

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Rich Without Money.

If one is too large to be measured by the dollar-mark or to be enclosed in his estate: if the wealth of his personality has overflowed until all his neighbors feel richer for his life and example; if every foot of land in his community is worth more because he lives there; then the loss of his property can not materially shrink his inventory.

If you have learned to be rich without money: if you have, by the cultivation of your mental powers, gathered to yourself a treasure of indestructible wealth; if, like the bee, you have learned the secret of extracting honey from the thistle as well as from the rose, you will look upon your losses as mere incidents, not so very important to the larger and fuller life.

It gives a sense of immense satisfaction to think that there is something within us greater than the wealth we acquire or our material pursuits; that there is something about us better than our career, better than living-getting, money-getting, fame-getting; that there is something which will survive the fire, the flood, or the tornado which sweeps away our property, which will survive detraction, persecution, calumny; something that will outlast even the dissolution of the body itself. That is, nobility of character, the sweetness and the light which have helped people, which have made the world a little better place to live in.

There is something within us which protests against having our most precious possessions at the mercy of accident or uncertainty. We have an innate assurance that, no matter what happens, nothing can possibly injure our real selves or destroy our greatest riches, our grandest possessions. There is a still voice within us, which tells us that the true life is beyond the reach of anything that can harm it or rob it of one iota of its substance.

This feeling of serenity, this assurance of stability and of possessing that which no power can shake, gives a satisfaction beyond all words to express, imparting to life its true dignity and grandeur.

Does it not seem strange that men will put all their ability, their energy for a lifetime, into piling up the wealth which may be destroyed in an hour, while they make almost no effort to accumulate the wealth of character, the riches of a large, complete manhood, of unselfish service, of culture, riches which survive all disaster, which no fire can touch, no earthquake destroy?

Why He Lost His Friends.

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation-stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.—Success.

It Didn't work.

A man who had been out of work for a long time suddenly recollected reading a story of a clerk who applied for a situation. He was courteously told that there was not a vacancy, and, as he turned away, he stopped and picked up a pin from the floor. The employer, struck by the action, called him back and said: "You seem a careful sort of a man. Call back to-morrow and we will give you a job."

Our hero therefore determined to copy this man's example, and next day saw him standing before a large manufacturer, having previously dropped a pin on the floor.

Getting the usual reply that there was no vacancy, he turned away, and then, like the other man, stooped and picked up a pin. But the result was different.

"Here, Henry!" shouted the employer to his servant, "see this fellow off the premises! A man who steals a pin would steal anything!"

Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances.—Sidney Smith.

One of the joys of heaven, as we can readily believe, will be the clear and beautiful explanations that we shall receive there of many things that have puzzled us on earth. We shall know why God has, in His perfect wisdom, permitted many things that perplexed us here; we shall understand the holy fitness of many a dark and weary hour tempted to rebel on earth. So, too, with our Lord's earthly life—we shall find eternal joy.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ODD ONE.

"But, mother, there won't be a single girl of my special friends in school after this year!" Lucie paused to allow her mother to grasp the full significance of this fact. "Not one!" she repeated, impressively.

Mrs. Campbell did not seem as overwhelmed as Lucie had expected. "Indeed, dear," she said quietly, "that is unfortunate. But does that necessarily make a difference as to your plans?"

"No difference, mother?" Lucie cried. "Why, I don't want to be the odd one! Grace and Elise are going to finish at Miss Partridge's school," she added, suggestively.

"Yes, dear. But the yearly tuition of that school amounts to two-thirds of your father's salary. It would be out of the question, even if we felt certain that the influence there would be best for you."

"And the others are going to drop school," continued Lucie. "Caroline's father says that there are plenty of things a girl can learn right at home."

"That is true, Lucie. But at the same time, the demand for trained brains is constantly increasing. A girl can learn the arts of homemaking without neglecting her education, and that is something I am not willing to do."

That should have settled the question. But as a matter of fact, it did not. When the school year opened and Lucie was the only representative of a little circle of girls who had been fast friends since their kindergarten days, her interest in her work seemed to vanish. She had not learned that numbers do not decide questions of right or even of expediency. And she was foolishly ambitious to be on the side of the majority. Her listlessness and indifference showed in her class standings. She welcomed every excuse for absenting herself from the sessions of school. Her father and mother began to realize that the situation was more serious than they had supposed.

"It isn't merely that she is missing her chance for an education," Mr. Campbell said to his wife, "but she is getting the wrong education. She is learning half-hearted methods. She is becoming a shirk."

But his expostulations and her mother's remonstrances had strangely little effect on Lucie. She wanted to do as the other girls had done, and felt ill-used and unhappy when the opportunity was denied her.

Discontent has an unfortunate effect on the health. Lucie was taken sick, and the doctor advised her parents not to send her back to school that year. When the question was broached the following fall, she pleaded so pitifully to stay at home that, almost against their better judgment, the perplexed parents yielded. At fifteen Lucie's school life had come to an end, and she was perfectly satisfied, because she was no longer "the odd one" of her little circle.

Three years passed before anything happened to make her doubt the wisdom of her choice. Then came the financial panic, which affected the business of the entire country, and worked havoc in the little city of Bruxton. Failure followed failure. One afternoon Lucie came in from a walk to find her father at home. He was leaning back in the big chair looking very white, and his eyes were closed. His wife sat beside him, passing her hand gently over his contracted brows. Lucie uttered a startled exclamation. "Is father sick?"

"Not sick, only tired," Mrs. Campbell answered, and she made a gesture which Lucie understood to mean that no more questions were to be asked. It was a full hour before she found a chance to give Lucie the explanation she wanted. "Westcott & Clark have failed. Your father is without a position."

"But of course he can get another!" Lucie cried with the buoyant optimism of inexperience.

Her mother checked a sigh. "We will hope so," she said. "But it is a bad time for that just now. Firms are discharging their men instead of taking on new ones." For a moment her anxiety betrayed itself in her face. Then, by a resolute effort, she regained control of herself and went smilingly back to her husband, as if her heart were light.

But Lucie, who had seen the momentary betrayal, thrilled with sudden womanliness. She would help. She was young and strong, and there must be a chance for her. An unspeakable tenderness for the father who had worked for his home so unrelentingly since her first recollections, welled up in her heart. Now it was her time to work for him.

The next day, without speaking of her purpose to anyone, she went to the office of the chairman of the school board, and had known her friend's babyhood, and she felt sure of his sympathetic interest. "Yes, that's right," he said, when she had told her errand. "You feel as if you wanted to be a help in this crisis. I think perhaps we can do something for you. Let me see, what year did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate," explained Lucie. "I left the high school the first term of the second year."

"Indeed!" The hope in Lucie's heart dropped like the mercury in a thermometer at a blast of a chilling north wind. "I'm sorry to hear that," said the gentleman, gravely. "That makes a difference. We're particular about our teachers nowadays, Miss Lucie. A high school course is the least we can possibly accept."

A sudden dryness of Lucie's throat made it impossible for her to reply. She pushed back her chair and made an effort to rise. But the chairman of the school board was knitting his brows over some mental problem.

"I know of a position of bookkeeper which will be vacant in about two weeks. Possibly I could get you in there."

The girl moistened her dry lips and answered with an effort. "But I don't know anything about bookkeeping. It came later in the course."

"I see," said the chairman of the school board with kindly regret. "Well,

my dear young lady, this is one of the times when even experienced workers are likely to be without positions. And I need not tell you that one who had no definite training for any special work may expect a hard time."

He did not need to tell her, indeed! But though she went out from his office with a sense of humiliation and discouragement, new to her experience, that was but the beginning. For weeks she continued her search for employment. She inserted advertisements in the daily papers. She studied the column, "Help Wanted, Female," at first eagerly, later with the dogged persistence that would not give up. Her father was at work again, though in a position inferior to that he had formerly held, before Lucie was engaged to read three hours a day to an invalid. She was paid for this service the sum of \$3 a week. "I wouldn't mind paying more to the right person," the old lady told her frankly, "but you read so badly my dear."

It is a long lane that has no turning. The reaction from the business depression came at last. Industries which had lain dormant for months, woke up and pushed ahead. Lucie's father secured a position at a better salary, and Lucie's \$3 a week was no longer necessary to eke out the family income. The invalid parted with Lucie reluctantly. "You're a nice, amiable girl," she said. "And you've improved in your reading. I wouldn't mind paying a dollar more to keep you."

"I shan't be able to do it any longer," Lucie explained, the color rising in her cheeks. "I'm going back to school."

Her mother looked at her hard when Lucie announced that determination. "It will be a trying place for you, Lucie," she said. "Your old acquaintances will have graduated. You will be much older than the majority of your classmates. You will seem the odd one."

She had a purpose in answering as she did. She was anxious to see what her daughter had really learned from the experiences of those trying months.

Lucie smiled. Her eyes met her mother's frankly.

"Yes, I know," she said. "But that doesn't worry me now. I've learned that doing as others do is less important than choosing what is best for one's self."—Catholic News.

PIOUS IRISH FISHERMEN.

It is interesting to read in the Dublin Leader how the good Catholics of the famous fishing village of Cladagh, Galway, inaugurate every year the period of their traditional industry. The fishing season opens about the 15th of August, and on that day, if it happens to be fine, all the fishing boats, in the trimmest condition and fully manned, form in a long line. One of the Friars from the neighboring Dominican Convent enters the leading boat, and in procession order they all sail out to the lighthouse, where the sails are lowered. The reverend father then recites the Rosary, and the responses are given by over a hundred fishermen while the boats are swayed from side to side by the waves. When the prayers are finished, holy water is sprinkled on the sea, and the boats return home in the same order. This ceremony, which has been continued from time immemorial, they never fail to carry out, and if by any chance the 15th of August is too rough for the boats to go out the ceremony is deferred till the following Sunday. The Dominican Fathers assist in their turn, and when a good year follows, the fishermen do not forget the Father who officiated at the ceremony of the opening.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Under this caption the Springfield Mass., Daily Republican in a recent issue devotes a lengthy and careful editorial to the question indicated. Therein it holds that the Anglican Church has but lately given a demonstration that it would not take the field as an active enemy of socialism. The pan-Anglican conference, it says, in which Episcopal bishops from the United States participated, declared, in effect, that socialism had become a question of politics, and it virtually placed the Anglican and Episcopal churches alongside the general body of Protestants in declining to declare open war on the socialist movement.

Contrasting this attitude with that of the Catholic Church, it concludes that "the Roman Catholic Church is the only one of the Christian sects (!) that conducts an active campaign on anti-socialist lines. In so far as socialism is in politics, the Roman

Church determinedly follows it into the political field, and thereby makes itself a political force. And not only in Europe, but in this country, it appears. It was in strict harmony with the papal decrees of the past century that the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Boston last week resolved upon the formation of Catholic workingmen's societies to counteract the socialist propaganda.

Commenting on the hope expressed by one of the speakers at this convention that the Catholic Church's attitude of uncompromising opposition to socialism would soon afford a rallying point for conservative Protestants, as well as Catholics, in defense of the social system, was not, the editor claims, without some justification, in view of the Lambeth conference. Socialists themselves, he says, appear to be settling into the final belief that in Rome they are to have an uncompromising and everlasting foe.

And well does he conclude that "the Roman Church would need to revolutionize itself in order to adapt itself to socialism's main ideas. Not only is the theory of economic determinism contrary to its views of divine oversight and guidance in human affairs; not only is the idea of collectivism as applied to land and other forms of property in antagonism to the Church's claim to a divine right to possess property, whether real or personal; but socialism's attitude toward the family and the control of children is so far contrary to the Church's own claims in that direction that no harmonious adjustment of the two systems seems in the least possible."—Church Progress.

Ministerial "Calls."

Appropos of the unintelligible subject of Protestant ministerial "calls," the Catholic Standard and Times says:

"A Presbyterian clergyman of this city has 'accepted a call' to a fashionable church in Washington, D.C. In breaking the painful fact of the separation to his late congregation he expressed the belief that it was God's will that another should carry on the work he had been doing, although the choice lay with himself. This is carrying the predestination idea out to the bitter end with a golden finish."



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