

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Crime of Self-Depreciation. He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of Fate waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not over or around them, who is not waiting for others to speak, think, or act, is the man who is going to win in this new century. There is a great demand for the self-reliant man—the man who is not afraid of himself, who can say, "I will," with conviction. Leaders, not followers, are original thinkers, not imitators. Men with new ideas, are being called for loudly in all the important walks of life.

"If we choose to be no more than clouds of clay," says Marie Corelli, "then we shall be used as clouds of clay for braver feet to tread on."

Of all the despicable objects in the universe, the most despicable is the man who is always berating, under-estimating, or effacing himself.

If you carry a mean, contemptible picture of yourself constantly in your mind, the suggestion will deteriorate your whole character. The persistent thought that you are not as good as others, that you are a weak, ineffective being, will lower your whole standard of life and paralyze your ability.

If you go about with the acknowledgment of inferiority in your face and manner, if everything about you indicates that you do not believe in yourself, that you have very little respect for yourself, you certainly cannot blame others for taking you at your own estimate. Self-deprecation is a reflection upon our Creator, who must have made us perfect, because perfection could not have made imperfection.

What a pitiable thing to see a man, especially a young man, going around with his head down, looking as though he had lost his last friend, and his last dollar, as though ashamed to look the world in the face, groveling instead of aspiring, going about in a perpetual apology in face and manner, if he is in the way, or even being alive at all. This is not being a prince, of a son of the King of Kings. If there is divinity in us, why not assert it with manly dignity, with commanding assurance? Why not claim our birthright like princes, and not crawl and cringe for it like beggars?

If you would be superior, you must hold the thought of superiority constantly in the mind. A singularly modest man of so retiring a disposition that at one time he did not show half of his great ability, whose striking nature and real talent for self-abasement had actually given him an inferior appearance, told me one day how he had counteracted his self-deprecating traits. Among other things he said he had derived great benefit from the practice he had formed of going about the streets, especially where he was not known, assuming an air of great importance, and imagining himself the mayor of the city, the governor of the State, or even the President of the United States. By merely looking as though he expected everybody to recognize that he must be a person of consequence, he changed not only his appearance, but also his convictions. It raised him immeasurably in his own estimation. It had a marked effect upon his whole attitude. He used to walk through the streets shrinking from the gaze of others and dreading their scrutiny. Now he boldly invites, even demands attention by his evident superiority, and has the appearance of one whom people would like to know. In other words, he has got a glimpse of his divinity, and he really feels his superiority, and, of course, shows it in his self-respecting manner.

Your Divine Message. You will find a tremendous buttressing, supporting, encouraging power in the consciousness that the Creator made you for something high and noble, fashioned you marvelously for a great purpose; that there is an eternal aim, a divine plan wrapped up within you, and that there will be something lacking in the world if you fail to do your part and to express the best thing in you in the best possible way.

We owe to you if you fail to carry out this purpose, this divine plan. We owe to you who beneath or belittle the grandest of the Creator's work, or allow to shrivel and shrivel the sacred message entrusted to you by the Almighty and which no one else can interpret but yourself.

One reason why the careers of most of us are so pinched and narrow, and our lives so mean, is because we do not have a large faith in ourselves and in what we can do. We are held back by too much caution. We are timid about venturing. We are not bold enough.—O. S. M. in Success.

How Fame Comes. Accident has played an important part in the making of great men. If Cooper had never been challenged by his wife to write a good story as an English novel he had been reading he might never have been one of the greatest novelists. If Napoleon had persisted in his attempts to be a writer of essays after he left the military academy the world would not have known this great general. If Shakespeare had not fallen as a wool merchant and turned actor and then, becoming disgusted with himself as an indifferent player, applied himself to writing there would never have been this great dramatist, and no doubt the plays of to-day would have been inferior to what they are.

Cowley became a poet purely through chance. When only a boy he found in his mother's attic a copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and, becoming enchanted by the rhyme, determined to write poetry for himself. Gibbon tells that it was while he was at Rome among the ruins of the Capitol that he was first moved to write the history of the rise and fall of that great empire. Probably had he not taken a walk on that certain sunny day he would never have conceived the word that afterward made him famous. Corelli, the French poet, was in the habit of making verses for his friends. Being flattered by their criticism, he gave up his profession

as a lawyer and turned writer. Franklin discovered electricity by accident, and Moliere was turned to writing comedy, from the tapestry trade, by a ropemaster from his father for leading a dissipated life. Newton discovered the force of gravitation through a mere chance. When a student at Cambridge he went one day to the country. Being weary with his rambles, he sat down beneath an apple tree, and while he was musing there was rudely aroused by a severe blow from an apple which, falling from the branches, struck him on the head. He was surprised at the force of the blow from so small an object, and this led him to deduce the principle of gravity. Flamsteed became an eminent astronomer through chance. Because of ill health he was taken from school, and while in confinement, he borrowed a book on astronomy. He was so much interested in this volume that he procured others and at length adopted the study as a profession. Pennant, the authority on natural history, received his proposit in that direction through a chance perusal of a book on birds which he found on a table in the house of a friend, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was first moved to the profession of painting portraits by casually reading Richardson's treatise.—Our Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY. By Rev. George Hampfield. CHAPTER XI. "AN ADVENTURE IN THE AIR."

Among the amusements provided for the Christmas holidays was one which exercised the wits and occasionally vexed the spirits of the elder students at Thornbury. An original composition was by the order of Father McReady to be written by each more advanced scholar, in his own time, and on his own subject, and to be read aloud during the Christmas season for the general amusement.

Tragedy, comedy, history, the whole field of literature, my sons, said the mocking Jagers, "is open to the aspiring genius; but woven absolutely out of your own craniums it must be; plagiarism strictly forbidden." His own contribution was an account of his adventures with Stanley in Central Africa, which would go to prove that the gallant explorer had modestly concealed from the world his most brilliant achievements. In fact Jagers, with the occasional assistance of Mr. Stanley, seemed to have gone through in two or three days all the most historical perils of modern travellers including Mr. Robinson Crusoe, and the noble Baron Munchausen.

We shall tell the reader see Cornelius Wrangle's manuscript, which was thought worthy to be preserved in the archives of Thornbury School, albeit Father McReady accused Cornelius of not being wholly original. Corney however strongly maintained that every bit of it was his own, and that every bit of it came into his head on a holiday when he was sitting on a hill, when he loitered behind the rest to watch the mill's sails go round. The title to his tale of horror was

AN ADVENTURE IN THE AIR.

In the North of England, some years ago, there lived a certain Mr. Heatherton, an old bachelor with a large fortune and extensive estates, who was a very sociable old fellow, and usually kept his large house well filled with guests. His only relative was an orphan nephew, whose father had been a cavalry officer in India, Henry Heatherton, fifteen years of age, who was attending a Public school. The old gentleman had adopted him and meant to make him his heir.

At the time of our story, Henry Heatherton had come home for his Midsummer holidays, and found a suitable companion in Frank Layburn, one of a family then staying with his uncle.

The two boys were on a ramble over the grounds when they reached a square, artificial pond. "This is the place," said Heatherton, "where poor Jackson was nearly frightened out of his wits. Jackson, you see, he's the boy at the house that cleaned your boots this morning. He was frightened by one of our servants named Burton. This man used to wait on my father in India ten years ago. Out there in a row with an Afghan one day, he got a cut in the head, which in that hot climate brought on a strange kind of madness. It would come on every three or four months. The rest of the time he was as right as anybody else. The oddness of Burton's madness was that he waited everyone he met to 'have a jump with him,' as he put it. Now this of course was easy enough to do, and it quite satisfied Burton, especially if he beat. The only danger was that there might be something near, such as a river or an earth wall, which Burton would wish to make a point of operations, so to speak. He would want to see who could jump nearest to the other side of the river, or who could clear the wall best, and in you would go, either in to the river or the deep trench on the other side of the wall; neither very pleasant.

"Well I but," said Frank, "if you said you wouldn't jump, what would happen?" "Oh! it would never do to show fear: do it you must." "I should like to see Burton, and have a talk to him," said Frank. "I'll show him to you when we go in to lunch, and you'll have plenty of chances to speak with him."

"But how did he come to be employed by your uncle?" "He came over to England, when my father died, and Uncle took him for my father's sake. In England his attacks have been less frequent but fiercer each time. Let's see! it must have been eighteen months since the last, but then it was terrible. It lasted for five hours. Uncle was almost sending him to an asylum, but he begged so hard, when he does get another fit, may I not be there to see it!"

"Supposing he goes off his head while I'm here," said Frank, who had got a little nervous, "what shall I do? What would you do?" "Oh! I'd ask him to have a jump at once; but I'd urge that, for fair play, we should both take our boots off. Then I'd finger mine until he had one off, and then I'd start up and make a bolt for it. He's a heavy old fellow, and he'd never come near me with one boot off. But that's enough about him. Just come and have a look at the 'Tower of Observation,' as I call it. There it is in the middle of that field."

"Why, it's only a very high windmill," said Frank. "It looks like it," rejoined Henry, "but come and see it more closely." "Wind-mill it had been and nothing more; but when Mr. Heatherton bought the field, liking its picturesque look, and seeing the walls still round, he increased the height from sixty to some eighty feet, and made a spiral staircase run up the interior to a broad open summit. This was raised slightly in the middle to allow the rain to run off, for which reason a parapet, four feet high and three feet thick, which ran round the summit, was perforated at the base. He also had the sails repaired, and when a breeze was blowing, they, instead of grinding corn, put in motion a curious piece of mechanism inside, a miniature city with people performing their several duties.

"Come along Frank, and let us run round the tower, but Frank had not one of those cool heads which no height can dizzy, and all Harry's chaff could not bring him within a foot of the outer edge. He was glad when Harry remembered it was lunch time and made for home, where he soon got his promised peep at the tall strong built Burton.

In the afternoon Henry, who was going to visit some friends, offered to take Frank and his elder brother and introduce them. The elder Layton accepted, but Frank, who was shy, only went with them as far as the wonderful mill; there was now a breeze blowing and he wanted to see the little city in motion. He watched it for more than an hour, finding out something new every minute, and might have watched it for another, but the wind dropped, and all the good citizens ceased their labor.

Frank then went on to the summit, where he spent some minutes in gazing around, and then clambered on to the parapet, as when he was a boy, and anxious to emulate the daring with which Henry Heatherton would even run round it at a great speed. He advanced to within a few inches of the edge and gazed down, but he felt very nervous, and soon retreated. He then tried walking round, which he found easier, so long as he did not look down, but he could not get himself to run.

In the middle of his second round he perceived the back of some one who was just emerging from the opening, which faced the opposite way. From as much as he saw, he guessed it was Burton, and thinking that here was the chance he had been wishing for, he started a talk, he jumped down from the parapet and went up to him. The man turned round at his approach, and immediately Frank recoiled from him with horror, and retreated to the parapet. It was Burton, without doubt, but—he was mad! His face was of a dull leaden color; his eyes had a wild, uncanny look about them; his mouth twitched nervously. The boy saw at a glance that he was mad, and all his faculties for the moment were numbed at the thought, for his conversation with Henry Heatherton came forcibly back to his mind. Then he remembered that he must show no signs of fear, if he did not wish to irritate the madman, so he stood up boldly and tried to look indifferent.

At length the man came towards him, like a wild beast upon its prey, and spoke in a thick, deep voice.

"What are you doing here?" Frank nerved himself up, and having in his mind Henry Heatherton's advice, answered with an attempt at carelessness. "Oh! I've been waiting for you of course, to have a jump."

"Come on then; up to that parapet, and see who can jump out farthest away from the mill." Frank's heart sank, and his face grew pale; but there was a chance yet. "Fair play!" he said, "let's take our boots off!" He tried to say it bravely, but do what he would his voice trembled. He had sense enough to sit down nearer to the staircase than the madman; and there he watched him feverishly loosing his laces. What a time he was over that first boot! Would it never come off? Ah! there it was at last, and the man busy with the second. Now was his chance. He sprang up, and rushed for the opening; a swift rush, too; he could not have done better at any ordinary time; but to himself it seemed as if he were moving slowly. He felt that he would not escape, and so it was. He got down six steps, but the madman cleared them in one leap, dragged him up by the arm, and hurled him away from the opening.

Easter and St. Patrick's Day Post Cards

Plain Embossed..... \$1.50 per 100 Gold Embossed..... \$1.50 per 100 Postage 5c. per 100 extra. Sample Cards sent free. Cards retail at 2 for 5c. and 5c. each.

Norman Peel Mfg. London, Canada

WARM FEET.



KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES

They warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and all aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure Rheumatism. The regular price is 50c. per pair, but in order to introduce our large Catalogue of Electric Appliances, Trusses and Vegetable Sundries, we will sell one sample pair, by size, and our new 50c. AGENTS' Catalogue on receipt of 25cts. WANTED. THE F. E. KARN CO., LIMITED, Canada's Largest Drug House, Queen & Victoria Sts., Toronto, Can.

"You would, would you! but you don't get away from me so easy, I tell you."

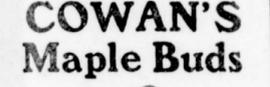
The words came now fiercely, and with dignity. His whole face and his hands were twitching; his eyes had a new look of fury; there were flecks of foam at the corners of his mouth. He sat down to put on his boot again, and this delay gave Frank time to collect his thoughts. He had almost given up hope; still something might turn up before the last minute. At all events, all then he must do as the madman told him.

Burton rose at length, and came up with a slouching walk, glaring at him like a tiger; pointed to the top of the parapet; moved his lips, but said nothing. Frank understood him, and with trembling limbs clambered up. The madman immediately did the same, and there they stood, a yard apart, looking outwards. The man next pointed downwards, and made a motion with his other hand as if he were going to push Frank forward to the jump. The boy, who was getting confused and dizzy, mechanically moved out of reach of this danger, and as his pursuer came closer he again retreated, hastening his pace with the madman's, and so, in less than a minute, poor nervous Frank was running round the parapet with a raging madman two yards behind him, thirsting for his life.

Everything became confused to his vision; the trees, the green grass of the fields, the grazing animals, the bushes in the distance, were all mixed up in one whirling mass. Two things only he saw distinctly; the white stone path, a yard wide, always turning to his left, on which he had run, and two long white arms of the mill, which struck upon his gaze once every round.

In the third round, amongst all the whirling of his brain, one distinct thought suddenly occurred to him, and his resolution was instantly formed. It was a terrible thing if he missed, but anything was better than this. In the fourth round he flew out into the air towards one of the white arms; his head was too dizzy, his heart beating too wildly, his nerves too unstrung for

At Christmas time nothing is better than COWAN'S Maple Buds



Cream Bars Milk Chocolates

We guarantee them absolutely pure THE CLWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

EDDY'S MATCHES



Hail from HULL Sold Everywhere in Canada

Take a package of EDDY'S SILENT MATCHES Home with you to-day DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., LONDON.

Pearl Rosaries

We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

Table with columns: No., Length, Cross, Cut or Turned, Price. Lists various rosary models and their prices.

The Catholic Record

484 - 486 Richmond Street LONDON, CANADA

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of two children and text: 'Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC BOYS AND THE DAILY PAPERS.

The danger, to faith and morals that is in waiting for our young Catholic boys, selling daily papers on the streets have long been recognized by pastors, says the Toledo Record. They see only too well the baneful effects of such employment. It was with the view of counteracting these effects that a Franciscan Father in Indianapolis warned Catholic parents against permitting their boys to sell the daily papers in the streets. There is no doubt that the one or two dollars earned by selling papers would be welcomed by a poor family. Yet the money gained is often acquired at the moral and spiritual risks of the boys. Running the streets of the city tends to make the boys tough, and the perusal of the papers has a bad influence on their character. Moreover, parents sin in allowing their boys to sell the yellow sheets, and often the money so earned is spent for amusements that bring ruin to youth.—Sacred Heart Review.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. STEVENSON, 381 DUNDAS STREET, W. London, Specialty—Surgery and X. Ray Work. Phone 510.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 543.

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 688

D. A. STEWART Successor to John T. Stephenson Funeral Director and Embalmer Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459 GEO. E. LOGAN, Asst. Manager.

MONUMENTS GRANITE & MARBLE

Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO. 493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs By Cardinal Wiseman Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century By Cardinal Newman Paper, 30c., post-paid

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett Price, 85c., post-paid

Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA

BREVIARIES

The Pocket Edition No. 22—48 mo.; very clear and bold type, few references; 4 vol. 4 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches; thickness 1/4 inch; real India paper; red border; flexible, black morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$5.40.

DIURNALS Horae Diurnae—No. 39—4 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., printed on real India paper; weight, bound, only 5 ounces. In black, flexible morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$1.60.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD London, Canada

The Kyriale

Or Ordinary of the Mass ACCORDING TO THE VATICAN EDITION Transcribed into Modern Musical Notation with Rhythmic Signs by the Monks of Solesmes. Price, 25c. post-paid

Kyriale Seu Ordinarium Missae Cum Cantu Gregoriano ad exemplar editionis Vaticanae Concinnatum. Price 25c. post-paid

Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Horae Diurnae

No. 21, small 48mo. (4 1/2 x 2 1/2 in.) India paper, clear and bold type in red and black. Very slight weight and thickness. In black, flexible morocco, first quality, edges red under gold, gold stamping on covers, round corners. Price \$1.75

Catholic Record, London, Canada

until it reaches all the things, and an

fe any NTO

97 69 53 69 76 68 41 63 56 04 146 96 93 95 018 17 147 41 272 00

t Said Mass.

st Supper. monies, Liturgy, worship when he over into

EAAGER. -paid. RECORD ADA

ITS, \$6.50 \$18. Send for 1 style book. ONDON, ONT.