

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## THE SUCCESSFUL MAN

One time, the late Marshall Field, one of the most successful merchants ever produced by this country, was asked: "What do you consider essential elements of success for young men standing upon the threshold of a business career?" The answer that he made is herewith printed:

I would say first, a young man should carefully consider what his natural bent or inclination is, be it business or profession; in other words, take stock of himself and ascertain if possible what he is best adapted for and endeavor to get into that vocation with as few changes as possible. Having entered upon it, then let him pursue the work in hand with diligence and determination to know it thoroughly, which can only be done by close and enthusiastic application of the powers at his command. He is an energetic directed by strong common sense so as to make his services of value wherever he is; be alert and ready to seize opportunities when they present themselves.

The trouble with most young men is that they do not learn anything thoroughly and are apt to do the work committed to them in a careless manner; forgetting that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, they become mere drones and rely upon chance to bring them success. The business world is full of just such young men, content simply putting in their time somehow and drawing their salaries; making no effort whatever to increase their efficiency and thereby enhance their own as well as their employer's interest. There are others who want to do what they are not fitted for and waste their lives in what may be called misfit occupations; far better be a good carpenter or mechanic of any kind than a poor business or professional man.

## THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS

Next to the selection of occupation is that of companions. Particularly is this important in the case of young men beginning their career in strange cities away from home influences, as too often it is the case that young men of excellent abilities are ruined by evil associates; a young man therefore cannot too early guard against forming friendship with those whose tendency is to lead him on the downward path. To every young man I would say seek at the start to cultivate the acquaintance of those only whose contact and influence will kindle high purposes, as I regard the building up of a sterling character as the most fundamental principle of true success. The young man possessing a conscience that cannot brook the slightest suspicion of wrong-doing and which insists on steadfast and undeviating truthfulness, sturdy honesty and strict devotion to duty under all circumstances has a fortune to begin with. The ability to restrain appetite, passions, tongue and temper, to be his master and not their slave, is a word absolute self-control, is also of first importance; one who cannot govern himself is unfitted to govern others.

## BE ECONOMIC

Economy is one of the most essential elements of success, yet most wretchedly disregarded. The old adage, "Witful waste makes woeful want," never was more fully exemplified than in these days, when much of the want that now prevails would not exist had care been taken in time of prosperity to lay up something for a rainy day. The average young man of to-day when he begins to earn is soon inclined to habits of extravagance and wastefulness; gets somewhat imbued with the idea that, irrespective of what he earns, he must indulge in habits corresponding to those of some other young man simply because he indulges, or imagines he cannot be manly without. The 5, 10 or 15 cents a day that is squandered, while a mere trifle apparently, if saved would in a few years amount to thousands of dollars and go far toward establishing the foundation of a future career. Too few real-

ize that in order to acquire the dollars one must take care of the nickels.

Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success. It has been well said, that "it is not what a man earns, but what he saves that makes him rich." As a rule, people do not know how to save. I deem it of the highest importance therefore, to impress upon every young man the duty of beginning to save from the moment he commences to earn, be it ever so little; a habit so formed in early life will prove of incalculable benefit to him in after years, not only in the amount acquired, but through the exercise of economy in small affairs he will grow in knowledge and fitness for larger duties that may devolve upon him. It goes without saying that a man who is not competent to manage well a small income or run successfully a small business cannot be expected to properly manage a large income or run successfully a large business. It matters not what a man's income is, reckless extravagance and waste will sooner or later bring him to ruin.

## AIM TO BE MANLY

A young man should aim to be manly and self-reliant; make good use of all the spare moments; read only wholesome books; study to advance his own interests as well as those of his employer in every possible way.

As a rule, the young man of high principle and fair ability, who saves his money and keeps his habits good, he cannot be in any career; but as volumes have been written upon this subject, it is not possible in a letter to convey it all. By following out these suggestions, however, aiming constantly to prepare himself for a higher place instead of waiting for something to turn up, every young man will succeed to a more or less degree. I would not have them believe, however, that success consists solely in the acquisition of wealth—far from it—as this idea is much too prevalent already. The haste to become rich at the expense of character prevails to an alarming extent and cannot be too severely denounced. What is needed to-day more than anything else, is to instill in the mind of our young the desire above all to build up a character that will win the respect of all with whom they may come in contact, and which is vastly more important than a great fortune.—Marshall Field.

## DO YOU KEEP YOURSELF DOWN?

Do not hypnotize yourself with the idea that you are being kept down. Do not talk such nonsense. Nobody of any sense would believe it. People will only laugh at you. Only one thing, keeping you down, and that is yourself. Progressive employers are always looking for the exceptional man, the one who can step out from the crowd and do things in an original way, who can economize in processes, who can facilitate business. They are always looking for the marks of leadership, or superior ability. They are looking for the progressive employee with new ideas, who can help them to be more of a success. They know very well that they can get any number of automatons—multitudes who will do a thing just well enough to keep their places—but they are looking for originality, individuality, for up-to-date methods. They want employees who can put things through with vigor and determination, without lagging, trying to apologize or asking questions. Nothing can bar the advancement of employees of this kind. Nobody can keep them down.

If by chance some one above you is actually trying to prevent your promotion for selfish reasons, it ought to be very flattering to you to know that he is trying to keep you back, and should make you all the more determined to get ahead. It is a pretty good indication that there is some reason for his fear, and that you have material in you for a better place. This should encourage you to redouble your efforts to do your work so well, to stamp such superiority upon everything you touch, to acquire yourself so much better than the man who is trying to keep you down—to be so much pleasanter, so much more of a

man, that it will be only a question of time when you will get the position for which you are striving, or perhaps a better one.

The quickest way to get away from the counter is to work hard, to be polite and obliging at the counter. The trouble with people who complain that they can not get above the positions they are in is that they can not see that the step to the thing above them is in the thing they are doing, in their manner of doing it, that the opportunity for advancement is in the promptness, the thoroughness, the efficiency they show in the positions they now occupy.

If you are made of the stuff that wins, nobody can keep you back, for if you do not find your chance where you are, you will find it somewhere else. But remember that your achievement can not rise higher than your resolution.—Catholic Champion.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE BOY THAT WAS CHOSEN

A business man wanted a new office boy. He advertised in the town papers and asked that applicants reply by letter. He made this request, because he could judge of several things by the letter a boy would write. The advertisement stated distinctly what sort of service would be required. In any large city there are always a number who want positions, so many answers came in.

One boy couldn't spell, and his letter went into the waste basket. Another boy wrote with a lead pencil. Now there may be emergencies where it is necessary to write a letter with a pencil but it is not ordinarily considered courteous to do so. The writing of one was so illegible, it took too long to read it. Pretty-looking handwriting was not asked for, but one fairly easy to decipher. One boy thought he would do some fine work, and his letter read like a dowsy, school composition. It should have been strictly business. Another did not give the information asked for, about his age and where he lived. So when all these letters, defective in one way or another, were thrown out, there remained a few whose writers might pass muster.

Then this business man wrote to these few boys and appointed different times at which each should call at his office. He named out hours, like 9.10 or 11.20. This was to test promptness. One boy thought 9.15 would do just as well, and another appeared at 11.30. What difference did five or ten minutes make? Well, it made this difference, such boys never went to that office again. Another boy, when the business man asked if he could do a certain thing, answered: "You bet." Still another said, "Sure." Now this business man was not a stickler about language at all, but he had certain notions of business propriety, and he would have been better pleased if the boys had said, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, Mr. Blank."

It chanced that when one boy approached the building, the business man glanced out of his office window, and saw this applicant toss away a cigarette. He was disposed of in short order, and carried away the lesson that boys who smoke cigarettes are not wanted. Still another had hands which needed scrubbing, and unspeakable finger nails. What boy did win out at last? The boy whose letter was neatly written and correctly spelled, who answered the advertisement exactly, and no more, whose manner was respectful, whose personal appearance was tidy, who was prompt to the minute. As a matter of fact, he was so afraid of being late that he stood outside the building fully five minutes, until the town clock's hands would make 9.10, in an instant more, and then he mounted the steps. The business man saw this, too, for he happened to be glancing out often on these mornings when he was looking for boys.

The boys who read the advertisement may not yet be quite ready to answer advertisements, but they will be very soon, and it will do no harm to prepare now by such habits as will mean success.—Sacred Heart Review.

## INGENUOUS PRAYER OF A CHILD

Translated from the French of Rev. Jean Dugard, O. M. I., in *Labanerie de Marie Immaculee*, Ottawa, Canada.

Devotion to the good St. Anne is very popular amongst the Bretons of Brittany. In that country there is a confidence, bordering upon familiarity, with the other saints of Paradise, be it the Blessed Virgin or St. John Baptist.

A poor little Breton girl was brought for a cure to Lourdes. She was nearly seven years of age. She was paralyzed in the lower part of her body. Tenderly drawn by gentle hands, in her carriage, she followed the course of the pilgrimage. Everywhere she prayed with the piety of an angel; everywhere, she felt herself enveloped by the ardent prayers of the throng, for here, more than in any other part of the world, does piety assist itself, to move earth, and if I dare to say so, to command heaven.

At Lourdes one sensibly feels the truth of the words of St. Augustine: "Prayer is the strength of man and the weakness of God." Surely the Blessed Virgin who had cured so many others would turn her eyes upon this innocent child. So ardent a confidence was this dear young invalid. Her eyes were fixed upon the white vision in the grotto or upon Jesus in the Sacred Host, as He passed through the throng, doing good.

Prayer of the eyes, prayer of the lips and of the heart, prayer whole and entire. Now, others of being cured, but our Breton maid brought back to the railway station without having been relieved. With tears in her eyes, she begged to go again to the grotto. The carriers of the stretcher consulted their watch and their hearts. The time was nearly up, the pilgrims must soon be "en route." Again to the feet of the Madonna in the cave, went our determined little beggar of a miracle. She prayed, she besought, and she wept; alas, there was no response, no cure. The hands of the clock had marked the last minute allowed before the departure of the last train. The nurses led away to the station, the mournful invalid. Just then, there was a strange scene. At the moment of leaving the Virgin in the grotto, the little girl turned and lifting up her clenched fist cried out nervously: "You will not cure me? Very well I shall tell your mamma on you."

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Immediately there was a miracle, the girl was cured; she jumped from her carriage and walked, perfectly healed. Thus at this moment, Mary Immaculate seemed to show her daughterly respect for her mother, the good St. Anne, whom she did not wish to pain, and to justify the confidence of every young client whom she deigned to excuse.

The Immaculate Heart of Mary is an abyss of mysterious tenderness. We never invoke her in vain.

## TO MY MOTHER

BY EMILY HICKEY

In Honor of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15th.

Mother my Beloved; Let me sit at your feet and look up into your most lovely face, that face of all faces, most like the face of Him, the altogether lovely. I am your child, yours, given to you when on the cross-shaped throne the King with the crown of thorns gave to His Mother—who stood at His right hand in glory, gave to her His Church and His Church her, in Motherhood and Daughtership most perfect.

I want, as I sit here in your presence, most dear and gracious one, to talk to you, as I think of you in the small degree and measure in which it is given me to think of you. Assuredly none here below can think of you wholly and entirely as it would be their heart's desire that they might attain to think; but we love you, and you love us, with the love that pardons all shortcomings, the love that seeks most utterly to show us the beauty of that fair Son of yours, the loveliest of all.

This is something of how I think of you. It is in my mind how you came to bless the age and quicken the dead hope of your father and your mother; the hope that one day their seed might be the seed to bear the Flower of high promise, the Fruit of the Tree of Life, for the healing of the peoples. I think of their faith and love in the giving outwardly to God her who was ever inwardly His own; the giving of her when she was as yet one of the babes of whose like the Blessed One said, *Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*

I think of the sweet stories that have floated down to us through the ages; the tale of your mystical joy in the dance on the altar-steps, and of the gradual psalms borne in singing on your baby voice, as you went up those steps with unfaltering feet. I think of you as God's handmaid, waiting on His servants, perhaps most of all on Anna, even then the aged prophetess; waiting in all the ways becoming a young maid-child. I think of the virtues that were your comrades and handmaids, yours, in whom was all virtue enclosed as in the fairest of gardens.

Your prayer comes to me, your prayer that to you it might be given to see the Lady who should bear the Christ of God, and to wait on her in service most loving and most tender.

I think, my mother, of your home-coming, and of your making all around you wondrous fair and sweet; you, a

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girl with all the grace and beauty of girlhood and with all the comeliness of the Spirit Divine, heightening and hallowing that beauty and that grace. I love to think of you as dowered not only with the sinless soul, but also with the open eye and the open ear for all the glory of sight and sound in the world that God made good.

You come before me as the worshipper, as the keeper of the outward law and ceremonial wherein the Spirit of God was hiddenly abiding. And I know you were comforter and helper of all who came within your love and your smile; you, the peasant princess to whom work was a crown, and humility high honor, and charity a robe royal. Quiet days of your betrothal, my Mother, were to come; your outward betrothal to the glorious workman-knight, in his humility and tenderness; him whom now the heart of Christendom holds in such supreme honor and such reverent love.

And then, O my Mother, my Mother, the mystery and the glory of your divine Espousals proclaimed by the angel tongue that had brought you the news of the Chosen of God, that Chosen which the courtesy of heaven left you free to confirm. Who can know the height and depth and breadth and length of the meaning of that Fiat of yours. On and on it reverberates down the ages—on and on. Always your will had been one with the Will of God, and your word was only the utterance of what had been and was always to be indeed your life itself. Oh, do we not thank you and bless you for that Fiat, without which the redemption of the world had not been; for it took the will of a girl to work with the Will of God! Blessed art thou among women!

It is at the days that went by, bringing anguish and fear and horror to him who thought of you, O God's stainless one thought of you thus. You had risked all in that Fiat, risked even the imputation of ill, and the facing of the possibility of that dread punishment which extremity of law might have inflicted on you. There was nothing you could have borne for God that you would not have borne for Him, as there was nothing asked of you that would not have done for Him, even to the giving up of your life.

Mother of the Joys and the Sorrows and the Glories!

Mother of the Joys, and joys which your children are to prone to forget the importance of as joys. They were the first to come in the perfect scheme, the first to come upon you with their strength-bestowing power, and their strength-sustaining grace. You had much joy, my Mother; joy beyond our knowing or conceiving; and your capacity for joy was so greatly above ours, that your capacity for sorrow exceeded far that which is given to us.

It is dear to us to think how you went in the generous speed that would not have a moment's delay in the sharing of joy, to the house of Elizabeth; and how your greeting of her brought about the deepest peace as the highest joy. Peace, yes, in that greeting, came to all of our country, you gave the peace of God; you who were carrying in your womb the Prince of Peace, Who left with us His peace, Who gave His peace to us.

Of your Sorrows, O Mother, what heart can conceive, what tongue can tell? O Mary, Mother of the Church of Jesus, great exceeding was the anguish of your travail, yours, to whom was given the Compassion, the fellowship of the Passion of the Lord. You were always the woman of the keeping of things and the pondering of them in your heart, and we have no record of one word of anguish, one cry of agony at the piercing of the sword. O bravest of the brave! most valiant of all the valiant!

What of the waiting-time, O dearest Mother, can I think? What of that last waiting between the time of the healing of your anguish by the joy and glory of His Risen presence? Still, as long before, you were stand out side desiring to speak with Him, to be with Him for evermore. It was not very long when He called you to Him never again to be parted from His presence.

You grew old, my Mother; you lived to a time at which you may well have known weakness, and perhaps the suffering of some out of the many troubles that come when the shadows of age gather around the body. And, O Mother, I may say to you how I feel that here is comfort and consolation for the many women who dread the drawing near of old age, in that you too grew old even as they are doing, and that you know and understand.

I have heard this last waiting-time of yours spoken of as a time of pain and trial and hardness. For you knew of the troubles of the Church, your child. You knew of the contempt poured upon the followers of your Son. You suffered with them in their persecutions; in the beheading of James, and the imprisonment and threatened death of Peter. And the martyrdom of Stephen was upon your heart. But you knew also of the calling of Paul, and you saw the beginning of his response to his glorious vocation; his, for whom Stephen, in his agony, had prayed; and you knew of the deliverance of Peter. As you knew of the fight, you knew also of the victory assured. And as you sat in your home, the home made for you by the love of the beloved of your Son, such an amplitude of peace and perfect must have been yours as none but yourself could know. For your heart was His, and His unseen presence was with you, Fiat was for the waiting time as well as for the time of the preparation. His will is our peace, O my Mother, and that will was your will and that peace was yours.

Surely He was with you through those days, those years, set between His going up to that sweet birthday when He loved for you the cord of mortal life, to break for you the power of death. You went by the way that your children all must go. You departed softly, passing through the gate of death that was to you even as the gate of sleep. Softly great Michael Archangel came to carry you through that gate. Softly he bore you soul to wait yet a very little while; to wait till the body wherein the Lord of all had lain should rise in its fadless youth and fairness, and the loveliest of souls once more should have therein its immortal dwelling.

Mo'her of mine, Mother my dearest, your child has been talking to you, forgive her all that is weak, and all that is and must be inadequate in her thoughts of you. Speak to her, dearest; tell her of what the thought of your life, the thought of all belonging to you, must ever, as you would have it, bring; tell her of the love you know as none other knows and none other can know. And show her, O Mother, show her, that

love as the Blessed Fruit of your womb, Jesus.—Catholic World.

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