## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Marshal Field was always studying his employees and trying to read their futures. Nothing escaped his keen eye. Even when those about him did not know that he was thinking of them, he was taking their measure at every he was taking their measure at every opportunity. His ability to place men, to weigh and measure them, to pierce all pretense, amounted to genius. When he missed a man from a certain counter, he would often ask his manager what had become of him. When told that he wont of him. When told that he was promoted, he would keep track of him until he missed him again, and then would ask where he was. He always wanted to see how near the man came to his estimate of him. He thus kept track of men of promise in his employ and watched their advancement. In this way, he became an expert in human nature reading.

Mr. Field would sometimes pick out a man for a position when his advisers would tell him that they thought he had made a mistake; but he was nearly always right, because he had greater power of discernment than the others. He did not pay much attention to the

He did not pay much attention to the claims of the applicant or to what he said, because he could see through the surface and measure the real man. He had wonderful power for taking a man's mental caliber. He could see in which direction his strength lay, and he could see his weak points as few men could.

A man who had been his general an wan on an oven his general man ger for many years, once resigned very suddenly to go into business for himself. Without the slightest tesita-tion or concern, Mr. Field called to his office a man whom he had been watching for a long time without letting the man know it. With very few wor he made him general manager. And so great was his confidence that he had measured the man correctly, that the very next day he sailed for Europe. He did not think it necessary to wait and see how his new manager turned out. He believed he had the right man and that he could trust him. He was not disappointed. Men who are capable of succeeding in a large way are shrewd enough to know that they do not "know it all," shrewd enough to employ men who are strong where they are weak, to surround themselves with men who have the ability which they lack, who can supplement their weakness and shortcomings with strength and ability. Thus, in their combined power, they make an effective force. Why Schie Men of Great Ability Fail,

The trouble is that many men, be-cause of their inability to read human nature duplicate their own weaknesses in their employees, thus multiplying their chances of failure. Few men are able to see their own weaknesses and limita-tions, and those who do not, surround themselves with men who have the same weak links in their character, and the result is that their whole institu-

tion is weak.

The leader must not only be a good judge of others, but he must also be able to read himself, to take an invent ory of his own strong points and weak

Men have often been elected to high office or to fill very important positions at the head of great concerns because of their recognized ability, who have disappointed the expectations of those disappointed the expectations of those who placed their hopes in them, simply because they could not read people. They may have been well educated, well posted, strong intellectually, may have had a great deal of general ability; but they lacked the skill to read men, to measure them, to weigh them, to place them where they belonged.

gance, and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Three things to like — Cordiality, good-humor, and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid—ldleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate — Good books, good friends, and good humor.

books, good friends, and good humor.
These things to contend for—Honor,

Three things to content.

Three things to govern — Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Two things to think of—Death and eternity.

The Bravest Fight.

If it is praiseworthy to fight for our altars, home and country, how much more sublime is it to fight against our wore sublime is it to ngin against our evil inclinations, desires and temptations. It is true our valor will not shine before men, there will not be the external glamour attendant upon the strife of the battlefield, but God in the strife who watches the contact be strife of the natification, but God in heaven, who watches the contest be-tween His grace and our corrupt in-clinations, will bless and cheer us on to victory.—Catholic Sun.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the worship rendered to the love of Jesus for men; and it is also a devotion eminently fitted for enkindling and maintaining our love for our Blessed Master and Redeemer Jesus Christ, and for the souls He came to save. To His broken and bleeding Heart what can we give except the entire and unreserved offering of our own heart, to serve Him and our fellow-men with a love in some degree like His? Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A SALUTE

It was only a small thing apparently, but the sum of small things makes a world. Experience shows us this; and many a trifling incident acts and react many a trilling incident acts and reacts the largest and highests interests. So when Harry Watson raised his hat in reverence as he passed the Church door, he little dreamed what would hang from

the chain whose first link he forged that

A knot of young men stood at a street corner for a final word before setting out homeward after their days' Their discussions were neither deep nor very serious, and they soon parted. Three of them with whom we are most concerned, passed up the street, and their chatter ebbed and dowed on sport and amusement. and again they saluted friends are and again they sautted friends at a acquaintances, also homeward bound, and many a half curious glance was directed at the stranger, for Harry Watson had only arrived a few days before on relieving duty at the bank whilst his companions were almost uni

versally known.

There was a luli in the chatter when There was a lull in the coachanically Harry raised his hat. Mechanically Harry raised theirs. "Hullo his companions raised theirs. "Hullo, Watson," said one of them—Phil Norris—"who is your lady friend? I thought you were a stranger to all here, and did not rejoice in any lady's

acquaintance."
"Which lady?" asked Harry, sur-"That's what I want to know," re-joined Norris—" the lady you salut-

"I did not salute any lady," said

Harry, still surprised.
"But you raised your hat to some one," chimed in Jack Richardson.
"for I know I followed suit."

Harry was silent. The others looked curiously at their companions, and Norris laughingly rallied him. "We seem to have stumbled on a budding romance or something, and certainly your diffidence and hedging are now exyour diffidence and hedging are now ex citing our curiosity. Out with it, man; and if you need advice—"out of our mouths shall flow the words of wisdom."

Harry smiled. "You would not un-

"Too deep for us, eh! Well, let us have the opportunity of trying. "But," he hesitated, " of course if you have any reason, don't let our chaff worry you."

you. "Lest you imagine all kinds of mysteries," said Harry, "it was simply because we passed the Church. Naturally, I raised my hat. That was all.

Norris looked hard at him. "Didn't know you were a Catholic, Watson; and, besides, you have only been here three days, and how——"He stopped. "Oh, there is nothing strange in it, "said Harry. "You can generally tell a Catholic Church, and besides, I

tell a Catholic Church, and besides, I enquired when I came here."

"But anyway, even if you did pass your Church, why did you lift your hat," queried Richardson, inquisitively. "I know I pass the Church of England every day as I go to the office and never dream of lifting my hat. And I've never seen anyone else do it."

"Watson," said Norris, with mock solemnity, "you have been found guilty of deliberately inflaming our cariosity; and the sentence of the court is that you explain forthwith—

They may have been well educated, well posted, strong intellectually, may have had a great deal of general ability; but they lacked the skill to read men, to measure them, to weigh them, to place them where they belonged.

Grant was cut out for a general, a military leader; but when he got into the White House he felt out of place, he was shorn of his great power. He could not use his greatest ability. He was obliged to depend too much upon the advice of friends. The result was that, as President, he did not maintain the high reputation he had made as a general.

If he had had the same ability to read politicians and to estimate men for Government positions that he had for judging of military ability, he would have made a great President; but he felt his weakness in the position which he was not fitted by nature to fill and made the fatal mistake of putting himself into the hands of his friends.—O. S. M. in Success.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to admire—Intellect, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to admire—Intellect, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Time speeds on when there is work to do, and it is done honestly and conscientiously; and the three years that elapsed since Harry Watson paid his brief relieving visit North left him more mature indeed, but little changed. He had lately married and rented a He had lately married and rented a pretty residence in the suburbs with easy access to the city by the cable tram. Just now he was very busy at the annual balancing, and could snatch but a brief half-hour for lunch in town but a brief half-hour for funch in town.

As he was rather late, the crush was
over, and there was but one other at
the little table where he sat. He
glanced carelessly at him, but the face

glanced carelessly at him, but the face was unfamiliar, so he busied himself with the luncheon. His table companion—no other than Phil Norris—eyed him intently for a little time and at last broke the silence.

"I beg your pardon, but is your name Watson," he asked.

"Yes," said Harry, with a look of polite surprise.

Norris went on, "my name is Norris; I think I met you some years ago when you went North relieving, but you would hardly remember me. I was in the bank at B——"

Watson remembered, and after a pleasant reminiscent chat, invited him

out." And with a cordial shake hands they parted. As the tramswung round from King street past St. Mary's the two young men raised their hats quietly but reverently, and an old priest, a fellow passenger, murmured a "Bene dicite" on their manly faith.

Soon round the cosy table at Watson's home the time was passing pleasantly, and the friendly chat turned naturally to the visitor's impressions of Sydney. Norris was enthaliastic about everything. "It is simply magnificent and, with a smile, to a poor rustic like myself, an education. The Cathedral especially is beautiful and to me like great religious poem. It is an epic in stone. "Watson cordially assented Yes and though to me so familiar, its beauty seems ever to grow more and

beauty seems ever to grow more ammore upon me—though I am prosaic enough. I did not know you were a Catholic," he added, "till I saw you raise your hat at St. Mary's."

"Do you know, Mrs. Watson," said Phil turning to his hostess, "that, Phil turning to his hostess, "that, humanly speaking, it is to your husband I owe my Catholic faith: for I only entered the Catholic fold some two years ago."

"To me! " ejaculated his host. Norris smiled, and went on quietly but earnestly. "Yes to you and so you may realize my pleasure at our meeting today." Then he recalled the little incide t of three years ago in the Northey town. Northern town. "The silent homage of the act," he went on, "more telling than any words had made an impression on me; and when some days later we passed the Church as usual on our way passed the Church as usual on our way home, Richardson spoke of you, and I found he too had been thinking of it. I suggested we should go in, more for curiosity than anything else, and for the first time we entered a Catholic Church. The little lamp burning there, solitary in the stillness seemed there, solitary in the stillness seemed there, solitary in the stillness seemed to suggest permanent and continuous homage to a Presence—just as your act was a passing one—and though the building itself and fittings seemed mean and foor compared to our own, it seemed to have something ours lacked. Well, we came away, but the impression remained deep seated in us. To make it more than an impression or to put it aside altogether, I determined to go into the Catholic question seriously; and—to be brief—after some little trials and difficulties, God was very good to me and gave me the grace of faith. I was received into the Church; and as I said, I look gratefully

Church; and as I said, I look gracefully on you as the one who first turned my steps into the right path. " There was a pause. Mrs. Watson— g.od little soul—was beaming; her eyes a little misty but glowing with joy. On Watson's face ther was a graver look

than usual. "What of Richardson, " he asked. "He is not yet a Catholic, I regret to say, but every day he tends more and more, and as he is engaged to be married to a good Catholic convinced it is only a matter of a very

short time now."
Then they chatted about other things, till Norris had to leave. Watson went down to the tram with him.
"Well, Norris," he said, "you have outstripped Richardson in one thing; take a leaf out of his book in another.
Marry a good Catholic girl, and when you are on your wedding trip don't for-get to come and see us."

"I do not intend to marry," he an-"Not marry! Nonsense, man. Why

"Well I am only waiting to arrange matters, and then I leave for Rome to study for the priesthood. Good-bye!"

When Norris's plans were told her, Mrs. Watson fairly beamed with joy on her husband. "Oh! Harry, isn't it splendid. And to think he owes the splendid. And to think he owes the beginning to you. Didn't I always say you were so good—the best man in the world, "she oried enthusiastically, "I am afraid I am very far from it; and my part was but a small one though great things did result." Anyway, he went on earnestly. "even if my actions should not be a stimulant to good for others, I hope at least that never an act or duty omitted on my part may prove a stumbling block or hindrance in another man's way to truth or a bet. in another man's way to truth or a bet-ter life. "

Is there a needed lesson here?—Bris-

WHO SAVED THE SCRIPTURES.

CARDINAL MORAN OF AUSTRALIA SHOWS WORK OF IRISH MONKS OF OLD IN COPYING SACRED MS. AND REBUILDING CIVILIZATION.

REBUILDING CIVILIZATION.
Recently, at Sydney, New South
Wales, the Ancient Order of Hibernians presented Cardinal Moran with a
handsome sum to be used in promoting
the study of Irish history and language
in the parochial schools.
In thanking the Hibernians the great
scholar and venerable Cardinal said
that the history and language of Ireland
were matters which deserved attention.
A university in Germany had a special

were matters which deserved attention. A university in Germany had a special chair for the study of the Celtic language, and in Manchester and Liverpool they had similar chairs. In the United States several universities recognized that the study of the Celtic language held an important place, and as to Irish history no higher ideal could be presented to the students of the present day. In the early days, continued his Eminence, Ireland was studded with seats of learning, piety, and enlightenment, from which true studded with seats of learning, piety, and enlightenment, from which true civilization was spread through distant lands. His Eminence quoted from the writings of Lady Ferguson, a Protestant lady, who was distinguished for her ability in the pursuit of literature and science, and who said:

"The Irish monks were the transcributed whose means of Holy

Norris went on, "my name is Norris;
I think I met you some years ago when you went North relieving, but you would hardly remember me. I was in the bank at B—."

Watson remembered, and after a pleasant reminiscent chat, invited him out for supper. "If you are not otherwise engaged and could manage. I would be very pleased to have you come out this evening to supper."

"I should be very glad indeed."

"Well then that's settled," sald Harry. "Meet me at the King street treasures, evincing the most refined perception of grace and beauty, with delicacy of execution, which has never been surpassed, and place Iraliand, between the fifth and ninth centuries—a period when Western Europe was sunk in barbarism—among the foremost seats of plety and learning, and in a position, as regards the arts of

and ecclesiastical object, unapproached by any of the nations of Christendom."

Such was glorious evidence of the perfection attained in Irish history in the early days. It was from the Irish missionaries that most of the Anglo-Saxons received the blessings of the Christian faith, and missionaries went forth from the Irish churches and sanctuaries bringing the blessings of enlight ment and truth to most of the nations of Europe. nations of Europe.

## IGNORANCE AND ATHEISM.

It is not Science that threatens Chris tianity, writes M. Lacombe, in that ignorance which Bossnet called most dangerous of the sicknesses of the soul, and the origin of all others. yet on all sides we find the self-styled atheist and the "esprit fort" assure us that human faith in supernatural revelation is making its last vain fight against the irreststible truths of cold

There was a time when one of the greatest thinkers the world has known, leclared the same sentiments. This was Taine, who in the latter days when he asserted that if France regain her ol prestige and her happi-ness, it behooved her to destroy what had brought about their loss, namely, wake up hard. Don't m

materialism and atheism.
"These new dectrines kill, I will admit;" he exclaimed, "but they do not regenerate. Do not listen to those superficial minds that pretend to a deep philosophy, simply because they have found, like Voltaire, certain difficulties in Christianity. Measure your process in Philosophy by the veneration gress in Philosophy by the veneration it creates within you for the religion of

the Gospel."

There can be no question of the greatness of Taine's intellect. He must rank with thinkers like Goethe.

Lessing and Newman in point of sheer it tellectuality, and it is consequently not surprising that he had courage enough to avow in after years, that his carly atheism grew out of his ignorance. the Gospel." early atheism grew out of his ignorance of the teachings of the Christian faith; that as he put it, he declared sgainst Christianity after perusing one of the Epistles in the New Testament.

There came a time, nevertheless, when his artificial ideology was insuf ficient of itself to explain to him the mysterious evolution of history and politics, by processes whice defied human analysis, and the origins of which he could only refer to a Supernatural Mind which constituted the Absolute, after which he had so long been the most indefatigable of searchers. It was then that he addressed himself to young minds counselling them that Christianity was not only the sole hope of man's regeneration, but that a nega-tian of it involved a negation of Art and Knowledge, and invited the stulti fication of the human mind. Of all the striking examples of return to the early truths, that of Taine is the most

prominent. Yet, says M. Lacombe, if ignorance of Christian teaching is excessive among those who combat it, is it less so among those who profess it? The spec-tacle which the French nation presents at this moment in its tragic would unfailingly show that the dis-ease among the people is not only a moral one, but an intellectual phemoral one, but an intellectual phe-nomenon. Here we have an eruption of satanic implety which is based up-on assertions by wilfully distorted minds and of which no proofs have minds and of which no proofs been asked by those most affected.

A century of philosophy seems to be about to start in which scientific truth is to be sought to the exclusion of all other truths, and if it be not arrested, Christian beliefs, already wavering in the minds of many, must be entirely

gether without fear and with the spirit of peace in their hearts. Of science he only asked research in good faith and not the declaration of scientific dogma based upon assumptions alone. Scientific experiments and inventions have produced nothing absoluts. Nothing that science has accomplished of itself has provided men with light or consolation in the dark hours of the human has provided men with light or consola-tion in the dark hours of the human pilgrimage. For two thousand years, there has been but one certainty and one truth, namely, the influence of the doctrine of Christ.—N. Y. Freeman's Jongnal.

If thou carry thy cross willingly, it will carry thee, and bring thee to thy desired end; to wit, to that place where there shall be an end of suffering, though here will be none.



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WHEN YOU ASK FOR

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

HE PUT HIM OFF.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about 6 o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I about a said to the said of t portant that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind it I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "I shall be did, sah!"

The next meaning the actin gives may

The next morning the coin giver was awakened by a stentorian voice call

ing, "Rochester!"
"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting
up. "Where's the porter?" Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up,

with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn a d his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jump-ing, at his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman dat give me a

"We dollah gold piece?"
"Of course I was, you idiot!"
"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who
was the gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

God does not ask too much of us. We may be all willing to die for Him. b.t He makes no such demand. He but He makes no such demand. He only requiries that we succeed in living for Him. Whatever our path in life may be, along the easy roads of the valley, or scaling the tortuous and difficult ascents of the world's mountains, we must athere steadfastly to the work hears are as to as the armine in done. work before us, so as to arrive in due time at a glorious immortality.

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