

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Making the Best of Whatever Happens.

Some people are thrown off their balance the moment anything goes wrong with them. They do not seem to have the ability to overcome impediments and to do their work in spite of annoyances.

Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing to trouble him. But a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which annoy, harass, and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the test of greatness.

As a matter of fact, the greatest achievements in all time have been accomplished by men and women who have been handicapped, annoyed, persecuted, misunderstood, criticized. But they have been great enough to rise above all these things and to do their work in spite of them.

Few people are large enough to rise above their aches and pains and disappointments. The majority are always talking about them, projecting their dark shadows into your atmosphere, cutting off your sunshine with their clouds. Their ailments and their hard luck and misfortunes seem to be the biggest things about them. You never meet them but they thrust them into your presence.

The man who is not big enough to rise above the things that trouble him, who can not outstep his aches and pains annoyances and disappointments, so that they are of little consequence in comparison with his great life aim, will never amount to much.

There is an unwritten law for people who are thoroughbred—the real gentleman and the real lady—which compels them to keep their troubles, their ailments, their sorrows, their worries, their losses, to themselves. There is a fine discipline in it. It mellows the character and sweetens the life. But when these things are not borne heroically, they mar the character and leave their ugly traces in the face; their hideous forms appear in the manner and disfigure the whole life.

Learn to consume your own smoke. If you have misfortunes, pains, diseases, losses, keep them to yourself. Bury them. Those who know you have them will love you and admire you infinitely more for this suppression. A stout heart and persistent cheerfulness will be more than a match for all your troubles.

The Demoralizing Influence of a "Pull."

One of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a youth's head is that his advancement depends upon having a "pull" with people who are influential. His future is wrapped up in himself; the opportunity he is looking for must be born in his own brain; his future must be wrought out from his own mind and with his own hands. It is wholly a question of self-help, self-resolution, self-faith and grit.

Everywhere we see young men who seem to be waiting for somebody to discover them. They feel that they have ability; but they seem to think that some condition, circumstance, or person is going to take hold of them and give them a boost. They think that they could make progress if somebody would only give them a push; but they do not seem to be able to start themselves.

How many people there are who are just waiting for something to happen—they do not know what, but anything that will change things and give them a start.

If there is any fact which nature emphasizes more than another, it is the fact that inertia is always death. Not to move of oneself, to stand still, is paralysis—paralysis of faculty, ambition, or ability.

Isn't it a shame to see strong, well-educated young people in this land of opportunity waiting for somebody to help them, many of them idly standing around for years hoping that somebody will give them a boost? Even while they are waiting, poor boys with fewer opportunities and advantages forge their way unaided and reach the goal first. No other lesson a youth ever learns is as valuable as the one that, whatever he makes, whatever he becomes, he will, in the main, make himself. If we analyze the success of self-made men, we find that a very small percentage of it has come from outside help. They have blazed their own path, forged their own way. Self-help is the key to all power. Help yourself and be strong; wait for others to help you and be a weakling.

It is pitiable to see the sons of wealth lifted into positions which they have no strength to hold, because they have not developed the necessary mental and moral muscle by climbing to them. And there is no other way of developing mental and moral muscle but by climbing. For one to be lifted into a position without any previous training or preparation for it is positive cruelty. I know young men who are nominally heads of great concerns, who are constantly mortified by the consciousness that men below them deserve the positions which they hold, and are infinitely more capable of filling them.

Nothing in this world can compensate for the loss of self-respect; and no man can respect himself for accepting that which he has not earned. No man can feel that he is quite honest when he is given, through a "pull" or influence, a position that others have honestly earned. He can not help feeling mean every morning when he goes to the office or factory to take a position which some one else ought to have. His sense of justice is outraged, his sense of fairness protests; his self-respect is wounded, his independence crippled, and he is so much less a man than he would have been if he had squarely and honestly earned the position in equal competition.

I know a young man who, without any training whatever, was put at the head of a department of his father's business, and he so fully realizes that there are employees under him who are infinitely better fitted to fill his position that he has never been happy, and he is consequently short of

his power. This position has been a perpetual humiliation to him. He is conscious that, when he goes around among the employees and give orders, he does not know half as well as they what to do.

There is only one way for a youth to grow strong, and that is by depending upon himself. What a miraculous change we often see in a boy who has been pampered at home, allowed to lie abed as late as he wished, and to work when he felt like it, when he is suddenly cut off from his home and thrown upon his own resources without any possibility of help or support from his parents! When he finds the props knocked from under him he realizes that he can no longer lean that it is a question whether he will acquit himself like a man, whether he will hold his head up and be somebody in the world, or will be content to be a nobody. His pride is touched, his ambition aroused, his determination comes to the front, and, if he is made of the right kind of material, he finds within himself a wonderful power coming to his aid which he never before knew he had. Now he must plan for himself; no more leaning, no more following, no more depending upon others. He knows he must stand or fall by himself, and he wants to show all who know him—some of whom, perhaps, predicted that he would never amount to anything—that there is something in him.

Whatever you accomplish in the world, resolve that it shall be your own, every bit your own, all your own. One of the saddest delusions that ever deceived a youth is the idea that somebody can help him, that he can gain something by being boosted into a position instead of getting there through the drudgery of earning it.

How it increases your self-respect, your sense of manliness or womanliness, to know that you have leaned upon nobody, imitated nobody—that in the climbing you have developed the strength that will make you stand firmly in your position!—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FOR THE LOVE OF FATHER.

"I think you understand now the purpose I have in offering this prize, if it may be called that." The principal of the school, with whom Mr. Stoebel was speaking, glanced at the memoranda he was making on a piece of paper which lay on his desk.

"Let me go over the details as I have jotted them down. The amount is to be \$1,000. This sum is to be awarded to the young man, who, by the vote of his fellows, is best entitled to it, and is to be won, not by any one deed of courage or any one indication of superior skill at the bench or elsewhere, but by an all-around development of character, covering the entire course of three years. The young men who are to be eligible to this prize are not to know of its existence, save that in a general way they are to be made to understand that at the end of the course the pupil who gains the high mark of the approval of his fellows shall not go unrecognized."

Mr. Stoebel listened attentively and then added: "And I wish it to be further understood that there shall be absolutely no striving after this token of recognition on the part of any—for the sake of winning it, I mean. And I hope you will carefully discriminate against any who may be guilty of such unfriendly competition."

"I think I know what you mean. You do not wish that there shall be any hard feelings on the part of any after the award has been made, on account of disappointment of ambition."

"You have my idea. And now may I look in on the young gentlemen while they are at work a moment? Not to disturb them in what they are doing at all. But I would like to see their faces before I go. I do so love to watch a company of young men when they are not conscious that they are under surveillance! If we could go in without their knowing that we were present it would please me better."

"That will make little difference. My boys will scarcely know that we are in the room if we go in and stand by the door. They are all so much interested in their work! But from a gallery above the workroom we shall be able to look down unobserved."

Professor Winters led the way up a pair of stairs to the gallery he had mentioned, and together he and Mr. Stoebel looked down on the busy scene in the room below.

"What a difference there is in the way they handle their tools! Is there not? I was just now thinking of that young man over at the south end of the room—the one with the white apron. See! How well he holds that bit-screw as he bores the holes in the stick on his bench! I could not help being struck by the accuracy of his sight as he brought the auger to a perpendicular and the steadiness of his hands as he turned the auger."

Professor Winters smiled: "This is Edward McElroy. He is one of our best students. He has a history. He is right from the farm, and he has not been swallowed up by the maelstrom of the city. Most of these young men have not had the advantage he has had. They have spent their lives in the city. Edward has a fine influence over his fellows. Step back to this seat for a moment and let me tell you something about him."

So the story of Edward McElroy was told. Out on a little farm not far from the city a crippled father was working away to give his boy a chance to take the course of manual training in the Southfield Industrial school. A most gentle spirit, seemingly the more so through his suffering in body, he had early determined that his boy should be prepared to do some of the things he had wanted to do himself, but from the accomplishment of which he had been kept by a terrible accident that had left him with a bruised and distorted body.

"I could not do these things, Edward," he said. "It is of no use to tell you just why only my father was a poor man. We never had any tools on our farm. Yes, there was a poor old auger and a thing we called a handsaw; but they were

very poor excuses for tools. If we wished to grind an axe we were compelled to go away to a neighbor. I do not say this to cast any reflection on my father, who was a good man. He simply could not do any better.

"But you see I have given you the use of the best of tools. I have had an ambition to gather about me the best of carpenter's tools I could find. Very few farmers have a better lot of them."

"And you have let me use them, too." "I have not meant to keep you from them."

"How many I have spoiled! But you never scolded me, father. I thank you for that."

"Tools are only things. We can love them and care for them, but after all they are not like these human bodies of ours. If one is injured or spoiled we can make it good again. Once a body is hurt it is hard to make it as good as it was before."

"Was father thinking of his own poor crippled body when he said that?" Edward felt that this might be true. He put his arm about the mishapen shoulders and drew the one he so well loved closer to himself. He could feel under the coat the hard lines of the iron frame that his father was compelled to wear all the time to keep his body in anything like an upright position. Even with the help of this support he was bent far forward and often it cut Edward to the very heart to hear the boys on the street call his father "Old Humpy McElroy." Many times had his hand clenched tightly as he listened to this unfeeling cry.

"Never mind, laddie," was always the patient word of his father. "They do not think what they are saying. 'We will not care!'"

But what made Edward really care, was that his father should be compelled to work at all on the farm. He knew it was with pain that all he did was accomplished. He did all he could himself to spare his father; and yet, in spite of all he could do he seemed to be growing less and less able to carry on the farm operations. There were days when he was compelled to give the work entirely into the hands of others and lie quietly on his couch.

Edward knew this, and the hardest thing he had to bear when the time came that father felt he should begin his course at the school was that father was not able to work as he had in the past. For a long time he hesitated about going at all; but the father's heart was set upon it, and he was willing to undergo any sacrifice if only his boy might gain the power to achieve what he himself had not been able to do.

"But can nothing be done for that father?" Mr. Stoebel asked, his face lighting up with the interest he felt at the story the professor had been telling him. "It seems as if some of the great hospitals should be able to make him well again."

He and Edward both thought that, and the young man had told them that the one desire of his life is to reach a place where the necessary operation may be performed. He knows that his father is too cramped in his finances to permit of such a thing now. It is all they can do to keep Edward in school. He knows that; but I know a little more about it than he does himself. From his father I have learned that in spite of the father's best efforts things are slipping back. There is now a debt on the farm and it is growing worse every day.

The professor's face grew serious as he thought of it. "And is there no one else at home to share the burdens?"

Suddenly the shadow fled from the face of the professor. "Come here, where you can look at the other end of the room. There! Do you see that tall fellow just now adjusting the blade of his plane? Yes, the one with the marked face."

"I see him, professor." "That is a brother of Edward McElroy!"

"Indeed!" "You would not think they ever saw one another, would you? So unlike in every way. It shows that a wrong life will do for a man. That young man came from the same home. His father is the father of Edward McElroy. When a mere lad he left home on account of some trouble into which he fell through bad company. For years he was not heard of. His mother grieved her heart out over the boy and died, and the father mourned his son as lost forever; but at the beginning of this term he came to us. I do not know how he manages to support himself, but he does, and keeps up his work in school. Do you see how well he uses his tools? He has a natural faculty in that direction. In the short time he has been here he has acquired what might really be called skill in doing this work."

"And he and Edward—are they friends?" "I was present when they first met, and I shall never forget the day. Neil—that is the brother's name—with his face so scarred by the life he had led; Edward with his good, clean, manly countenance. They did not look any more alike than they would if they never had seen each other. But they are true brothers—brothers in deed as well as in name. And Edward is such a help to his brother. In the short time they have been together again I can see a great change in Neil. I believe the day will come when he will take his place in the old home. Then he will help to bear the burdens. So far as I know the father does not yet know that Neil is here. That is the one thing upon which the young man insists."

"I do not want my father to know where I am or what I am doing till I am worthy to be called his son again."

The two men stood there and looked at the young man for a long time in silence. "It is a serious handicap," Mr. Stoebel said at last as he turned to go down the stairs. "Young men only know! If they only knew!"

Three years is not a very long time when one has much to do. The end of the course at the industrial school was now in sight. Out on the farm a man with bent form, old before his time, was looking forward to the time when his son should come back to him with all the experience and all the knowledge

of the use of tools that he had gained in the time he had been away from home. It would be a great day for him when he went down to the city and saw the graduation exercises. That would be worth all the years of toil and sacrifice. The thought made the thin, pale face tingle with a new joy.

But down in the city two boys were looking forward with no less of pleasure to the time of graduation. In their room on the eve of the eventful day they were talking the matter over.

"Father says he will be here, Neil. The letter came this morning. He will be at the room in the morning at half-past eight. You will be here to meet him? Don't you think the time has come when he ought to know?"

Neil flinched a little. "O Edward! You cannot tell how I shrink from it! Our father is such a clean, pure, true man! And I have been—"

"Now, brother," broke in Edward, "let's never think of that again in all our lives! Father will not, I know. His heart is so kind and forgiving! You don't know him. You were so young when you went away. But as the years have gone by he has grown more sweet in spirit, more tender, more forgiving. You need not think that he will not take you back just as you were."

"But my face—O Ned! What a looking face it is! That never can be made over! The scar is there to stay. And to think I received it as I did!"

Edward took both the hands of his brother in his. "I call that a pretty good looking face, now, Neil. It looks fine to me!"

Neil broke away and went over to a glass where he could look at the reflection of his features. "It is a better looking face than it was when I came here, Ned, isn't it?"

"Ten times better looking brother!" "You have helped to make it so, Ned! God bless you, old fellow! How you have helped me! If you had turned against me when I came here all broken down, but with a big hope in my heart that at last I had found a way to make good once more, it would have killed me. But you were so true to me! When the rest of them laughed at me, and made fun of my face and said all the mean things they could about me, you stood right by and pulled me through. I never will forget it of you, Ned! Never!"

Then they sat down and talked it all over. Just as soon as they could they would earn the money and send father away where his poor crippled body might be cured. The shadows were falling when there little tyrant was over "I am going down to the turning room a little while, Neil," the brother said at last. "I'll be back by nine. I want to finish a bit of work."

"I have been thinking that I would come down too, after a little. But don't wait for me. I will find my way there."

The full class, with a few exceptions, was in the room where the lathes were when Edward reached the place. He went to his locker, hung up his hat and coat, and put on his apron and went over to his lathe. For half an hour he worked steadily, unconscious of much that was passing about him.

Neil McElroy wrote a letter in his room and then he, too, hurried to the workroom. He had just stepped inside the door of the lathe room when a strange sound came to his ears. He knew something was wrong with the machinery.

From the end of the room where Edward was at work he heard a peculiar slapping sound, as if one of the many belts had slipped off of place on its pulley and was flying about the shafting. He saw Edward hasten to the spot and put his hand to put the belt back in place. Then a sharp cry followed. With a heart fairly standing still he saw his brother lifted from the floor and carried to the top of the room. The pitiless belt had caught him and he was being hurled about like a feather, in danger of death at any moment.

Quickly he ran across the room and with selected hands seized the narrow strip of leather that was holding the life out of his brother. A hundred voices shouted to him to stand back or he would lose his own life. The students had rushed to the place and stood horror-stricken at the sight of their fellow thus being dashed to destruction.

"Back, Neil! Don't dare to touch the belt! You will be killed if you do!" came from the throats of many.

But Neil had taken the flying belt in his hands. Like a flash he braced himself against the bed of the lathe and nerved himself for the strain that came upon him. The belt straightened in his fingers. Those who stood watching expected that he would be drawn to the ceiling where his brother was, and some of them turned away to shut out the sight. But Neil's muscles were like steel. The lacing of the belt snapped in his hands and the belt ceased to revolve. He had conquered. With a body all bruised and bleeding Edward dropped to the floor. It was an awful ordeal, but he had been saved by the hand of his brother.

That night the school voted on the man of their number who was in their estimation entitled to the place of honor for the manly character he had worked out during the course of three years. They did not know what lay back of this vote. The principal had simply told them that their expression would mean much to the one upon whom the choice fell. And their decision was to be announced by the president of all the classes on the day of graduation.

Lying in his room that day Edward, knowing that he would not be able to attend the graduation exercises, and knowing too, how great a disappointment it would be to his father not to see him among the members of the class, and also wishing to shield him from the sorrow of knowing what a serious accident had befallen him, dictated a note to Mr. McElroy, stating that things over which he had no control would prevent his meeting his father till after the graduation exercises were over, but that he might be sure that his son would be among the graduates and would think of him tenderly all the way along.

So it came about that a man with a bent form and white cheeks took his place in one of the front seats at the

graduation hall that night. He listened to the names as they were called one after another, and the young men rose to receive the diplomas they had earned. Eagerly he listened for the name of Edward McElroy. But the name was slow in coming. Nor did he see the face of his son anywhere among the company sitting on the stage.

At length the principal asked for the decision of the school as to the member who was, in their opinion, entitled to the place of best man.

"Have you made your decision?" he asked.

"We have, sir," was the firm response. And going across the stage the class president took by the hand a young man and led him forward.

The face of the man who stood before the audience was deeply scarred. But there was a clear look in the eye, and the young student met the gaze that was bent upon him without flinching. It was the face of one who has met the world in many a hard fight, who had known the sting of defeat, but who has at last come off victor.

"We have chosen Neil McElroy as the man most worthy to receive this honor, sir. He has made the most of himself in every way! We were a long time in learning to know him. We have not always done the right thing by him, but he has been a true, earnest, manly man, and we have come to love him more the better we have known him! He is worthy of the best we have to give!"

At the name "Neil McElroy" a crippled form rose down on the floor of the hall. A white face, shining through tears, was turned first in doubt, and then in a perfect glory of certainty upward toward the tall young man standing in the full light on the stage.

A moment later Neil made his way down and took in his wide-open arms the poor, bent form of his father, while cries and sobs burst from both.

Then the sunshine came into lives which had been for a long time under the cloud.—Edgar L. Vincent in Our Young People.

There is no wood better to kindle a fire of holy love than the wood of the cross which Christ used for His own great sacrifice of boundless charity.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

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A Remarkable Fact.

A remarkable fact with regard to the mental condition of the children of Irish Catholic parents is given prominence in the sixth volume of the report of the Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded. In the section dealing with Glasgow, which has a large Irish population, it is pointed out that "the race whose birthrate is not on the decline produces fewer defective children by half than the race whose birthrate is declining." In the Irish Catholic schools the mentally defective were 4 per 1,000; in the School Board schools they were 8.2 per 1,000.—From the London Catholic Times.

500,000 PERSONS are seeing this advertisement. Many of them will idly pass it by, while the thoughtful few will ponder awhile and wonder whether there is really anything in it. "It seems almost impossible," some will say. "It can't be done," will be the opinion of others. "Fancy a suit made to measure for \$5.74," some will cry, "Absurd!" While a small section of readers will probably decide to investigate our offer and SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS of our Clothing to Measure. Thus the result of this advertisement will be that we shall add many customers to our already extensive clientele—men whose only lament will be that they had not dealt with us sooner. We are sure of this point because we have already received hundreds of letters to the same effect. One day you also will be tempted to write to us. Why not make our acquaintance to-day? Our wonderful patterns of Suits and Overcoats to Measure from \$5.14 to \$20 can be had for the asking. NEW YORK STYLES or London's Latest Fashions. Remember, we Guarantee to supply you with a smart Suit or Overcoat as you have ever worn for less money than you have ever paid. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard, and address same to us as below, asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money. CURZON BROS "Go to Curzon" THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS, (Dept. P), 60 & 62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND. Addresses for Patterns: For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, LTD. (Dept. P), 74-76 Church St., TORONTO, ONTARIO. For Winnipeg and The West: CURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON BROS. (Dept. P), 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG. Please mention this paper SPECIAL NOTICE As our Mr. H. Greene is now touring the West and is not expected back to Winnipeg before November 15, customers desiring early delivery of their fall clothing would be wise in mailing us direct. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money on all mail order.