

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

False Pretensions.

In one of his essays Herbert Spencer says something to the effect that not until a man is prepared to say "I don't know" is he ready to learn anything. Some people are under great temptation to become pretenders to knowledge they do not possess, for they dislike to expose their ignorance and see no great harm in the pretence. This often occurs also through a sort of impulsive envy which foolishly arranges indignation or incompetence against experience. Every one should, however, carefully avoid false pretensions of any kind not only because of the initial wrong, but because of possible consequences of any deception. Having acquired a false reputation one is, in a measure, forced to sustain it, and a little false pretention at the outset may grow into a life of deception. It is better to frankly say "I don't know" than to pretend to know when in ignorance.

Yet the majority of people indulge in false pretences respecting their ancestry, their connections, their reading and other matters and things from which they may be supposed to derive reflected honor. They do not make any false assertions on the subject, but they allow it to be understood that they are connected with a family with whom they have no relation or that they have read certain standard authors whom they know only by reputation.

Few cultivated people acknowledge that they have never read Milton's "Paradise Lost," but there are fewer yet who have in fact read the great poet. Everybody is supposed to have read Shakespeare, but even among literary men and women there are very few who are at all familiar with his plays and some know nothing of them except what they have gleaned from theatrical representations. Yet hardly any one can be brought to make this admission.

There are a great many pretenders in what is called "society," but the fact is so well understood that their pretences do little harm. Nevertheless, it would be better for the young man to determine at the outset to be frank and honest and to obtain nothing under false pretences—honors or attention no more than money.

It is quite certain that this frankness leads to advancement. The way to avoid the disagreeable duty of saying "I don't know" is to learn something, and thus frankness in this particular leads to study and effort to improve one's self. When one has had to confess that he has never read "Hamlet" he goes home and reads "Hamlet" so that he may not be caught that way again. The easy way of pretending to have knowledge one does not possess does not incite to study, but, on the contrary, encourages to pretensions. They should be avoided by all who desire to fairly earn whatever reputation or honor they are to acquire.

The Boy Who Works.

Do you feel, young fellow, that you have a hard time? Four hours are long. Your task is hard and the wages small. The contents of your weekly envelope will scarcely carry you over the week. Sometimes you must wear patched trousers or a frayed coat. Your employer expects a great deal from you. Other fellows dress well and always have money. They have odd-father and mothers, while you toil six days a week to make a living.

Never mind, young man. You are getting experience that he must get later, he must fight the real battle of life himself. And you have the advantage. While life has been made easy for him, he lacks drill and discipline which every life-soldier must go through. You are preparing yourself. He may go in without preparation and fall.

Work is a great blessing. You cannot see it now, but some day you will say that you were fortunate in your boyhood days because you cannot get later, you must fight the real battle of life himself. And you have the advantage. While life has been made easy for him, he lacks drill and discipline which every life-soldier must go through. You are preparing yourself. He may go in without preparation and fall.

Work makes men. Luck usually fails. Pluck nearly always wins. To succeed in anything one must overcome obstacles, force and fire are built by hardship. Grit is as necessary in the making of a man as gumption. Hardships are not always handicaps. Often they are helps. You will understand this better in twenty years. Meanwhile permit one who has lived that twenty years and more to advise you in this.—Success.

A Sublime Spectacle.

Is there a sublimer spectacle on this earth than that of a man who absolutely refuses to surrender, when everything, apparently, has been swept away from him, when he stands stripped of property, of family, of reputation, still holding on, with nothing left but clear grit and his faith in himself? There is no conquering such a man. He fights who every other soldier has dropped in the field. He still presses on when everybody else turns back, persists when everybody else gives up.

Courage is always an absolutely indispensable accompaniment of success. A man may succeed without being a genius—he may lack a great many good qualities—but he must have courage; for all the other faculties are dependent upon this, their leader, and refuse to work when it is absent.

I know of a young man who was graduated from Yale only a few years ago—a broad-shouldered, vigorous young fellow—who says that he has not the price of a straw hat, and that if his father did not send him \$5 a week he would go hungry. This young man is the victim of discouragement. He says that he does not believe there is any success for him. He has tried many things, and has failed in them all. He says he has no confidence in his ability, that his education has been a failure, that he never believed he could succeed when he took a job. So he has drifted from one thing

to another, and is a nobody, just because of his mental attitude, because he does not face the right way.—Success.

Perseverance.

"Keep pegging away," is what that exemplary man, Abraham Lincoln, said when asked by an anxious visitor what he would do provided the war was not over after three or four years effort. Perhaps the fault of the marden boy, and with many of us, in fact, is a lack of true and steady purpose, or in other words a lack of perseverance.

Perhaps the reason the modern boy does not persevere in trying to reach a certain goal is that there is so much said about "the hustler," who is the hero of the present age.

"Perseverance" is slow and steady but always moving; just the opposite of the freak, the hustler, who is quick and nervous, and goes by jerks.

Boys, do not grow envious of the hustling abilities of your comrade. If you have the ability to persevere under adverse circumstances, you may be as well equipped for ultimate success.—Providence Visitor.

Righteousness is Life.

For laborers, as all men, righteousness is life, and the wages of sin is death. Money is a curse for those who spend it in drug-enned, debauchery and riotous living. Millions cannot make life a blessing for fools and criminals. There is no nobler vocation than to work for the welfare and improvement of the toilers, of those of the unscrupulous and the playthings of fortune.

They who would make men atheists, materialists, and free lovers, who would destroy the Church, the State and the home, would reduce them to the condition of savages and brutes. The civilized people are not going to descend this broad way to hell. But they will not rest content with things as they are and they who would save religion, art, free government, the family—all that gives to life a spiritual content, must strive to make themselves wise and good, that they may be able to labor effectually for the reformation and purification of the social organism.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Strength of Mind to Meet Death.

Let us not, my young friends, be daunted by the weight of the obligations which are insupportable alone to the slothful. Let us be of good will, and we shall discern in each duty a mysterious beauty inviting us to love it, we shall feel an admirable power augmenting our force in proportion as we ascend in the arduous way of virtue; we shall find that man is vastly more than that which he seems to be, provided that he will, firmly will, to compass the noble end of his destiny, which is to purify himself from all base tendencies, to cultivate in the highest degree those of a superior order, to elevate himself by these means to the immortal possession of God.

Love your life, but not for vulgar pleasures and for miserable pursuits of ambition. Love it for that which it has of important, of grand, of Divine! Love it because it is the arena of merit, and is dear to the Omnipotent, glorious to Him, glorious and necessary to us! Love it despite of its pains, and even for its very pains; since it is these which ennoble it; it is these which are the cause of the germination, the growth, the development of all generous inclinations within the mind of man!

Bear in mind that this life, to which you owe such a great degree of esteem, was given you but for a short space. Dissipate it not in superfluous diversions. Concede to recreation that which is requisite for your health and the comfort of others; or rather, let your enjoyment consist chiefly in meritorious works; that is to say, in serving your fellow-men in a spirit of magnanimous fraternity, in serving God with filial love and obedience.

To conclude. While this esteeming life, think of the tomb which awaits you. To dissemble to ourselves the necessity of dying is a weakness that lessens our zeal for good. Hasten not by your own fault; that solemn moment, yet desire not to retard it through cowardice. Expose your life, if necessary, for that of your country. Whatever species of death may be reserved for you, be ready to accept it with dignified fortitude, and to sanctify it with all the sincerity and the energy of faith.

In observing all these things you will be a man and a citizen in the most sublime signification of these words; you will be useful to society, and will render yourself happy.—Our Young People.

"Make up" in Time.

How many friendships have been broken off by trifling things—a fancied or real slight, brought about by one's feeling out of sorts or cross—something never intended to mean much, says a contemporary writer, and never intended to be lasting, and never intended to count above all the kindly acts and helpful friendships of the past. We quarrel with our best friend over some little thing; we are both of us cross in the first place; bitter words are spoken between us, we part in anger, and for days pass each other by without a glance. Is it because we have not forgiven the unkind things said? Is it because we have not repented of the unkind words we have spoken? Is it because our friendship has ceased? No; it is only because foolish pride keeps each of us from "begging—pardon" from being the first to "make up." If the other would only say one tiny word first, toward making up, how gladly, how very gladly, would we claim our own fair share of the blame. Ah, how gladly would we be friends again!

Do you suppose for one moment that any one would think the loss of you because you have the courage, or I might say the honesty, to own up and say, "I have done wrong," or, "Forgive my harsh words; I was not myself when I spoke them; let us be friends again." Do you suppose you would be judged unkindly for this? Nay, nay! It strikes too near home to all of us, young and old, who have had our little

HUMILITY AND GREATNESS.

"The more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant." Thus spoke the great Dr. Pasteur. The more he knew the less he valued himself, the more he regarded his God. We believe it was Dr. Brownson who said he had learned his faith from his servant girl. It has ever been thus. The great gifts of God—the greatest of all, faith—are given to minds that are empty of self for they have room for God's grace, just as Bethlehem's untenanted cave was made Christ's birthplace. On the contrary, the mind that is filled with the vanities of human learning crowds out Christ. Humility ever attracts the gracious gifts of God. We know His greatness in the same ratio in which we know our own nothingness. The Breton peasant in his simple, yet sublime truth, was Pasteur's ideal and not the proud scientist who delved into the mysteries of Nature only to be confronted with his own incapacity. Lacordaire said, "A little philosophy draws us from religion; much philosophy brings us back to it, and this can be equally made to apply to science. Great learning always tells us what we ourselves are and knowing ourselves we know how poor we are in mind and work, and poverty is the parent of humility. As a consequence the truly great are the truly humble; they place themselves rightly and look up to the great God Who rules us all, and, pitying the meanness of human mind, enriches it with His grace, as He supernaturalizes it with high purpose.—Catholic Union and Times.

The Boys We All Like.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head. The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age, his play should strengthen, not weaken his character.

The boy who never cheats or uses bad names, no matter what anybody calls him. He cannot throw mud and keep his own hands clean.

The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of a gentleman.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say no when asked to do a wrong thing. The boy who never quarrels. When your tongue gets unruly lock it in. The boy who never forgets God made him to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being.

His Golden Opportunity.

A Baltimore man tells of an address made to some school children in that city by a member of the board of trustees:

"My young friends," said the speaker, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a young man, I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them!"—Success.

A LITTLE GIRL APOSTLE.

Lillian—was the daughter of a Unitarian minister. When only seven years old she became acquainted with a little Catholic girl of her own age who had just begun to go to Mass. Delighted with all she saw and heard at church, the latter would speak of it to her little Protestant friend, who, being of an affectionate nature and ardent temperament, soon conceived the desire of being a Catholic. The care and vigilance of her parents prevented her from accompanying her young friend to church, but she was permitted frequently to visit her home. After many entreaties she induced the mother of the little girl to take her to see a priest. To the surprise of the good father, who knew her parents were, she told him that she wanted to be a Catholic, and begged him to baptize her. When he told her that he could not do so without her parents' consent she began to weep and pleaded most earnestly, saying she was nearly eight years old; that she would always say she was a Catholic, and be one, too. She said she felt that her parents, who idolized her, would let her have her way in this as in all things.

Her father, who about this time had some misunderstanding with his church authorities, gave up the exercise of the ministry and began to engage in literary pursuits. He soon afterward removed with his family to N., and was there prevailed upon by some Protestant acquaintances to send his two little daughters to a Catholic school, because of its well-known educational advantages.

Here the dear child had every facility for the pious practice of her own religion, but it was only after many fervent prayers and earnest pleading that she could induce her younger sister to embrace the faith. As she grew older her one desire was to see her parents enter the true fold, and in this she was joined by her sister. Prayers and sacrifices were multiplied. Their mother, who was a most gifted person and a writer of note, after much reading and study, became a fervent convert. Only their father remained out of the Church.

He was now quite elderly, was considered remarkably learned man, and was the editor of a well known literary magazine. His eldest daughter constantly begged him to read and study the truths of the Church, as her mother had done. To please her he finally consented to recite the Hall Mary daily, and soon after that began to show an inclination on his own part to examine seriously into the truths of faith. She was all anxiety to assist him to do so. Every mission or lecture that was given he would prevail upon him to go with her, and afterward to speak privately to the missionary father or lecturer. In this way he had argued with many, but, to her great disappointment, always came away unconvinced. "Now, father," she said to him one day, "you just have to come with me to St. S.—(the academy from which she had lately graduated) and speak to Mother C.—" He smiled at the idea, but went to please her. She insisted upon his telling all his doubts to the reverend mother, and our Divine Lord permitted that she should answer him in such a way, and so clearly and simply, that the venerable old white-haired gentleman, to her great confusion, went down on his knees and took her hand, which he reverently kissed, saying, with tears in his eyes: "Reverend Mother, you have convinced me; I now believe all the truths of your religion." He then went without delay to the house of the Jesuit Fathers, with whom he had before conversed on religious subjects, and asked to be admitted into the Church. He requested that the ceremony of his baptism and that of his first Holy Communion should take place in the chapel of St. S.— He was soon after confirmed and took the name of the holy religious who had been instrumental in his conversion.—The Missionary.

Nothing so much helps towards understanding one another as realizing the grounds of their differences.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC.

My nerves were very weak and at times I was afflicted with melancholy spells, all this being the effects of a miscarriage. I took two bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and I am now very cheerful. The Tonic is one of the wonders of the universe.

My case, I believe, came from hard work and other troubles, exposed to heat as well as cold. I was subjected to considerable illness, my stomach was out of order, and I had no appetite. Tried different medicines without any relief, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had the desired effect for which I feel thankful. I recommend it cheerfully.

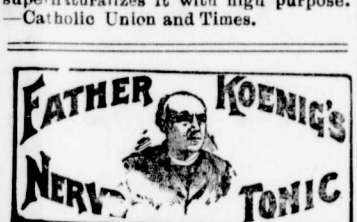
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A Wonder of the Universe.

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Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and the text 'SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP'.

Many a soul in the flames of Purgatory, unaided by any prayers, Masses, alms or other good works on the part of its relatives done for 1/2 a sake, must say with the anguish of unrequited affection: "How little they loved me; how soon they forgot me!"

Advertisement for The Home Bank of Canada, Dividend No. 2, with details of the dividend and interest rates.

Advertisement for The Globe Furniture Co. Ltd., listing various furniture items like school desks, church pews, and opera chairs.

Advertisement for Church Bells, featuring an illustration of a bell and text about bell casting and repair services.

Advertisement for Windmills, showing an illustration of a windmill and text about power and pumping capabilities.

Advertisement for The London Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Canada, listing company statistics and contact information.

Advertisement for Hobbs Mfg. Co. Art Windows, featuring an illustration of a window and text about decorative glass products.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt, showing an illustration of a bottle and text about its medicinal benefits.

Advertisement for Farm Laborers, offering help for farmers during the coming season.

Advertisement for Bellmuth & Ivey, Ivey & Drow-Gole, listing legal services and contact information.

Advertisement for John Ferguson & Sons, Undertakers and Embalmers, listing services and contact information.

Advertisement for D. A. Stewart, Funeral Director and Embalmer, listing services and contact information.

Advertisement for The D. Wilkie Granite Co., featuring an illustration of a granite monument and text about artistic design.

Advertisement for Memorial Windows Art Glass, featuring an illustration of a window and text about H.E. St. George's work.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt, showing an illustration of a bottle and text about its quality.

Advertisement for Farm Laborers, offering help for farmers during the coming season.

Advertisement for The Catholic Record, listing subscription rates and contact information.