

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE EXPERT

This is the day of the expert. The man without skill has to take a poor job, if he gets any at all. The specialist is the one who has the best chance to prosper.

WHEN A JOB IS MORE THAN A JOB

"Oh, I can get another job any old time," said a bright active young fellow, who could do good work, but who was determined not to let his job interfere with his "good times," and who thought that it was not necessary to spend much time in learning the details and methods of business.

"Well, he did get jobs for a while, but he soon found that in order to hold a position he must be thoroughly fitted for it. The present-day methods are very far-reaching in the perfection of the spirit of organization and system."

Perhaps the most recent step in the teaching of efficiency is the establishment of training schools by the great retail establishments. The day has passed when the modern store is content merely to fill the building with a sufficient number of sales people to wait on customers. Competent instructors, a corps of demonstrators and a staff of skilled sales-people assist in the instruction. A miniature store is used for the setting, and the details of making questions, and so on, are demonstrated. The instructor explains the different details involved, and points out the faults and good points of the transaction.

"Our reward for this free instruction," says one large firm, "is that we secure competent sales people who are familiar with store methods, and who begin their work at a point which would ordinarily take months to reach." They do not say that it enables them to weed out those who are unwilling to apply themselves to learn the methods, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

There are great advantages, too, for those who take this course. It enables them to take a sound, serious view of their work, instead of considering it merely as a "job"; it comes to be considered something in which it is worth while to strive to excel. It enables young people to learn a business that has almost unlimited possibilities, and they are qualified to enter into positions of more advanced standing.

Not only in salesmanship, but in many forms of mechanical arts, railroad occupations, mill work, and other kinds of business, this same thorough training for efficiency is taking the place of "job" work, and the boys—and girls too—of to-day must recognize this condition and be ready to meet it if they wish to make any progress toward success in any kind of business.—J. Mervin Hall.

RESPECT FOR OUR WORK

Self-respect should include respect for our work. It may not be a great work, but if it is honest and useful, the task that has come to our hand, the best that at present is possible for us, we should put both energy and interest into it; we ought to make it, so far as lies in our power, the best of its kind. Whoever pays our weekly wage, we really work for. One who does not count it beneath him to make a little flower of the field as perfect as a world.—Catholic Columbian.

EDUCATION AND CRIME

There can be no true and upright manhood in a nation where education is divorced from religion and morality. Education of the head without education of the heart will never make a people distinguished from their godliness. Laws, courts and policemen may seek to supplement such training, but so long as the element of religion is lacking, all three will be given plenty to do.

American society will never be free from the shocking crimes of the present until sound moral principles are instilled into its youth at school; it will never be characterized by purity of morals until its members are made to know what is right and to do it always because it is right. We want men in public office who will be guided by a correct sense of justice not by fear of detection; we want officers in our banks who will handle the money of others with a full realization of the trust confided in them; we want in the home members who will act always according to their knowledge of the sacred obligations imposed upon them.

In every walk of life we want men with a sound moral sense and stability and strength to follow its dictates. We will not have them until the school doors open to receive back again the teachings of religion and morality. The crime problem will never be solved by superficial and coercive methods.—The Pilot.

ALL RIGHT LIVES NEEDED

All sorts of right lives are worth while. The world needs them all. It needs the upright, kind, uneducated man just as much as it needs the upright, kind, educated one. It needs the brave invalid as much as the brave soldier. Wherever a man is, his life, if lived rightly, counts, and will have its reward.

SUBDUING PASSIONS

"In vain," said the great educator, Horace Mann, "do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse or obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors." The selfish, grasping, careless, are not on the road to happiness, but are wandering in muddy by-ways.

THE THREE FOLLOWERS

The witty old Hessian sat in his door when three young men passed eagerly by. "Are you following any one, my sons?" he asked. "I follow after Pleasure," replied the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches." "And you, my little one?" he asked of the third. "I follow after Duty," he replied modestly.

The aged Hessian in his journey came upon the three men. "My son," he said to the eldest, "men think thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure? Didst thou overtake her?" "No, father. Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches." "Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second. "Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered. "And thou?" continued the Hessian, addressing the youngest. "As I walked with Duty," he replied "Pleasure walked ever by my side." "It is always thus," replied the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."—Selected.

They Have Won Their Place

World White Swan Yeast Cakes have such an enormous sale in Canada if they did not make the best bread? Your grocer sells White Swan Yeast Cakes for 65c. Free sample from White Swan Spices & Cereals Limited, Toronto, Ont.

If you are anxious to cure a friend of irritability, don't try "the like curing like" principle; but on the contrary, apply the soothing ointment of human kindness and watch the curative effect.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION

A TRUE STORY

"I was born in Germany, in that part known as the Black Forest. I was a mischievous lad, and disliked very much to go to school. However, I succeeded in getting a fairly good knowledge of my religion. At the age of thirteen I received my First Communion, and the following year I left home for America. My parents were very much opposed to it, but I was determined to see what the new world had in store for me. My good mother made me promise that I would be faithful to my religious duties.

"Landing in this country without money or friends, ignorant of the language, and with but little education, I had a hard struggle for existence. Many times did I wish I was back in Germany. Thrown among all sorts of men, sometimes fifty miles from the nearest Catholic Church, I soon began to neglect my religion, and in many things became as careless and reckless as the rest. Would you believe it, for the period of eighteen years, I attended Mass only once, and that was more out of humer respect than out of devotion. However I managed to say my prayers pretty well, and occasionally to think of my religion. When war broke out I joined the army, and was in some rather fierce engagements. I was taken prisoner once and suffered untold hardships. After the war I enlisted in the quartermaster department, under General Porter, who was engaged in building forts throughout Texas, which was at that time infested by Indians. We pitched camp about noon one day at Mountain Pass. The mules were turned out to graze in the valley, and it was my turn to herd them. I saw that they were eating quietly, and were not likely to give me any trouble, so I tethered the mule I had been riding and sealed a nearby mountain. When I reached the summit, merely out of fancy, I cut off two small trees with my large sailor's knife, and by means of buckskin thongs made a cross, which I planted on the highest peak.

"Then my thoughts turned towards God. I sang 'Holy God' in German, and all the other songs I knew. In the distance I saw something that looked like an Indian camp. I noticed also that some of the mules were at least three miles down the valley. So I hurried down, but it took me much longer to go down than it had taken me to come up. Before very long I had the mules in camp, but there was one large gray missing for which I received a severe reprimand from Brown, the wagonmaster who scored me for neglecting my work. Six men, including the wagon-master and myself, were sent out to recover the mule. When we came within a mile of the camp I had sighted from the mountain, we saw about twenty-five Comanche Indians, and there also was the mule. Some of us were for charging on them, for we had fine carbines and I am sure we would have routed them. The Indians saw us likewise, and the two parties stood facing each other for a moment. Brown who was trembling from head to foot, shouted 'They're Indians. Ride for your lives,' and turning about, put spurs to his mule and fled. The Indians, seeing us retreat, set up a wild whoop, and pursued us. My mule had a trick of trying to throw me whenever I wanted him to run, so taking the bit in his teeth he bucked and jerked the reins from my hand. I then clutched his mane with my left hand and got my right arm around his neck. In so doing I dropped my rifle. Hanging on in this manner I gave him the spur without mercy. He plunged forward at a terrific rate, up and down hills, over rocks, through underbrush. It was all I could do to keep from being thrown off as we dashed through the tangled thickets. My arms and legs were terribly torn and slashed. The Indians had almost overtaken me before I got well started, and they kept in hot pursuit. It was indeed a race for life. Bullets whizzed within an inch of my head. Twice the mule, an adept at dodging a lasso, dashed through the loop. You can imagine how I felt with those bloodthirsty Indians so close I could almost feel their breath. I thought it was all up with me. Strange to say, I did not think of my soul, or of making an act of contrition. One rarely does in such extreme danger. When I think of it now, I realize that someone—you will soon know who it was—must have been interceding for me before the throne of God. On and on we sped, at length my mule flew rather than ran down a steep hill to the edge of our camp. The Indians dared not venture farther, and beat a hasty retreat, taking with them some of the mules that had thrown their riders and were easily captured. All of us reached camp, but some who had been thrown and had been hiding in the underbrush, did not return until two hours later. I was near collapsing. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered severe pains all over my body. My faithful mule also was foaming and exhausted. I did not want any supper, but stole off to my bunk in the wagon. Being nervous, I did not sleep well. So what happened might have been a dream, or it might have been a vision. I will tell you just what did occur.

"All at once I was conscious that my mother, who had died several years before, was standing beside me. She was dressed in black, just as I used to see her at home. 'Why, mother, how did you get here?' I exclaimed, although without fear. 'You are dead.' 'No, I'm not dead, mother. The Indians did not kill me.' 'But your soul is dead. You did not keep your promise. I have been praying for you or you'd now be dead, body and soul. I was praying for you this afternoon, or you would have been killed. I will send your little brother to you.' 'And sure enough, my little brother, who had died at the age of eleven, before I left Germany, was standing beside me, looking just as he did when we used to play together. He put something—I cannot say what it was—into my mouth. 'Mother I will do whatever you wish,' I said, fully resolved.

"Go at once to Austin and make your peace with God, and henceforth be faithful to religious duties."

"Idleness travels leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her."

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC. SOLD EVERYWHERE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

"I promised, and immediately both disappeared. I cannot express how I felt the remainder of the night, but the next morning the men found me in a trance, and all gave me up for dead. For several hours I remained in this state, conscious of everything that was going on, but unable to move a muscle. By degrees, to the astonishment of all, I revived, and after a little medical attention was myself again. The events of the previous night came back to me, and I felt an inward force impelling me to keep my promise. I told the quartermaster that I wanted to resign. He tried to persuade me to remain, so I told him the whole story. Seeing I was determined to go at any cost, he at length gave me an honorable discharge and my pay to date. I bought a pony and saddle, and after a short preparation set out alone through the wild prairie, a distance of three hundred miles, to Austin, Texas. I reached Austin without any serious mishap, after several days of wearisome travelling. At this time it was a town of about two thousand inhabitants. I sought the priest, and told him I wanted to settle my spiritual account. It was only when making my confession of a lifetime spent in deadly sin that I realized in what an awful state my soul had been. After many years estrangement from God, I again experienced the great joy of receiving my loving Saviour into my heart. I was now a real Catholic, and a friend of God. Thereafter I made it a point to live near the church, and endeavored to make up for my past life. The peace I have enjoyed since repays me for all I ever suffered. God has been very good to me, and I trust I have at least in part made amends for my past life."—Intermountain Catholic.

When the great oak of the forest falls, the misery of its decay is soon hidden beneath a covering of soft, green moss. It is the charity of nature and may well be imitated.—Rev. F. C. Kelley.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY

TOMBS OF FOUR ABBOTS FOUND IN RUINS OF SCOTCH ABBEY

Dundrean Abbey, near Kirkcubright, Scotland, has suddenly leaped into fame. In removing the turf of the Chapter House floor, for the Abbey is now in ruins, some workmen discovered the tombs of four abbots dating from the twelfth century. The names of each abbot and order of succession appear in Lombardic characters on each stone, but not the date. This however has been discovered from records of the Abbey. Abbots William, Egidius, Brian and Giles seem to all have been tall men for the stone slabs which cover them are only in one instance short of six feet in length. The tomb of Abbot

Giles is in particular remarkable for its beauty, six feet two inches in length and twenty-three inches broad, it is heavily ornamented and bears many carved blossoms, an Abbot's staff and a Maltese cross. Many antiquarians are visiting the spot.

"Let us become strong, for the great evil of this day is weakness."—Lacordaire.

Don't Cut Out A STONE BOIL, CAPPED BLOW OR RHEUMATISM FOR

ABSORBINE will remove them and leave no blemishes. Cures any pain or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair. Home can be worked. 50¢ per bottle delivered. Book 6¢ free. ABSORBINE, JR., liniment for rheumatism, for Bruises, Sprains, Old Sores, Swellings, Gout, Varicose Veins, Venereal Ulcers, Altho. Pain. Will tell more if you write. Manufactured only by W. S. Young, P. O. 225 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Ca.



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Advertisement for Cowan's Maple Buds. Includes text: "And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa!" "Shopping is only half done if you forget the Maple Buds. Children must have sweets. Their little natures crave for dainty sweet things. Bad for them? Not Cowan's Maple Buds. Pure milk, pure sugar, pure chocolate. What could be more nourishing and wholesome? What else could make them such favorites with intelligent mothers? Make the children happy. Give them sweets you know are good. Put Maple Buds on your shopping list. THEY'RE NOT MAPLE BUDS UNLESS THEY'RE COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS. The COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO, Ontario. Name and design registered. 202. Look for the Name. Pure Milk Chocolate." Includes illustration of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for Gurney-Oxford. Includes text: "My GURNEY OXFORD jumped right in and helped with my housekeeping." "Dear Edith, In a general way I have wished you all the good things I know of, so now I am going to descend to the practical and give you some sound advice from the store I have accumulated since I started housekeeping. Housekeeping naturally suggests the kitchen first—its equipment and management, or in other words, THE RANGE. My range, as you know, is a Gurney-Oxford. I never enjoyed much of a reputation as a cook in my younger days, so when I thought of being responsible for three meals a day my heart sank. I imagined myself battling all day with a sulky range, trying to coax it into a good humour, and covered with mortification because of late or spoiled meals. But my dear, my Gurney-Oxford seemed to sympathize with my inexperience. From the day it came it jumped right in and helped. It has become my good right hand, and I go my way confident that my Gurney-Oxford will not disappoint me. It has the cleverest arrangement for regulating the drafts, well named the Gurney Economizer. One small lever put up or down does everything. The fire will stay in all day, hardly burning any coal at all—then, presto! It is burning brightly, ready to bake or roast. An arrangement of flues keeps the oven always properly heated, so that the biscuits or bread come out light and crisp and brown. Yes, Edith, as Bob says, I have developed into 'some cook,' and I often tell him he must give at least half the credit to our Gurney-Oxford. You will understand my enthusiasm better after you have had your Gurney-Oxford a month or so. Sincerely Yours, MARY HOUSEWIFE. The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, TORONTO - CANADA. MONTREAL - HAMILTON - WINNIPEG - CALGARY - VANCOUVER." Includes illustration of a woman at a desk and a Gurney-Oxford range.

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Includes text: "Corn Fed!" "See the Kellogg 'Corn Fed' boy! Isn't he a big, chubby fellow? Every morning he gets a big dish of the 'growing' food—Kellogg's Corn Flakes. He thrives like your children will thrive when you feed them the nutritious sweet hearts of the world's finest corn. Buy a package today. Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES 10C Per Pkg. TOASTED CORN FLAKES." Includes illustration of a boy and a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.