

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MY TROUBLES!

I wrote down my troubles every day:
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches
passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

—O'Reilly

THE GIFT OF BEING INTERESTED

The power to take a wholesome, hearty interest in the persons, events and things that have become common to us is a gift from heaven. It lends delightful personality to its possessor and is a strong factor for preserving youth.

One means of attaining it is never to indulge in any pleasure to the point of satiety and to be alertly attentive in many things. It is wonderful the interest that can be found in almost anything if even slight knowledge of it exists as a basis for investigation. As someone fondly said, "One person is never a bore, it takes a second person to make him one, some uninterested individual, someone who hates the subject the so-called bore loves." If the latter found a listener who wanted to know what he had to tell, he would immediately cease to be a bore. And one way to travel life's path is to know much pertaining to the country through which you pass. Don't be narrow. Cultivate interest in people and places, and things and books, and do not overdo your pursuit of any one subject until you tire of it.

—True Voice.

THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS

An ancient legend describes an old man travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over by day, which necessarily hindered his course.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks.

"What have you here?" asked the old man.

"Why, my good deeds," replied number two. "I keep these all before me, and take them out and air them frequently."

"What is in the other sack?" asked the old man.

"Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back."

Presently the two travellers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks—one under his chin and one on his back.

"Let us see the contents of your sacks?" exclaimed the two first travellers.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks heavy; it must be very full," observed the old man.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "they are big, but not heavy; the weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did that on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of other people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see I have no weight to drag me down backwards."—Selected.

WHAT SAVED HIM FROM DEFEAT

During a great financial panic an influential Western business man was so harassed by the troubles threatening him that he felt he could no longer keep his hands on the helm or prevent the work of years from going to utter destruction. His concern was not for himself alone, but also for the man who must suffer with him in the event of his failure. His mind was enveloped in such a fog of worry that when he needed them most he was fast losing his perspective and his capacity for decisive action.

In the darkest hour of his discouragement a business appointment took him to a large publishing house, where he had occasion to telephone. As he stood waiting, his eye was caught by this quotation on a card which hung beside the telephone desk: "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, until it seems you cannot hold on one minute longer, do not give up. That is just the place and time the tide will turn."

The man read the words a second time, and as their meaning forced its way into his preoccupied consciousness, his depression vanished as if a spell had been broken. He went back to his office and again took up the tangled threads of his affairs; but this time with new strength and courage. He stopped worrying and used the energy he had previously wasted in this way in planning and working. And he won his fight.

What had happened in that moment of enlightenment at the telephone desk? Not one external circumstance had changed. As far as outside factors were concerned the

man's problem was as insoluble as ever, the outlook as hopeless. Nevertheless a vast change had taken place but it was within. The man had stopped worrying. Faith had driven out fear, and the change in his mental attitude eventually won success from apparent failure.

Fear and worry have wrought more destruction in human lives than all the wars that have decimated the world since the birth of the race. No one can estimate the havoc these happiness killers, these efficiency destroyers, continue to play in our lives. They chill the heart, whiten the hair, wrinkle the face; take the elasticity out of the step, blight the hope, and leave us wrecks of our former selves.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

QUEEN OF THE ROSARY

Fifteen minutes had passed—minutes which seemed an eternity to the man pacing the floor—before a nurse appeared in the doorway. Words were unnecessary, for he read in her pale drawn face the answer to his unspoken question. Silently he followed her through the spacious halls and into the darkened nursery. A room once flooded with golden happiness, now darkened by the wings of death hovering over it. To the left, in the corner, was a little altar of the Blessed Virgin, before which a single red light burned amidst the white roses placed before it. Upon the large white bed, directly opposite, a little figure with auburn curls lay motionless.

Mr. Wainwright stumbled blindly toward the bed of his dying child and knelt to kiss the little hands which still grasped a pair of small pearl rosary beads. Her hands were like ice, her little rosebud mouth a streak of blue and her long curling lashes were as dark as her marble-like face was white.

"My God!" he whispered hoarsely, "is she dead?"

The nurse could not answer and the doctor's voice was scarcely audible as he said:

"No, she is not dead, but she is dying. There is no hope she can not—she has not the strength to pass the crisis."

"No hope," echoed the stricken father pitiously. "My little girl! The only thing I have in this world to live for. I cannot—I cannot give her up. Dorothy, Dorothy, don't leave your daddie all alone." And bowing his head in his arms, he sobbed convulsively.

To Mr. Wainwright, the grace of Faith had never been given. While he openly professed great admiration for Catholics, he was too strongly principled to profess himself a member of any church in which he could not wholly believe. His wife, who gave her life for Dorothy, was a Catholic, and it was to honor her memory that Dorothy's nurse had always been a convent girl. Her father's lack of faith had always worried Dorothy, who, at six years was a staunch little Catholic and, although, she had only seen but six summers, her curly little head very often framed up twice to make her daddie say his prayers.

Knelling beside the bed of the dying child, these "twicks" flew swiftly through his anguished soul. He remembered how he had laughingly put her aside. But now! Tremblingly his fingers untwined the pearl beads from the little cold hands, slowly his faltering lips formed the prayer which he had heard his little girl so often say. The prayer that his world ever dreamed of—Our Lady's Prayer—the Rosary.

An hour passed. The room was still, except for the heavy breathing of the dying child. By her bedside the father knelt with the little rosary in his hands. Slowly the little white lids lifted, and two brown eyes as pure as the stars of heaven rested upon the head bowed before them in prayer. Two weak little arms clasped around her Daddie's neck, and two pale little lips smiled mischievously as they whispered: "Oh, Daddy, I did make 'em say 'oo prayers, didn't I, Daddie?"

And when the nurse returned to the room a short time later, she found Dorothy sleeping normally in the arms of her daddy, while tears of joy rolled down his grim face as he repeated again and again, "Queen of the Rosary. I believe!"—M. L. in True Voice.

A THANKSGIVING STORY

I wish we lived on a farm and could help get ready for Thanksgiving," said the little girl seated on papa's knee. "I wish I could see grandma and get her to make me cookies!"

John Long sat going in the fire; his heart was in New Hampshire hills; he hardly heard the children's talk. The four had coaxed him to tell, in the Sunday twilight, of his early life, mamma listening with baby on her knee.

"And grandma hasn't seen you since you had us!" said the little girl, after a long silence. "Who'll she cook Thanksgiving for now? I just wish," and the child sat bolt upright in her excitement, "that we could all creep in at the kitchen door papa's told us of and e'spise her! Wouldn't that be a Thanksgiving?"

"Well," said papa, "why shouldn't we?"

The children fairly held their breath. Could papa mean it! But mamma looked at baby and shook her head smilingly.

"Oh, you need not put it off be-

cause of that little chap! He is the toughest of us all, and would never know the difference between a parlor car and his nursery. I admit it will cost a good sum; but if we give up Christmas presents for this year, we can do it."

"We will, oh, we will!" they chorused, and in five minutes the thing was settled. They were to start on Wednesday morning and "creep in at the kitchen door" by 10 o'clock on Thursday.

You can imagine the excitement during Monday and Tuesday. The children were obliged to go to school, but small good it did. John, Jr., when asked the cause of the Indian War, answered: "Coasting and eating mince pie," while the little girl who had instigated the trip would have failed utterly in her spelling, but that "doughnuts" came to her and she managed to learn that one word.

Such fun as they had packing "grandma's trunk," which was mamma's idea, and every one was to put in what they wanted to give to the dear one who had been "mother" to papa when he was a little boy.

Wednesday morning they started, such an excited, happy party! Thanksgiving was written all over their faces. Conductors, brakemen and porters were all interested.

Passengers looked on and smiled sympathetically as they heard rapturous whispers of "grandma" and "coasting." Goldie, when an old gentleman coaxed her to his knee, said piteously, "You're too old to go home to your grandma, ain't you?" which caused such a laugh that the child hid her face in confusion; but the old gentleman leaned over to Mr. Long, and said, with moistened eyes:

"You're doing a wise thing, sir; the old people need such attentions—we're apt to be overlooked," and then held Goldie closer till she fell fast asleep on his knee; and he sat and dreamed, perhaps, of grand-children he had never seen.

"I s'pose I was kind of foolish, father, but it's given me a deal of pleasure, and you don't begrudge it me, do you? I only spent the money John sent me last August. I tell you when I was cutting cookies yesterday afternoon—now don't laugh at me, father—I actually forgot the boys had grown up, and I made some of those cookie dolls they used to dote so on! Well! well! We've got a good deal to be thankful for, father. The boys are well and thriving, if we can't have 'em here. Now, if they was in want, we might feel to scorn Thanksgiving."

"That's so, mother," said the old man. "I dunno but you'd better spread your table, and, instead of takin' the dinner to the poor farm, I'll hitch up and bring a load of the folks up here."

The old lady drew her chair to her husband's side and laid her hand on his knee; her heart was too full to speak. It was at this moment that the travelers reached the kitchen window and peeped in.

The door was opened by Goldie, who called out:

"We've come to dinner, grandma! Behind her was John, Jr., then Margaret, next Norton, Mrs. Long with baby, and papa.

It was almost too much for grandma. But joy never kills; and though the old lady was rather shaky as to dishes, there were plenty of strong young hands to carry out her orders; and, as grandma kept saying again and again, "dinner was nigh ready afore you came."

What screams of delight when grandma brought out the cookie dolls! Papa insisted on having the biggest one. The trunk was almost forgotten, but came in splendidly when the excitement of "waiting on themselves," as Goldie called it, was over.

At last all sat round the hearth, watching the drift-wood fire grandpa had built for them. The old gentleman always kept a barrel of drift-wood for special occasions, his father having been a sea captain, and the colored flames recalling memories of home.

"We all love to think of home," said grandma, as the purple and bronze flames shot up. "I remember many a happy Thanksgiving, but this beats 'em all, John, my boy, this visit will give us talk for years to come."

"Till we go to our Father's house and keep an eternal thanksgiving," said grandma, softly.—Selected.

THE BIBLE

The Bible is a composite book. The greater part, viz, the Old Testament, was written at various times in Hebrew and other dialects for the Jews. The New Testament, containing the Gospels, or Life of Our Lord, and the Epistles, was written by the Apostles, whose names are identified with each Gospel or Epistle. The Church collected these and other writings, and passed judgment upon the writings, which were to be accounted "inspired." All the Hebrew writings of the Old Testament were translated into Greek by seventy-two Jews, about three centuries before the Christian era; hence this version is called the Septuagint. This portion, together with the Greek and Hebrew Gospels and Epistles were translated into Latin by St. Jerome in the fourth century. Latin was then the vulgar tongue or language of the people, and hence this translation is called the Vulgate. We have omitted details in this general view, but we might add that St. Jerome also used the Hebrew text to check the translations of the Septuagint. Thus was the Holy Bible formed,

and the Church has ever since preserved it. All historians, Protestant as well as Catholic, agree that the complete preservation of the Charter of Christianity through the barbaric ages is miraculous. The Protestant mutilation commenced with Coverdale and Tyndale, in the Tudor times; but Wycliffe a few generations earlier published wild translations. It is the mutilated and unauthorized Bible that Catholics are forbidden to read.—Truth.

A FALSE ECONOMY

"The valiant men ceased, and rested in Israel." Shall this be the pithy summary of the history of American Catholics of to-day? The answer to the question depends upon the support they are willing to give to an enlightened and energetic Catholic press.

The army of Sisara is gathering its chariots, as in the days of old, against the children of God. The convent inspection bills, the political attempts of Prohibitionists to prevent the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the cowardly blows aimed in the Catholic charities, the slow but certain throttling of the Catholic Foundling Hospital in New York and of other similar institutions, and the financial aid to be given in an indirect way to the murderous Carranza Government are but a few of the latest instances. How can Catholics be awakened to the needs of the Church, aroused to vigilance and stirred to activity if the only means of obtaining reliable information on subjects of Catholic interest is rejected by them?

To begin economies at the present critical moment by cutting off subscriptions to Catholic papers that are manfully serving the cause of the Church and continuing their struggle often heroically, in the face of countless disheartening difficulties, must seem to sturdy Catholics little less than disloyalty. It would be to lay the faithful guardians of the flock that a handful might be saved, while the whole flock is heedlessly exposed to ruin.

The thought of retrenchments is naturally uppermost in the mind of everyone. But the Catholic paper is neither a luxury nor a superfluity. It is with these latter we are to begin our sacrifices. The Catholic journal is a necessity hardly less urgent, and in some ways even more so, than our daily bread. It may seem trite to refer here to the warning of Pope Pius that churches, missions and schools will be all in vain if we have not at our command an able Catholic press, offensive as well as defensive in the cause of truth. Yet this fact is even now a little understood. Without such a press, as he said in his fatherly solicitude: "All your work will be destroyed, all your efforts rendered fruitless."

Catholic journals are therefore to be reckoned neither as a luxury nor as a superfluity. They belong, in our day, to the absolute necessities of Catholic life. Souls might once have been saved without them, as Pope Pius X. said, but there was then no evil press to spread the poison against which an antidote is now constantly needed. The Catholic press must not be sacrificed.—America.

HARRIED MEXICO

Mexico is still breaking the bitter bread of the thralldom imposed upon it by the assistance of the United States. The tyrant, Carranza, is working his arbitrary will in violation of both the natural and Divine law, and the people are in despair over the result. They have looked upon these down-trodden folk, for sympathy in their struggle against men who outraged their most sacred rights in a manner worthy of Nero. Of sympathy they got none; it and much else went to the bandits to whom law and order and childhood and womanhood have been as the lamb to the ravening wolf. And now comes the climax of their disappointment: on August 31 the United States Government recognized Carranza as the *de jure* ruler of Mexico. Thus the seal of approval has been set upon a ruthless tyrant by a nation so wed to liberty that it is even now sending the flower of its youth across the sea to vindicate freedom. That approbation is shameful enough, especially in view of the fact that the President of the United States had set in writing a promise that he would recognize no Government in Mexico that did not guarantee religious liberty. But apparently worse is to come, for men who measure their words with care declare that our Government is to give indirect financial aid to Mexico by lending Great Britain \$100,000,000 from which the latter country will pay British holders of Mexican bonds the overdue interest. Thus the way will be smoothed for Carranza who has outraged religion and morality in a most offensive way. The Christian people of the United States are to pay for the extension of the kingdom of Satan on earth. But they will not remain inarticulate: men of various origins and creeds are allying their names to a protest that will voice the sober judgment of citizens anxious that the liberty of no nation, howsoever small and weak, be destroyed.—America.

The devil hates a happy home as bad as a saloon-keeper hates a prohibition preacher.

Nothing so blocks a man's way to destruction as the love of wife and child.

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Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.

The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:

Warrant Officers	Pay	Allowance
Regimental Serjt-Major, if not a Warrant Officer	\$2.00	30 cts.
Quartermaster-Sergeants	1.85	20 "
Orderly Room Clerks	1.50	20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Pay Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Squad, Batt., or Co. Serjt-Major	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant	1.60	20 "
Squad, Batt., or Co. Q.M.S.	1.50	20 "
Sergeants	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants	1.15	15 "
Corporals	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals	1.05	10 "
Embarkation, or Second Corporals	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers	1.00	10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers	1.00	10 "
Sappers, Baitmen, etc.	1.00	10 "

As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is \$20.00 per month for the rank and file, \$25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and \$30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civilian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

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