CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. tice leaning upon himself. His father

Every nail driven faithfully, every stone firmly laid, every detail per-formed to the best of our ability, is so much done not only for to day or to-morrow but for all time, not only for our employers or the public around us but also for posterity

seasonable times. If he is careful in this regard he will save himself many A Good Character. F We would impress on the thousands of young Catholic men who have left school and college to fight life's battles, that there is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good moral character. It is his wealth, his influence, his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything on sarth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool-no crouching sycophant -- no treacherous honor seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a

person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the groveling and baseborn purposes

Pitch In. It is a great mistake to be over nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily, and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high toned" oung man who quibbles about what it is and about what it is not, his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle; and the greatest emperor of Russia worked as a ship-weight in England to learn the That's just what you want Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business were your own, and let your employer know that he may place ab-solute reliance in your word and on vour act.

The Value of Perfect Work. do or say provided there is only suffic-The tragedy of to day is of the man ient moral courage to act on the spur of the moment. When a Catholic who has the best intentions and the of the moment. When a Catholic young man is struck in this way he best character and a fair equipment for his work, but who has not a thorough equipment, and who cannot do the shou'd ring like a piece of steel. - Cincinatti Telegraph. thing he starts to do in the best possible way. Society is crowded with half-equipped workers, with men who are honest and earnest and all wealth is valueless without health. Every man who lives by labor, whether not incapable, but who are not up to the level of the very best work. It is of mind or body, regards health as one amazing, in view of the immense of the most valuable possessions. out it, life would be unenjoyable. number of those who are seeking for positions, how few persons there are human system has been so framed as competent to fill any particular posito render enjoyment one of the principal ends of physical life. The whole tion. To fill a position of any import-ance requires often most diligent searching in many directions. There is a host of thoroughly well equipped adapted for that purpose.

The exercise of every sense is pleaspeople, but there seems to be, at the nt when they are needed, few perfectly equipped persons. When one has a piece of work to be done it is easy to get it fairly well done, but it is extremely difficult to get it thoroughly well done. This is true of all grades well done. In its true of all grades of labor. The really competent men who go out for daily work in any community can generally be counted on the fingers of one hand. The rest are partly competent and par-tially trustworthy. They will come if it suits them, or if the weather is propitious, or if they have nothing else to do, and when they do come they work with a fair degree of skill and industry; but the man who goes despite the weather, and who works the utmost productiveness is a very rare person in any locality. If a lead-ing position is vacant it is astonishing with the utmost economy of time and few persons thoroughly equipped for it can be found at the moment spite of the ambitious desire to rise higher, and in spite of the superior process of education which are offered to the fortunate few, it remains that society is filled with incapable or only partially trained people, and that when the thoroughly trained man perfectly fitted to do a specific thing in a superior way, is needed, a candle must be lighted and a long search begun. The great lesson to be read to the young men of to-day is the need of some kind of absolute compet-ency, some kind of ultimate superior-

It makes no difference in what sphere of life the Catholic young man may be placed by birth or circumstances, his influence will be felt, provided he is manly, self respecting and religious. No one likes a sneak or a coward, but all admire the young man who holds up his head, and is straight forward in speech and action. Timid-ity is not looked for even in the youth; but if present in the child, it is not a true sign of a lack of courage, for many good traits may lie dormant during the tender years. True courage lies in the full performance of duty, not in the display of fearlessness of bodily injury or the like. Mere physical courage is expected of the stalwart young cayang while moral grits hould young savage, while moral grits hould accompany the Catholic young man as the sun the day, whether he works in the farm, in the factory or in the office as clerk or student. He should have an ideal, that is, a certain perfection toward which he should strive, and to which he should compare himself in a Such an ideal should critical way. Such an ideal should commence with virtue and end with

The Catholic Young Man.

truth, having manliness as its support and self esteem as its prompter.

The young man who has passed his majority and cast his vote, whether alone in the world or one of a family, stands out by himself. He must practice mass by the wind.—Lacordaire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

or older brother has enough troubles of his own. In the lack of strength in this respect some men are boys all their

lives, just as some women are girls.

He must have an opinion, being care-

ful to have a good reason for it. It is

not necessary for him to air his opinions or bother others with them at un-

a slight by his elders. And not only should he have well-grounded opinions,

but pretty firm convictions on many things, especially on morality. There is no excuse for the Catholic young

man to be weak on the average moral question arising in his daily life. His

Catholic education, even though it be

his conscience, so that he need seldom hesitate in doubt. When it comes to

deciding something complicated, most

every one has to consult his confessor in or out of the confessional. Scruples

are soon cleared up for the young men

of this generation. If the truth were told, perhaps most of them ought to

scruple more than they do, particular-

ly those who have inherited their faith

through many generations, because it

is natural to expect more from those

Unless the Catholic young man has

enough of the stern stuff in him to slap

the mouth of the lewd tongued compan-

ion, he is lacking in courage. By a

slap in the mouth we mean a good dressing, not with the fist, but with a

silencing frown and words of rebuke. Self esteem demands of us that we

make friends and acquaintancas re-

spect our presence and our society. Smutty jokes, swearing, innuendo, loud manners, mean tricks, lying, etc.,

are offensive to the one who is self-re-

specting. Social intercourse of the right sort between young men forbids

all such liberties. Never let your

brother become too familiar with you.

Health and Happiness.

Health is said to be wealth. Indeed,

ing is, the longer he lives; the more

he suffers, the sooner he dies. To add

to enjoyment is to lengthen life; to in-

let pain is to shorten its duration."

Happiness is the rule of healthy ex-

altogether an evil; it is rather a salu-

tary warning. It tells us that we have transgressed some rule, violated some law, disobeyed some physical obliga-tion. It is a monitor which warns us

tion. It is a monitor which warns us to amend our state of living. It vir-tually says, "Return to nature, ob-serve her laws, and be restored to hap-piness. Thus, paradoxical though it

may seem, pain is one of the condi-

To enjoy physical happiness, there-

fore, the natural laws must be complied

with. To discover and observe these

laws, man has been endowed with the

gift of reason. Does he fail to exer-

Man violates the laws of nature in

tion or apoplexy. He drinks too much: he becomes bloated, trembling and weak; his appetite fails him, his

strength declines, his constitution de-cays, and he falls a victim to the num-erous diseases which haunt the steps of

ing death and devastation before it.

The misery and suffering incurred in

such cases are nothing less than willful, inasmuch as the knowledge neces-

enjoyment of life.

sary consequences.

the drunkard.

The moment you do, you forfeit just

Social intercourse of the

who have it as a second nature.

A Word to the Boys. Have your boyhood, with its becoming modesty, submission to parents, and its silent observance of men and things. Learn how to fight before you rush into the battle. Store your mind with knowledge, and allow it time to acquire strength before you draw upon and tax it. Boyhood is the time for this, and a long youth well spent will yield a glorious harvest of splendid manhood. The apprenticeship to life has been served, the business of life learned, and the young man is now equal to what is before him. To enter upon life too early is ike reaping corn before it is ripe. Be wise; manhood will come enough—yea, too soon. limited, has put a pretty sharp edge on

Wanted-A Girl.

Yes, wanted, a girl !—a daughter, in thousands of homes, bright, smiling, helpful, always ready to hold the baby, set the table or sweep the floor, and to do these things so happlly and cheer-fully and well, that the baby will crow, the table will look like a well-balanced picture, and careful, critical grandmother will find no dust under the chairs or in the cor-

Wanted !- a loving daughter, the touch of whose caressing fingers brings a happy light to the weary eyes of father and mother, the sound of whose cheery and mellow laughter is a joy to the whole household.

A Little Note of Thanks.

Just a word, girls, about the gentle art of writing a graceful note of thanks! Do not be chary of such notes. Does somebody send you a pretty gift, it goes without saying that you write a cordial note of appreciation, but if some act of courtesy is done, or some small favor rendered the written word of thanks is too often neglected.

much of your self-respect. If this is true in a social way, it is much more so on the moral and religious plane. The Catholic young man who permits anybody to scoff at his religion with It's an art, this art of writing a brief word of thanks, says an exchange, but it is one which every gentlewoman should cultivate, and it will in the long run, be of far more service to her than even the mysteries out offense in his presence, is a very weak specimen of his kind. Loyalty of china painting or mandolin playto self will suggest the proper thing to

You go out of town, perhaps, and if stay overnight with a friend, and if you wish as pleasant a memory of your visit to linger with your hostess as with yourself you should write a line repeating to her your spoken thanks. Oh, that's a 'board and lodging letter," you say. Very true, but it's always appreciated by the woman whose hospitality you have accepted, and, presumably, enjoyed.

The Best Life.

"Well, old boy, what profession are you going to follow?" The question was asked by one of three young men on the veranda of a summer hotel. They had just finished their college career and were about to take their arrangement, structure and functions of the human system are beautifully place on the tumultuous pathway of life. The speaker was a pleasant-faced youth, tall of stature, vivacious urable-the exercise of sight, hearing, and what might be termed handsome, taste, touch, and muscular effort. at least as his college friend said, so h What can be more pleasurable, for inthought. The young man addressed stance, than the feeling of entire health—health, which is the sum total was slimly built, with strong shoulders and eyes of a blue that denote the of the functions of life, duly performed dreamer. The other, reclining on a "Enjoyment," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "is not only the end of life, but it is the only condition of life which is couch, was a striking personage, a figure indescribable and a bearing compatible with a protracted term of existence. The happier a human bedeeply impressive.

"Camille," the one addressed replied, "how many times are you going to ask that question? You know I intend to follow Calliope. Yes, you may laugh, but one day Petrarch's laurel to follow Calliope. will encircle this," and with an elequent gesture he caressed the wellistence; pain and misery are its ex-ceptional conditions. Nor is pain poised head.

"And now," he continued," what

are you going to do?"
"Do!" the other answered, "it is done. I have joined His Majesty's guard, and some of these days you will have the pleasure of celebrating in siren strains the victories of a great general, the commander of millions, the illustrious ——, erstwhile your old chum, Richard O'Brien." Simultaneously both turned to their friend and said: "Clement, what have you desaid: "Clement, what have you desaid: "The said of the comments and said of the comments are said." tions of the physical well-being of man; as death, according to Dr. Thomas Brown, is one of the conditions of the cided to do?" Rising from the couch, Clement said, "The Best Life." "Well," said Richard, "that is an-

other of your enigmas; please trans-

Clement's face assumed a serious look, and with a gesture that spoke more than words he pointed to a church cise this gift—does he neglect to comply with the law of his being— then pain and disease are the necesover the way. They looked blankly at one another for a moment, then Clement said: "The best life—time his own person, and he suffers accordingly. He is idle, and overfeeds himself; he is punished by gout, indiges-

A mighty battle has just ended; the shouts of the victors fill the air; the conquerer's praises are sung every-where. This day he has shown him self the greatest general. This time for a moment he gazes on his fallen foe. His heart swells with pride, and just then, in the acme of his glory, while the enemy is in full retreat, he the drunkard.

Society suffers in the same way. It leaves districts undrained and streets uncleaned. Masses of the population are allowed to live crowded together in unwholesome dens, half poisoned by mephitic air of the neighborbood. Then a fever breaks out, or a cholera, or a plague. Disease spreads from the miserable abodes of the poor into the comfortable homes of the rich, carrying death and devastation before it. falls killed by an enemy's spent ball. His soldiers gather around and attempt to raise their fallen chief, but it is use less; life's crimson tide is trickling from his side. Soon a priest is kneeling near him, encouraging, uttering sweet words of comfort to the dying man. For a moment their eyes meet, but in that moment the dying man's memory carried him back to the long, long ago, back to college days. With his hands clasping that of the minister of God he gazed long into his old comrade's eyes, and just as the veil of death was fall-ing over him he muttered, "Truly sary to avert them is within the reach yours was the best life."

On the floor of a beautiful mansion a man is dying : around him books are scattered and ornaments of beauty. Fragrant odors float through the large halls; glistening chandeliers and priceless pictures are everywhere;

everything bespeaks a man of wealth, of knowledge, of honor. Silence is everywhere; but a few days ago these same halls rang with music and revelry Now Death is having his revel.

Dread cholera has seized upon the city, and the dead are lying every

where.
"Must I die thus?" the dying man muttered. "I who have made a nation's songs? I who have made so many hearts to palpitate with joy and sorrow? Oh, will no one help me, only to wet my lips?" The only answer was the echo of his wail. But a priest passing by on his errand of mercy, entering, saw the dying man and knelt by his side. There, face to face with death, met two who had parted just after their school days many years ago. There in that solemn hour the poet's parting adieu was, "Truly yours was the best life.

His errand of mercy being finished, the priest attempted to rise, but his mission was ended, the stern Reaper called, and he went as goes he who lives the best life. - The Picayune.

"Jest Let it Hurt!"

We were hunting among the Ten nessee mountains and came upon a log cabin on a sunny southern slope. The only evidences of prosperity wer to be found in a brood of tow-headed little children who were scampering about the dooryard. The oldest was a lad of twelve or thirteen. He told us his own name in answer to our query and then we asked him that of a little shaver of five or six, who was tagging him around like a shadow.

'His name? He ain't got no name. We just call him Monkey. That's his name—just Monkey, and he's mean!" "What does he do?"

"Bothers! Bothers dad and mam and all the young ones and me. He bothers me when I work and when I "Do you have to work?"

"Work? Well, I should say. cut all the wood that's cut for this here

He was a worker, sure enough but when he heard the guns go off, he went off with them. He followed us over hill and vale, through forest and clearing, through stubble fields and bramble patches. As he emerged from one of these tangled masses of blackberry bushes which are so com mon in that region, I noticed that his little bare shins from his knee to his

ankle were just streaming with blood. Whew !" said I, sympathetically "That's nothin.

"Hurt? You bet it hurts !"

What are you going to do about "Do? I ain't a goin' to do nothin

but jest let it hurt!"

Now, that is just the kind of stuff

that makes men!
"Jest let it hurt." Don't squeal, don't kick, don't put up your lip; but "jest let it hurt." It is not such a bad education as some others for a boy to go stumbling barefooted around a farm or through a country village. I pity the boy who has never done it. Some of the little shavers one sees around our city streets almost seem to have een born with their shoes on. The thumps and scratches which bare-footed boys have to take are good things for them in the long run, al though they are no fun at the time. When a little fellow is out after quail or speckless trout and gets about five miles from his mother and her arnica, and then tears the hide of his legs or knocks the nail off his toe, the very best thing he can do is to "jest let it

And, for that matter, it is the best thing a boy, after he has grown to be a man and come to wear \$7 shoes, can do in most of the troubles of life.

Wet. One day I told my wife I was do in most of the troubles of life.

There are just about so many stones and bramble patches lying along the pathway of every man's life, and whoever he is, he must go through them barefooted! At least I have never lying and the life in the latter of the life in the latter of the latter of the latter of the latter of life.

Wet. One day I told my wife I was going to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having read so much of these famous pills, I thought that what they had done for others they might do for me. I procured a box from Mr. E. W. Case, I procured a box industriously ever since I lost the first toenail! And the sharpest and most careful man cannot dodge them all. Emergencies will come when he who has been used to creeping carefully around the thorny places will have to plunge recklessly through, and he who has been always looking down for stones will have to just look up and wildly take his chances! Scratched and bruised he will be, and the only question of any importance is how he

is going to take it?
Some of us set up a mighty howl of complaint. Some of us settle down into a state of sullen and silent rebellion. Some of us go whining around for other people's court-plaster and arnica.

But now and then you see some little Spartan like my Tennessee moun taineer grown to manhood, who straightens himself up, puts on a cheerful smile and "jest lets it hurt !"

These are the kind of people we admire and love to tie to. It will be many a day before I forget the sight of these legs and the stern set but cheer ful face of the little Tennessean.

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TEACHING CHILDREN TO LIE.

Don't try to teach your children not to lie by lying to them yourself. Don't tell them that bears or giants will eat them, or that their tongues will swell to twice their usual size. They will very soon learn through experiment, or through the experience of other children, that what you have told them is untrue. You will there-fore not only have failed to teach them the desired lesson, but you will have lost in their respect because they will have caught you in a lie. When you have told them that they must tell the truth, because it is wrong to do otherwise, and then when you catch them in an untruth just give them a good old fashioned spanking, one that wil be remembered.

Children have an active imagination, and a bright child has all sorts of fancies about this great big unknown world, and will often sit down and tell stories without being able to reason out the difference truth and untruth.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

Ah Interesting Interview With Mr. B.

AFTER LONG YEARS OF PERFECT HEALTH HE WAS ATTACKED WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE AND OTHER COMPLICATIONS -DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS BRING HIM NEW HEALTH.

From the Picton, Ont., Times, Mr. B. L. Mastin, of Hollowell township, Prince Edward county, was a caller at the Times office the other day and during his visit told of his great suffering from kidney trouble and rheumatism, accompanied by dyspep sia, cold feet and a generally broken down constitution. Mr. Mastin is one of the first settlers of Prince Edward county. He is in his seventy first year and is the father of a grown up family of well to do farmers." course of the conversation Mr. Mastin said: - "I had never known what it was to be sick. I have always had good health and worked on my farm every day until some months ago, when I was taken with severe pains in my back and shoulders. I consulted a doctor but received little benefit. I was told by one doctor that I had rheu matism and kidney disease, but his treatment did not help me and I con-

tinued getting worse. My appetite failed me and I fell away in flesh. I became irritable and could not sleep well at night. Nobody can conceive the intense pain I endured. Not de riving any benefit from the food I ate and having a constant pain in my stomach I soon became aware that had dyspepsia, and the pain in my back and shoulders intensified by the stone-like weight in my stomach, mate life to me almost unbearable. I was also a great sufferer from cold feet, nearly every day my feet would get like chunks of ice, and unless I was barefooted! At least I have never I precure a box my great delight be-beard of any kind of a protector that druggist, and to my great delight be-is stoneproof and brambleproof, al-though I have been looking for them industriously ever since I lost the first more boxes I felt like a new man and I gladly tell this for the benefit of all who suffer as I did." Mastin said: "My rheumatism is all gone and I can come and go and enjoy as good health as well as I ever did."
With these remarks Mr. Mastin got up to go, but added that his wife was re ceiving much benefit from Dr. Will iams' Pink Pills. "I took home a couple of boxes the other day and she

thinks they are splendid."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imita tions by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they vill be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock ville, Ont.

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W. H. Riddle Ascretary.

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