

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DISSATISFIED MAN

You are not altogether satisfied with yourself, with others, with your environment, with conditions. Nobody is satisfied. Neither you nor anybody else will ever be completely satisfied. Full satisfaction leads to stagnation. The satisfied man is a fool, intoxicated with his own satisfaction, never sober enough to do more than stagger along the road of life.

The complete optimist is no better than the contented pig in the well-kept sty. Regulated dissatisfaction, dissatisfaction based upon fact, is a forerunner of success.

There is, however, a wide gulf between legitimate dissatisfaction and that which consumes the chronic complainer, the disreputable knocker, and the everlasting kicker. Life is made up of affirmatives and negatives. One without the other is incomplete. The two properly blended are part of the composition of success.

The habitual complainer is an enemy to himself, and he is despised by all with whom he comes in contact. He is a failure at the start, and will be a failure as long as he indulges in chronic dissatisfaction.

Conversely, the complete optimist is dangerous to himself and a menace to society, because he does not know enough to get out of the rut or to keep from stumbling into holes.

Dissatisfaction has a value only when it spurs one on to better effort. When it deadens one's faculties, as it often does, and takes the gimp out of him, so to speak, it is an evil of the most virulent form.

Nobody likes the constant complainer. He has no friends. He does not occupy any position of responsibility, and he never will. He cannot manage himself or command others. He has no respect for himself and nobody respects him.

Everybody has troubles, and while every decent man is willing to help others, he cannot afford to give more than a part of his time to listening to complaints, and he should not give any of his time to those which are not legitimate ones and which he cannot assist in remedying.

Keep your troubles to yourself or confine them to your immediate friends. Ninety per cent. of trouble doesn't appear. It exists wholly in the mind.

Don't make a specialty of worrying. There is real trouble to worry about, and enough to keep you busy. Kick when there is something real to kick at. You will strain yourself and sprain your leg if you kick at nothing.—Catholic Columbian.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROWD Many a lad excuses his shortcomings and failings by saying "the crowd is doing it." Questioned as to his disrespect to parents and vulgarity of tongue the same response is given. Questioned as to his laxity in religious duties and contempt of morality again comes the invariable answer with the same self-satisfied smile, "the crowd is doing it."

Whatever goes wrong in his system, according to him, must be attributed to the crowd. What he says to a great extent is true but however not wholly so, for he can be independent of that crowd if he only has the desire, if he has a backbone of sufficient strength.

It is the nature of the boy to love companionship, to have not one but many friends. For a good game of ball, for a lively snow fight a number is required and so the boy must seek for others if he wishes to enjoy the finest and happiest period of his life.

Now in his neighborhood he will meet with boys of many varieties. He will meet the lad whose parents allow him to do pretty much as he pleases. He will meet the lad who prides himself on his ability to lie and who is not afraid to emphasize his remarks with an oath and who doesn't hesitate to repeat filthy stories. He will meet the lad who frankly speaks disrespectfully of father and mother and who delights to act older than he really is; and finally he will meet the lad who bears all the earmarks of a really good boy, namely, generosity, squareness, piety and a love of sports.

Let him join company with the first few mentioned lads and it will not be long before his own character will be formed in the same fashion. He may remain pure and good but the nature of a boy is very plastic and frequent association with bad company will work havoc with his soul and character. But let him seek the company of generous, square and good chums and he will unconsciously imbibe their good qualities and experience that supreme happiness which is the blessing of only the good boy.

It is sad to see a splendid chap degenerate in the company of those whose morals are loose, whose conduct is not above reproach for they will not long before he'll be saying when called to task by father or mother, "the crowd is doing it." Scolded for being a slave to such a set he will perhaps rejoin "it is too late to pull out, so I've got to stick." A little reflection on his part would show him it is not too late. A little good will on his part and a rejuvenation of his dormant moral courage would soon set him on his feet again and make him bid a final adieu to the "crowd."

A crowd has a strong influence but it can never force one to lose his own self respect, his own purity, his own integrity unless that one obeys its dictates and allows himself to be enslaved by it.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS "TIME" "Waste not moment, no, nor hours, For they are as the opening buds of flowers." How regardless of the value of each golden moment are some of our poor mortals.

How many of those priceless jewels are daily lost, never to be restored to the loser, no matter how great a reward he offers. Alas! that so many little away their time, never dreaming of the consequences which they have to suffer for having abused one of the greatest gifts which our bountiful Creator has bestowed upon us. God has given us "time" in which to prepare ourselves for the future.

A WISE SAYING Henry, a rich boy from the town, took a walk one day in spring to a neighboring farm-house, bought a bottle of milk for himself, set down on the grass under a shady tree, broke his bread into the milk, and made a most hearty meal.

Charley, a poor boy from the next village, who looked very thin and pale from sheer want and misery, was standing not far off, looking sadly on; he would gladly have had a share of it, but he was too modest to ask for any.

It occurred, too, to the rich Henry, that he ought to leave a little for the poor boy; but he turned a deaf ear to the good suggestion of his heart, and greedily ate on. When he had swallowed the whole of the milk, he observed a rhyme at the bottom of the bottle. He blushed as he read it, got the bottle filled again, and made them add to it a large piece of bread. He then kindly called poor Charley to him; broke the bread into the basin for him with his own hands and cordially wished him a good appetite.

"The saying," observed Henry, "which is in this bottle, ought to be inscribed in all the vessels of the rich." The saying read thus: "He who is deaf to other's woes, deserves not happiness to know."

TWELVE THINGS Twelve things to remember: One, the value of time; two, the success of perseverance; three, the pleasure of working; four, the dignity of simplicity; five, the worth of character; six, the power of kindness; seven, the influence of example; eight, the obligation of duty; nine, the wisdom of economy; ten, the virtue of patience; eleven, the improvement of talent; twelve, the joy of originating.—Marshall Field, Catholic Columbian.

It is man's chief blessedness that there lie in his nature, infinite possibilities of growth.—Bishop Spalding.

No musician can shape a melody as joyous as the laughter of a child happy in the morning sunlight.—Thomas a Kempis.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of a tin and a tray of biscuits. Text: "We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label. EWINGLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MONTREAL."

and our future depends in a great measure upon the use we are making of the present—whereby to prepare a bilateral eternity if that life be spent in the performance of noble deeds and the observance of God's mandates.

The "abuse of time" is generally the predominant fault of many children who, fond of play, are not disposed to exercise their mental faculties and if allowed to grow into manhood without correction, will become good-for-nothing individuals instead of loyal American citizens.

One summer eve, as the sun was setting, three anchored off Sandwich a battered-looking craft, queer shaped with bulging bows, a high, ungainly poop, and brown patched sails.

The tow-stalk gathered on the front and eyed her curiously, wondering whence she came, and what kind of cargo she had thought it worth her while to bring to their—at the time—decayed and poverty-stricken port.

Their curiosity was quickly gratified. "Live stock, egad!" cried one of the burghers, pointing to a boat that was putting off for the shore. And live stock it was. Human live stock! Men, women and children, huddled together, ragged and hungry, wan, terror-stricken, and tear-stained.

In other words they were Belgian refugees, for the Walloons and Flemings were dwellers in the country we now call Belgium; and though the scene set forth above was enacted more than three hundred and fifty years ago, its counterpart has been witnessed over and over again any day during these past few terrible months. So does history repeat itself.

Then, too, as now, our people took pity on these poor stricken folk, giving them shelter and food, and such clothing as they could spare. And their stranger guests were many, clever and cunning artificers. These taught the townfolk the right methods of exercising all sorts of trades and handicrafts that hitherto they had known little or nothing of.

Soon Sandwich hummed like a hive, blossomed like an oasis set in the wilderness. People flocked from far and near to buy the surplus products of her new industries. Neither did there seem to be any end to her strangely awakened prosperity, for the first wave of refugee immigrants was presently followed by another, and yet others, and fresh industries, such as, for instance, the making of baize, of glass mirrors, of linsey-wolseys, of brass and copper ware, were founded and flourished apace.

Meanwhile Europe continued in a welter of war. Peaceful craftsmen were not wanted there. There was no room for any save the wielders of the sword and spear, the wearers of the helmet and hauberk. Consequently all those who could not be got to see that perpetual fighting was a great and glorious thing fled to our shores, where they were received with open arms, and made welcome. For soon other towns, realizing all that their presence in Sandwich had meant to the people there, vied with each other in coaxing the immigrants to settle amongst them, offering them grants of land, of houses, and freedom from local taxation for a space of years.

The refugees responded, and spread themselves over the land; and wherever they went, and abode, more new industries were founded, and prosperity followed in their wake. At Romney, and Deal, and Hythe, at

BELGIAN REFUGEES RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF ENGLAND

(The problem of the Belgian refugees is very much to the front just now. The following article tells how in days gone by, similar influxes of more or less destitute aliens have been fraught with the best possible consequences for British workpeople, instead of being embarrassing, as might perhaps have been not unreasonably expected.)

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Rye in Sussex, and along the East Anglian coast, at Farnmouth and Lowestoft, at Aldeburgh and Cromer; at Walton, Sharnburgh, and Hunstanton, they landed by scores and by hundreds from crazy caravels, leaky luggers, and ancient bluff-bowed craft of every kind. And wherever and whenever they landed their first act was to fall down upon their knees on the sand or shingle, and give thanks to Almighty God; their second was to set to work at their trades.

This continued, at intervals, for the space of, perhaps, a century and a half, until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and for some forty years afterwards. In all probability between four and five hundred thousand refugees found permanent asylum in England, and by degrees penetrated to the remotest corners of the kingdom and settled there.

Their influence on working class England was profound. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the foundations of our modern industrial supremacy were laid by these poor, despised folk. It was they who introduced into Canterbury and Norwich the manufacture of silk, continued afterwards for many years at Spitalfields, in London, where some of their old, dry lighted looms remain standing to this day. Others taught us the arts of cutlery, forging and grinding, the making of watches, the weaving of lustres and brocades, ribbons and velvets.

Other refugees, ironworkers from Liege, went north, and established themselves at Shotley Bridge, near Newcastle-on-Tyne where they started to make fine cutlery and edge-tools of all kinds. Their skill attracted the attention of the people of Sheffield who offered some of them an asylum, on condition that they should take their sons as apprentices and instruct them. This they willingly did, and from these humble beginnings sprang the vast iron and steel industries of the northern shires.

At Newcastle, too, yet another Flemish family set up a glassworks, and soon even comparatively humble householders were able to have glazed windows for their houses.

What this meant can be gauged from the fact that, prior to their advent, glass was so rare that people used to come from all parts to gaze in curious amazement at the precious glazed windows in Alnwick Castle, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland. They had to come when His Grace was in residence, however, for directly he left his steward was under strict orders to remove the windows from their frames and stow them carefully away until his return.

The association of Yarmouth with blowers is due to the advent there of a party of Flemish fishermen refugees. Before their arrival the people along the east coast caught herring, it is true, but they did not know how to cure them, this being a monopoly of the Dutch, who used to take the fish to Holland salt and smoke them, and then bring them back again for sale in the English market. But the East Anglians proved apt pupils under the tutelage of their new-found friends, and soon the harvest of the North Sea, properly cured, salted, and dried, was being exported from England to the Continent, instead of vice versa.

Nor was this the only benefit the refugees conferred upon the East Anglian natives. Fresh from their

workman refugees from Lyons, named Mongeorge, brought to London the secret, then recently discovered there, of giving lustre to silk taffets, with the result that Spitalfields soon became even more famous than the French town itself for the manufacture of this, at the time, universally worn material. Mongeorge took up his abode in Spital square, and planted in his garden, in order to feed his silkworms, the first mulberry tree seen in England.

Other refugee Huguenots taught us how to make tannin—a dress fabric consisting of a silk warp with a worsted yarn. This enjoyed enormous popularity up till, as all events, the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria, being cheaper than silk, and far more durable. Another French Huguenot refugee, named Briot, set up a coinage, or stamping press as it was then called, and was promptly appointed chief engraver to the Royal Mint. Yet another, Henry Portal by name, started making paper in Laverstock, in Hampshire, and made it so well that the Bank of England granted him the exclusive privilege of manufacturing that upon which his notes were printed, a monopoly which a descendant of his exercised to this day, and on the same spot. Flemish refugees also started mills for the manufacture of a fine paper at Maidstone, along The Darent, and in other parts of the south of England, and for many years they had the trade in their hands. Indeed, at the present time, the trade terms used in Kent by the workmen employed in the manufacture of what is still technically called "hand-made" paper, are of French or Flemish origin. Thus, for example, the man who lays the sheets on the felts is the coucher; the fatman, or vatman, is the Flemish fassman; and the room where the finishing operations are performed is still called the salle.

Nothing seemed beneath the notice of these newcomers in our midst. They were continually springing fresh surprises on the natives amongst whom they lived. For example, one day a refugee came to a wood in Hampshire, accompanied by two strange looking dogs. The dogs snarled and poked about the man dug. Soon he had a basketful of black fungi, worthless-looking to the villagers, but the stranger explained that these particular fungi—truffles, he called them—were greatly esteemed as an article of food by his countrymen. The villagers took the hint, and soon truffle hunting became a recognized industry in Hampshire, as well as in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, and parts of Surrey and Sussex. The English truffles, it is true, were neither so large nor so well flavored as those from their own beloved Perigord, but they were good as a substitute when the others were unobtainable, and they found a ready sale.

Another surprise was sprung upon the Kentish folk at Bourne, near Canterbury, by a family of Walloon refugees from Artois. These had with them slips of a strange plant, which they explained were "very good for the bittering of beer." They were given a plot of land wherein to plant their slips, which they did, thereby laying the foundation of the Kentish hop industry. Another family group of Flemings travelled south as far as Honiton, in Devon, where they taught the people to make the lace which has ever since been associated with the town.

Similar instances to the above might be cited almost indefinitely, for it is, indeed, difficult to put one's finger on any ancient craft or art now practiced in the United Kingdom that did not owe something to refugee strangers seeking sanctuary amongst us. They even crossed to Ireland, where they founded the linen industry with flax seed brought from Flanders, and established the famous factories that made the name Irish poplins famous throughout Europe.

At Lisburn, too, they set up looms for the weaving of silk and cambric, and they introduced the manufacture of broadcloth into Bandon, Cork, and other towns.

In short, the settlers proved themselves industrial missionaries to the people amongst whom they settled. And as it was then, so it is now.

It is not a temple which virtue needs; she desires the heart for a sanctuary.—Lactantius, after Cicero.

It is our daily duty to consider that in all circumstances of life, pleasurable, painful, or otherwise, the conduct of every human being affects, more or less, the happiness of others, especially of those in the same house, and that as life is made up, for the most part, not of great occasions, but of small, everyday moments, it is the giving of those moments their greatest amount of peace, pleasantness and security that contributes most of the sum of human good.—Leigh Hunt.

Flowering Bulbs advertisement for Gladiolus and Dahlias. Includes prices for various varieties and contact information for John A. Bruce & Co., Limited.



Safford Boilers and Radiators advertisement. Text: "Kicked off the Blankets Kant Katch Kold. WHEN mother leaves her infant asleep in the crib she feels easy in her mind if the house is heated by the Safford hot water system. She knows if baby should happen to kick off the blankets that the exposure to the warm Safford-air will do him no harm. Safford Boilers and Radiators are the right kind of protection for the children. By means of the special choke damper (an exclusive Safford feature) and the thermometer on top of the boiler the Safford heating system can be regulated to produce an even temperature of seventy degrees (or whatever temperature required), no matter how zero the weather or how strong the wind. The Safford system is economical on fuel, too—70 per cent. of the Safford boiler's heating surface is direct; that is, immediately around the fire. Ordinary boilers have but 51 per cent. The more direct the heating, the less the fuel required. Show that you, too, are interested in the subject of coal economy and adequate protection for your children by writing for our 'Home Heating' booklet. Others have found this book intensely interesting. So will you. Branches: Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Toronto, Canada, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton." Includes Dominion Radiator Company logo.