

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN

One of the first principles conducive to a happy life is, in fact, to be ready to take every man with a discount—to count up the points that please us and set them against the points that displease us; and if, the good points predominate to be satisfied. If you get 60 or 75 per cent. of what you would like to have in a man, it is time to thank God for it. And justice requires that you should credit him with all that you find creditable, and that you should put up with the rest without repining—still more without encroaching on his liberty and trying to make him miserable just because he is not in all respects what you would like him to be. A great help to this philosophy is to reflect that while you are painfully conscious of the faults of others, others are also painfully conscious of your faults, which are just as distressful to them as theirs are to you.

And so it comes to this. One of the elemental parts of a gentleman under the heading of justice is to have a good humored tolerance of others; a kindly concession to them of the liberty which you claim for yourself, a spirit of give and take, and of fellowship in infirmity which prevents you from imposing yourself upon others, just as you would not like others to impose themselves upon you.

ENCROACHMENTS ON REPUTATION

Such is one of the points of elemental justice to which a gentleman must aspire—namely, to respect the personal rights of others in points where they differ from yourself. Another elemental point is to respect other people's reputation. Those who abstain from external interference with the ways of others, without being actuated by the spirit of tolerance, are very liable to compensate for their self-restraint in one way by giving way to license, in another by the more indirect way of injuring their neighbor's reputation. Actuated by dislike, we get our metaphorical knife into a man, and stab him with the dagger of the tongue. We slander him, and we belittle him with insinuations of evil actions, or evil motives; we embitter his friends and relations against him, and deprive him of his good name. What is the difference? Murder and burglary and embezzlement are vulgar, and slander is not! Morally the one is just as criminal as the other; only our social code, our public conscience is too coarse to recognize the parity.

"Good name in man and woman Is the immediate jewel of the soul. Who steals my purse steals trash—'tis something, nothing. 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands: But he who filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor, indeed." Slander, calumny, detraction, backbiting, are essentially criminal because they are as essentially unjust; therefore, they are no less ungentlemanly than burglary and murder. Any man who wishes to attain the first and most radical degree of gentlemanliness will think seriously of this.

PLAYING THE FAIR GAME

Thus under justice as the quality of a civilized being, we include everything which concerns due respect for the personal rights and liberties of others, consideration for their feelings and interests, tolerance for their defects, and a general spirit of good will and of fair play for all, giving to every man his due chance in life—entering into fair competition where

need requires, but playing the game fairly, and not trying to bluff or bully or domineer over him—yielding graciously to his superiority where this manifests itself, prepared to suffer defeat with equanimity and without malicious resistance, and without trying to take advantage some other way in the spirit of revenge.

A good illustration of this point is found in the department of sports. The chief educational value of games is precisely to give exercise to this spirit of justice and fair play. The rules of the game are laid down, and it is a point of honor for every player to observe them; while foul play of any kind is considered a disgrace before the whole field.

The game is a contest of sterling merit, not of cunning or trickery or violence; and the spirit of a good sportsman is to take victory without offensive exultation, and to take defeat without gloom or resentment—to take discredit to himself and to give credit to another with even-minded impartiality; to play a winning game with sobriety and moderation, and above all to play a losing game in good humor and perseverance—content to take second place with honor rather than first place with dishonor.

The football field is in this way a complete epitome of life, and is a remarkable test of a man's character as to whether he plays the game of life fairly or unfairly—whether he is actuated by impulse and passion and selfish interests without consideration for others, or whether he is actuated by principle and reason and justice with full consideration for others—in short, whether he is a civilized gentleman or a savage.—The Bombay Examiner.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE STAR THAT BECAME A BEAUTIFUL LILY

Once a beautiful star came down to earth. For a long time it had watched the children at play in the green fields, and the star said: "I love those little Red children; I would love to go down and live with them."

So one night the star shot down, down, till at last it stood out upon a big plain. The people in the wig-wam village saw it, and ran to look at it.

"I have come, O good people," said the star, "to dwell with you on the earth. I love to watch you in your wig-wams. I love to see you make your birch canoes, I love to watch your children at their play. Tell me, then, where I may dwell. It must be where I can see you all, and where at night I can look up at my home in the skies."

Then one chief said: "Dwell here upon the mountain top, where you can overlook the plain. The clouds will come down and rest upon the high peaks, and each morning you will greet the sun."

"Dwell here upon the hillside," said another chief, "for there the flowers grow brightest and the sun is warmest."

"Dwell in the forest," said a third chief, "for there the sweet violets grow, and the air is cool and the smell of spruce is in the air." But the star thought the mountain was too far away, as it could not see the children from such a height, and it was they it wanted to be near. The hillside, too, the star thought, was far away, and the forest, it was sure, was too dark and dreary.

But one day the star saw a beautiful lake. The water was very clear—one could see the sky and the clouds in it. At night the stars shone down into its waters.

The water was soft and warm, and the star was pleased to see it ripple and dance. It liked to see the sunlight glimmer on the waters. The children loved the lake, too; they played all day on its banks, and

often paddled out upon it with their little canoes. "I will dwell right here," the star said, "for then I can be near the children."

And so when the sun had set the star floated down upon the waters. It sent its rays away down beneath the waters; and the Red children thought these rays took root, for the very next morning there was a beautiful lily upon the waters. Its roots reached away down into the rich earth, its petals were pure white, and it had a heart of rich yellow gold.

"No flower has a perfume so sweet," the children cried. Then they rowed out to look at it. "It is the star," the children said; "it will dwell with us forever, and we will call it the Lily Star."

Then the children rowed back to the shore. They did not pluck the lily, but each morning they went to see it.

"Dear beautiful lily!" they would say. By and by it opened wide its petals, and the air was filled with sweetness.

Then other lilies grew up around it, and after a time these Water Lilies, or Lily Stars, as the children called them, were floating on the waters of the lakes everywhere.—Selected.

GOLDEN DEEDS

One day not long ago a young woman was reading a book in which there were set forth long and stirring accounts of the golden deeds of brave men and women of the past. Some of them had given up their lives for others, and some had preferred death rather than to be untrue to their own sense of duty. The young woman had been reading about "The Shepherd Girl of Nanterre," and when she laid down the book she said:

"It must have been fine to have done all that Genevieve, the Shepherd Girl of Nanterre, did. Nowadays girls have no chance to do such things."

"I don't know about that," I said. "It seems to me that there are plenty of opportunities of doing golden deeds in our day."

"Oh, of course there are lots of nice little things one can do, but one can't do the great things that were done by Joan of Arc and such Genevieves of whom I have been reading. They did such really great things, such wonderful things."

"My dear," I said, "one does not need to do great and wonderful things in order to do truly golden deeds. The simplest act of kindness is, I believe, as truly a golden deed in the eyes of the Master as anything that your Shepherd Girl of Nanterre did. The golden deeds of which you have been reading have been associated with war and bloodshed and fearful cruelties and fierce contentions and strife such as I am glad that we do not have in our day. The common, everyday life of the world affords plenty of opportunity for heroism just as great as that which prompted the famous martyrs of history to do all that they did. Hundreds of the little things of life are just as golden in their value as the deeds of the great men and women of old. Don't you think so?"

She said that it had never seemed just that way to her, and I suppose that it does not seem just that way to most young people, for they are apt to associate great and golden deeds with the notoriety that such deeds sometimes evoke. This is a mistake, and it is taking away from the true value of a golden deed.—True Voice.

GREATEST BLUNDER IN MY LIFE!

The boys and girls will be interested in a few of the "Blunders" written down by five hundred men, and to be found in the Crerar Library.

- Reading worthless books.
Did not stick to any trade.
Did not stick to anything.
Did not take care of money.
Beating some one out of money.
Careless about my religious duties.
When I left my church and mother.
Not saving money when I was young.
Refused a steady position with a good firm.
The greatest blunder of my life was gambling.
Was to fool away my time when I was at school.
Thinking that my boss could not do without me.
Would not hearken to the advice of older people.
Not keeping my position but grew slack in my work.
When I left school before I was past the fourth grade.
My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke.

VATICAN DENIES RIDICULOUS STORY

The story which has been put in circulation to the effect that the Pope during an audience that he recently accorded to two members of a royal family, requested them to give an exhibition of the tango dance, and that he expressed surprise at the popularity of such a vulgar dance while numerous excellent national dances exist, such as, for instance, the "Turlana," is utterly without foundation. It originated with a correspondent of the Paris "Temps." As a rule, little notice is taken in the Vatican of such ridiculous reports, but this one has deeply annoyed the people in the big palace and has grieved the Holy Father himself, who is surprised that so many newspapers should print such frivolous items concerning him.



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"CATHOLIC UMBRELLAS"

A PROCESSION OF THEM ON A RAINY SUNDAY GIVES A PROTESTANT MINISTER FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The Rev. William P. Cantwell, LL. D., in the Monitor, Newark.

Not long since, on a rainy Sunday, a census was taken up in a prosperous little New Jersey town of all those who attended divine service throughout the community. The result was startling, and drew from a Methodist clergyman a sermon on "What is the matter with Protestantism in Red Bank?" It was found that in one Protestant church there were only 18 worshippers that Sunday, whilst in another there were but 45.

"There are at least 10 Protestant churches," said the Methodist minister, "within the arena of St. James' parish (not including Colored,) and a conservative estimate would give their combined attendance on that morning at close to 400. That looks a little better."

On the Sunday specified the Catholic church of the town had an attendance of 700.

We quote the sermon: "From the parsonage window I saw the procession of umbrellas moving towards Broad street. It was an impressive sight. Old men, young men, matrons and maidens, boys and girls, under those umbrellas. And they were not Protestant umbrellas. Then I could see the cars stop at the corner, where dozens alighted to join the umbrella regiment."

"They must have a good many umbrella racks around the corner there. They certainly need them. A Sunday or two ago a brother complained that we were lacking here in that respect. I was glad to hear that kind of complaint. All our Protestant churches ought to need more. Wrought to be doing a bigger rainy day business. Something is the matter with the Protestants of Red Bank. He has done us a service in directing attention to it. We do need, for one thing, a better showing of umbrellas on rainy Sundays and fewer empty pews when skies are clear."

Naturally enough, after giving these statistics so damaging in their comparison and so disquieting, the Methodist clergyman sought to give some reasons for the difference, a soothing apology for what could not be denied or concealed.

And the reasons came with a vengeance. The frank clergyman, of course, did not appreciate the force of his own reasoning. He established beyond question that no Protestant is ever bound to attend service, rain or shine. We have read his reasons, and we confess our surprise that any Protestant church should have the attendance it does. If the reasons were not an invitation for logical men to remain at home Sunday, we are unable to fathom their meaning. They proved not only why it did happen, but why it should happen every Sunday. Let us listen to the sermon:

- "Why do not more Protestants go to church?
In the first place, they are not compelled to. That suggests one difference between our Church and the Catholic. We cannot coerce our members into church attendance. And if we ministers had the power to compel every one of our members to attend service next Sunday we would not use it. Why? That would be a repudiation of one of the cardinal principles for which Protestantism stands. Ours is a voluntary service. We may exhort, admonish and even drop from our membership roll those who willfully neglect the means of grace, yet, after all, church attendance with us is a purely voluntary act."

How sad the confession! Protestantism is without a divine commission. It has no credentials and no authority. It cannot command its own communicants, and it would not command them if it could. It has no right to order any one to listen to its doctrines, no right to order them to come that they may hear. It is founded on a rejection of authority; it is merely, as its name indicates, a protest. Rejecting authority, it dares not exercise it. It has reduced religion to a mere individualism, to a matter of opinion. Its fundamental tenet is the private interpretation of Scripture. And if each is to seek and to find for himself, what need of a guide? What need of a minister? What need of a church?

Surely this Methodist clergyman has proved his case. He has given a reason why so many were absent on that rainy Sunday, and unwittingly he has given a reason why they should be absent the next fine Sunday; why they should be absent indefinitely. He could not do otherwise, unless he would be guilty of a "repudiation of one of the cardinal principles for which Protestantism stands!"

His logic, his necessary logic, has eaten its way into the souls of his flock long since. He states what they have long since realized. They will reason for their absence from divine service is their reason—only they are living up or down, if you will, to it.

The frank Methodist clergyman continues his reasons, and let us follow him:

It should be remembered in this matter of comparative church attendance, especially on rainy Sundays, that we have no saving ordinances in our worship. No forgiveness of sins by the ministers; no Holy Communion in which the communicant eats the literal body of Christ. We have no altars, or shrines, or relics invested with divine efficacy. We claim no authority to anathematize anybody, or exclude from the kingdom of grace and glory those who refuse to keep their Church vows.

So that the mere physical act of going to church cannot possibly mean as much to a Protestant as to a Catholic. To the Protestant it is a duty and a privilege. To the Catholic it is virtually a sacrament involving most solemn and vital ceremonies which can be neglected only at the peril of the soul. So not having these ceremonial, sacramental reasons for being at church; in other words, not being really required to attend, it must be that Protestants do not go because they do not wish to."

Alas, it is all true! There is nothing in the Protestant service adequate to draw men to the worship of God. Just a hymn or two; just a string of opinions on matters more or less religious. Nothing else.

Alone, among all the religions which have appeared on earth, Protestantism is without a sacrifice. It has no distinctive rite by which to worship God. It has no altar, because it has no sacrifice. And where was God ever worshipped without an altar? Even our Protestant friends have told us how empty, how unsatisfactory a Protestant church edifice is. Empty and cold and bewildering. As meaningless in the chance as in the choir loft.

How vastly different the feeling when one enters a Catholic Church? The silence, the reverence, the altar and its tabernacle, the almost consciousness of an abiding Presence even to those who are not of the household of the faith. There is a mysterious something which awes the visitor; he feels himself touching the hem of His garment. The priest, clad in his vestments, enters the sanctuary; he ascends the altar steps; he proceeds with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; he raises aloft the Eucharistic God, and as the tiny bell tinkles in silvery accents the worshippers bow low their heads in adoration.

A peace comes into the heart of the stranger. He is a stranger no longer. He is in his Father's house. It is a church, not a mere meeting house.

Who has not felt these emotions? Yes, there is something in the Catholic Church worth coming out on a rainy Sunday morning for. We can hardly explain such frankness in a minister from whose eyes the scales have not dropped.

"To the Protestant it is a duty and a privilege" to attend his Sunday service. A duty? But have you not declared already that it is not a duty? There is no obligation, and you would have none even if you could.

A privilege? Pray, where is the privilege? What have you in your church services that you might by any stretch call a privilege? The privilege of a hymn or two. The privilege of a more or less sensational sermon. Men seek privileges, but even you admit that they avoid your Sunday services. It is no privilege to receive a stone instead of bread. The simple truth is that earnest Protestants have lost faith in their church. Therefore they have ceased to attend its services. They yearn from their pulpit worldly subjects or frothy denunciations or sensational discourses. They are just as likely to find a vaudeville performance as not when they go bent to worship their Maker. Some still go to services, brought there by varying motives, but the great bulk of Protestants are now churchless. They

have grown weary clinging to a foothold on shifting sands, and they have flung themselves into the tide of religious indifference which is sweeping by them, and to which siren voices call them.

Protestantism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. There is nothing in it to satisfy the human intellect or the human heart. It is a babel of confused voices. It is a signboard pointing in different directions. It has now reached the logic of its destiny. It expresses itself in an individualism whose shibboleth is, "One religion is as good as another," and whose conclusion must be, in the world at large as in the prosperous town of Red Bank: "And no religion is worth bothering about."

The hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record and are suffered every day.—Charles Dickens.

The Church has been a perpetual witness for the elevation of man. She has worked for his freedom, even when she knew it not. She has been something very human as well as very divined.

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