

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PASS IT ON
Once when I was a schoolboy going home for the holidays, says a writer in an English journal, I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwell.

"Your bill," said he, holding out a piece of paper.
"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?"
I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand.

"I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come to me to repay it," said he, pleasantly, "but I am glad it has.

"As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. 'Ah,' said he, 'see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him.'"

Years had gone by, I had grown up and quite forgotten it, all until one day I had gone to the station on one of our main lines.

There is no line of cleavage between the happy and the miserable in this world. There is merely a distinction between those who take life bravely and those who whimper about it.

REFLECTING OURSELVES
The musician understands no more music than is in him, and the artist only what art is in his own soul.

"In the final valuation," said a noted man to the graduating class of a university. "I am what I will. What a man effects his capacity to know.

"A bad man cannot appreciate Jesus Christ unless he is conscious of his badness and has in him a real germ of good.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE TRIAL OF SHEP
"Mr. Shep never killed your sheep, Frank Maynard obstinately reiterated.

"How comes blood on him, then?" angrily asked Mr. Thomas for the eleventh time.
"I know Shep wasn't there last night or any other time," desperately declared Frank.

"Prove it, then," thundered Mr. Thomas.
Frank's father stepped out to the yard. He had been quietly listening from a nearby window while Mr. Thomas, a high-tempered, vindictive neighbor, accused the beautiful collie, the idol of Frank's heart, of killing his sheep.

"That dog's got to die, that's all there is to it," said Mr. Thomas, glad to be able to make his announcement in Mr. Maynard's presence.

Mr. Maynard asked Frank into the house, then waved quietly. "What evidence have you against Shep?" at the same time looking keenly into the big dog's honest eyes.

woman was anxiously watching over a sick baby.
The trial came on next day and enlisted the interest of the entire community. Frank was very down-hearted as he entered the court room with his father and Shep, for the only thing gained by the previous day's investigation was the establishment of Shep's good character, to which every one, excepting Mr. Thomas, was ready to testify.

Mr. Maynard himself was disheartened, but he would not allow Frank to see it, and he still believed in Shep. Firmly he strode up the aisle and turned the collar into the prisoner's box, for the dog's fine presence was his best defense, then with Frank took seats nearby.

The magistrate soon began the taking of testimony, and Mr. Thomas told how he had suspected the dog from the very first, for he had all ways considered him a sneaking cur. The judge interrupted here and told the witness sternly that he must confine himself to facts of which he had accurate knowledge; the dog should have as fair and unprejudiced a trial as any other prisoner at the bar of justice.

"Mr. Thomas went on, scowling unpleasantly, and told how he had gone at once to the Maynard place and found blood on the dog's breast, which to his mind was all the proof needed. The boy saw it, too, when he did, and he can't deny it," ended the accused threateningly.

"Where do you live?" the judge asked.
"Down in the bottom, 'twixt that city man's place an' Mr. Thomas—not on the road, but back on the creek bank in the bushes—where folks don't go 'less they have to," she said with simple pathos.

"How do you know the dog did not kill the sheep before or after he was with you?" went on the magistrate. "He had blood on his breast next morning."

"Why," said the woman excitedly, while the dog listened to every word she said with eager, alert gaze fixed upon her. "I can tell you all about that. The dog came to me night before last, by 8:30 o'clock. My baby was so sick I thought every minute she would die, an' the dog lay down across the doorkill an' never stirred all night long, except now an' then he'd come an' lick my hand."

"I know 'bout that blood—sure I do. He was toward mornin' that he suddenly sat up listening, then rushed out in front of the cabin, an' the next minute, I heard dogs fightin'. I ran to the door an' called Shep, an' when I called them dogs hung their tails an' run fer dear life, all 'cept Shep, an' he come back to my door step. I said to him 'Them dogs is been killin' somebody's sheep I'll bet,' an' he knowed it, too; that was the reason he went out to lick 'em. An' then's when he got the blood on him, from off them murderers. I know them rascals, too; they're Mr. Thomas' own two dogs," she turned and looked at him fearlessly.

"I saw 'em good. They run on down to the creek past my house to wash the blood off themselves, jes' like sheep killin' dogs allus will do. Shep he stayed with me till 'way after daylight."

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
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my house nights, an' I knew it wa'n't doing no harm. Well, I missed him powerful las' night, an' when the boy started after me a while ago, he met me comin' to town after some medicine an' he tole me the dog was goin' to be killed fer bleedin' Mr. Thomas' sheep. I tole him 'for he could ask me if I knew anything about it, that I knowed 'wa'n't so. Then he said the trial was a goin' on right now, an' we both come a runnin', fer I couldn't have that dog killed fer nothin'."

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TOUCHING WAR-TIME SCENES WITNESSED IN LOURDES
HOSPICE FOR PILGRIMS HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A HOSPITAL

"I entered France by way of Bayonne," writes L. J. Steane from Lourdes to the Sacred Heart Review. "From Bayonne I came to Lourdes where I am now (September 18) and where I have witnessed some of the most touching scenes one would wish to see. It was only two months ago that 127 convents and monasteries—the last remnant of religious communities in France—were closed by an unbelieving government, and now what a change! The hand of the Lord has touched this people indeed."

"France, as I can see it, is transformed into one immense hospital, and what is not hospital is battlefield. The icy touch of death leaves its mark in nearly every family, and the nation which had groped in darkness seems to be finding its God again. Here in Lourdes there are over 1,200 wounded, more or less seriously. All those that are able to do so drag themselves about on crutches or canes; others are carried about by boy scouts in invalid chairs. Nearly all of them direct their steps towards the miraculous grotto, where the Immaculate Conception, with open arms is ready to receive them. The crippled and the maimed, the more seriously and the less seriously wounded all remain there for hours, in dense and silent groups. Now and then a tear comes down from their eyes. Rough and inexperienced hands can be seen fingering the beads. The priests—these Wonderful French priests!—go and come amongst them, encouraging, cheering, advising. What may all this mean? Will the French nation find itself again? I believe so, because what is taking place in Lourdes is not an exception but the French papers inform me that the same things happen everywhere in France."

"Some touching incidents I must refer to. The hospice for pilgrims has been transformed into a hospital. Outside, a short and stolidly built Sister has entire charge of the proceedings. Officers, graduates and privates all take order from her. She receives the wounded, gives orders as to where they should be placed, confers with doctors, and does all this with such a radiant face, that the happiness which fills her soul is being useful to her country communicates itself to all present. Then I catch sight of another group coming down from the basilica. It consists of about fifteen or twenty wounded, marshalled by another Sister. This one is rather old, little and frail. Nevertheless, no mother could have watched more carefully over her little children. She seems to follow all of them at the same time with her eyes, trying to place the weaker near those that are stronger so that assistance may be given the former."

All Souls
With the coming of All Souls Day, one's mind reverts to the "Passing of Arthur" in the "Idylls of the King," where the great Tennyson pays a tribute, unintentional perhaps, to the Church's doctrine concerning prayers for the dead. Said Arthur to the mourning Sir Bedivere:
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!
but thou;
If thou shouldst never see my face again
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain?
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
We do not need, of course, even the tribute of a Tennyson to show the necessity of Purgatory. It is sufficient for us that the Church teaches its existence. That is argument enough without having recourse to the well-known texts of Scripture which show that Purgatory was believed in even before the institution of the Christian Church.

A big artillery man, wounded in the leg, brings up the rear, and it is positively moving to see the little woman trying to force the big soldier to lean on her shoulder!

"When this terrible war will be over, it will be found to have definitely checked the growth of the menace of Socialism in all the States now involved. I can feel it, and it will come true. This is just the opposite of what the average American paper prophesies. And if this war will leave at its end a crippled Socialism in Europe, a free Poland, a free Ireland, an intense or more intense religious spirit in the people, who can say that these dead have died in vain or that even the scourge of war cannot be productive of much good?"

WHAT MORE AUTHORITATIVE?
On the Church, in relation to the war, a writer in "Christian Work and Evangelist" observes that: "If there is anything in this world that should be pushed at just this moment, it is the unity of the Churches. The Church is going to play a great part in the stopping of this war, and a great part in the consideration of

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD
LONDON CANADA
Illustration of a person at a table with text: COWANS SOLID CHOCOLATE MAPLE BUDS

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