CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HAPPINESS IS A HABIT

In the window of a picture post-card store is this motto in illuminated text and exquisitely framed : Happiness is a habit—cultivate it!

That motto greets everybody who looks in that window. It is on the watch, with its message, for every passer by. It gives its advice to all —young and old, rich and poor, sick and well. It is for all people without

Happiness is within a person or he is not happy, Outside things may excite him to happiness, but the hapexcite him to happiness, but the happiness is in him, not in them. A
pile of gold is not happy. A poor
man, suddenly getting a pile of
gold and being thereby able to
relieve the distress of his family,
would be happy, happy because of
the gold and the good it would do.

If happiness were a gift coming

If happiness were a gift, coming from outside the soil of the heart, independent of character or thoughts. such a motto would be obviously fair. But all wise men know that happiness cannot be dropped in that way into a life. Opportunities for ess is too largely subjective for

Happiness is a habit, and as such. be cultivated. The essence of any habit is repetition. Almost every habit is made up of small things. It isn't the size of the things that makes the habit strong, but the number of repetitions. Everybody will grant that. Therefore one happiness, no matter how great, could not form a habit of happiness. It could not compare in its effect with a number of very small joys, making repeated impressions one after another.

The small pleasures, recognized and enjoyed-these make up the secret of a happy life. The sun in the morning, shining in through the window—how many days in the year? That will bring a gleam of pleasure, if the mind is open to receive it. A smiling greeting on the way to work, a bit of good comradeship, a chance to do a kindness, an interesting book, a pleasant new acquaintance, the loyalty of an old friend, a strain of lovely music, a fine picture in a shop window, a sky of brilliant stars or rosy sunset—these will all help to make happiness, one after another, in spite of the cares and disappoint

ments that come as well.

Psychologists tell us that habit
makes paths in the brain, and then travels quicker and surer along them every day. The first trail is some times hard to blaze, so to speak. But the next time it is more easily traversed ; soon it becomes trodden and then the trouble is not that it is difficult to travel, but that it is d ffi cult to keep away. A habit path, once well established, persists even when its owner tries to block it up It is made to last; that is the nature of the human brain, and that is the reason why man has so much power over his own fate. He can choose his own habit paths, and cultivate them into second nature, more powerful than random instinct.

Psychologists also tell us that nothing is more easy than suggestion, and nothing wields more influence. Suggestion is the most contagious thing in the world. Let anyone sug-gest happiness to himself and to others, and it will come-the real

thing, not a pretended feeling.

The habit of being happy is best begun, like all other habits, in one's teens. It is better, indeed, to begin it in the cradle. "I go and sit by my baby every now and then," said a happy-faced boys and girls, smile at them until they smile back at me. Then I laugh, and they laugh out loud. They enjoy it, and so do I. John was a very solemn baby at first, but when he finally learned to laugh, he came to be just as jolly as the What John owed to his wise mother he probably never quite realized, for she had helped him, in his unconscious baby days, toward

the joy of living.

Life is good, because God made it. Life is good, even if the individual cannot have exactly what he or she wants all the time. It is the self-willed person, who sets the heart upon a thing and refuses to be happy rithout it, who finds life not worth Life holds much better living. things than such men and women have eyes to see. "The world is under a thick pall at our house," said a girl the other day, sighing, 'because Henry wants to go to college, and father can't afford it." Happias could not get within speaking distance of Henry—and yet how many prosperous and sunny people never have been to college Some girls make themselves and all about them miserable because they feel that the advantages of dress and society have not come their way. So they lose the greater advantages of a cheerful heart and a happy face,

and cultivate unhappiness as a habit. For unhappiness can be cultivate and will grow like a weed. Like happiness, it will grow in any life, nappiness, to will grow in any irie, under any circumstance. Million aires and paupers both commitauicide because they are unhappy; and neither of them need be. God made life, and gave it abundantly to His children, and gives Himself to them, children, and gives Himself to them, so that immortal happiness is in their power. Yet if a soul turns away, it can lose all that God meant it to have. Man is free to be unbappy. But always happiness, here and hereafter, waits for him in God's loving hand if he will but turn toward love and faith and hope, and fulfill in the state of the sta himself God's plan of progress and joy.—Mark L. Prentiss.

OPEN TO GOSSIP

The people who inveigh most against goes pare usually the people who have an uncomfortable sense of being a bit open to it. As Augustus thate says somewhere: "The best shield against slander is so to live that nobody will believe it." Gossip is wrong—granted. But how about giving occasion for gossip? "Abstain from every form of evil," should be the Christian rule. - Catholic Columbian.

HIS BEST GIRL

"So your hest girl is dead," sneer-"So your best girl is dead," sneeringly said a New York magistrate to a young man who was arrested for attempting suicide. "Who was she?" Without raising his eyes, the unfortunate victim burst into tears and replied, "She was my mother." The smile vanished from the magistrate's face and with tears in his eyes, he and "Young men go and try to be "Young man go and try to be a good man for your mother's sake.' How little we realize what tragedy may be going on in the hearts of those whom we sneeringly condemn.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SUNSHINE GIRL

Betty looked up at a window with s smile and pod of her head. And her sister Lizzie, following her look with a pair of astonished eyes, saw a poor old face that was smiling, too, and a

thin hand fluttering a greeting.
"Why, Betty! How did you get
acquainted with that old lady? She's been sick ever since those folks

Betty seemed to be thinking.

"I guess I didn't get acquainted with her," she said reflectively. But she sat there by the windo all wrapped up in shawls, and she looked as if she were watching for somebody she knew. And one day I a story alive and lends it vigor. hand and she waved back

'That was a queer thing to do," Lizzie admonished her. Sometimes the responsibilities incident to the office of older sister rested rather heavily on Lizzie's shoulders.
"Speaking to an old lady you didn't a very strange child. I don't know wby you do such things, Betty."

mething happened just then to channel, and she forgot all about the lecture on the proprieties. But a few days later Betty was taken sick and after she had been ill a week Lizzie was stopped on her way to school one morning by a woman whose face she did not remember.

Excuse me," the stranger said. "But haven't you a sister with blue eyes and yellow curls? She wears a little white hat trimmed with

"Why, you must mean Betty," Lizzie said, staring. "Well, is she sick? We haven't

seen her for a number of days'

Lizzie explained, and the woman istened with interest. "Mother listened with interest. said she was sure the sunshine girl was sick," she remarked when Lizzie had finished. "We always have called her that since she began smiling at mother in the window, and waving her hand. You see, we came hard on mother, leaving all her old friends so far behind. She says that transplanting is all right for young plants, but not for the others she was sick so long, that she got awfully blue and down bearted, and then one day as she sat by the window, so homesick and forlorn, that it didn't seem as if she cared whether she lived or died, your sister went by, and she smiled up at her and waved her hand.

Lizzie could not see that it was an occasion for tears. But at this point the woman took out her handker-

chief and wiped her eyes. "It was queer how much that meant to mother, such a little thing. seems as if it took her out of he self. She kept talking about that little girl and what a pretty fa had and what a sweet smile. And she wondered if she'd go by the house again, and whether she'd look up. But she did both the very next day, and mother was as pleased as she could be. I really believe that's one reason she's so much better. And then when a whole week went by without a glimpse of her, mother got real worried, and she was sure the sunshine girl was sick."

"I guess she'll be out to morrow," Lizzie said. "And if she goes by your house, I'll tell her to be sure to look up at the window."

The woman laughed. "I guess that won't be needed She isn't one of the sort that needs telling. It's just like sunbeams. They don't have to be told to shine. They keep on brightening things up for folks



because that's what they are here

THE WELL-BRED GIRL

well bred girl always thanks a man when he gives her a seat in a car, and will arise and give her seat to an elderly woman or man or woman carrying a child, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive manner. She does not accept any valuable presents from any man unless she expects to marry him.

She never talks loud in any public

She does not speak of her mother or father in a sarcastic way, and she shows them the loving deference that is their due.

She doesn't want to be a man and

she doesn't try to imitate him. She doesn't say she dislikes women, and she has good, true friends among them.

She doesn't wear shoes without buttons or a dress that needs mend

CHARITY OF SPERCH

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge man's motives, to believe things as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabled to death by a few little words. There is charity which consists in withhold ing words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very

DON'T GOSSIP

Don't gossip. Of all the mean con temptible ways of squandering time gossip holds first place. It is such a lazy, idle occupation that men, women and children drift into it without effort and they rarely have character enough to save themselved from its baneful influence.

The child comes home from school day's results in Tearning, but with s buoget of tittle tattle about other children and other children's parents homes, etc., while the mother listen eagerly; and sometimes she supple ments the tale with things that she knows herself about the person under discussion; and on the occasion of the next school quarrel Anna tells Katherine that Katherine's mother is up to her ears in debt, that the milkman refused to leave any more milk, that the rent was unpaid, etc. Bitter things for poor little Katherine to hear, while her classmates are listening.

Or it may be John who thinks there is not a better man than his father in the whole world until Joseph undeceives him by telling him what other people know—that John's father drinks, or has sold his vote, or has done something else dis-reputable. "My father said so," is Joseph's clinching argument, and it goes with the majority. After that John does not talk any more about his father but he thinks a great deal, and the thoughts are not helpful Lasting feuds result from school quarrels that can be traced to the

gossip.

The imprudent teacher, annoyed at standard gives herself the satisfaction of commenting on another teacher's failure to get results, and straight goes a little gossip back to

Miss C— with the words.

Naturally Miss C— finds it hard to be pleasant when she meets her critic; in fact she is decidedly cool, and the coolness interferes seriously with the work of both teachers. They need to get together, to consider what can be done to improve the situation, but between them stands the gossip who has been allowed to fetch and carry tales until she simply can't "hold her tongue." And 'holding one's tongue" is a mighty useful accomplishment.

And then there is the club. young woman coming from a small city to a great literary center was induced to join an association that was supposed to furnish literary minds with a banquet of uplifting thought at every meeting. She was duly proposed and accepted for mem-bership. Ah, that first meeting! It burned itself into the memory.

A tall, proud-looking woman was being pilloried by the officers for some alleged comment on their efficiency. The president, gavel in hand, summed up the offender's in-iquities and called for a vote on her expulsion. The vote was taken, and the accused declared expelled. She made one or two efforts to speak, but was given no opportunity. With a stately measured step she walked to the door, turning on the threshold she swept the assembly with a look of contempt and repressed fury, and then gathering her silken train, as if to free it from the contamination of a carpet trodden by the enemy's feet, she passed from view. The white set face was never forgotten by the new member, who sick at heart, slipped away from the place as if it were unholy. Her feelings of disgust and repulsion was intensified by hearing within the year that the ex-pelled member had died, and that after her death the whole miserable story was unravelled to the starting point—the malicious gossip of a

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND ROYAL YEAST WHITEST, LUGH CAKES ROYA ASTUNI BE CAREFUL TO E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
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came too late.

The purposeless gossip is bad enough but there is a worse type, the gossip who has a mission, "who thinks it her duty" to do harm. Such a gossip as this happened into a church—of all places to ply her art!—and a pure sweet voice in the choir held her attention. She thought she recognized it. A former schoolmate had just such a voice. But if it were the schoolmate, she should not be singing in a choir. After the innocent school life had come annot be singing in a choir. After the innocent school life had come antaken the wrong road; but she turned back, and leaving the home of her girlhood, she went to a big city to begin anew. She worked hard for an honest living, and attended church regularly. Her voice brought her an invitation to join the choir. She was as happy as anyone could be under the circumstances until the gossip found her out. Repulsed by the virtuous, her efforts to lead a good life set at naught by worldly judgment, the poor girl turned her steps once more into the downward path that was so easy so follow. And she never again turned

young people who are welcome in the homes of their friends, have a better use for their time and their tongues than employing both in destroying their neighbor's reputation.—Sacred Heart Review.

"MY RELIGION IS TO BE GOOD TO OTHERS"

Nothing can be better, says Father Lambert in "Short Answers." It is just what the Christian religion most pressingly commands us to do: even assimilating this duty to that higher and more fundamental one of loving God: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," we are told in the first commandment.
And the second, which is like unto neighbor as thyself."

These are the very words of Jesus Christ (St. Matthew, ch. xxii,) but He adds something of which you do not take heed: "Upon these two com-mandments hange all the law."

You, whose religion consists, you say, only in doing good to others, you suppress one of the two command-ments, the chief one, from which the other generally springs, which develops and nourishes it, and alone raises it up to heroism and to the height of a religious duty—the com-mendment of the love of God and the obligation of serving Him.

to walk, must we not? Just so to fulfil our destiny on earth and reach heaven, we must practice both the 1. Thou shalt love thy God.

2. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Therefore, the second is rarely observed where the first is neglected the experience of nineteen centuries proves this. Those Christians who rest the love of their fellow creatures on the love of God are the only one who love them truly, efficaciously purely and constantly.
Who have been the greatest bene

factors of suffering humanity? The Saints, that is, men whose hearts were inflamed with the love of God To cite but one of these, look at St. Vincent de Paul, that hero of brother ly charity, that father of the afflicted who continues even in these times to

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jealous officer. The vindication do good all over the world by means of the benevolent institutions be founded! Who was Vincent de Paul? A priest, a churchman! What was the source of his unex-

Church founds; those which rest on a religious idea, which are crowned

Who gave refuge in all times-who in our days, despite the obstacles which blinded governments have raised up-still gives refuge to every kind of misery, whether of the body or the soul, of infancy, manhood or old age? The Church.

Who has founded, for the relief of each of these miseries, religious orders of men and women, some devoted to foundlings, some to the education of the poor, some to the nursing of the sick, others to the care of lunatics, to the reclaiming of criminals; to sheltering the weary traveller, etc., etc., etc.? Church, and the Church alone.

It is she who gives birth to the most perfect devotedness to human-ity; she produces the Sister of Charity, as she produces the missionary and the monk of St. Bernard! Always by means of the love of God, as the most solid foundation of the love of mankind.

In the present age, more than ever. we hear much said about humanity, fraternity, the love of the poor. Sysems are built up; fine words cost nothing; books are published and speeches are made. Why have they all so little result? Because religion does not vivify these efforts. No effect can subsist without its cause the cause, the most fertile principle of brotherly charity, is divine charity,

Distrust these fine systems of fraternity, then, which are independent of religion. There is no love of our fellow-creatures, pure, efficacious, solid or durable, that is not founded in Jesus Christ and maintained by His religion.—St. Paul Bulletin.

DAILY COMMUNION

During the English Catholic Congress at Cardiff, Wales, the Right Rev. Bishop of Newport dwelt upon the Blessed Sacrament as the centre of Catholic Unity. "Catholic Unity is a perpetual miracle," said the Bishop. "It is the world's greatest fact-and the greatest fact of his tory." Reviewing conditions down to the present, he asks, "In the days in which we live how are our

Catholic multitudes held together?"
And he answers: "Our confidence and our hope for the peace and unity of the Church in these days, and in the future, are inspired and intensified by the Blessed Sacra ment." The Bishop then goes on to show the inestimable merit of frequent Communion: The primitive times seem to have

ome again. There is "breaking of bread" from house to house. The atholic masses are crowding to the Sacrifice and to Communion. long as they do that—in proportion as they do that—they need not heed the loss of State recognition. When kings went in state to Mass, and leg islatures and law courts heard Mass at the beginning of their session and civic and military pomp followed the Blessed Sacrament through the streets-these things brought Catholicism home to the people. But now it is the personal and individual devotion to the King of Catholicism. at His own Table, that keeps them devoted and enthusiastic to the king-dom. The "fellowship" that is realized in Holy Communion is likely to be far more powerful than the patronage of the State or the world. Catholics will find, and do find, in frequent and daily Communion, not only private devotion and their own perfection. They are coming now, more than ever, to comprehend that Holy Communion, if it is worthy carries with it supernatural loyalty to the whole of the kingdom of the Son of God on earth. It brings with it obedience to hierarchical authority. Nay, it, to some extent, super-sedes the apparatus of authority. Visitations, synods, councils, may now in part be dispensed with, because the things that they were most concerned with enforcing can never drop into non-observance as long as there is frequent Communion.

Frequent Communion means the training of the young in the creeds. It inspires the determination of

clergy and people to have Catholic schools, even when they have to maintain their schools by their own maintain their schools by their own sacrifices. It keeps them steady to that task which will now become universal—the duty of themselves providing priests and churches and the upkeep of the Christian aliar. The Biessed Sacrament would stand us in stead even if things became much worse—as, indeed, they might for a time. If the free intercourse of the Holy See with the Catholic Church were interrupted, the prac tise of frequent and daily Communion, to which the persecution would give redoubled fervor, would effectually put out of the question all schism or disunion.

If they took away all our churches

we should somehow manage to meet for Mass and Communion. If they never give up the Mass : like our please God, be prepared to brave im prisonment, forfeiture, and death we should somehow find the Table of the Lord even in the wilderness-and it might even come to this, that the practise of the ancient church was renewed and the faithful were allowed to reserve the Blessed Sacra ment in their own homes until the hand of the oppressor should cease. For this may be affirmed with certainty—that the frequentation of Holy Communion in these latter times has so taken possession of the times has so taken possession of the intelligence of the Cathotic people that it is likely to make persecution of any kind ineffective and comparatively harmless. They will never again be effectively prevented from frequent Communion; and that being so, they will never lose the sense of Christ and of His fellowship, and no Christ and of His fellowship, and no peril will be able seriously to dis urb the peace and unity of the Church. -Sacred Heart Review.

ANTI CATHOLIC FOR REVENUE ONLY

"The number of anti Catholic lecturers now in the field is a matter of surprise to many people who fail to realize," says the Catholic to realize," says the Catholic Bulletin," "that those vilifiers of the Church are in the business solely for the money it brings in. As long as a sufficient number of duces can be found to part with the good money in exchange for slanderous attacks on their Catholic neighbors, depraved individuals will be found eager to prostitute whatever ability they may have to the service of the father of

EXPERIENCES OF A CONVERTED PROTESTANT MINISTER

In the Irish Rosary, the Rev. Father J. H. Steele, formerly Pro-testant chaplain to the Earl of Erne, gives an account of the causes which induced him to leave the Protestant Church and become a priest of the Catholic Church. In his article he

"But the great crisis of my life was approaching, a combination of circumstances, wholly unlooked for, leading up to it. Among those cir-cumstances, the foundation of a religious house by the Passionists in the County of Fermanagh in the heart of the district in which my school days and early ministry as aclergyman were passed must be mentioned The buildings were erected on lands which had formed a part of the in-heritance of the abbots and monks of Devenish, and were situated within

stirred me deeply, though at the time the Holy Congregation was only known to me by its beautiful name, and by the fact that J. H. Newman had been received into the Church by

"I read accordingly with great interest the reports of proceedings con-nected with the new foundation, named "The Blessed Gabriel's Retreat," which appeared from time to time in the country newspapers, and in this way was introduced to that glorious young saint. Such imperfect sources of information only stimulated a desire which they could not satisfy; so I provided myself with a copy of his life by Father Ward, C. P., and a most charming volume it proved.

"The Blessed Gabriel soon became for me a 'stella rutilians,' shedding the sweetest influence from its fixed center in the firmament of the Church. If there had been no other light to lead me but that afforded by this star, I should have been guided out of the 'encircling gloom' by its light alone, to find my feet planted in the way of peace. In addition to the holy memories, upon which I had all my life been feeding my soul, I now found myself brought within the reach of a Living Voice ever and anon sweetly whispering 'Follow the gleam !

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