CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE GOOD PEOPLE

Two facts regulate the world's con duct towards a man; first, what he seeks, and second, what he is. There is a sort of second sight that regulates the appearance of mankind fo the individual. If one is morose and inclined to believe his neighbors hos tile, he will find them arrayed against him : but in case he takes every man for a potential friend he will be en compassed with well wishes.

The fairest morning that ever dawned wastes its beauty on one out of joint with the universe, but no lowering storm can chill the heart of him who hopes for the best.

It is strange that those who find the most fault with their neighbors so seldom ask themselves the question who am I that I demand special courtesies from the denizens of this busy world? He might add, too: Am I really holding the balance fair for acquaintances? So many of us fol-low the example of the butcher who weighed his ample hand with the

Every day is a reconnoitre. The scene of the battle shifts hourly. The man whom you left last evening may have encountered the great sorrow of his life since then. Another may be going to work oppressed with pain. Nothing is fixed. Therefore caution is necessary, and with it guarded kindness. If we ourselves are so unaccountably lifted up and cast down by trivialties, so moody and changeful, surely we can afford to extend the same privilege to others.

If one has within him a fund of

pity, if his soul is attuned to that fine Christian word, "misericordia," he need not lack those who need his bounty. But most miserable of all is ose spirit is soured, who sees only the defects of others, to whom life motives are all selfish. Such a one wears the shirt of Nessus.

The old folk stories tell of people given to making charms. One of the most common of these spells was the manufacture of a small image in wax of the person to be injured. The foolish votaries of hate magic believed that as the image was melted in the fire or frozen in the cold or pricked with a knife, the object of their hate suffered.

As a matter of fact these malicious people were moulding images of their own souls: the fire was that of malice, and cold that of their own ruth lessness, the wounds the self-inflicted blows of their own base dispositions. The evil minded live in a small

ehenna of their own making. Every one you meet is a multiple nality, as the diamond has many facets and the sea many hues. Every man to me is what I find him, not what another considers him.

There are certain people whose presence brings to the surface the worst qualities of my character; there are others who draw me up to their own nobility. I am bound to believe that others are compacted somewhat after the same fashion. There is no accounting for tastes.

I have often been amazed at the attempts made by acquaintances to bring me to condemn and despise others without a hearing. On one hand many good people are malevo-lent; the matter of bigotry. Scores of times people have been accused to me of bigotry, latent hatred for my faith. When I came to know them I failed to find the smallest particle

I fear much that some of my breth. ren of the fold look for bigots with manmust make some allowance for the educational limitations and environment of those he encounters. add, too, for good measure the bad example and often scandal they have received from unworthy breth We must take folks as we fin them, and not attempt to pull and pare them to our Procrustean meas ure. Go into any community with the fixed purpose of taking acquaintances at your own ascertained valuation, minding neither hearsay, the whispers of envy or enmity, and I am willing to guarantee that you will find nine men out of ten willing to meet you half way and render kindness for kindness. The trouble is, we are all prone to follow party lines, to mix ourselves with sectional jealousies and quarrels started before we to a fair judgment of neighbors and

It has been a matter of wonder to me all my life that so many who have been accused as mean, dishonest and | ing?"

unreliable have proved themselves good and loyal friends that hundreds who have their own sorrows yet have time to take an interest in my concerns, that in fact men and women in general are so much kinder and better

than they have been reported.

I am sure that most of us looking back over the past, revolving our defects, our smallness, our selfish seek ing for our own interests, can honestly say that men have treated us better than we have deserved. We can re echo the kindly words of Hilaire Belloc, after his pilgrimage on foot through Europe to Rome, when he thought of all the hospitality and good fellowship of many strangers to whom he was merely a wayfarer:
'The good people!"—Boston Pilot.

DON'T BE A CONSTANT GROWLER Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot, just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many with more brains and better education worse off than you are. Then compare your lot with that of others and if you don't quit com-plaining and go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance. When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it. If you can't push it out of your path, get over it, under it, or around it, any way you can—and leave the obstacle behind you. The second obstacle will not appear half as big if you get past the first.

LOOKING TOO FAR AHEAD Doing your best sounds hard when ou look far ahead. But if you pin

it down to the present moment, it is not so difficult. Can you do you best just now, whether you are study ing your lesson or practicing scales or playing a game of tennis? course, you can, and it is not hard, either. All the trouble comes from our trying to live too many minutes at once.—True voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FLORENCE CAREY'S TALENTS Dr. Ingels told my mother he thought I had very decided ability," remarked Gladys, complacently. "I have been studying with him for three years now, and he says he thinks I have great talent. He is a perfectly wonderful teacher. Oh, I do love music !"

Yes, music's nice," said Irene, with a rather superior smile, "but I would much rather be a reader. People enjoy a good recitation so much more than they do music. Didn't you notice at the concert Friday night how the reader was enthree times as much as any one else ?"

"I can't play and I can't speak," id Thelma. "But I can draw and said Thelma. I'm going to be an artist some day That isn't so showy as some things, out it is real art, and no mistake, and it suits me."

Well, I think I have a talent for studying," said Madeline. "I'm going to be a professor and have a Ph. D. after my name. That's artistic enough for me."

Florence Carey slipped ahead of

"Oh, you lucky girls, to be so talented. Isn't it lovely? What would you do if you were like me—couldn't do one little thing? Why, I haven't even a talent for washing dishes."

You're a dear, sweet girl," said Madeline, "and I like you best of all, if you haven't any talent."

Oh, girls," cried Thelma, suddenly, "did you notice Angie Gray in sometry to-day? I am sure she The was cheating. I saw her look in her

Why, Thelma!" denied Irene "Angie wouldn't do any such thing. She's a special friend of mine and she's not that kind."

Well, I saw her myself," said Thelma. She never did any such thing,"

muttered Irene.
"I saw her looking in her book too," said Florence Carey. "But I don't think she was cheating. I think she just opened it thoughtlessly-she shut it in a hurry. Wasn't her story in English fine yesterday? She does write the

Again war was averted.
At the gate the five friends parted and as Florence Carey slowly up the pathway she thought back over the conversation.

"Mother," she asked suddenly, "which is the finest art-music, reading, drawing or school teach-

Her mother laughed. "Goodness Florence, such a big question! Any art is just as big as the artist makes

As big as what? asked Florence doubtfully.
"As big as the artist makes it.

The artist is the measure-not the art. Then it all depends on the per son, doesn't it ?"

"Mother, don't you wish I had talent—or'something?"

"Why?"
"Oh, because. Nearly all the girls are genuises but me. My, listen to those children! What is the matter with them ?'

Some mooted point in the game has caused dissension, but when it was referred to Florence she settled it promptly. Then for nearly an hour she played in the yard with "the youngsters," going in at last, flushed and breathless.

"Florence, dear, will you rid out my work basket?" asked her aunt, as she stopped at the door to speak to her. "The silks are all tangled." to her. "The silks are all tangled."
As Florence set to work she
thought again of the subject of gen-You are a genius, aren't you,

auntie ?" she asked. A genius ?"

"Yes, if I could embroider and make lace as beautiful as you do I would say I was a star among artists. As it is, I can only smooth out the angles in your silks, so you can be a genius.'

Well, that isn't such a bad job either, Florence. You really do seem to have the knack of smoothing out other things besides silks. Didn't I just hear you smoothing out the difficulties among the children?

"Oh, that comes natural to me!" laughed Florence. "It's easy for me to settle scraps. The girls call me the 'Great Pacifier.'" Then, Florence, dear, your forte is right. Be a 'Great Pacifier.' You could not find a more worth while art. Cultivate it. Develop it. You say it comes natural for you to smooth things out: That's just what genius is—nature. If you are by nature a born pacifier—a smoother out of troubles—you are a lucky, lucky, girl. Music and art cannot compare

Florence looked at her aunt. How can I cultivate it?" she

asked very practically.

"Keep your eyes open for chances to use it, and make the most of

every chance." Florence closed her eyes. very little thing," she said to herself. It will never set the world on fire that's sure. But, after all, I suppose it's better than nothing. It must be worth cultivating. Anyhow it's the best I've got." Then, after a long sil ence, she sat up and opened her eye with an air of great surprise. ' auntie," she said aloud, in an asto ished voice. " maybe that's why the girls like me better than the others.

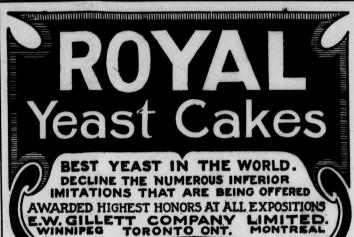
And Florence Carey never said " It is a very little thing." She had found her talent, and she knew full well that it was worth cultivating that the Catholics were snubbed; and that the world needed it.—The that the "Reverend" Slattery had Youth's Magazine.

HOW TO RECEIVE HOLY COM-MUNION

While at the sanctuary rail hold the head erect. Keep it perfectly still during the moment the priest extends the Blessed Sacrament to ward you. Do not move the face an inch forward to meet the priest's hand half way, as too many do. A moving face worries the priest terribly, lest he may drop the Host. The more you keep your head as still as a statue the more respect- by the city for the Sisters. Though fully you receive. Open the mouth the Mayor treated his visitor with moderately. Extend the tongue so as to cover the lower lip completely. The priest does not wish to push the led into conversation. Evidently Sacred Host into the open mouth. He wishes to lay it flat on the tongue man he relished, and the absence of and press it down gently with his violence on the part of the Catholics thumb, lest it may fall off when you draw it in.

After he has placed the Host on if he was weary, and politely asked the tongue do not instantly bow the head and hit his hand with your hat, the city. Slattery bluntly told him as many girls and women do. Give him time to pass to the next communicant before you de any bowing. As bad as the moving faces are, hats worse. Remember, the priest stands high above your head. In his position a wide brimmed hat completely hides your face. Wear a narrow hat or tilt it back while at the rail. After receiving, draw the tongue in slowly, allow the Host to moisten, and swallow it devoutly. If you have received two or more particles, it makes no difference. Do not stay at the altar rail too long. If others are waiting for the place you occupy retire with eyes cast down modestly and bands clasped or arms folded respectfully, or at least not swinging awkwardly. Our Lord may not care how the hands are if the heart is all right. He may not care if the clothes are soiled, once the soul is clean. And yet we owe Him all possible respect in neatness of soul, neatness of body and neatness of attire. In this regard both rich and poor stand on equal footing. Out-ward respect costs nothing. When done for God's sake it is an act of worship. Let us show to those who see us at our Lord's table that we really believe in his Divine Presence -Intermountain Catholic.

It is a thousand times harder to be deaf to the beautiful songs of the birds, and the voices of our friends, and to the music of the great organ, than to be deaf to that whisper



MAYOR SHAMED HIM INTO SILENCE

Vouching for its correctness, Le Couteulx Leader prints the follow-

Some years ago, when the A. P. A. was rampant, the notorious "Father Slattery" was engaged by that un-American society to "lecture" in the Southern cities. It was arranged that the campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn.

The coming of Slattery was told or insulting posters. His press agent was ingenious and industrious.

As the night of the lecture drew near, the excitement grew intense, and at last even many Catholics be lieved that there would be trouble. Then the deputations began to invade the Mayor's office. The Chief of Police was a Catholic. He knew that apprehensions of violence were groundless. The other side pretended to be suspicious of him.

The morning Slattery was billed to arrive a deputation of ministers waited upon the Mayor. They were dreadfully in earnest. They insisted that a body of "trusted" special police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last be lieved that the situation was alarm He assured the ministerial ing. deputation that he would give the matter his personal attention, and requested them to return in one hour. The Mayor was a man of superb culture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis and deserving of the confidence which all classes reposed in him. He at once sought the Catholic pastors and

some of the leading Catholic laymen. When the ministers returned, his plans were made. He told them the course he intended to follow. He intended to take charge of "Father Slattery" himself. All reception committees and guards were to be dispensed with.

He would meet the "lecturer" at

the railroad station with his own She had carriage and make him his personal guest. The press heralded abroad to be saved from death by the per sonal interference of the mayor. The mayor, in his carriage, met Slattery at the depot. There no policemen in evidence. The mayor briefly explained the situation, pro mised him complete protection and ordered his coachman to drive to different points of interest in the city, which he wished his guest to see. They first visited the educational institutions, public and parochial, then the churches, libraries and the magnificent hospital erected the utmost kindness, the latter seemed to be bored, and could not be man he relished, and the absence of was monotonous and mortifying.
The mayor inquired of his guest that he had seen enough. The mayor told him that there was one more place of interest which he wished to show him. They were soon at the gate of a cemetery. They entered and walked toward a marble shaft

that towered as high as the beautiful southern trees that draped it with their luxurious frontage.
"Mr. Slattery," said the Mayor. "I have a purpose in bringing you here." His voice was husky with emotion, and his eyes gleamed more in sorrow than in anger. "Let me read what is written there." The Mayor read aloud the inscription which stated that the monument had been erected to give testimony to the everlasting esteem and love, and to commemorate the heroism, tion and self sacrifice of the Catholic priests and nuns who laid down their lives on the altar of Christian charity in the dark days of the ter-

rible plague. The Mayor's eyes were filled with tears. "Read the names upon that shaft," he continued. "The pastor heads the list. He was one of that race to which you are a disgrace. He was Nature's nobleman — benevolent, pure, faithful to every trust and a lover of liberty. The other men whose names are on there were like unto him. They had neither kith nor kin in our city. Read that long death roll of these devoted women whose earthly names even were given up for charity. Where can you find a parallel of heroism and Christian devotion? No earthly motive moved them. Until the dark within which says, "This is the right days of our sorrow came, they were way."

sorrow filled every heart, when the most sacred ties and obligations failed to save our sick from desertion, when there were no hands to smooth the throbbing brow, or give drink to the parched lips, angelic women entered our homes, dared the horrors of the plague, smiled at the spe tral face of death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives, gave up their own.

Look at the fourth name on that roll of angels. I do not know her name, but she was a beautiful girl, and her voice had the mellow 'brogue' of the south of Ireland. She was stricken down; the terrible death mark of the plague set its seal on her lovely brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl robed in black, holding the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man! do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her? No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough. Now to you: you think that you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by your foul slander of the priesthood and those Sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement should fly in your face. If the men of our city should prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the women of our city should rise and stone you to death. Get your fool presence from our city."

It is needless to say that he went, and the press were hard put to explain why Slattery did not speak at Memphis.

IT HAS SLAIN ITS TEN THOUSANDS

Irony is the well-dressed and comparatively harmless brother of sarcasm. Irony smiles ; sarcasm is sar-Irony may in its wildest moments wield a lancet or a rattan medicinal, if m enacing; the rough handed brother is a bludgeon and a

buzz saw. Sometimes, indeed, sarcasm is a means of defence, but so, too, is a sting, a fang, a claw, or the snap of strong teeth. Unhappily, behind these weapons there is an irrespons ible agent, and that it is which them formidable. So is it with sar-casm. The man who takes a pride in the glitter and edge of the dagger he loves to whet will be tempted to display its burnished brightness and experiment with its sharpness. casm forgets the woes of its victim. while it exults in its own keenness and brilliancy. It assumes a super-iority which is maddening; and it will not only pierce its victim, but turn its weapon in the wound. Should it then be surprised if it roils the springs of human kindliness and draws to the turbid surface the refuse and mean sediment which virtue keeps suppressed. There is something of the strong man beating a woman, or of an angry man kicking a horse in the ungoverned sallies of sarcasm. The ocean travellers may admire the white spectre of an iceberg floating majestically on the waves; but it would be expecting too much disinterestedness in mankind to think that the travellers will turn and bless this icy brilliance when their vessel has been dealt a mortal wound, and they are engulfed in the chilled waters. The cold. sharp edges of sarcasm numbers more victims than have gone down before the icebergs of the sea. Sarcasm has been the opening

scene in many a domestic tragedy. A broken sleep, a disgruntled hus-band at breakfast, a nervous wife forgetting to put on the salt, the curled lip unveiling a keen edged tooth, the flash and bite of a sarcas-tic word—enough; the curtain falls in a divorce court. Do you hunger for human affection ; do you await the pleasure of trusting confidence? then avoid sarcasm. The heart will expand and mellow in the sunshine it will not bare itself to a stiletto A juggler whirling sharp knives can-not expect you to shake hands with him or, without fear of dire conse quences to your nose, approach t kiss him. Imagine a man and wife or two sisters trying to embrace when both parties were keeping a dozen edged blades in the air. If you will be sarcastic, make up your mind to be a heart hermit. The mind to be a heart hermit. delicate bloom of confidence and loving trust will never grow on the redhot coals of a furnace.

The teacher, the superior, the wife, the husband, the older brother or sister, the human being who impales his victim on the cross of sarcasm and then shouts, Vah! at him, will be eventually forgiven, it is to be hoped, but the high degree of virtue

ceptionally rare faith. Since the time Adam got sarcastic with Eve, or vice versa, sarcasm has made almost as many converts as there are moons to the earth or suns in our planetar; system or Christmases in one year. The sarcastic Herod did not deserve a word from Christ. Some Christian legends have canonized Pilate, but the devil's advocate had no trouble in excluding Herod from the roll of Saints.—America.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Perhaps the commonest feeling,

even among educated people, outside of the Catholic Church is that the Church does not believe and never has believed in allowing her members to acquire any store of general information, and, indeed, as far as possible, has discouraged education It is curious to see what happens to these people whenever they them-selves learn enough about the Church to be justified in having an opinion They then realize almost poignantly that it has been their own ignorance of the Catholic Church and her ways that has led them to think that she is the fosterer of ignorance or is, indeed, anything but an enlightened patron of education. It is sometimes surprising to see how forcibly this strikes Protestants who are brought face to face with some real knowledge and information as to the Church professor of history at the University of Halle-Wittenburg, Luther's own university, became a convert not long since, and declared that he did so as the result of the first Catholic book that he had ever read.

Like so many other Protestants, he thought he knew all about the He had never read any Church. thing but Protestant books about her, but he was sure that these were scholarly and sincere and quite assured that there was nothing further for him to learn about her. Then came revelation, when for the first

required for such forgiveness is not time he read a Catholic book. He at present a drug on the market. To had been a professor of history for expect conversion of any kind from twenty years, yet had never consulted sarcasm, displays in the user exother Protestants are scarcely to be blamed if even university professors do not read the other side

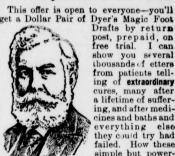


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