

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

STOP AND THINK

My boy, when they ask you to drink Stop and think. Just think of the danger ahead; Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl. Filled with death for the body and soul.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink, Stop and think Of the dangers that lurk in the bowl The death that it brings to the soul The harvest of sin and of woe, And spun back the tempter with "No." DISSATISFACTION IS NOT AMBITION

A man may be very dissatisfied with what he is doing without having the aspiration for something higher and the stamina to reach his aim. Mere dissatisfaction with one's position does not always indicate ambition. It may indicate laziness, indifference.

But when we see a man filling a position just as well as it can be filled, trying to do everything to a complete finish taking great pride in it, and yet having a great longing for something higher and better, we feel certain he will attain it.

When young Franklin was struggling to get a foothold in Philadelphia, through business men there predicted, even when he was eating, sleeping, and printing in one room, that he had a great future before him, because he was working with all his might to get up higher and he carried himself in a way that gave confidence. Everything he did was done so well, with such ability, that it was a prediction of very much larger things.

The spirit of to-day insists that we are bound together by ties of solidarity and that the good of each is the good of all. The increasing welfare, then, of every helpless child, every struggling young man or woman, all the hitherto neglected old and sick and blind, is ours as a source of rejoicing.

Men often fail because of an impatient ambition. They cannot wait to prepare for their life-work, but think they must leap into a position which others have been years in reaching. They are over-ambitious, impatient of results, and have no time to do anything properly. Everything is hurried and forced. These people do not develop systematically, but are one-sided; they lack judgment.

We frequently see sad examples of unbridled ambition—men who have been spurred on by an overvaluing ambition, men whose sensibilities have been numbed by the passion to become rich or powerful, that they have stooped to do very questionable things. Ambition often blinds one to justice.

There is nothing more pitiable than to see a man the victim of an inordinate selfish ambition to advance himself at all costs, to gain fame, or notoriety, no matter who is sacrificed in the process. It is very difficult to see the right, to get a clear perspective of justice, when we become victims of an overvaluing ambition. Men so intoxicated have stopped at no crime. Napoleon and Alexander the Great are good examples of the wrecks which unbridled ambition makes of its victims.

Everyone should have an ambition to do something distinctive, something individual, something which will take him out of mediocrity, which will lift him above the ambitionless, the energyless. It is perfectly proper to be ambitious to get up as high in the world as possible, and this may do with all charity and kindness of heart toward our neighbors. The fellow who must be aroused is yourself, and every man is entitled to draw his inspiration from whatever source is at hand.

Sometimes the conversation or encouragement of an inspiring man or woman in whom we have great confidence, the faith of some one who believes in us when others do not, who sees something in us which others do not see arouses the ambition and gives us a glimpse of our possibilities.

We may not think much about this at the time, but it may be a turning point in our career. Multitudes of men have caught the first glimpse of themselves by the reading of some inspiring book or some vigorous article. Without it, they might have remained ignorant of their real power forever. Anything that will give us a glimpse of ourselves, that will open up our possibilities, is invaluable.

Choose for your friends those who stimulate you, who arouse your ambition, who stir you up with a desire to do something and to be somebody in the world. One such friend is worth a dozen passive or indifferent friends. Get close to people who arouse your ambition, who get hold of you, who make you think and feel. Keep close to people who are a perpetual inspiration to you. The great trouble with most of us is that we never get aroused, never discover ourselves until late in life—often too late to make much out of the remnant.

The great thing is to arouse our possibilities when young, that we may get the greatest possible efficiency out of our lives. We cannot see what we do not first discover and see. There are tens of thousands of day laborers in this country—common workmen—putting their lives into drudgery, who, if they had only been aroused, would have been employers themselves—would have been men of force, of standing in their community—but they have been held down by their ignorance of their own possibilities. They have never discovered themselves, and so they must be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." We see them everywhere—splendid men who impress us as giants in possibility, but who are totally ignorant of the great forces that are sleeping within them.

self, "If others can do them, why can't I?"

You may find some great nuggets of gold in these hours of self-discovery, which you never dreamed you possessed—great possibilities of power which you never uncovered before, and which may, if developed, revolutionize your life. One of the fatal dangers of remaining a long time in one position, as a clerk, for example, is that habit tends to make slaves of us. What we did yesterday we are more likely to do to-day; and if we do it to-day, it is still more certain that we will do it to-morrow; and after a while, using the same faculties in a dry routine, the other, unused faculties begin to waste, grow weaker, atrophy, until to think that what we are doing is the only thing we can do.

What we use becomes stronger; what we do not use weaker; and we are likely to deceive ourselves in undervaluing the powers we really possess. Low aim is crime because it pulls down every other quality to its level. Low aim destroys the executive ability. The faculties and the entire man follow the aim. We must climb, or we must go down. There is no such thing as obliging forever upon one rung of Life's great ladder.—Success.

GIVE THANKS There may be some who say, "I have nothing for which to be thankful." Granted one is really destitute of health, friendship, the peace of God in the heart, and all the sweetest blessings that blossom along the road, has one nothing left? He who so confesses acknowledges himself to be at least a sad laggard behind his times. Is it nothing to him then, that his neighbor has cause to be glad? Does he yet dwell in the dead ages when every man lives for himself and for himself alone? The spirit of to-day insists that we are bound together by ties of solidarity and that the good of each is the good of all. The increasing welfare, then, of every helpless child, every struggling young man or woman, all the hitherto neglected old and sick and blind, is ours as a source of rejoicing.

If you have nothing in your own lot for which to give thanks, think of the many good things that have come to others and give thanks for them and you will soon forget what you consider the wretchedness of your own lot. DISHONESTY Dishonesty never bought a minute's peace of mind; never built an inch of the wall of character; never won the respect or support of any person whose respect or support is worth having. As a plain business proposition honesty is profitable. As a moral proposition it gives about the best and largest return a man can get for expenditure of time, strength and effort.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ONE BOY'S WORK

Some time ago an enterprising monthly offered prizes for the best true life stories on the subject "My Salary and What I Did With It." The first prize was won by a young American of Scandinavian name, August Sjoquist, who began his life as a living for his mother, his three little sisters and himself before he was twelve years old. His interesting story is well worth reading—the real life story of a plucky, industrious, home-loving boy.

At the age of eleven years I was employed by a farmer, who paid me \$1 a week. This was the first money, that I had ever earned. My father died shortly before the Christmas of that year, and then the only prospect for support of my mother and three little sisters was the poor farm. I was determined that they should never go there, and with this in mind I worked, and worked with a will and a determination to support them. I knew that to be able to do this it was necessary for me to take care of my health, and I did. A more careful boy than I was at that time it would have been difficult to find.

Allow me to tell you that one year from that Christmas we were all living comfortably, and to my baby sister, who was then nearly two years old, I gave a little rattle that cost 3c. My older sisters received 10c worth of pencils and paper, and to my mother I gave a pair of much needed shoes, while I presented myself with a pair of overalls. Then I had left \$11.37c. I bought a heifer for \$10, and with the balance twelve chickens. This was my first year's salary work, and all I could show for it was twelve chickens and one cow, but, best of all, our little family was well provided for.

The next year I was re-employed by Mr. Thompson, with my salary increased to \$1.75c a week. I'll admit that Mr. Thompson was very kind to me, allowing me to spend every Sunday with my folks and during the evenings teaching me the common school branches and bookkeeping. I'll assure you that when the next Christmas arrived I felt like a great man. My sisters received nicer playthings; to my mother I gave a dress, and when we were all provided for the festive day, I had \$33. In hard cash left, one cow and about one hundred chickens. If you had seen me then, as I stood in my \$4.75c suit, you would have thought me a man possessing one-half of that township!

I had noticed the boys of my age used tobacco and always tantalized me for not being man enough to take a chew with them. I always would show when this vexed a stiff upper lip, brace my backbone and say one decisive "No," which soon settled the difficulty. Those boys boasted of using at least \$5. worth of tobacco a year. When I heard this I decided to put away \$5. a year, which I deposited in our county savings bank. Out of the \$28, I had left I bought three calves at \$8. apiece and gave my mother the balance.

I was employed by Mr. Thompson again, he agreeing to pay me \$125. for the next year. I worked for him six years, every year at an increased salary. At my twentieth birthday I owned a small farm and a herd of fine cattle. My mother and sisters took care of the farm and I drew a yearly salary of \$800. As a bookkeeper in the bank where I deposited my tobacco money. My mother and sisters were as contented as I could make them. I discovered other fields where I could

organized a long-needed library in our town, pledging myself to give \$100 a year for the maintenance of the same. In connection with this I organized an evening school, where those whose circumstances had not permitted them to gain any knowledge could imbibe learning during evenings.

I am now twenty-five years old and do not draw any more salary, for I am the sole proprietor of a well-paying manufacturing establishment and own six hundred and forty acres of land. I still pay \$100. a year to the library and am willing to increase it if more is needed. I continue to deposit my \$5. a year tobacco money, which I have decided shall be the foundation of an anti-tobacco institute to be organized in our town.

A GIRL AND HER WORK

It may seem somewhat paradoxical to say that a girl may take too much interest in her work, but it is nevertheless true. Of course, there is the class of girl (and she might be called almost typical she is so numerous) who is merely poised, so to speak, on her position temporarily, waiting until she shall flutter away to a husband and a home, but there is also the girl who becomes so wrapped up in her work that only on the rarest occasion can she take a peep beyond the narrow horizon that bounds it. She works early and late until she is practically a nervous wreck, and is imposed upon quite as a matter of course.

Of course, it is a truism that she who wishes to succeed must put her whole heart into her work. This is self-evident. But there is a sane and safe level between neglecting one's work and a living for that and nothing else. The good worker should also be the good player, and above all she should learn to drop her work when she leaves the office or schoolroom or workshop, and learn to take an interest in something outside her own little base of operations.

People quickly get the habit of avoiding as if she were a pestilence the girl who is constantly quoting the "boss" or bragging of the quantity or quality of the work she does. The amusing

things that happen at the office are legitimate subjects for conversation, and will be welcomed when recounted at home or at the boarding house, but the purely business details contain as a rule not the least glimmering of interest for the outsider.

This kind of girl becomes rather a nuisance to the "boss" himself, in time, for she is always ready to take offense at anything which she considers a slight. Many girls undergo real suffering by having certain work which they were in the habit of doing given to some one else when it should have been regarded as a relief and a kindness done to them. The girls who can think of nothing but clothes, and who will suddenly break into any conversation with some irrelevant remark as to tucks and gathers or box plait, and demand that you shall give your opinion regarding the same, is pretty bad, worse, perhaps, than the girl who thinks too much of her work, but the latter is nevertheless bad enough.—Catholic Telegraph.

ST. FRANCIS' LITTLE BIRDS

Of all birds, St. Francis of Assisi used to say that he best loved the crested lark, because she wore a hood like a true religious, and praised God so sweetly as she flew into the sky. The night before he died, after a rain that had washed clean the earth, a multitude of these little birds flew to the house where he lay, and, wheeling in a circle over the roof, sang as if they, too, were praising the Lord and welcoming "Brother Death."

The Catholic boy should be manly, straightforward, possessed of pure thoughts and clean of speech; he should be honest; in a word, he should be a young Christian gentleman, ready to rebuke every attempt to make light of religion, always prepared to battle for the right, a true cadet in the army of the Lord—a boy who can be held up as a shining example of what the true religion of Jesus Christ will make of the youth of the land.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquaintance is that of good books.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE MOST PERFECT MADE ROYAL YEAST CAKES

CHURCHES IN SCOTLAND AND MORAL DEGRADATION

Under the heading "The Churches and Moral Degradation," an article in the Scotsman (principal daily paper of Scotland) tells of the forces which impel the Protestant churches to union. The writer does not mince words (remarks the Catholic Herald, from which we quote). He is perfectly candid. "It is," says he, "the growing mass of the religiously indifferent and the problem of social misery which is summoning the churches most loudly to 'close the ranks.' The committee who draw up reports for church courts have an amazing power of self-deception, but not even church courts can deceive themselves as to the condition of religion at present in this country. The testimony of history is that wherever the religious restraints lose its power, there the people become a prey to the forces of moral degradation. A report has been issued lately regarding the moral state of Glasgow, which shows that vice has increased to an alarming extent in that

of shepherding the thousands? Can't be the case that the condition of things on which attention has been concentrated in Glasgow is a condition not applicable to Glasgow alone, and yet the churches raise not their testimony, and look on without power, because their energy is dissipated through disunion? It is these questions, and questions such as these, which the people of Scotland will ask of the churches, and asking, will require an answer." The Protestant churches of Scotland will not give satisfactory answers to these questions. Only in the "One Fold and under the One Shepherd" can a solution be found of the problem presented by the Scotsman writer.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

To show unhappiness is to court unpopularity. Our little world is full of folk who want to be diverted. If one's grief is so real and great that it is impossible to show a bright face to the crowd, it is better to have it out in solitude and silence, and to seek the cure of some close application to work of hand or brain before we seek the society of our fellow-creatures. Blessed are they, after all, who must work, whether they will or not, for they have little time for self pity or morbid complaining. Sorrows are made bearable by the fulfilment of the task of the day. We have seen many an illness, not organic, of course, overcome by the worker's need to take thought for those about her, and to be astrid, betimes to earn the household bread.—Katherine E. Conway.

Seldom See ABSORBINE A big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch of bruisers on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

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