

stances have been known to many, they have suffered no social ostracism.

These things are known to the boys all over the city, in fact, I have more than once heard them discuss such cases with the greatest gusto. What about the influence of such knowledge on undeveloped minds?

The Rev. Father Drummond, upon one occasion said, "Fear of consequences is a powerful deterrent influence, more particularly with the young." And though to refrain from stealing for fear of being caught is not a high type of morality, it shows a healthier state of public morals than to steal unblushingly because there are no consequences to fear.

The accusing of public men of bribery, corruption and theft of public funds, which goes on continually in the daily papers, is having its baneful effect.

Boys hear and see these statements made, and with apparent truth, yet these men are retained in office; they are a power in the land.

Is it any wonder that the urchins of the street try in their small way to imitate these greater lights?

These are some of the causes that have already produced such terrible results, and the end is not yet.

What are the remedies?

Without doubt the place to start is in the home.

No school training, however up-to-date, takes the place of the home training that should come in the first four years of the child's life.

The Church of Rome has given the world a lesson it would do well to heed; in demonstrating the ineffaceable impression of the first years.

No country would be insane enough to expect an efficient army without absolute and unquestioned obedience to officers, and yet the fathers and mothers of our day are attempting to build a nation without insisting on this principle of primary importance.

The homes of Winnipeg seem to have forgotten that stern admonition of the Old Testament, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

But assuming that all the parents of Winnipeg rise up and amend their training for the future in this regard, it will not remedy the generation of boys and girls that have reached, say ten years of age.

There should be a public remedy for breaches of law, not such as to make criminals, but such as to train and discipline these warped minds, so that they may become good citizens.

This can only be done by taking them away from all present surroundings and placing them in reformatory schools.

Not a single case of juvenile offender coming up before our police magistrate but should be dealt with in this way.

No boy or girl should be allowed to grow up with the idea that their country's laws can be broken with impunity and the parents who have shown that they cannot train their children to be decent, law-abiding citizens should have their children taken from them in this way.

The cases, such as the one provoking this talk, carry with them a responsibility. No one likes to prosecute children, but the prosecution should be brought against the parents.

It is a disagreeable duty, but the good citizen should face it without flinching, if this tide of evil is to be stopped.

It is well to make the city clean and healthy, to promote its commerce and industries, but unless it is morally clean and strong, the success will end in failure and the prosperity in ruin.

It seems almost hopeless to say anything about corruption in civic or political life, and yet every citizen who possesses a vote and casts it a second time for a man, whom there is good reason to believe has used his office to feather his own nest, has done his share in condoning a breach of public trust, and is morally responsible for the evils that invariably follow in countries whose governments are corrupt at their source.

This is a long, and not too cheerful, tale, but will any reader of Town Topics say it is not true in substance, at least?

Chats with Young Men

Of the many evil habits which young men contract none is more fascinating and dangerous than gambling. The extent, too, to which it is practised at the present day by all classes of men and the apparently innocent pastime it affords to the beginner lead me to warn young men against this evil.

Gambling assumes various forms, from the wheel of fortune to the giant speculations of a stock exchange. While the latter are, however, recognized business deals in which the factors are usually excellent business men staking their fortunes judiciously rather than on mad chance; whereas the gamblers at a card table are dependent upon chance which they cannot honestly control or foresee and hence stake their fortunes and prospects in life on caprices which their God-given talents cannot govern; it is therefore easy to draw a line between the gambling which fosters indolence and vice and that which comes within the realm of legitimate business enterprise. At any rate I shall be understood by my common-sense readers when I draw a rough line between these classes of gamblers before setting about my remarks.

The gambling which I wish to condemn strongly and which I urge young men not to practise is that ordinarily indulged in when card playing, throwing dice and the like. There are many reasons I could advance in support of my position. Gambling is most dangerous. It begins for fun and with small stakes. It usually ends after it has outlived the early pleasures derived from it but not until it has made physical, mental and moral wrecks out of promising young men. How does it do this? Well, for pastime two friends sit down to spend the evening at cards. One suggests five cents a "corner," and the other, though he prefers not to gamble, feels that he would appear cowardly if he did not yield readily to the proposition. The evening wears on, and while neither gains nor loses much, the five cent corner afforded considerable mirth and the novice admits to himself that a little stake made the game interesting, especially if he has risen from the table a quarter ahead. At another meeting the friends resume their game, this time with two companions. They play longer as the two new friends are "old-timers" at the game. One is winning and secretly congratulates himself, while another who is losing does not smile so cheerfully as he did at first. The game breaks up and the winner is fascinated by the pleasure of making profits so easily. The losers are anxious for another game in which to repair their losses. Another game is arranged. This time earnest faces denote that nerves are at a high tension. Fortune flits about the table, the players sit longer, rest is lost and the gamblers rise more fascinated by the game, more determined to meet again. The winners find gambling more profitable than work; hence, work is often neglected and bright prospects are blighted. The losers, drained of their honest earnings, default board bills and even borrow from friends in order to, as they say themselves, "get even with the table." The lives of both winners and losers are already wrecked. They will go to both extremes of fortune and back again, but henceforth, even they may pursue some line of business, they will be incapable of getting the best out of their lives. They are now gamblers, and as such, are spoiled for energetic, persevering, independent effort. If circumstances favor their occupation or faithful employees do the work the proprietors neglect, business may succeed but success in business is oftener the result of constant attention on the part of proprietors than of favoring circumstances or devoted employees. If business goes badly with the gambler, instead of seeking the

cause of failure, he is inclined to turn for aid to the fatal card table. Here, as a rule, he consummates the wreck of himself and his business.

This picture may appear overdrawn and no doubt cannot be applied to any of my readers. Yet, there are many cases in actual life similar to that described. I am not so sure, however, that my remarks do not apply, in some measure, to many young men whose eyes fall on these pages, for the practice of gambling in one way or another is very widespread. One youth addicted to it can always find partners for a game. It is not the individual game that is dangerous, not the loss at a single game that is irreparable; but this companion addicted to gambling is dangerous. His life is wrecked. There is nothing to reclaim him from his evil habits. He will always suggest a time and place for his game of chance and if you do not absolutely refuse, under any circumstances, to join him, he and his game will so fascinate you that you, too, will be wrecked. It is not the loss at a single game but the losses sustained in endeavoring to repair losses that ruin the gambler. Even more pitiable than the material losses is the destruction of energy, mental, moral and physical. Peace of mind, honesty, self-reliance, friends, principle—these, and similar blessings and virtues are sacrificed to appease the gambler's appetite for the rewards of chance.

I have not said anything which every youth of common-sense does not know. I cannot do more now than say that my purpose in writing the above is to warn young men against gambling, in any form. It is one of the evils in which it is unsafe to indulge to any extent whatever. My advice is to have nothing to do with it lest the fascination might lead you on. Compel yourselves to depend on your natural talents and on the judgment and knowledge you may require while earnestly endeavoring to solve the problems of life in a manner worthy of men.

FINEM RESPICE.

The Measure of a Man.

The Pleasant Tale of a Person Who Never Amounted to Anything.

By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins (in Munsey.)

I. "Well, exit Felix, R.U.E. I must go down and rehearse"; and Felix rose from the dinner table, dropping his napkin in a crumpled heap. "I wish you would change your mind and take part in the thing, Mils—when I wrote 'Lucile' in especially to fit you."

"But you know I can't act, Felix," Mildred protested, picking up his napkin to smooth and fold it. "Exactly. 'Lucile' doesn't have to," he said triumphantly. "I told you I wrote the part especially for you. Whoo hoo!" And he crowed happily as he went out.

Mildred laughed helplessly. "Will he ever grow up?" she said, turning to her father.

He shook his head. "I don't see why Felix doesn't amount to more," he said in puzzled dissatisfaction. "He certainly had every chance my own boys had. And as for example—Ned, I don't believe you or Harvey ever lost a good opening in your lives; while Felix will refuse the Presidency if he happened to be busy with an amateur play."

"Well, it's having a miserable little income of his own, and half a dozen miserable little talents—that's what has spoiled him," said Ned, lighting such a cigar as a prosperous young business man may afford himself. "And he hasn't any application; one week he will do nothing but drum, and the next it's painting, and the next theatricals or poetry. And not any one done well enough to justify him—a fellow of twenty-eight."

"And yet he is the happiest person I know," said Mildred, in the tone of one fully awake to the feebleness of her protest.

"I'm not down on the boy," her father went on, when he had finished his lecture on a man's duty to the world and himself; "he's as sweet and good a fellow as ever

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SPACE FILLERS—

Pleasant Old Gentleman.—Have you lived here all your life, my little man?

Arthur (aged six).—Not yet.

breathed. In all the twenty years he has lived with us, I've never seen a mean or ugly trait about him. It is just that he doesn't amount to anything. Harvey, did you see Ritter to-day about that contract?"

The talk turned to business, and Mildred, escaping to the empty drawing-room, seized the half hour of quiet to get a chapter of "The History of the Philippines" read. It did not really interest her, but she had been brought up to a conscientious sense of the value of time and the necessity of information—self-government, she called it. true to the family traditions. When she found her attention wandering, she grasped it firmly and made herself go back to the beginning of the paragraph. That is one reason why she did not cover much ground in her diligent two hours a day of solid reading.

The evening went by somewhat heavily. Harvey went out, but Mr. Alden and Ned recurred to business at intervals, and grew ominous over politics. Janet made them sit breathlessly still while she added her accounts, and became very cross when some one forgot and spoke, obliging her to begin all over again. Mildred, oppressed by the stretch of Philippine history still before her, kept her finger in her place and mastered an occasional page or two in the pauses. She was planning a retreat to bed when the click of Felix's latch key made her change her mind. They all glanced up with an unconscious relaxing of their faces when he came in—a look of mild expectancy with a laugh ready to follow. He went without a word to the piano, and after playing a few bars of Handel's beautiful "Leave Me to Languish," sang in a pathetic tenor, light but true and sweet: "Leave me to languish, harshly explicit, Language not fit for a lady's ear! They are not actors, brains are deficit—"

"Felix, Felix!" broke in Janet. "You shall not spoil that song—I won't have it. Don't laugh at him, father; it just encourages him."

"It doesn't spoil it," Felix protested. "I could sing you the other version this moment without moving a muscle."

"But I should laugh," she said. "You have utterly ruined the 'Garden of Sleep' for me. I can never hear anything in the poppy part but 'It is there that the regal red puppies are born.'"

"Oh, well, that song needed to be spoiled," Felix took his hands from the keys and turned about on the stool. "You never saw such acting, Mildred! They got worse with every rehearsal."

"What are you going to charge for the show?" asked Ned.

"Fifty cents to come in and a dollar to go out," said Felix, promptly. "We'll make enough to furnish the whole club house before the end of the first act."

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