

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE IMPORTANCE OF STAYING AWAKE

When you have nothing special to do, just keep your eyes open and observe, study human nature, watch other's methods of doing things...

You may think that because you are only an office boy you do not amount to much, and you may be longing for promotion...

Think what an opportunity it is to size up a situation, to absorb the secrets of the business! Why, your employer would not sell for a great deal of money the information which you are getting for nothing...

Remember that most positions in business houses are vacated suddenly—by sickness, by death, or because of the incapacity of the incumbents...

Never forget that your employer has eyes, too, and that he is watching you. He may not appear to notice you, but it is his business to "size people up."

But the boy who is doing "just well enough not to get discharged," who is barely hanging on to his position, will not be promoted.

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There is nothing that will please your employer more than to see that you are always on the alert, that you are quick to see things that need to be done, and quick to do them.

How many employees have lost a chance for promotion by grumbling about doing something which did not strictly belong to them, or work which they thought belonged to somebody else?

Readiness, willingness to do anything at any time, a disposition to oblige, to accommodate, these are qualities that win the employer's admiration.

ANTICIPATE YOUR EMPLOYER'S WANTS The employer does not want to beg people to do things for him, and the boy who wants to get on ought to regard every opportunity to render a little additional service as a great advantage to him...

Try to keep little annoyances away from him, the things which fret him, settle him. Try to keep people away from him whom you know he does not want to see.

It is not what you are paid for doing that he will appreciate as much as that which you are not paid for, but which you do voluntarily and gladly.

I have been interested in trying to find out whether men who have achieved things worth while were ever out of employment for any length of time.

We all know that, as a rule, it is the incompetent who are out of employment. It is disheartening to try to find efficient people in the employment offices.

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seating themselves so that Mary Pettus, clad in her cheese cloth dress, occupied a rear seat. Nothing, but her face showed to the throng gathered in the auditorium.

The subject Mary Pettus had chosen seemed particularly fitting. It was the class motto—"Friends forever"—and as Helen Stanton stepped forward, the entire class, including the miner's daughter—still in the background, however—grouped themselves about her.

It was still but a commonplace happening. At the top of the hill the horse had taken fright at a noisy passing auto. He started down the incline at a mad dash and Jonas busy with the reins trying to bring the animal under control.

"Why, daughter, what's the matter? Lost your best friend?" Mr. Stanton queried, joyously, as his daughter took her place at the table.

"No, sir. But what is equally important to me is that I've lost the valedictory, and to Mary Pettus, of all girls. What will she look like when she delivers it, garbed in an old blue serge that she has worn ever since she came to the academy."

"Oh! Is that the family? Well, if she won't she ought to have it. They are very respectable people, and living free doesn't lower them in my estimation. I'm glad they are there, for I always feared that tramps would enter the cottage and, making it the headquarters, threaten the peace of Pleasant Meadows."

"Why don't you tear it down?" Helen asked, after a moment's silence. "That old ramshackle place is a disgrace. If you could have it torn down, I would be glad to do it."

"I don't see why I have to meet her," she added, as her father's silence troubled her. "Next thing she will be claiming intimate acquaintance; and I should simply collapse if any of my friends in Woodmere caught me in her company. Her dress—"

Graduation day faded into eve, the eventual eve of the year. The lights of the academy were brilliantly lighted, and richly banked with flowers. The graduates filed in,

They were aware of the wishes of my family that I was not to be coerced or compelled to attend Mass unless I so desired. I have always thought that the pictorial side of the Mass must have been what first attracted my childish imagination and caused me to ask to be allowed to attend Mass on my own.

I, however, completed my studies at the convent, and left its peaceful walls to go out into the world. I must be honest and confess that for many years the spiritual side of my nature lay dormant, although I often visited Catholic churches in different parts of Europe and in America, wherever I chanced to be on such holidays as Christmas, Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

I remained in this neutral state, or I might say in statu quo, until a year ago. Then I became aware of a great spiritual emptiness in my life that nothing seemed to fill, and I began to read about all sorts of complex religions, and their promoters, from Buddha and Confucius to Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame.

"Do you think a mother's supplication to an earthly father to forgive and bless his erring children would avail? Or so many more must be saved than our Blessed Mother cherishes the tender, loving heart of Our Lord?"

Up to this point it had all come so easily, so entirely within the grasp of my reason, all the forms of the entire creed appeared to me. Then for the first time in the course of my conversion I struck my one great and only stumbling block—confession. It was such a mountain in my path that at one time it seemed to me I could go no further on what I had called my "ego."

All these doubts and fears and questionings were, of course, before I was baptized. Oh, the horror and the dread of the first confession! Thank God, it lasted only a few moments, for the kindness and the sympathy of the saintly old man before whom I knelt, encouraged and guided me. Then, in that little confessional in that darkening church I knew I had "come home" at last—owning my weakness and leaving with meekness my sins to my Saviour.

When I received the priest's admonition and absolution, and left him, I felt the birth of a new day in my soul. And now I know no more restful, helpful place in one's weary and worn with the cares of this world and one's sins seem all too heavy to bear, than to take it all to Christ, and through His priest, if one is truly repentant, receive forgiveness.

I have in my career as an artist, been called upon to enact most of the noble women in Shakespeare's immortal plays, and also many classic roles from the French, German, Italian and Greek writers.

Then, another great satisfaction my conversion has brought me is the fact that I have been able to adapt my religion to my every-day life—and it has been of the greatest assistance and comfort to me in my theatrical profession.

every step of my life. And I never place my foot upon the stage at night without thinking a prayer to Our Lord to help and abide with me. If it were only given me the power to set before my non-Catholic friends the great joy that comes when one receives the faith in the Real Presence. Not in memory of, as the Protestant church would have us believe, but that we may as often as we wish partake of Our Lord's Body and Precious Blood, that was shed for us.

"Far though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar."

This alone is thy concern, to fight manfully, and never, however manifold thy wounds, to lay down thine arms, or to take to flight.—Rev. Laurence Seppell.

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A CONVERT'S STORY OF HER CONVERSION

Writing in the Extension Magazine, Marie Watwright, the distinguished actress, gives the following story of her conversion to the Catholic faith:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Sprained Ankle Saturday Worked Again Monday

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment Did the Trick Mr. A. Carman, one of Davisville, Ontario's energetic young men writes: "Some time ago I was getting over a wire fence, and when lifting my left foot, my right slipped, and in falling the heel of my boot caught the second wire, thus spraining my ankle."

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