and affection.

Hurry up and begin, for your parents will pass away before very long. It will do them no good and you little good for you to kneel on their grave and to say that you are sorry—sorry

you didn't try to show your gratitude for what they have done for you, before it was too late!—Catholic Columbian.

CULTIVATE RELIABILITY

The demand for reliability never ceases. If you buy a piece of machinery you want it to be dependable. When you purchase new clothes you desire them to be durable. If you elect an official you require that he shall be trustworthy.

When you take on an employe you inquire whether he can be relied on, as to his word, his work, his loyalty. It is so in all the relations of life. While there is much unreliability, you never hear of anybody seeking it or placing a premium upon it.

The reliable man is always spoken of in terms of praise. His friends boast that he can be depended upon to do a certain thing under a certain set of circumstances without variable-ness or shadow of turning. They say they can find him in the dark and can trust him then with the same faith as in the broad light of day.

They refer to him as one whom you can rely on. They have no fears like he will either default or betray. He has all the steadiness and fidelity of a well trained plow horse. He may lack brilliance and finish. He may not be a genius. But as far as his abilities go he is as reliable as time itself, and thus he becomes more or less of an institution in the circle within which he moves and an anchor-orage for those dependent upon him in any way whatever. —Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JACK'S VOCATION

Mother was washing when Jack told her. He stood beside the tub for fully 10 minutes before he could broach the subject. Not that he was afraid—but somehow it was a matter that seemed too wonderful to talk about. He dipped his fingers into the "suds" and made bubbles, and mother rubbed and splashed with all her might. He cleared his throat three times, and then made more bubbles.

"Get out of that, will you?" his mother cried. "What's up with you that you can't run away, and play? You've been haunting me all the morning."

Jack's face flushed. "There, there now; I didn't mean that," Mrs. Maher said hastily. "I like to see you so fond of your mother's company. But I mean you sort of bother me, with that solemn look in your big eyes. Is it sick you are?"

"No, mother, but—but—" "But what, child?" "I want to tell you something."

"Tell it then."

"I want to tell you that—that—I want to be a priest."

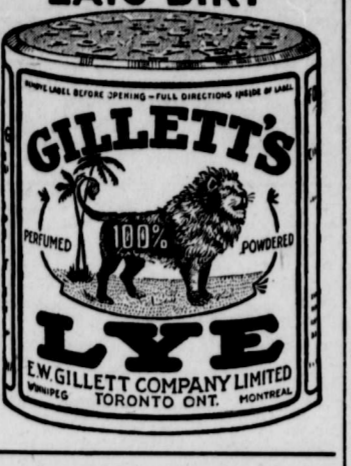
Mrs. Maher raised her wet hands above her head. "A priest! The Lord save us," she said, in an awed whisper.

"Yes, mother, a priest," Jack repeated in a whisper as awed as her own.

Then he looked down hurriedly. "You'll let me go, mother, when I'm big?"

"Let you go?" she said, and the tears welled up in her eyes. "Let you go, is it? I'd be the proud and happy woman to have a son—a—I can't say it, it's too wonderful. But

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



you, poor child, who are you that God should pick you out to be one of his priests? It's only dreaming you are, and you only ten years old last June. You've been reading a holy book, or those Brothers have been telling you about saints and holy people. Run away and play with Molly and Nora, and think no more of it."

"No, mother, it isn't only to-day. I've been thinking of it for a long time. I can't remember the time when I did not think about it, only I did not like to say anything."

His mother looked at him sharply, and, as she said afterwards, her heart leaped at sight of the determined line the soft, boyish lips had taken, and at the solemn look in his big eyes. But then she felt she should not encourage him at first.

"But child," she said, "you have to be terribly clever to be a priest. I've heard that the books they read to learn from would fill this room."

But, mother, if God wants me to be a priest, He would let me be clever enough to learn everything. He can do anything."

"But then, child, dear, where's the money to come from?" "What money, mother?"

"Listen to him, the precious innocent. What money? he says. Why, child dear, you'd have to stay at school until you were old enough to go to college, and then the years there would cost a deal of money. Where's it to come from?"

Jack made more bubbles in the tub, and thought a lot. "I forgot about that," he said sadly. "Then he brightened again. 'Why mother, God is rich, isn't He, if we are not? And if He wants a poor boy to be a priest, and there's money wanted, why, He will send the money Himself.'

Mrs. Maher's heart exulted at her little son's exhibition of faith in God's goodness, but she said to herself, "'Tis best to try him."

"Well, child, perhaps He will. But how's it to come? Do you expect it to fall from heaven? I can't tell what other way we can hope to get it."

Jack looked shocked. "No, mother, I don't mean that. But, all the same, God could shower gold down as easy as He can rain. He can do anything. But He would not work a miracle like that for a boy like me—only for very holy saints He does those things. But I know He'll send the money some way, in some quiet way, mother."

Mrs. Maher went on with the washing, but she did not rub quite so hard or splash so energetically, and sometimes a tear rolled down with the suds.

The subject was dropped for the time being, but still it never left their thoughts. Many and many were the prayers his mother offered up; many were the "talks" she had to the Mother of God.

"I'll leave it all in your hands, Holy Mother. Who am I that I should speak to your Divine Son about it? You ask Him for me. He'll listen to you. Tell Him I'd give Him my boy willingly (wasn't it He gave him to me?) But how can a poor working-woman find ways and means? And if it's only a fancy the poor child has, why then ask Him to forgive us both for daring to think He wanted the boy."

And Jack, He prayed in his great faith, and had no doubt in the world but that all would come right. How he envied the altar boys! How he wished that he were one! "The serving at Mass" at the back of the catechism fascinated him. He tried to learn it but the words were "queer," and no matter how carefully he listened at Mass time, he could not catch the pronunciation of them, except "Et cum spiritu tuo," and "Deo Gratias."

"Why do you want to be an altar boy?" Brother De Sales asked, and his keen eyes observed the little fellow closely. Jack's heart stood still, and then jumped up and down suffocatingly. "Please, sir, I— I want to be a priest, and—and being on the altar will help me to wait until I'm big."

"Very well, come to me after school, and I'll instruct you for the altar; but remember, Jack, altar boys must be very well conducted, and boys who intend being priests must take care of themselves."

He put his hand on the dark hair for an instant, and Jack mumbled, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Mother made him a surplice and soutane. And perhaps she had dreams of making another surplice some day, a surplice to fit a man, and that man her own little dark-haired boy, "grown up," and kneeling in the sanctuary on his ordination day.

"But, after all, it might be only a fancy. Many a lad, while he is at school, thinks he'll be a priest, and then gives up the idea entirely. I won't set my heart on it. But oh! I'd love—"

She stitched away at the tiny surplice, and put the beautiful fancies away from her.

Brother De Sales called to see her, and even Father Ryan. Both seemed very interested in the little boy. He was such a tiny child, and seemed so determined. If he really had a vocation, the years to come would prove it. Father Ryan assured her that ways and means would be found when the time came. They must only wait—wait.

It was on the Feast of St. Andrew. The sun streamed in through the Cathedral windows, and sent a soft-colored light on the sanctuary. The newly ordained priests knelt there in their red vestments; the Mass went on.

A shabbily-dressed woman and a little schoolboy knelt in a seat over from the sanctuary. She was weeping softly, as she saw the mothers of the newly-ordained going up for their sons' blessings.

Happy mothers? Happy sons! The little boy moved closer to her side, and looked up at her with big, solemn eyes.

"Don't cry, mother," he whispered, "some day you'll be one of the mothers, and I—I'll be one of them." He nodded his head towards the sanctuary.

She looked down at the little brown hands clasped so reverently. Yes, some day, please God, those little hands would be placed in a priestly blessing on her head. But, ah! What might happen in the years? Perhaps, she would die; perhaps he would. Perhaps, poor child, such a life was not for him at all; it might be only a pious child's fancy. And she wept again.

The blessings were given until the young priest arms ached and their faces were pale and tired looking. None of them knew why that shabbily-dressed woman buried her face in their anointed hands and kissed them with such fervor. They did not know what was in the heart and mind of the little dark haired school-boy, who timidly made his way to the altar-rails. Those anointed hands were placed upon the dark hair.

"Benedictus dei omnipotentis, patris et filii, et spiritus sancti, descendant super te et maneant semper. Amen." They did not know that the perfume of the holy oils that clung to their hands was the sweetest perfume he had ever known.

Mother and Jack were silent most of the way home, then Jack said: "Mother, did you see the white ribbon tied round their fingers?" "Yes, child; that's because they are to hold the Blessed Sacrament."

"I thought it was that, mother," he said, and his eyes looked down in wonder at his own thin brown fingers.

Mother, weren't their hands lovely with the perfume of the holy oil on them?" "Lovely, child, dear; it seemed to refresh my soul."

"Mother, it's such a long, long time to wait," he said sighingly. "A long, long time, my boy. God give you grace and strength and patience all those years, if it really is a vocation you have."

"I can say the blessing, mother. I've heard it so often, and I listened so carefully; 'Benedictus dei omnipotentis, patris et filii, et spiritus sancti, descendant super te et maneant semper. Amen.'"

"That's grand, Jack. But perhaps you shouldn't be saying it at all. Ask Father Ryan if it is right for you."

"Our Anglican friends very often tell us that they are Catholics, but not Roman Catholics. Might I put it to them in this way? They would all admit that a French Catholic is a Roman Catholic, a Spanish Catholic is a Roman Catholic, a German Catholic is a Roman Catholic, an Italian Catholic is a Roman Catholic, and so on. Then why is not an English Catholic a Roman Catholic?"—The Lamp.

RELIGION BEGETS HAPPINESS

God was, is, and ever shall be. He had no beginning. Man is and ever shall be, but he had a beginning in time. Time, marking the difference in which events succeed, future as well as past events, cannot be applied to God. Time, as applied to man, is twofold, past and future. On the side of God there is no past, no future. For man, memory is the faculty which brings up past events. It recalls what has transpired within the range of its own experience, or from acquired knowledge. But this faculty may and does perceive the future as well as the past, since man can look before as well as after.

This foresight, extending with the unending future, would reasonably presuppose a relationship between God and man. God ever existing, a necessary cause, and man beginning in time, the effect of the creative act must be bound together by some link. The bond which unites both is religion. In its broadest sense religion may be defined as an acknowledgment and worship of the Deity. It defines the relations which unite the creature to the Creator, and points out the truths which join man to the Infinite and Eternal Being.

Religion is coeval and co-existent with the history of man. Its existence could not, as modern theorists profess it, be a mere fact of man's natural history, as rudimentary is a fact of the natural history of the cow. This would be making religion entirely dependent on sentiment, which is natural to man, therefore purely human, and lacking the divine origin which it claims. Man could not invent a religion unless religion existed prior to the invention, any more than he could invent a language without having another language to build on.

To suppose that the Christian religion is a development of heathen mythologies, as some infidel writers maintain, is to contradict well known facts, or set aside the historical value of the most ancient records. The oldest historical document we now have is the Hebrew book of Genesis. Christianity, as taught by the Catholic Church for the past twenty centuries, will be found within its pages, differing only in this, that the patri-archs believed in the Messiah who was to come, whilst the Church believes in the same Messiah—the Christ—Who has come, and who, as St. Paul teaches, "did the things necessary to perfect their faith."

It was the religion of Adam and his posterity, before and after the deluge, and the erection of the Tower of Babel, because of the confusion of tongues, had ceased, and the great Gentile apostasy had taken place. The most ancient heathen mythology is long subsequent to the flood, and could not have the germs of Christianity. The primitive religion revealed by God must have been true. It recognized God in His true character; also the true relation of man to Him. The mythologies and gross superstitions which came subsequently were corruptions of the original truths and divine traditions first implanted in the hearts of our ancestors. Man may, can, and often does corrupt, and falsify the true faith; but he could not originate even a false religion unless religion had already existed. Man growing up devoid of all religion and never hearing of the divine could not, by any inward sentiment, conceive an idea of something divine superior and distinct from himself. Those who worshipped gods, made and fashioned by their own hands, first believed that God is, and should be worshipped, otherwise how could they identify Him with the sun and moon, or any other elementary forces of nature?

Error presupposes truth, as denial presupposes an affirmation. So also with false religions; they presuppose, and are subsequent to true religion. True religion gives the grandest and most sublime idea of man in his relations to God. Called out of nothingness by God's creative power, he longs to return to Him with confident hope of one day possessing infinite happiness. More, still, religion fortifies man, and in the battle of life renders him invincible.

"A man who fears not God," wrote Aristotle, "is not a man of courage, but infirm of soul, for just as he is not courageous who fears everything, so neither is he courageous who fears nothing, not even the Divinity." Beasts of religion, the most successful life is a failure in the end. Money cannot be transplanted on the other side of the grave; pleasures fade away like flowers in the early autumn, and man, in his seventies, who enjoyed both, can only say: I am seventy-five years old, and nothing is left me but death. Death without religion brings a piercing chill. Such a person Byron describes as a poor shipwrecked sailor, at the mercy of the surging billows and whose only food is the hard and pitiless rocks; or, as a wretched wanderer, lost in a boundless and arid desert, who has the sand for his only sustenance. What solace for the poor, miserable man who has no light to steer him to his last goal. He can only cry out: "I am



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THE PRIEST IN THE BATTLEFIELD

In the London (England) Daily Chronicle some time ago appeared an article by Mr. Philip Gibbs on the spiritual influence of priest soldiers on the field of battle. Mr. Gibbs, we are pleased to note, quotes as accurate the estimate published by Catholic papers that there are twenty thousand priests in the French Army at the present time. While many of these, he writes, are employed as Chaplains or stretcher-bearers in the Red Cross Corps, the great majority are serving under compulsion as ordinary soldiers in the ranks, or as officers who have gained promotion by merit. Mr. Gibbs says he cannot explain what he terms "the paradox that those whose function it is to preach the Gospel of Peace should be helping to heap up the fields of Christendom with the corruption of dead bodies."

There is no paradox at all, for these priests are fighting under the compulsion of a godless government which persecuted the Church these priests serve; and one form of that persecution is the compelling of these clergymen to fight. They are fighting in the army, therefore, merely as citizens of France, not as priests; although they cannot forego their priestly functions. And they are exercising these functions nobly in the trenches, as Mr. Gibbs testifies, for, according to him, "the priest-soldier in France is a spiritual influence among his comrades. The lay soldier sees the priest at his prayers in the trenches, or on his lying down to rest, and puts a check upon his blasphemy. He marks the supernatural note in the priest's courage and indifference to death. He responds to the kindly doing by the priest of a thousand little acts of service."

And "having seen again and again in the Order of the day the mention of priest's names for gallantry," the lay soldier surely cannot but be moved to admiration of and a desire for that gift of the grace of God which is the secret of the priest's courage and consecration. The prophet Isaiah writes, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace."

And St. Paul admonishes Christians to have "their feet shod with the preparation (literally the preparedness) of the gospel of peace." If we alter the words "upon the mountains" to the words "in the trenches" in the passage from Isaiah, how appropriately the prophet's words apply to these French priests; whose preparedness in obedience to the injunction of St.

Paul is moving to admiration and a worthy covetousness of such grace many who are still outside the Church, and not a few who formerly blasphemed.—St. Paul Bulletin.

WHY "THE MENACE" CONTINUES

One reason for the continuance of The Menace is the disgraceful laxity of the libel laws of the U. S. A. This laxity is notorious. It has happened on several occasions that a libeler was brought before the court, his calumnies refuted, his guilt acknowledged even by himself. Yet there was no redress for the slandered party because it could not be established that the uttering of the lies had injured his reputation to any appreciable degree; no one, the judge said, believed that the charges were true. It is well known and universally acknowledged that it is practically an utter impossibility to convict a man of libel in this country. Any one with a modicum of brains can make invidious charges and yet so veil his language as to escape prosecution for libel. The Menace knows this and uses the knowledge to its own unworthy purpose. Its charges are often couched in general terms; its articles are filled with broad innuendoes; priests are attacked whose names are not to be found in any Catholic directory, or if they do exist they are placed in towns whose alleged location has escaped the closest observation of the National Geographic Survey.

An additional reason why The Menace is allowed to contaminate our country is the shameful fact that there are in this country millions of Protestants "who are incapable of believing anything but evil of Roman Catholics." (Dr. Washington Gladden, Congregationalist minister.) As long as Protestant parents will take their children to anti Catholic lectures reeking with obscenity; as long as Protestant congregations will tolerate ministers who prostitute their office to unfair and slanderous attacks on their Catholic neighbors; as long as Protestant people prefer to form their opinion of Catholics from the pages of The Menace rather than from the open lives, honest words and known works of Catholics themselves, The Menace and publications of that stripe can hope to continue their baleful existence.—Truth.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth To a half pint of water add:

Bay Rum..... 1 oz. Orlex Compound..... a small box Glycerine..... 1/2 ox.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

Give the Boy a Chance

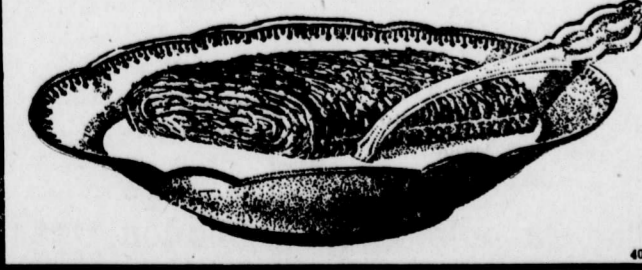
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