

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.
HUMAN NATURE IS MAN'S
GREATEST STUDY.**

Some men seem incapable of projecting system and order through their establishments. They may do their own work well, and then they strike their limitations. They are not good judges of human nature; their discernment is not sharp. They are misled by conversational powers, display of education, and often place a theoretical man where only practical talent could succeed. They are likely to place a delicate make up, in a position where a strong, robust, thick skinned man is required, where an oversensitive soul will chafe and shrink from the cold, aggressive business methods necessary to effective, efficient management.

People are continually being led into all sorts of unfortunate positions, entangling alliances, and mortifying, embarrassing situations because of their lack of ability to read human nature and to estimate character at a glance. Good people everywhere are being imposed upon and are losing their money in all sorts of foolish investments because of their ignorance of human nature. They are not able to see the rascal, the scoundrel behind the mask. They have not developed the power of discernment, the ability to see the "wolf in the sheep's clothing."

The knowledge of human nature as a protector of money, of character, as a protector against frauds and imposition is inestimable. Gullible people are proverbially poor readers of human nature, and hence they are always open to imposition. Oily, cunning promoters are keen observers of human nature, and they can tell very quickly when they strike a good natured, large-hearted professor, scholar, clergyman or artist who knows very little about business matters and who trusts everybody. They know that if they can only get an opportunity they can very quickly make such a man believe almost anything. They know he will be an easy prey to their wiles and their keener knowledge of men.

These promoters would not think of tackling a shrewd, level-headed business man for their nefarious schemes, because he is too keen, too sharp, too good a judge of human nature. Such a man would be likely to penetrate the mask and see the real motive beneath the oily, honeyed words, the smooth seductive manner. The ability to read people at sight is a great business asset.

To be an expert in reading human nature is just as valuable to a young lawyer as a knowledge of law; it is as valuable to a physician as a knowledge of medicine. The man who can read human nature, who can "size up" a person quickly, who can arrive at an accurate estimate of character, no matter what his vocation, or profession, has a great advantage over others. With some men the power to read people afloat amounts to an instinct. They look through all pretences; they tear off all masks. They see the man as he is, his reality, and measure him for what he is worth. A man possessing this power of character-reading pays little attention to what a person seeking employment may say of himself. He can say for himself, "Human nature is to him as an open book, while to others it is a sealed book. They do not have the faculty of going back of pretensions. They are largely at the mercy of what he claims for himself, and they are always being duped. They make very poor employers.

I know a charming business man, a very able man in many respects, and he has always been the victim of his ignorance of human nature. He cannot read men, weigh or estimate the ability of others to do certain things. If an applicant for a position talks well, he immediately jumps to the conclusion that he is a good man for the position, and hires him, usually to be disappointed. He has a great weakness for clergymen who have lost their positions through failing health or for other reasons, and also for ex-teachers and professors. The result is that he has a lot of impractical people about him who know nothing of progressive, scientific business building.

It is an education in itself to form the habit of measuring, weighing, estimating the different people we meet for in this way we are improving our own powers of observation, sharpening our perspective faculties, improving our judgment. The ability to read human nature is a cultivatable quality, and we have a great opportunity in this country, with its conglomerate population, to study the various types of character.

What a wonderful school most of us are in! Practically all of the time, especially in large cities, where we are constantly coming in contact with strangers! What a chance to become experts in reading human nature, in studying motives!

The face, the eye, the manners, the gestures, the walk, all these are hieroglyphics which, if we can only decipher them, spell out the character. Sometimes a single glance of the eye, when one is unconscious, will give you a glimpse into his innermost soul and reveal secrets which he would never dare to utter with his tongue.

The facial expression and the manner, especially when people are off their guard, or unconscious that they are being watched, are great revealers of character.

A great scientist would give a new student some natural object, as a fish, to study for an hour, and then ask him to describe it. He would then tell the student that he had not yet really seen the fish, to take it away and study it another hour, and at the end of that time, tell him what he had seen. The student would be amazed at the new things he kept discovering, which he had not seen at his first examination.

You will find, as you become an expert in face study, in reading character, human nature, that you will develop marvelous skill in seeing things which you never noticed before. You will be able to protect yourself from the pro-

motor, the insinuating man who is trying to persuade you into something which may not be to your benefit, but which will be to his. You will be able to discriminate between friendship and duplicity. You will be able to protect yourself from a thousand annoyances and embarrassments and humiliations which might cripple your career.

How many people are living in poverty, are wretched, homeless to-day because they could not read human nature and were robbed of their property and their rights! To discern the difference between the false and the true, to place the right values upon men, to emphasize the right thing in them, to discriminate between the genuine and the pretended, is an accomplishment which may be worth infinitely more to you than a college education without this practical power, and may make all the difference to you between success and failure, happiness and misery.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BEST PICTURE.

There was once a very rich man, who spent a great part of his yearly income for the education and support of young artists. Indeed, he had established a large school for painting, the students of which it was his great delight to encourage and improve. On one occasion he offered a prize of a thousand dollars to the scholar who should paint the best landscape picture. You can imagine how anxious every boy was to get the large sum of money.

But in the whole of the school of which I am speaking there were only two boys who stood much of a chance to get the prize. The name of one was Christian and the other Anthony. They were both very talented and industrious; so it was impossible for their teacher to decide which one would come out best. Christian was the son of poor parents who found it all they could do to support their large family by their hand-daily labor. But Anthony's father was a very wealthy merchant, and lived in a house as large as a palace. Both of the boys were the very best of friends, and had been so for the last three years.

One day, when the time for deciding who should get the prize had almost arrived, Anthony made a visit to Christian's room. The ill-clad boy sat before his picture, with his back toward the door, and was so taken up with his painting that he did not hear the footstep of his friend. The visitor was as still as a mouse, and was careful not to make any noise by which to betray his presence.

A few minutes later, Christian made two or three strokes on the canvas with his paint brush, and then his hand fell down as if it were weak with morbidly depressing shake of his head said to himself, not knowing that any one else heard him: "I see I cannot do it! My strength and spirit is failing me, and everything swims before my eyes. Anthony will certainly gain the prize, and I—oh, I will have to give it up. Now what will become of my journey to Italy? How much I wanted to go to that beautiful land, and study the splendid pictures there! And my father is too poor to send me or give me any assistance, and I have not a friend who can loan me any money. So I shall be compelled to know but little of my favorite art, and must finally go down to my grave without anybody's knowing my name. Oh! If my opponent were not Anthony! He does paint so beautifully. If it were any other boy in school, I could hope a little; but as it is, I cannot take courage. What will become of me?"

Anthony stood all the while as still as a post, and even held his breath some time to prevent his unhappy friend from knowing that he was present. Then he drew easily back, and slipped off toward the other end of the hall. Afterwards he went down the steps of the academy, and walked slowly along the street toward his home. I will tell you of some of his thoughts; for he afterwards told them to me himself: "Poor Christian is sorry that I too am trying to get the prize. I know he can paint a better picture than I, but he is so excited for fear he may fail, that after all I may get the thousand dollars. Now it is in my power to do him a great kindness. If I don't finish my picture, he will be victorious, or if I make some great blunder in it, it will turn out just the same. I have no need of the money, for my father is very rich, and has long ago promised to send me to Italy just as soon as I pass my examination. But then the honor of painting a better landscape than any other boy! Everybody would hear of it, and the king would have my picture put in his private parlor, for that is the promise he has made to whoever gets the prize. But how happy it would make Christian to gain so much money! He would feel like a prince, and he could then go to Italy, the country he has so often said he would love to travel over."

Thus he had conflicting feelings within him. He wanted to win the prize, not because of the money, but for the sake of the honor it would undoubtedly confer upon him. But suddenly he laughed aloud, and said: "What a daunce am I in! How do I know that my picture will be better than Christian's? I think I had better be certain that I am most likely to be successful before I talk much about the matter. But I will find out how the wind blows."

Three days afterwards, he met the director of the school in the street, and asked him if he would be so kind as to go with him and take a look at Christian's painting. He readily consented, and soon they found the young artist hard at work upon his picture. The director looked carefully at it, and in a very kind and friendly way replied: "This is a fine piece of work, Christian. Take courage, and I am sure you will in time be able to paint beautiful landscapes. All you want now is a year in Italy. There is a true school

of our art, and you would reap vast advantages from the great masterpieces there."

Christian's face turned red at these encouraging words of the director. Hope again sprang up within him, and his brush was soon making vast improvement in his picture. "You have praised Christian's landscape so much," said Anthony, as he and the director were returning along the street, "I would, indeed, like to have your opinion upon it, before I proceed any further with it. Pray, come look at it."

"Certainly," replied the director; "it will give me the greatest pleasure to do so."

Anthony placed his picture in a good light, and I can assure you that his heart beat rapidly as he waited for the director's decision. By and by he heard him say these words: "Christian's painting is indeed fine; but I really fear that he will fail to win the prize, now that I have seen yours. There is not a great difference between yours and his, but slight as it is, it is in your favor. I am sorry for your friend, for I sincerely hoped that he would receive the \$1,000."

After a short conversation concerning the various qualities of the two pictures, the director took his leave. Then commenced anew the struggles in Anthony's heart, whether he would claim the honor of being the best artist in the school, or give the opportunity to Christian of making enough money to take him to Italy.

Finally the day arrived for deciding who should get the prize. There were a great many pictures from the different students, and they were all hung around the large hall in the academy building. The committee of examination came and spent the whole day among them. In the evening the scholars were summoned to the hall by the tap of the great bell. They were to hear what had gained the \$1,000.

Many a heart trembled as the chairman of the committee arose to call aloud the successful name. Every scholar hoped and feared; but none more so than Christian. His face changed from white to red, and then back again as quick as thought. His eyes glanced instantly over the wall, in order to get a glimpse of Anthony's picture. But it was not there. Everything was as quiet as midnight when these words were slowly uttered: "The picture which most deserves the reward of a \$1,000 is painted by Christian Trennan. To him we give the prize, together with our thanks, as a committee, for what he has done. His industry is only equal to the decision, from the gets a glimpse of the picture, and he was so excited with emotion that it was impossible for him to restrain himself. He scarcely knew what he was doing when he went up to the chief judge of the picture, and held out his hand for the purse full of gold. When he went home he counted it, and it was found to contain not only the \$1,000 as a reward for his labor, but another thousand wrapped up in a note to him, from the committee of examination, expressing their gratification at his industry and perseverance against all the obstacles of poverty.

Having thanked his Heavenly Father for the wonderful success that he had met with, he was just rising from his knees when he heard a rap at the door. It was Anthony, and soon the boys were in each other's arms, both weeping for joy. When they began to talk, Anthony said to Christian: "I wish you much happiness, my dear friend. You have won the prize fairly and nobly. Your picture is far the best of all."

But where was your painting? I looked all over the different pictures, and yours was not among the number. I did not expect such good fortune as I have met with. It is you, dear Anthony, who deserved \$1,000. Come now, tell me why your landscape was not to be found among the rest."

The answer that Anthony made to these words was: "My picture was not quite ready. In two more days I might have finished it. But I will have it done in time for our exhibition at the close of the term."

"Oh, Anthony, I see your reason plainly. I know you would have taken the prize, but you wanted me to have it. Such generosity I shall never forget. You have done for me what no one else would have done, and you shall have my thanks to the latest day of my life. It must have been a hard struggle for you when you presented to give up the honor of painting the best picture in school. I know you would have been successful, for the director has told me so. May the Lord reward you!"

"Never mind, never mind. The honor belongs to you, and if you are as industrious as you have been, you will become one of the best artists in our whole kingdom."

Three months after this conversation, the two friends were on their way to Italy together. Both were as happy as you can well imagine. But who do you think was the happier? Not the one who gained the prize, and was \$2,000 richer by it, but he who had done a kindness. There lived no young artist in Rome who had more pleasure than Anthony König—for that was his whole name. And in his private life it always gave him new joy whenever he remembered his unfinished picture and Christian Trennan's prize. Let it be the aim of all to do as much good to others as they can. He who does a kindness for another ought to remember that his friendly act will bring as much happiness to himself as to the one who receives it. Christian and Anthony, and you will have the pleasure that he had.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Lift up, therefore, thy face to heaven! Behold our King marches before us, Who will fight for us. Let us follow Him like men of courage; let no one shrink through fear. For the sake of Jesus we took up His cross; for the sake of Jesus let us persevere in it. Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy a great inward peace.—Thomas a Kempis.

THE MARTYRS' SHRINE.

On August 15th, the shrine erected near Georgian Bay, to the memory of the Apostles of the Hurons, Father Freiberg and his companions, was dedicated by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. A large concourse of clerical and lay pilgrims were present to honor those missionaries who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, gave their blood for the cause of Christ.

Through the untiring efforts of the well-known archeologist, Father Jones, S. J., the exact spot on which the martyrs, Freiberg and Lalancette, were massacred, on March 16th and 17th, 1649, was definitely located. This venerable spot, in early times the site of the Huron village, St. Ignace II, is situated on Lot 1, on the seventh Concession of the Township of Tay, Simcoe County. It is quite close to the Sturgeon River, and midway between Vasey and Coldwater.

The memory of these brave men, who, in the early days of New France, left home and kindred to found the Canadian Church, will henceforth be kept green. Their heroic lives among the savage Hurons, and their precious death at the hands of the still more savage Iroquois, were the first fruits of the Church in Ontario. Up to within a very few years, the records of their deeds had lain hidden in the Relations, which were practically inaccessible to the general public. Now that these documents have been gathered together and republished, through the efforts of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the heroism of the lives of those early missionaries will become matters of common knowledge, and will be a source of inspiration and self-sacrifice to all who value zeal and sacrifice.

Too long has this ground, crimsoned with the blood of martyrs, been neglected. But steps have at last been taken to atone for the indifference of the past. The shrine near Georgian Bay is the beginning of a movement, which, let us hope, will end only when we see these apostles of early Canada, venerated on the altars of the Universal Church.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

The excellent article by Monsignor Vaughan on indiscriminate reading ("Dangers of the Day," V.) leaves nothing to be said on this subject; however, there is a practical lesson, admirably apropos of what our obliging contributor had to say on the obligation of shunning dangerous books, in the following story related by a contemporary French author:

"One rainy day, I sat before an open fire chatting with a friend, a noted lawyer. The subject of our conversation was a new book which had caused a great deal of unpleasant comment. 'Have you read it?' asked my host.—'No.' 'I replied, 'I have formed my opinion on what reliable critics have said of it.'—'You are wrong there, my friend. You should judge for yourself,' answered my host. I was about to reply as best I could, being somewhat embarrassed, when a kind Providence came to my aid. There was a rap on the door. Upon opening it, we saw outside an old peasant with a basket of mushrooms on his arm.

Now, my famous friend was very fond of mushrooms, though he could not tell edible from poisonous ones. He examined those presented very carefully; but, not feeling satisfied, he turned to me for a decision, while the old man looked on in surprise. To me all mushrooms are alike—that is, bad—so I was powerless to advise; but I recommended eating the cook. No sooner had she looked at the mushrooms than she pronounced them deadly poison. 'Throw them away!' exclaimed the master.—'Wait a moment,' I remonstrated. 'Are you going to throw those mushrooms away without tasting of them? You should judge for yourself.'—'Would you have me risk poisoning myself in order to make sure that they are bad?' cried my friend. 'But you just advised me to expose myself to the deadly poison of a bad book,' I replied gently.—Ave Maria.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSARY. Few people are acquainted with the origin of the rosary. The ancient hermits and others frequently counted the number of their prayers by small stones or other marks. In the eleventh century the Abbot John Gualbert directed those of his monastery who were not priests, and who could not read the Latin Psalter, to say a certain number of "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," instead of canonical hours of Divine Office. The rosary in its present form is due to St. Dominic. The beginning of the rosary is a profession of faith in all the truths taught

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
SURPRISE
PURE HARD SOAP.
INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is composed of the Lord's prayer—the most perfect prayer which a Christian can address to God; then follows the angelical salutation, which contains in a few words the most beautiful eulogy, the most magnificent praise which has ever been spoken of the Blessed Virgin: "Hail, full of grace!" The mysteries which are announced at the beginning of each decade recall the wonders of the incarnation and the life of our adorable Saviour, in which Mary had such an important part. Thus the rosary is really a summary of the Gospel. It is also a prayer most agreeable to the Blessed Virgin and within the reach and ability of all the faithful. The humble and poor shepherd who counts each grain of his beads on the lonely hillside gives to our Blessed Mother the same homage, the same honor as the learned St. Francis de Sales, who piously recites his rosary in the quiet recollection of his oratory. St. Louis on his throne and the poor man in his humble cottage by reciting the rosary are united in mind and heart to celebrate the glories of Mary and to obtain her maternal favors.—Rev. Thomas F. Ward.

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