

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Besides a pure intention, a cheerful and willing acceptance of the little crosses which meet us day by day goes far, if we accept them in a loving and expiatory spirit, to redeem the loss of time which, to the eye at least, is one of the least hopeful features of a life in the world.

Our Part. We should always seek to discover and to do our own part, small or large, with the utmost faithfulness. Not to do this, to leave undone the things we ought to have done will be to leave a blank in the universe where there ought to have been good work well done.

Love Your Mother Now. Young man, did you ever put your arms around your dear old mother, and tell her that you love her and are grateful for the work she has done for you? She may think that you love her without you assuring her that you do, but it costs you but little effort to tell her and your words may bring more joy and sunshine to her heart than you ever dreamed of. Some young men will pay \$2 for a livery rig to ride three hours with a 75 cent girl and they will tell her all the nice things they can think of that are true, and more that are not true, and they don't spend 5 cents or five minutes in a year to show their old mother that they care anything for her. Do not be one of them, nor wait until your mother is dead to show her your affection.

Learn Something From Everybody. One of the most useful success habits one can form is that of learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored.

Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that every one can teach you something which you did not know before, and which, perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him.

Daniel Webster once made a great hit, in arguing a case before a jury, by repeating a story which he afterwards said he had not thought of since he heard it, fourteen years before. But Webster was always picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent, was largely made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men, and from observation.

The "We" That Wins. A young man employed in a responsible position by a great corporation was recently discharged to make room for another. Surprised and mortified, he sought an explanation from the manager of his department. "Will you kindly tell me why you do not want me any longer?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply: "It is because you always said 'you,' instead of 'we.'"

"What do you mean?" "I mean just that: You never said, 'We' should do so and so; or 'We' ought to follow out such-and-such a policy. It was always 'YOU' in referring to this company, of which you were a part. In speaking to you would say 'THOU,' (meaning this company), instead of 'WE.' This lack of a live personal interest in the success of the concern was expressed in your actions, no less than by your words. I should advise you to seek employment with some company to which you can refer 'WE.'"

A common criticism of an ambitious young man is: "He acts as if he were the concern, and he's only a clerk." It is the young man who works as if he did own the concern who often becomes the owner in time.

"We're going to pay a dividend of \$10,000,000 next month," proudly remarked an office boy to a waiting visitor in the reception room of a railway President. That boy's salary is \$5 a week. He is on the right track.

But it is necessary to think WE and act WE every hour of every day, as well as to say WE. WE means US, union, solidarity, co-operative enthusiasm. YOU means the other fellows. It's the WE that wins!—Robert Webster Jones in Success.

How to Have Time. Now do not live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people can make in a day; it is as if they followed the moments that the drawers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it changes in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word NOW.

We Are All Dependent. There is so much that is absolute independence in this world. Those who are mightiest are oftentimes the weakest when their power is taken away. Who is more hopeless than a rich man? Who is more dependent than a poor man? Who is more dependent than a man who has not labored his dependence was greater than when in poverty. His wants were greater and it required more to supply them; more servants were needed; more desires must be gratified, more wishes must be pandered to. He needed artists, sculptors and footmen, villas by the sea and in the mountains, and for the gratification of

all such desires and fancies he was dependent upon others.

Others must bow to him, drive for him, run errands for him and cater to his wants. He must be fed by the grocer, clothed by the tailor, housed by the builder, shaved by the barber, doctored by the physician, embalmed by the undertaker, prayed over by the priest and his final home prepared by the gravedigger. Poor man! He pretended to independence, but for every breath he breathed he was indebted to an overruling Providence. For the light of day he was dependent upon the sun; for the beauty of his ancestral estate upon the clouds of heaven.

What would he have that did not come from others? His education, the adornment of his home, the carpets on the floor, the statuary in the hall, the paintings on the wall, the silver on the table, the books he reads, the music he sang—how little he possessed that was not fashioned by other hands than his! After all, what little reason there is for any man to exalt himself above his fellows! Humility becomes the greatest as well as the least.

Wrong Thinking. Wrong thinking is indicative of weakness. It is, indeed, a species of insanity, for a wrong thinker is continually tearing down and wrecking his own mental and physical structure. The right thinker is the only sane thinker, and he is the happiest as well as the most successful man. He knows better than to keep constantly tripping himself up with the adverse thought which produces destructive conditions.

We all know the disastrous effects of wrong thinking. We know by experience how it cripples us mentally and physically. Physicians are well aware that anger poisons the blood, and that fear, anxiety, fretting and all other inharmonious thoughts seriously interfere with the normal action of all the bodily functions. They are also alive to the fact that anxiety or apprehension of impending disaster, if of long duration, is liable to bring on paralysis. It is an established fact that a mother is not only seriously affected by her own thought, but that it affects her infant to such an extent that the same symptoms and conditions from which the mother suffers are reproduced in the body of the infant. Selfishness, jealousy and envy long indulged in tend to produce serious liver troubles and certain forms of dyspepsia. Lack of self-control and habitual indulgence in violent passions shatter the nervous system, lessen the will power, and induce grave disorders. Worry is one of the greatest enemies of the human race; it carves its deep furrows wherever it goes; it carries gloom and unhappiness with it; it delays or prevents the processes of digestion and assimilation until the starved brain and nerve cells utter their protest in various kinds of disease, sometimes even in insanity.

Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on mind and body alike. It affects character and material prospects equally. Every time you grumble or find fault; every time you lose your temper; every time you suffer a loss which can not be repaired. You lose a certain amount of power, of self-respect, and of an uplifting and up-building character-force. You are conscious of your loss, too, which tends to weaken you still further.

A business man will find that, every time he gets out of sorts, flies into a rage, or "goes all to pieces" when things go wrong, he is not only seriously injuring his health, but he is also crippling his business. He is making himself repellant; he is driving away success conditions.

A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker. He can not think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his business. His wrong thought will honeycomb and undermine his prospects in life.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Napoleon Bonaparte, "le petit caporal," idolized by his soldiers, detested by his enemies, has been praised and blamed by the deserts of any mortal man. The character of the great Corsican was many-sided. Capable of wholesale cruelty in the furtherance of his designs, he could yet be amazingly kind and tender upon occasion. Many a veteran of La Grand Armee lived upon such recollections years after the death of the prisoner of St. Helena.

The Emperor saw me dashing forward to seize the standard. I was wounded and could scarcely keep my seat in the saddle. Instantly the Emperor rode forward to meet me and with his own handkerchief he bound my arm, and then before the army did he give me the cross of the Legion of Honor.

And another, "I was dying. I am sure. I had been shot and I was weak from loss of blood. My division had gone in hot pursuit of the enemy. Around me were corpses. I alone lived and waited in suffering for the end. I seemed to feel it coming. My pain lessened, darkness set in. I thought I was floating away on a gloomy river. I made a last faint effort to pray: 'God protect my Jeanne and the little son! God bless the Emperor! And then I knew nothing until I felt a burning sensation in my throat. Some one was holding me up and the cool air was blowing on my forehead. I heard a clear decided voice saying: 'Quick! a jar of water from the spring yonder! The person who held me had spoken. It was he who had given me brandy. Seeing me reviving, he pressed another flask to my lips, saying softly, 'Drink. It is wine of Burgundy. His companion returned with the water and my good friend bathed my forehead. He then rose, placing me gently on the sword. 'Stay, stay with him, Marley,' he said in those peculiarly distinct tones. 'I should send the surgeon.'

"As he spoke he was already mounting his horse. I felt much stronger and

I tried to struggle to a sitting position that I might see and thank my preserver. Surely that was a familiar figure in the gray surcoat and the top-boots. And the face under the three-cornered hat, ah! who could it be? Those piercing eyes, that marble paler, that sculptured beauty? Mon Dieu! It was my general—my Emperor. Ah, that was a man with an iron will and the heart of a woman!

These were traits that endeared Napoleon to the hearts of the soldiers. With his generals his bearing was reserved to the verge of haughtiness. Conscious of his obscure birth, he was also alive to his personal superiority, and he never allowed his officers to forget that he was monarch. The etiquette of the first empire was a solemnly strict in every point of precedence and address.

With the rank and file of the soldier he permitted himself to become familiar beyond all established precedent. Though his enemies have asserted that the sentiment was but part of his policy, there is no doubt that the great Napoleon loved his soldiers. He would ride slowly along in front of the army recognizing this one and that and never failing to address a few words of encouragement. His marvelous memory especially retained names and faces, and he was seldom at a loss to recall some incident connected with each. He was delighted to hear that the soldiers lovingly spoke of him as "Our Little Corporal." He better than most rulers thoroughly understood that it was not a single man or group of men who could reconstruct France. "The grand army and its wives and children—yes, that is the nation," he would say. "Soldiers to fight for France—women to pray for her!"

He never flattered the great. In this connection the well-known answer to Madame de Staël will bear repetition: "Who, sire," asked this charming and talented poetess, "is the greatest woman in France?" "As a matter of fact Madame de Staël was the greatest woman of the age. But Napoleon replied seriously. "The greatest woman in France, madame, is she who gives to France the greatest number of soldiers."

This astonishing answer was not intended solely for a rebuke. It had a double purpose—to exalt the soldier as well as to humiliate individual pride. A poor woman, the mother of twelve sons, was really a great person in the Emperor's eyes. Ah, if every Frenchwoman had twelve sons! There would be a grand army that could beat the world. For the sake of one son this curious man broke every tie of faith, honor and affection, and, en passant, broke his wonderful chain of luck as well. What were Mme. de Staël's books to him as compared with the same number of fighting men?

Sometimes while on a campaign some delicacy would be brought to the Emperor's tent. Bused with his plans, he would merely look up and then, noticing the dainty, he would say to the bearer: "Are there no soldiers wounded or infirm?"

The answer, of course, was usually in the affirmative. Victorious France did not win without blood. "I am not ill," would be the invariable declaration of Napoleon. "Take this food to the invalids."

Again, on one campaign even ordinary rations were not obtainable, and nothing but black bread and apples could be procured. The attendant tremblingly brought a portion of this primitive repast to the imperial tent and began to apologize, when his master interrupted him: "Is this the food distributed to the soldiers?" he demanded.

"Yes, sire." "And do you think that I am not also a soldier? Do not apologize for bringing to me the food of the grand army," and he ate his supper with as much enjoyment as usual. Truth to say, he was not a glutton, nor was he ever an extravagant dresser. He was a frugal and clothed myself and educated my brother on an income of 1,200 francs (about \$150 weekly). Young men are too extravagant. Be saving from habit and you will have no need to be parsimonious when public occasion requires you to be bountiful."

TO BE CONTINUED.

When You are all Gone you will be Forgotten unless—

The wise old Thomas à Kempis said many centuries ago: "Trust not in thy friends and relatives, nor put off the welfare of thy soul to hereafter; for men will sooner forget thee than thou imaginest. It is better now to provide in time and send some good before thee than to trust to the help of others after death." The experience of many has proved the truth of these words. There is ordinarily no one so quickly forgotten as a priest. He is very often a man of many acquaintances and very few friendships, and if he holds an enviable place in the diocese, his promotion to the rewards of the next world will be received by some, not with tears but with joy. The people miss him and shed many a tear over his bereavement, but the mind of the most beloved priest is very often in a dreary affair. How good it is to arrange during life, so that one's memory may live in some useful institution, or so that the little money one may have set aside may go on doing its good work of bringing the wandering back to the true fold. It is thoughts like these that have induced so many good souls to associate their names with the Apostolic Mission House, either as founders or as benefactors.—The Missionary.

Pray fervently that God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth and Love, Who desires that all nations and peoples should be brought into one faith, will enlighten our understanding and strengthen our will, that we may zealously work and pray for the conversion of our beloved country.



A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active, Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any after-action effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 50c.

IGNORANCE OF THE CULTURED.

It is curious how people will demand harmony, definiteness, and correctness in music and art and literature, but are content with vagueness and nebulousness in religion. Here are our friends the Unitarians. They pride themselves on their culture, on their breadth of vision, on their superiority over all who believe that Christ was God. Many of them are people of education, of the student habit which investigates and finds out and makes sure of most of the subject which exercise the minds of men. But to religion—why, that great and most important question need not be bothered about. "Be good and you will be happy," seems to be the basis of their religious belief, and they care no further. Mrs. Emily Fifield, herself a Unitarian, tells of this Unitarian indifference to definite ideas regarding religion, in a recent issue of the Christian Register. She says:

"This very summer I have been sitting on a hotel piazza with a group of delightful, cultivated men and women, most of them Unitarians, and not one of them was able to say why he was a Unitarian or why Unitarians believe. The children of these Unitarians were on the green opposite. If they had been questioned concerning their church, a well-bred stare of incomprehension would be the answer. "In my visits among the women of our Alliance, I have felt sorry to find how little real knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of our body exists—how little is known of the history and traditions of our form of faith and the place it now holds in the religious world. "A whole winter is spent—pleasantly to be sure—in trying to understand 'The Ring and the Book,' and the vital principles of religious belief are left on one side.

We have no doubt that such delightful, cultivated men and women, looking from the hotel piazza, would consider as a very ignorant person indeed the stalwart, level-headed Irish laborer passing by who never heard of the "Ring and the Book," yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a man could give a clear consistent and logical reason for the faith he possessed. Gazing from their hotel piazza the group of cultured Unitarians might wonder pitiingly if this laborer had any knowledge beyond his day's work, yet his knowledge on the most stupendous fact in all the Universe would be far more wide, far more copious, far more accurate, far more definite, far more correct than theirs. He might not know Browning or Tennyson, or Emerson, but he would know God; and Jesus Christ the Son of God has declared this knowledge to be "eternal life."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SENSIBLE MOTHER

When the little ones are ill the sensible mother no longer doses them with nauseous, griping purgatives, nor puts them to sleep with the so-called "soothing" preparations which always contain harmful opiates. Baby's Own Tablets have been used by thousands of mothers who cheerfully testify that they are gentle in their action, absolutely safe, and make little ones sleep soundly and naturally, because they remove the trouble that made baby irritable and wakeful. On this point Mrs. T. Watson, Sarsfield, Ont., says:—I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a very valuable medicine for young children. When baby is cross or fretful I give her a Tablet, and it soon puts her right."

These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones. They are good for all children from birth onward. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE—Billions of headaches, to which some are more subject than others, become so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses to take, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become usefully secreted there. Paracetamol's Vegetable Pills—a purelyervative, and in neutralizing the effects of the irritating bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

Pale sickly children should use Mother's Own Tablets. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expected from the system.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Text: You Can Buy. BEST EVERY DAY. of any Grocer. Image: A box of Surprise Soap.

JUST PUBLISHED! AN ART REPRODUCTION IN COLORS OF A PAINTING OF POPE PIUS X. AFTER AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY JOHN F. KAUFMAN. Size, without margin, 18x24. Price, by mail, 50 Cents.



This reproduction of Mr. Kaufman's Painting of the Holy Father is an exact likeness, reproduced by a new and surprisingly effective process, which preserves all the values of the original oil painting. It will be an ornament to every Catholic home.

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

Advertisement for Carling's Ale. Text: If its quality you want... CARLING'S... All dealers. Image: Carling's logo.

Advertisement for McShane's Bells. Text: McSHANE'S BELLS. Image: A bell.

Advertisement for John Ferguson & Sons. Text: JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 180 King Street. Image: A horse-drawn carriage.

Advertisement for W. J. Smith & Son. Text: W. J. SMITH & SON. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 113 Dundas Street. Image: A casket.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. Text: O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is the best made. Image: A bottle of O'Keefe's.

Advertisement for an Auction Sale of Timber Berths. Text: AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that...

Advertisement for the Rainy River District. Text: IN THE DISTRICT OF ALGOMA—Berths Nos. 19 and 20, the Townships of KITCHENER and ROBERTS and Block 'W' near Oshawa. Image: A map of the area.

Advertisement for a Cure for Headache. Text: A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE—Billions of headaches, to which some are more subject than others...

Advertisement for Mother's Own Tablets. Text: Pale sickly children should use Mother's Own Tablets. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children...

RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

Advertisement for a medicine or product.

Advertisement for a medicine or product.

Advertisement for a medicine or product.