JUNE 6, 1908.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THE WAY OF THE INVENTOR.

Tools and machines are at once the Tools and machines are at ones the glory and the marvel of our time. They have halved man's hours of work, doubled his comforts, and quadrupled his happiness. As the twelfth century was called the era of chivalry, the was called the era of chivary, the fifteenth the era of art, as the era of Columbus was called the era of dis-covery, so our century will be called the era of tools. Once the Southern cotton planter had twenty slaves, who had to be provided with clothes, with bacon, corn bread, and rude cabins. Now the inventors have given to each

and have no agitators.

o with a fortune. it must be erect. tion. A.

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TER CONVENIENCE OF THE IN THE ADMINISTRATION RAMENTS AND VARIOUS

mica, every known kind of clay, yellow, blue, red, white; every kind of wood from the forests of India, and Africa, and South America. Every kind of fore, manila grass from the Philip-pines, the fibres found, in the pulp of the corn stock of Illinois, and the pulp of the reeds and rushes of Ceylon and Egypt. All chemicals there are found with all metals and all marbles and all kinds of leathers and bone and ivory. BY DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

kinds of leathers and bone and ivory. These supplies alone represent a for-tune, and there is a storekeeper at the head of each department. When Mr. Edison was working on his electric light it was possible for him to put in the little bulb, from which he had exhausted the air, every kind of thread on which the electric current could play, until he found what could be done with one substance, named a carbon filament of citizen some eighty iron slaves, each doing a man's work ; but these workers charred paper. The rule of this great inventor's life is system. It is said that 'he has five thousand patents registered in Washington. Once the inventor gave one of his isk for no food save a drop of oil on the joints, never get tired, never plead for hours long or short, never go on strike,

and have no agitators. Once the farmer ploughed a furrow across the field, while his boys cut the eyes out of the potatoes, slowly dropped them in the soil, and covered them with the hee. Now there is a machine which the farmer ridge, that furth ssistants the three rules of successfirst, persistency; second, more per-sistency; third, still more persistency.

When Mr. Edison has tried and tested every substance in his storehouse, to see whether or not it will serve a given m which the farmer rides, that first on which the farmer rides, that first ploughs the furrow, then, with delicate iron fingers, feels the potatoes over, cuts out the eye, drops the seed at intervals of six inches, covers the potato, sprinkles over it a pinch of cetilizer covers it each a potation of purpose, he knows the possibilities of the materials in our universe, and has exhausted his knowledge. But there was a little event in his early career fertilizer, covers it again, pats it down, and then journeys on to repeat the pro-cess. Out in California in the summer the farmer mounts his seat, pulls a steam lever, starts around the wheat steam lever, starts around the wheat field with a reaper that has knives at one end, and at the other a funnel, out of which issues the thrashed grain, that falls into sacks, to be picked up by a wagon that follows. Nearly all man's comforts and conveniences are now the educt of tool work instead of hand

work. Already there are two hundred and fifty thousand working kinds of cools used. And inventors are multiplying them so rapidly that the num-ber will soon be a half million. Indeed the time is coming when man is to be absolute master over all the forces of physical nature, and everything in land and sea and sky is to serve man, run his errands, bear his burdens, grow his food, increase his happiness. A story is told of a studicus lad who was at work on his father's farm. Going

was at work on his father s farm. Going into the field to drive the reaper he carried a book with him. When he came to a shady spot, with a spring of water near by, the boy opened the book, forgot his team, and began to way denied. Growing desperate, the boy marched upstairs to the offlee of Wilbur F. Story, the editor. Young Edison told Mr. Story what he had done and that he wanted one-thousand read. Something frightened the horses, so that they ran away, and circled round and round the standing five hundred papers on credit. He said that the tall, thin, dark-haired man stared at him for a minute, and circled round and round the standing grain. When the boy finished the chapter he sprang up to marvel at the speeding horses. He found that they had cut four acres of wheat, binding it into bundles and throwing the bundles then scratched a few words on a slip of er. "Take that down stairs," said "and you will get what you want." paper. And so Edison did.

followed to set up in shocks, and that the horses and machine had done this work in a handful of minutes. A half hour before the train started he had his fifteen hundred newspapers in the baggage car. As the train pulled into the first station the boy was Viewed as a college boy's exaggeration the story is charming in its hyperthe operator hed kept his word. Look bole, but viewed as a figure of speech, hitting off the tools that have freed the farmer's boy for study, for the office and the library, it is a sober truth. For the inventor is the modern Moses, ing ahead he found a mob on the side-walk and sold them a hundred papers at 5 cents each. At the next station who is leading the industrial slaves out the place was black, and he sold three-hundred for 10 cents a piece, and so on until he reached Port Huron. He sold the rest at 25 cents a copy, and had to hire a train man to watch his newsof the land of physical bondage into the promised land of abundance, happi-Great is the company of the invent-ors. And more and more gold and honors are to be their reward. To-day nire a train mail to watch in hows papers. At the last station, where the train stopped for the night, he hired an express wagon, and started with a hun-dred papers down the street, auction-ing them off at 25 cents each. the gifted youth is an inventor, though he would have led an army or launched

a crusade five hundred years ago. Of a hundred millionaires in New York City, eighty of them have achieved their wealth by means of some simple tool or labor-saving device that has halved the number of workmen Coming to a church where the minister was holding revival meetings, Edison yelled his news of the battle of Shiloh. In ten seconds there wasn't a saved the waste and doubled the out-man left in the pews, and at the end of two minutes minister and all, the put. It is perfectly evident that the fortunes that are to be made to-morrow are to be made by young men who learn how to use their brains, invent a new tool for production or who learn a new tool for production or who learn a new method of distribution. Every new tool for production or who learn a new method of distribution. Every manufacturer is looking for an ingenious workman and on every side are the suggestions of new tools and the ma-torial form which to construct them.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

from squalor and want to riches and abundance and beauty and the comforts and conveniences of life. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE CURE AND THE GENERAL. There lived in the little village of <u>—</u>, in France, some thirty years ago, a retired old general of the army. He had seen and done much service for his country, having served—and with distinction—in the campaigns of Africa, the Crimea and of Italy. Possessed of ample private means, he had bought himself a charming chateau with ex-tensive and beautiful grounds, and therein had determined to end his days, therein had determined to end his days, in the company of a devoted and very ious wife

In the latter respect the old general presented a marked contrast to his consort. His most fulsome and flatterconsort. His most fulsome and flatter-ing friends would never have gone so far as to have spoken of the general as being possessed of piety. He would have resented any such remark as an injury and insult, demanding immedi-ate retraction or reparation. He held and very freely promulgated views to the effect that religion was only good for women and children. He tolerated its practice and observance in his wife for women and children. He tolerated its practice and observance in his wife because she was a woman and because he was too much of a brave, gallant, if garrulous, old gentleman to quarrel with a lady.

was a little event in his early career that explains his later most marvelous success. At the beginning of the U.S. Civil War he was a eweshoy, running on a construct of the best of the best of the demand. One day the went search were here the found another boy setting type, and Edison bribed this printer to the office of the Detroit Free Press. There he found another boy setting type, and Edison bribed this printer to the office of the best of Shiloh and that was still two hours before his train tarted, so young Edison rushed to the telegraph office and proposed to the the statk the office of the next train. In return the boy Edison agreed to tarn the set six months.
Then he rushed back to the office of the free and fine commund. The tere six months.
Then he rushed back to the office of the free and fine commund. The tere and sald for a throit way denied. Growing desperate, the brain tot dill from the first weak of or a tholing way denied. Growing desperate, the was teright a was traight affine the first weak of the first weak of a tholing of the assumption of his masyral duffer and that we wated one-thousand done and that he wasted one-thousand done and that he mate wasted one-thousand done and that he wasted one-thousand done and that he wasted one-thousan

the Cure, or the parish priest. The Cure was a man of years, very earnest and unassuming, but ever mindful of his duties and responsibilities to God and His people. He was much beloved, for he was devoted to his flock and never spared himself in watching over their spared himself in watching over their interests, spiritual and temporal. He had worthily won the affection, good will and esteem of all. Even the re-doubtable old general admitted that there was some good in the old man, but qualified the concession by adding that he was a slave to a supportition but qualified the concession by adding that he was a slave to a superstitious and servile system. For his part, he had never entered the door of a church since the day he passed into the mili-tary school at St. Cyr; that he had done very well without religion through-out a fairly distinguished if not brilliant career, and that he meant to out a fairly distinguished if not brilliant career, and that he meant to end it without having any recourse to it. He bore the old Cure no ill will, and so long as he confined himself to his clerical functions and duties he might go his road in peace ; but if he dared to encroach on his (the general's) sphere of action and administratio well, then he would quickly find out his

mistake. Such was the position of affairs when Such was the position of analys when the feast of Corpus Christi was to be kept on the morrow. A violent thunder-storm had swept down upon the little village, and its main street was deep in aud and dirt. As was then, and is mud and dirt. As was then, and is now, customary in many places through-out France, a public procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place on this great feast. It it also a part of the custom - at least in most country place --that each willager sweeps and close Diessed Sacrament takes place on this great feast. It it also a part of the custom—at least in most country place —that each villager sweeps and cleans the roadway immediately facing his shouse and covers it with events house and covers it with evergreens and even flowers. On this occasion the heavy downfall of rain had rendered the work of making clean and beautiful the roadway along which the Blessed Sacrament was to be borne more than Sacrament was to be borne more yone, usually laborious. However, every one, from the old grandmother of eighty to the toddling little one of three, were how as they could be. Very all as busy as they could be. Very soon the dirt and the mud had been carted away and a pathway of freshcut palm leaves, with many a wild blossom and flower, marked out the line of the procession. norrow's The pretty altar of repose had been erected, as was the custom, immedi-ately facing the chateau. It was speedily noticed that the space upon which it stood and that around it was not as yet either cleaned or laid out with evergreens. The indefatigable old Cure was soon on the spot and called to a dozen or so of his parishioners to come with their brooms and barrows to make good the ommission. "Come, my children," he cheerfully cried out, " yet one more effort here and everything will be in order for to-morrow's glorious feast. Set to work, all of you, to clear and clean this space." But one stepped forward in response to the Cure's appeal. There was an ominous and awkward silence, during ominous and awkward silence, during which the men addressed scratched their heads, looked shyly and half ashamed on at the other. The Cure was puzzled what to make of it. Raising his voice and assuming a tone some ing his voice and assuming a tone some-what more severe, he went on : "Well, has your pastor to ask twice of you to make decent and dry the road along which the good God will be carried to-morrow? Why stand you there like so many daft and dazed dolts? Do you hear me? Speak, one of you ' You Lean-your tongue is ever of you ! You Jean-your tongue is ever ready. Let me hear it."

He has a mighty heavy hand and know how to wield a horsewhip on those who trespass on his land. You get us his leave to brush and strew this plot of his with evergreens and we'll do it right away, and gladly enough, too; but not without his leave—nay, not without his leave. We know the general, we do." The Cure saw at once that the mer

were of the same determination as their spokesman; besides, he knew that the general had but little sympathy with ecclesiastical functions and ceremonies and only tolerated them because they were sanctioned by statute. Clearly it would be seeking a disturbance, and one of no mean order, to interiere with the irascible old warrior's private property If it had to be done, it must be done with his knowledge—aye, and with his approval. How to obtain the latter was a question of a delicate if not dangerous nature. Yet got it must be, THE RIGHT PAINT

the soon scented one in the person of he Cure, or the parish priest. The Jure was a man of years, very earnest around the commune. It passes the

gates of your chateau and stops at the gates of your chateau and stops at the altar of repose which borders upon your property. I have come to ask for leave that our good people may sweep clean your roadway and strew it with leaves and flowers—that is, if you do not care to have it done by your own men." "So this is the object of your visit, is to all border forth the indirenant

is it ?" broke forth the indignant Mayor. "This feast of Corpus Christi, with leaves or flowers, neither by my men or any other men. You under-stand? One thousand thunders. No,

stant ? Only the cover ?" " Is this your last word, general ?" calmly asked the Curate. " Yes, sir, my last, my very last !" " Then I have the honor of saluting you and bidding you good afternoon, concret ?"

you and bidding you good alternoon, general." The general raised his hand to his forehead, opened the door and showed the old Cure out. Then no sooner had he gone than the general summoned the whole of his staff of servants to his presence. They tremblingly obeyed. In a voice that shook every pane of glass in the house he forbade them under nain of instant dismissal, with a severe



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here !" And he seized with a grip of iron the broom from the frail old hands of the cure and began sweeping the roadway with a vigor and energy which were surprising in a man of his which were surprising in a min of his age and rotundity. But soon the un-usual exercise began to tell on him; perspiration relled down his checks and he felt that he was beginning to have enough of it. Then raising his lusty voice, he summoned by name, one ofter the other, his man servants and fusty voice, he summoned by make, one after the other, his man servants and set them to work, while he and the cure looked on. Soon there was not a speck of dirt or dust to be seen on the speck of dirt or dust to be seen on the general's pathway; soon it was decked with palm branches and the freshest and most fragrant of flowers, while the altar of repose was all but hidden in a perfect forest of beautiful trees and plants.

As the procession was seen to wind As the procession was seen to wind its way from the village charch toward the altar of repose, the pious and reverent villagers saw with awe and stupefaction that the mayor, the old general in full uniform and his war medals, followed immediately behind the Blessed Sacrament. They also noticed that the windows of his chatcau never bleave with lighted enables and noticed that the windows of candles and were ablaze with lighted candles and that banners and bunting hung from that banners on one of which,



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uthentic sources. Published then of His Eminence Cardi-ze 4[x2]; 1 of an inch thick; type; seal binding; printed thumb index.

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terials from which to construct them. The man who first made paper out file applications for five thousand more of wood pulp got his suggestion from a patents. And every one of his tools will double the stroke of man's arm, The first strong iron hinge was copied double the length of his step, push

off in piles of twelve for the men who

s and good fortune.

from the trap-door of a spider. James Watt saw the men lifting coal out of the mine on their shoulders, and when he saw the steam lifting the lid of a kettle boiling on a stove, he asked himself why the steam could not be made to raise the coal out of the colliers' pit.

Ders' pit. Once an Indian savage saw a golden bough that had fallen in the water being blown forward before a gust of wind. For the round bough he sub-stituted a hollow log, and for the leaves on the branches he substituted a white sail and so copied the first ship. The pump's valve repeats the valve in the human heart. The pump's valve repeats the valve n the human heart. Every time a new principle is de-

veloped for the sewing machine it be-comes possible to apply that mechan-ism to the reaper that binds the sheaf,

to the machine that sews leather, boots and shoes, with all the looms and spindles. Thus the work of one new in-ventor, with his new principle, makes it possible to improve all the tools in all the kindred mechanic arts, thus preducing literally endless combina-tions and possibilities. So far from the work of invention all being done, our great mechanical engineers tell us

that this work has just begun. The more letters you have in the alphabet the more words for the literature, and the more tools we have the more tools we can have. And happy the youth who is interested in the mechanic arts, and who has skill to serve the com-munity by his tools and labor-saving

devic

and found the very substance that he needed for his exquisite vase. Now in-vention has become a business and chance is eliminated. In Mr. Edison's laboratory all the materials known to

back his horizon, quadruple the num-the number of stars in the sky, for needing new laws, new knowledge, ne arts, man's fundamental need is the need of tools, to set him free from the necessities of food and drink, that he may have time to read and paint, and write and carve, and sing, and serve, and love, and aspire.

Every young man interested in getting on and in making the most of himself ought to read the history of inven-tion. The best books for him to study are a little volume called "The Marvels of Modern Mechanism," and an-

vels of Modern Mechanism," and an-other, called "The Great Inventors," belonging to the Men of Achievement series. There is no romance like the story of these great heroes. There is no biography half so fascinating as the biographies of James Witt and the story of how he made a steam engine; of Fitch and Fulton with their perfec-tion of the steamboat; of Eli Whitney's dream of love, and the cotton gin that grew out of it; of the tragedy of dream of role, and of the tragedy of Charles Goodyear, and his redemption of the sailors and the miners from rain and snow and exposure. Thrilling and snow and exposure. Thrilling also the career of Palissy, and of Arkwright, and Jacquard.

What a story is that of the playing fiddler of Sweden who discovered the mixing of iron so as to produce steel. Wondrous the story of the soldiers who Wondrous the story of the soldiers who have won our battles and freed us from tyranny. Marvelous the story of the orators who inspire society with the love of liberty and progress! Glorious the company of the statesmen and mar-tyrs who have guided society's upward march! But the history of heroism contains nothing more thrilling than the story of the inventors who have oraten crusts, worn rars, lived in huts,

Once inventions came by chance, as when Palissey kicked up the white clay vention has become a business and chance is eliminated. In Mr. Edison's laboratory all the materials known to the world are kept. Every variety of asbestos, for example, thin sheets of

That night the general suffered from That night the general subcreat from isomnia. His outbreak of temper had miled his nerves, and do what he would a failed to get off to sleep. Between 2 and 1 in the morning he thought his eard a strange noise beneath his indows. He sat up in bed and stened. He was very wide awake. res, there was the noise again-a scrap-ng, scratching, sweeping sort of noise.

rolled off his bed, put on some le rolled off his bed, put on some clothes and looked out of a window, rom which the altar of repose was lainly visible. In the moonlight he clearly distinguished a muffled up figure may brushing away the mud and dirt ight and left of the altar.

A thousand bombshells ! A An : A thousand bomosnells : A sight attack, eh. Thought to catch me, he general, asleep ! Now for a sortic hat will astonish the rascals ! My thip—where in the name of a gun is 20

He found one, and was out of his The found one, and was out of his coam, down the stairs, through the hall and in the street in a trice. Striding up to the muilled figure so busy with his broom, the general raised his whip, intending to bring it down on the superny's half, when, catching

ious consequences. he sweeper's back, when, catching ight of the face, he stayed his hand CONSTIPATION IS CURED BY

nd said: "What? It is you, is it, Monsieur

"What? It is you, is it, Monsieur le Cure—you here sweeping my road-way at this hour of the morning!" "Yes, general, it is I. You see, your threats struck terror into the hearts of your people and mine. I could not ask them to undergo such fearful risks for doing but a simple act of piety towards their Creator. There-fore I have incurred them myself. Strike, general! I will submit in silence, but cleaned this place shall be, and strewn too, in honor of the Blessed

and strewn too, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. I am but doing my duty towards my General. And do it I

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Our Lord in the Tabernacle is the same God who will one day be our Judge. Let us go to Him with contri-tion and love. His heart is full of tion and toye. It is heart is full of mercy and compassion for the penitent sinner. Does He not Himself say, "I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live''? By a hear and convict life according by holy and penitent life, especially frequently coming to importune Jesus for mercy and pardon, His just angen will be converted into love and He receive us with the smile and benedic tion of a loving and merciful Judge.-Eucharistic Gems.