

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Beaten Before He Began. Not long ago a young man came into my office to solicit a subscription for a publication. I could see at a glance, before he had fairly introduced his subject, that he was covered all over with defeat. His very attitude, his manner, said to me, "I have come in here to get your subscription for me, but I do not expect to get it. I know you are a very busy man, and I do not wish to take your time or to impose upon you."

Nobody likes the Uriah Heep kind of solicitor who spends half his time apologizing for taking your valuable time. The important thing for the solicitor is to get the prospective customer into such a position that it will not be too easy for him to turn him down.

He should have great confidence in himself, and in the thing he has to sell. He must carry conviction in his manner. Hesitancy, doubt, indecision are fatal. Courage is as important to a solicitor as to an animal tamer, who has to guard very carefully against the slightest signs of fear. To hesitate in the cage of an unbroken lion or tiger is to be lost. Even if unable to get an order, a solicitor should win a man's respect and admiration. He should, by a masterly bearing, meet customers on a plane of equality.

A friend of mine, a shrewd business man, says a solicitor came to his office recently whose face was so radiant with interest in his purpose, and so bubbling over with enthusiasm, that he won confidence and admiration at the very outset. My friend gave the young man an order for what he did not want, because he liked him.

The ability to size a man up at a glance is a great art, and the solicitor must learn its secret. He may not see his prospective customer more than five minutes, and within that time he must bring all his ingenuity, all his tact, his skill, and his former experience to a focus. He can not stop to do much thinking, and it does not matter how much ability he may have, if he can not concentrate it quickly and make it effective, he will not get the order.

The Sun-dial's Motto.

If you want your life to run without friction, adopt the sun-dial's motto: "I record now but hours of sunshine." What a great thing it would be if we could only learn that the art of wiping out of our memories forever everything that is unpleasant, everything which brings up bitter memories and unfortunate associations and depressing, discouraging suggestions, would double and quadruple our happiness and power! If we could only keep the mind filled with beautiful thoughts, thoughts which uplift and encourage, the efficiency of our lives would be multiplied many times.

No mind can do good work when clouded with unhappy thoughts. The mental sky must be clear or there can be no enthusiasm, no brightness, clearness, or efficiency in our mental work. If you would do the maximum of which you are capable, keep the mind filled with cheerful, uplifting thoughts. Bury everything that makes you unhappy and discordant, everything that cramps your freedom, that worries you, before it buries you.

Man was not made to express discord, but harmony; to express beauty, truth, love, and happiness; wholeness, not halfliness; completeness, not incompleteness. The mental temple was not given us for the storing of low, base, mean things. It was intended for the abode of the gods, for the treasuring of high purposes, grand aims, noble aspirations. It does not take very long to learn that the good excludes the bad; that the higher always shuts out the lower; that the grander excludes the lesser, the lower. The good is more than a match for the bad.—Success.

The Obstacles to Success.

When a boy tells me that he just years for an education, that he longs to go to college, but that he has no one to help him as other boys have, that if he had a rich father to send him to college, he could make something of himself, I know perfectly well that that boy does not yearn for an education, but that he would simply like to have it if it could be gotten without much effort. He does not long for it as Lincoln did. When a boy, to-day, says that he can not go to college, though deaf, dumb and blind girls manage to get it, I know that he has such a knack of seeing difficulties that he will not only miss college, but will probably also miss most of what is worth while in life.

The young man who, after making up his mind what he wants to do in the world, begins to hunt up obstacles in his path, to magnify them, to brood over them until they become mountains, and then to wait for new ones to develop, is not a man to take hold of great enterprises. The man who stops to weigh and consider every possible danger or objection never amounts to anything. He is a small man, made for little things. He walks around an obstacle, and goes as far as he can easily, but when the going gets hard he stops.

The strong man, the positive, decisive soul who has a program, and who is determined to carry it out, cuts his way to his goal regardless of difficulties. It is the wobbler, the weak-kneed man, the discouraged man, who turns aside, and takes a crooked path to his goal and fails. Men who achieve things, who get things done, do not spend time haggling over perplexities, or wondering how they will ever be able to surmount the obstacles that lie in their path to success. They "get busy" determined to succeed, obstacles or no obstacles, and they keep on undaunted until success is achieved. Don't fix your gaze on the obstacles to success but on the goal that you want to reach.

Call for Highest.

Hard work. Anything which is really worth doing calls for every grain of grit and every ounce of pluck which a man has in his composition. Anything less than the utmost is inadequate for the highest.

But do our young men like work sufficiently to respond to this requirement? It is a question. Here and there we find a solitary specimen keeping alive the glorious tradition that the student is a man who works half the night, and sometimes all of it, with a wet towel round his head.

Are we much better read, as a community, than our forebears, now that the loftiest thoughts of the noblest writers may be bought for a few cents? This, too, is a question.

We are athletic to-day; we go in for physical culture, and so forth. All well and good when kept in its right place. But is it? To measure well round the biceps, to do the "hat trick," or gracefully to kick a goal with half a team at one's heels, is of more consequence to many young men, it is to be feared, than tearing the heart out of a good book with its deep meanings and high conceptions for a nation's life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIREPLACE.

The light from the blazing logs in the old-fashioned fireplace enabled the family to do without a candle for the greater part of the evening. They were very poor, so that this meant a slight saving; but anyway, when the kind of better illumination which the kind of wood to be done was accomplished well enough with what the logs furnished?—all except what Jim was trying to do, and that did not count with his father.

Sprawled out on the hearth was the figure of an overgrown boy. Differently situated, he might have been called a young man, for he was eighteen and large for his age; but there was still with him much more of the boy than the man in appearance and action. To the grief of Mr. Mason, Jim was "everlastingly doin' some figgerin'." Down the mountain side two miles was the shabby school-house where he had been attending school for a few months each year, until this winter his father declared he had enough "schoolin'," and it was decided that hereafter he must put in his time working.

But the mischief was done this last year. He had been showing a taste for greater knowledge, especially in commercial calculations, and the teacher had given him a book of business forms and an old commercial arithmetic. Since then every spare moment had been utilized to master the contents, especially during the evenings when the fire was burning brightly. He was busily engaged now with a short leadpencil and some coarse wrapping paper when his father spoke.

"Seems to me," he said impatiently, "you might be doin' something that would amount to something, and not spend your time wearin' your eyes out in that flickerin' light. If you ain't got nothin' else to do, go to bed and sleep, so's to be ready in the mornin' to help me take that cow down to the butcher's."

Jim slowly folded his paper and shut his book. Then he gathered himself up and stood before his father. "Do I ever shirk my work?" he asked firmly. "Why, no," was the surprised answer. "Don't I do my work just as well as Dave?"

"Yes." "Then I wish you'd let me do this other too. I like it, and I believe the more I learn of it the better I can do any kind of work."

"Well, now, look here"—Mr. Mason spoke as if he were uttering a clincher—"if you ever show me that you can make an extra dollar out of it, I'll give you an' let you alone, but until you do, I'll believe you're doin' nothin' but wearin' out your eyesight."

Jim went off to bed, and in the morning he and his father drove a fat cow down to the "Corners," where a meat peddler had engaged to take the animal. He looked the creature over critically, and then said: "She's pretty small, and not over and above fat. I'll give you four and three-quarters for her, and that's every cent she's worth."

Mr. Mason knew little of the market value of cattle, and accepted. She was weighed, and tipped the scale at eight hundred and forty-three pounds. After a lot of figuring the butcher announced the result as—"Thirty-nine dollars is about as high as we can get at it," and tendered the money.

"That isn't quite right, sir," Jim spoke up quickly, to the surprise of his father, who was extending his hand for the cash, but who now drew it back. "What do you know about it?" the butcher asked sharply. He was not very accurate in his calculations, but his dealings were mostly with people who were still less so, and he resented Jim's assertion, although not prepared to dispute it until he found out how much the boy knew. Jim had it all figured out and showed him where he made his mistake, and before some time and argument, and because they were through several people had gathered from the corner store, among them the proprietor. The latter was appealed to by the butcher, who did not want to lose prestige, to decide who was right. The storekeeper was not very rapid, but after some laborious work he gave his decision in Jim's favor.

Corners the storekeeper had an earnest conversation with him, and when he went home he said to his son:

"Jim, old man Daniels thinks the way you straightened out that meat peddler the other day was about right. He says he'll give you \$10 a month 'n' board to come, and help him in the store. Want to go?"

"O father, may I?" and the light shining in his face told the story of his eagerness. "Well, I reckon that's goin' to be the sort o' thing you're fit for, so you may as well take it to fit as last," and the father's satisfaction at the standing his boy had acquired at the Corners was evident.

Jim went to the store at the Corners. In two years he was a manly young fellow, who did nearly all the buying and keeping accounts. He then attracted the attention of a commercial traveler, who spoke of him to his firm, and who was directed to make him an offer.

"If you'll come to the city," he said, "and learn the wholesale end of the business you'll be in line for a good income. We'll give you \$10 a week to start, and there won't be any limit."

Jim accepted. He is getting \$25 a week now, with a good deal more in sight. He still employs his spare moments in adding to his information, and he is looked upon as something of an authority in certain directions. When asked how he got his training he is fond of replying:

"By the light of the old fireplace at home."—Milford W. Foshy in Our Young People.

THE CAREER IN THE ROMAN CONGREGATIONS.

The Pontifical constitution of our Holy Father, Pius X., regulating the work of the Roman Congregations, as announced by cable last week, brings these administrative bodies in a very special way before the public mind. Most of the older Congregations owe their institution and ample form to Sixtus V., who ruled the church from 1585 to 1590, and who has left the impress of his practical mind upon these agencies of administrative power into whose keeping he distributed the burden of governing the Universal Church.

In the Bull of institution he says: "We have determined to parcel out the burden of the Pontificate—a burden to be dreaded by the shoulders even of angels—among the Senators of the world, Our Brethren the Cardinals; and this by a fitting distribution in accordance with the circumstances of the time, the amount and variety of business, and considerations of utility."

When one considers that the Church is a vast organization, world-wide in its domain, having its legislative, judiciary and executive functions, as any well-ordered society; to achieve the end and object of its existence; the number and variety of laws which are necessary to regulate the external as well as the internal life of its members; the diverse and complex circumstances of human action not only in the domain of faith and morals, but also in the sphere of external worship and sacramental ministrations as well as in the many situations in life into which the moral enters as a necessary element; the application of these laws to differing conditions and circumstances, cases of which continually come up for judgment from the ever-changing arena of human activity; the manifold relations which the Church has with governments and peoples, with systems and philosophies which in various ways call into exercise her solicitude for the faith and laws of Christ, for her own divine constitution as well as for her own canons and disciplinary decrees, one may form some idea of the vast amount of business with its multiplicity of details which comes before her tribunal for adjudication and adjustment.

When one knows how many officials the United States employ to carry on the business of the government for about eighty millions of people, one cannot but be surprised at the comparatively small number that is required to administer the affairs of a Universal Church that counts over two hundred and fifty millions among her adherents. The reason is that the officials in the Curia for the most part spend their lives in its service.

Starting as simple clerks under the secretary of some Congregation they work day after day and year after year until they have become thoroughly conversant with the subject matter that comes before them for consideration. They secure in time such a grasp of principles and such a thorough acquaintance with the forms and modes of procedure proper to their line of work that they become proficient in the greatest system of administrative and judicial government ever devised by man—a system that has behind it the wisdom of centuries and that has been tried and tested by a varied experience such as few institutions have.

Other officials on the various congregations both from the regular and secular clergy have had a long training as professors in the subject matter which comes under the scope of the Congregation to which they are appointed as consultants, and this theoretical knowledge in which they have been deeply grounded from years of teaching is wonderfully clarified by actual contact with practical questions and problems the solution of which brings into play the principles of the science of which they have been the exponents, and they become scientific experts of the first order in their special department of knowledge.

Many of these men afterwards become Cardinals and are assigned to the various Congregations where they ensure the opportunity of putting into practice their superior grade of experience which they have acquired. This training continued through years gives them a peculiar ability to deal with questions which come before them and to expedite in a way impossible to the novice the business whether administrative or judicial of the Church.

Rome is a great training school of such men and is constantly producing

the thoroughly equipped official for the different tribunals and governing boards of a world-wide system. This normal production of a special type, verified only in Rome, gives the answer to the complaint that is often found in the public press regarding the preponderance of the Italian element in the Sacred College and in the membership of the Church's central administrative bodies.

That state of affairs must necessarily be so; and prejudicial to the best interests of the Church only in the minds of the uninitiated and undiscerning. When the representatives of other nations will make the sacrifice of living in the Roman atmosphere long enough to acquire that universal view, free from local coloring and prejudice, which is the Roman's by inheritance and of submitting to the long course of discipline which is necessary to fit themselves for office in the high collegiate bodies of the Church then there may be some ground for complaint, should they not receive proper recognition. But until that time comes all such murmuring are unreasonable.

Nor does the Church meanwhile suffer. The officials of the Congregations living at the very centre and source of world-wide power acquire what may be called the ecumenical view as opposed to that which is local and narrow; their minds are so accustomed to regard the merits of the question and to reason from principles that they gain the mental equipoise so necessary for the man of affairs; the tradition of the Roman Church invariably preserving the faith throughout the centuries cultivates in them the temperament that is proof against mere human considerations, and all these qualities of the official membership make the Roman Congregations the most impartial and effective tribunals that we have in the world to-day.—Boston Pilot.

ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE.

Any E. Campbell in Toronto Globe. No one, of all the hurrying crowd, noticed how sad-eyed and almost desolate the little newsboy looked. A girl with sunny hair and blue eyes came along and he met her with papers upheld, for he liked her face.

"Paper, miss?" What a world of pleading in the little tired voice, and wide wistful eyes! "Why, little man!" she exclaimed, pausing—"I don't want a paper, but—" glancing down, she seized the violets on her muff—"perhaps you like flowers"—and she slipped them into his hand with a coin.

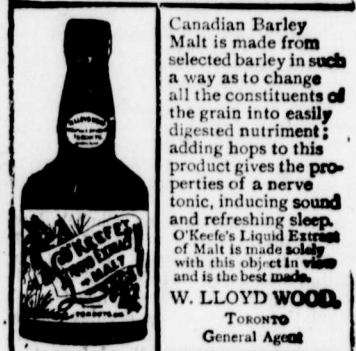
"My muzzer's eyes were just like yours!" he confided to her. "An' with a sob, 'she's dead!" "Tears stole into the girl's eyes as she patted him sympathetically. "Is she, dearie? Tell me all about it, and you'll feel better."

"Ain't you in a hurry?" "No," she said, with a smile. "Here an' me was all there was of our family," he explained, eagerly. "I sold papers, and she went out washin' and we had such a cozy, wee home, an'—here his voice broke—"she took sick and died, so awful quick—I ain't got 'ust to it yet."

"How long ago, dearie boy?" "Just two weeks to-day. But, say, with brightening eyes, "I got her some flowers. They wasn't very sprog-lookin' ones, but I think she'd be glad 'cause she loved 'em so. After a pause—"She smiled all the time after she was so still. I kin see her yet!" "And where do you live now?"

"I've ben livin' there where she died, but I'll have to get out, 'cause it costs so, and I ain't had any luck sence—sence she went—'cause my throat aches so I can't holler. But I musn't keep you—good-bye—thanks for the flowers." And before the girl could say anything more he was lost in the surging throng. "Poor wee mite!" she murmured as she went her way.

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That night a tired newsboy sobbed himself to sleep in a lonely, bare little room. "Wasn't her eyes blue, tho'—just like muzzer's—and the violets—" here he kissed the faded blue things—"An' her pretty hair! She just come in time, I was so hungry I would have stole something soon—ain't I glad she did come, I couldn't do anything mean now, after seein' her."

Methodists on Fasting.

"Fasting is conducive to seriousness." It is a temporary subordination of the flesh to the spirit; if rightly understood it is a withdrawal from the sensuous to the spiritual. There was a time in the history of the Methodist church when the Friday preceding the quarterly meeting was observed as a day of fasting. It gave the people a seriousness of mind. The quarterly meeting was not only a business meeting but a great spiritual feast. Business was done, the less prominent, but the spiritual matters of the charge were more effectually emphasized. The result was a deepening of the Christian faith.—California Christian Advocate (M. E.)

PROVERB MAKERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT MEN WHO TELL THE TRUTH IN A WAY THAT COMPELS ATTENTION. One of those offensive persons who insist upon writing maxims for copy-books and epigrams for forensic quotation announced upon one occasion that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well. Of course it is true. All these proverbs are. But how few live up to the ideal set forth! Some manufacturers do, and some do not. But there is at least one firm in Toronto that has the proverb posted in its collective hat. The characteristics of the Gourlay Piano prove that Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming know how to build a piano and build it as well as they know. Not only is the case designed artistically, but the materials used are the best that money can buy. The workmanship is unexcelled. There is such a solidity of "backing" for the sound board and for the pins that the piano stays in tune and can withstand any climate. There are Gourlay pianos in China and South Africa in good playing condition when other instruments have simply tumbled apart owing to extremes of heat alternated with much moisture. Perhaps it is this solidity of construction which aids in the production of that rich resonance of tone which is such a feature of the Gourlay. Whatever be the reason, it is certain that no other Canadian piano is richer in its tone quality or more even in its scale. Musicians of experience and reputation join in praising it as a distinct credit to Canada.

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