\$60 A WEEK

and EXPENSES

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A FATAL DEFECT OF CHARACTER

"He's a very good fellow, a fine fel-low, a genial, companiable fellow— but you can not believe what he

This is the way a man's character was summed up, the other day, on a street-car, by a speaker whose voice carried a little father, perhaps, than he intended. And the words started

he intended. And the words started a train of thought in the mind of the involuntary listener.

How many men there are who have this fatal defect of character. They are genial, companionable, entertaining, but—not trustworthy. You can not believe what they say. You can not depend upon their word. They may be telling you the truth, but the probability is that their stories are lies, their adventures myths, their business and social successes mere business and social successes mere brag and boast.

brag and boast.

Now, to the person who tries to make his statements square with facts, there are few things more distressing than to have a deal with those who are afflicted with the habit of lying, or of boastful, bragging exaggeration. At first, if he be not worldly wise he believes the untruths, and rather admires the entertaining romancer. But no lie lasts taining romancer. But no lie lasts forever. The liar should have a good memory, says the proverb. He usually has not. And the instant the man whose ear has been deceived and abused discovers the trick that has been played upon his credulity, he goes to the other extreme of utter

distrust and disgust.

Truth is the corner-stone of human intercourse. Without truth and trust there can be no square-dealing be-tween man and man. And he who has to associate with those with no regard for the truth may well exclaim with the Psalmist: "O Lord, deliver my soul from wicked lips and a deeitful tongue.'

ecitful tongue."

To the young men of to day we would say with all earnestness, "there is nothing more royal than truth. Stick to the truth. Let nothing lead you away from the resolve not to lie. In social and business life, the reputation of being a truth-teller will be a valuable asset. And in the realm of the spiritual, remember what the inspired writer says in Proverbs: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

WHY IS TIME SO SHORT?

Have you ever met a man, be he student, an artist, a merchant or pro-fessional man who did not complain of want of time to read all that he desired, to put the finishing touches to to fulfil all his engage ments? It is the common cry from the busy world. Time is so short and there is so much to do. Those perhaps, who take a little of this pre cious time to reflect on the manner use will doubtless grant you that they sometimes, even often, waste time. Upon this humble admission they will be less disposed to be angry with the day for closing its round with twenty four short hours. for making these hours shorter. But hour's by vain sighs and complaints because of the shortness thereof will never learn that it is not time that they lack, but the experience and disposition to use it rightly. How many idle, useless things we do in one day, in one hour! How many things we do merely to undo, perhaps with greater expendi-ture of time and patience! One fruit less repentance treads so close on the lution no walking room between

And so our precious minutes hurry one and another into oblivion, unless we check them by resolutely reining worry and vain regrets. -True Voice.

COWANS

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late--and they're so whole-

some and nourishing too.

MAPLE BUDS

YOUR OWN BOSS

Now and then I hear a boy say: "If I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy."

Did you ever know anyone, that amounted to much, who was his own boss? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he

was glad to quit.
You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon wind, water and frost. He must be home every morning and night to milk the cows. The physician must buy their cloths and groceries of his patients.

less he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals.

This is, however, one way of becoming your own boss. Let me tell you: It is to stay right where you are and begin to help other people, and after awhile you will find they will do anything for you.

GENIALITY Weak and full of wants as we are ourselves, we must make up our minds, or rather take heart, to do some little good to this poor world while we are in it. Kind words are our chief implements for this work. A kind worded man is a genial man; and geniality is power. Nothing set wrong right so soon as geniality. There are a thousand things to be reformed, and no reformation sucwas ever corrected by sarcasm crushed perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough—but drawn nearer to

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS LISTEN TO THIS

Sermons on bridling the tongue are sermons on briding the tongue are usually addressed to girls. Girls are often tempted to gossip, spitefulness, to unkind and thoughtless uses of that sharp little sword we carry about in our months. They cut, too, those little shafts and stabs, and cut double, so that for every stab we give to others we inflict a great deal more

injury upon ourselves.

Yet if girls should keep a strong guard upon their tongues, so also, for even stronger reasons, should boys. Father Conroy, S. J., in one of his practical little talks to boys in the Queen's Work, says that the surest and easiest way for a boy to talk right is to listen right.

Out of the heart the mouth speak eth, and the reservoir of the heart is largely filled with what the boy listens to. Watch out for what is aid to you, and you will watch out

for what you say to others.

"And if you really wish to watch out for what is said to you, make this your infallible rule: Don't let everybody talk to you. Don't be at the mercy of every random vagabond, to allow him to spear you like a fish, or to truss you up like a target. Above all, apply this rule absolutely and without fail in the case of the impure talker.

And in this matter of the impure talker, understand that he is not always discoverable at first sight. More often than not he is cleverly disguised. He is not necessarily a low-browed individual, with a hole in his hat and his shoes untied. Very often he is well dressed, clever, witty, with an intelligence much above par; terior etiquette, has money to show is good at games, approachable, popular. Yet within he is full of rottenness. He uses his gift to corrupt others, particularly boys younger than himself. These he will allow within the charmed circle, patronize them, treat them with a kind of bluff equality that makes them swell up when they think they are at last keeping step with the neighborhood

hero. "And then he proceeds to victimize them with his talk. He knows



all about things. Narrow-minded all about things. Narrow-minded people, such as their elders, their parents, try to hide things from them. He'll tell them everything. And by jest and story and innuendo and insinuation, with the play of humor over it all, he slowly poisons the young minds that are feeding on the candled garbage and causes every harrier of manhood shame and boy barrier of manhood shame and boy-hood modesty to crumble. And while the boys whom he is attacking imagine the boys whom he is attacking imagine they are learning things, having a good time, he is digging under the walls every minute. At first they are startled, shocked, disgusted. But they stay right with him, and gradually get use to the evil odor. They won't be "sissies," "mollies" or won't be sissies, moines or "mamma's boys." They'll be, as he says—broad minded, strictly up to date, wise boys, in touch with the world, particularly the under-

"Any sensible person knows that this boy is a fool. But he is not the biggest fool in that crowd around hard facts he is not the worst boy in the crowd, either. He is talking, it is true, and talking rotten stuff, But what makes him talk? The answer is plain. It is the crowd there that makes him. He talks because he has somebody to listen to him. He is in the spotlight, but they put him there. If there were no listeners he would not say a word. But he sees his green, unfledged "gang" gathered hungrily about him, and he feeds the slimy stuff into their gaping little mouths; stuff which they swallow with difficulty at first, perhaps, but which with regular

practice they finally gulp down with facility. " If, my dear boys, you would have the very best gift life has for any of us, if you would be pure, clean, happy hearted, clear of conscience, never listen for a minute to the evil talker. Shake him off; push him back; get rid of him. Sin, like back; get rid of him. Sin, like misery, loves company. Freeze him by your absence. If there are no listeners, there will be no talker."

A BRAVE SAILOR

It is just a simple little story about an ignorant sailor, but it is true. There had been a furious assault at Acre, where the French and English were in close conflict; and the dead body of a French officer was left in so exposed a position between the walls and the besiegers' trenches, that no one dared to risk his life in an attempt to remove it.

The war ship, " Tigre," lay off the shore; and on board was a simple-hearted Jack Tar, by the name of Kelly. To him the sight of that unburied body was unendurable, and he asked leave to go on shore which was granted.

When he was safe within the walls of the beleaguered town, he procured a shovel, a pickaxe and some rope and, walking straight to the ran parts, and, declining all offers of assistance, he lowered himself to the

The enemy, mistaking his inten-tion, covered him with muskets; but French officer, wiser than the rest, divined the motive of the brave feldivined the motive of the brave fellow, and ordered his soldiers to refrain from firing. Then everyone, friend and foe alike, watched to see what would be done next. Kelly quietly dug a grave, put the body into it and said a prayer; then he took from his pocket a piece of board and a bit of chalk, with which he wrote; "Here lies a poor Crop." Without appearing to hurry in the least, he put this board at the head of the rude grave, then took his tools and walked back into the embrasure, with as little fuss as if he had been with as little fuss as if he had been weeding a garden.

"Crop" was doubtless meant as a brief way of writing crapaud (toad)

—Johnny Crapaud being a nickname
applied by English sailors to all
Frenchmen, from a fondness they were supposed to have not for toads, but for frogs.

The firing, which had ceased long enough to permit Kelly to perform his kind offices, now recommenced with renewed flerceness. When the battle was over, the English commo-dore sent for the sailor and ques-

dore sent for the sallor and questioned him.

"I don't see, your honor," said Kelly, "why they all wonder at such a small thing."

"It was not a small thing," answered the commodore. "I am told that you performed that brave deed alone."

"Oh, no!" protested Kelly. "I was not alone. "But I was told that you were,"

said the commodore. "Then you were told wrong, begging your pardon! I was not alone, your honor; God was with me, and I didn't fear."—Ave Maria."

A TALE OF TWO BOYS

During the past summer an express train filled with listless, sleepy-looking passengers, stood at the union station, Detroit, Michigan, on the moment of departure for New York City. The day was hot and stifling, and the passengers looked as though they dreaded the discom-forts of the long, dusty ride, but yet were impatient to be whirling along through the open country, away from the smoke and the noise. A slowthe smoke and the noise. A slow-moving, surly boy of fifteen or there-abouts, passed through the train calling out, "Fa a ns, five cents." He spoke in a weary, disconsolate tone, which made the travellers feel more timid and languid than ever. In his journey from the smoking car to the rear of the train he sold just two fans. A colored boy about the same age followed soon after him, with a big armful of palm leaf fans. To say the least, the difference be-tween the two lads was striking. The latter had a businesslike air about him which appealed immediately to the comfort and to the pockets of the comfort and to the pockets
of the perspiring passengers. In a
peculiar, boyish voice, as mellow as
a flute, he called out: "Keep yo'
selves c-o-o-l, ladies and gentlemen.
Co-o ny Island breezes. A big fan for only five cents! Zephyrs from de billows! Buy'em while you can!" The effect was like a draft of cool air. Everyone wanted a fan. People left their seats in order that they might not miss one. In two coaches the boy sold sixty-seven fans and could have sold as many more if he had had them! He jumped off the plat-form as the train left the station with his heart as happy as a lark, and his pocket full of change. "Hurrah," he shouted, "dat was quick business."

The other boy stared in stupid astonishment and wondered how it was done. We have all seen the counterpart of these two boys. Is there any position or experience in our life where enthusiasm will not win? Think it over .- Selected.

TEMPERANCE

The man who trains with Barleycorn is loaded down with sorrow; to-day he's seedy and forlorn, he'll be the same to morrow. There is no troubles; his nose is red, his eyes are dim from drinking stuff that bubbles He may of his misfortunes sob, but little boots or shoes it; he is the last to get a job, he is the first to lose it. The sober boys save up the stamps, their money in a jar keep, while Boozer, with his bloodshot lamps, is cringing to the barkeep. His head is full of racking aches, his thirst demands an ops he dreams of snakes that reach from here to Goshen. He has no use for whole ome grub, the kind that warms and tickles; he'd rather stand around a ub and reach for slaw and pickles. He loafs with other red nosed boys and thinks a flagon bliss is, and all the sane and wholesome joys the poor old boozer misses. An arm-chair in the inglenook, the fireside's satisfaction, a quiet evening with a book, for him have no attraction. A place among the guzzling crowd to him is bliss and bounty; and finally a pauper's shroud and planting by the country.—Walt Mason.

As long as human nature is human, jolly will never be a drug on the market.

"Confide your good deeds to the remembrance of God by Whom no good work of yours will ever be forgotten" is the wise advice of Car-dinal Gibbons to people who com-plain of the treacherous and ungrateful memory of man. How many of us fail every day in grati-tude to God, Who showers bles-sings and graces upon us? If we would meditate a few moments frequently on our shortcomings in this respect, we would be ashamed to call attention to the little debts of gratitude that others may owe us,

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A VOICE FROM ROME

Rome, the paper of the Eternal City for English speaking Catholics, has this to say: The concluding sen-tence is respectfully referred to some critics of temperance legislation: "Half a century ago the Finns con-sumed annually from twenty to twenty five millions of hectolitres of alcohol, or fifteen litres per inhabit-

ant, so that they occupied the first place among hard-drinking peoples. One-fifth of the cereal crop of the country was devoted to the manu-facture of alcohol, and the scourge seemed to be beyond remedy. Happily, however, numerous temperance societies sprang up, the young people were enrolled in special organiza-tions, the women threw all their influence on the right side, and h brought to bear on Parliament, which in 1861 voted a law we devised to eliminate the evidence and 1871 the consumption of alcohol per head dropped from fifteen litres, to three and one-half litres, and it has now sunk to a litre and a half. The Finns, who held the record for intermpresses have become the most temperance, have become the most temperate people in Europe. In 1861 the number of arrests for drunkenness was 6,847; it is now less than 400. Crime, insanity, mortality and suicides have all greatly dimin-ished. The moral of the story would seem to be that the action of temperance leagues is highly beneficial, but that it cannot obtain its full effect without legislation—and that a people can be made sober by act of Parliament."

WHY HE BECAME A TOTAL ABSTAINER

One of the best-known men in Ohio, a man who has been in the public eye for years, and is especially noted for his talent in public speak ing, told a friend recently why he had become a total abstainer. We give the incident in his own language

"I was a moderate drinker for many years. Occasionally I drank immoderately. I had the notion that if I took a few stiff drinks before making a speech it loosened my tongue and I could talk better. It no boubt did loosen my tongue, but I question if I hit the bull's eye as well

s if I had abstained. "The turning point came one day when I had for my guest a distinguished jurist from another county Like myself, this friend was a lover of golf. We motored out to the Country Club, and before going on the links I took a highball to put me in fine fettle for the game. Somehow I was not in my usual form. I had trouble with my strokes. There was difficulty in measuring distances with my eyes. I played indifferently. It was a hot day, and by the time I had gone over the course once the effect of the drink had disappeared. The second round I was in my usual good form and had no difficulty with

my vision.
"At home alone that evening I went over the details of the game and made up my mind that one drink had affected my brain and made it impossible for me to properly guide my strokes. Then I decided that if a my strokes. Then I decided that II a drink had that effect upon my play-ing golf it must also affect my legal work and my public speaking, and from that day I have been a total abstainer. No man can afford to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. No man can strike twelve who uses alcohol."—American

WHY NOT THE PAPACY?

From the London Catholic Times

of Europe will be faced with the problem of how to prevent wars in future. The Balance of Power, Armed Peace, Secret Treaties, Un-known Alliances—these and other inventions of the diplomatists have failed. The "Nations" makes a suggestion. It says: "We must have a different, a better, a fairer world: but, above all, it must represent a common order, imposed by the Powers, small and great, in Council, Powers, small and great, in Council, and able, by the advice of the best men and the best women of our time to set up a permanent seat of international justice, with just enough force and no more to make its decrees respected and to come down on offenders. The organization of The Management and Protion of The Hague was modern Eur-ope's first half-hearted attempt to set up a centre of international juris-

Why could not Europe accept the Papacy as the centre of international jurisprudence? The Papacy has influence and interest in every country and no centre of authority in the world would be more readily listened to by the democracy, which longs for peace and is determined to make an effort for permanent peace when this war ends. A mere monarch of one country or another would be suspected of utilizing his international position for national aims. The Papacy, a world-power, could be trusted to take a view on any dispute brought before it that would be free from all suspicion of self-international aims. est. And with the Papacy head of a tribunal of international jurisprudence, armaments could be reduced, peace secured and war made almost impossible. Details could soon be arranged once the principle was accepted. The Papacy at the head of European democracy would be a

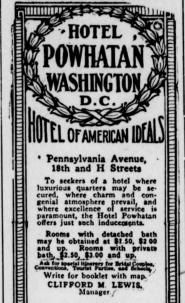
You never know how one good act of yours may cheer and encourage others, or how terrible an influence one single wrong may have 128 FCF 3

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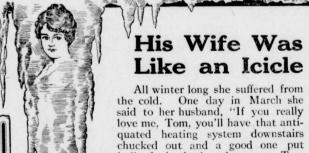
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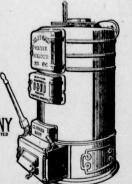
Gates discovered that the Dominion Radiator Company is an organization of specialists, devoted exclusively to the manufacture of hot water and steam heating systems. The moulders, for instance, have to be specialists in their line, because the Safford boiler is designed very differently to an ordinary boiler. The moulders must acquire great skill to cast it. You see, the whole boiler is most scientifically constructed. It is built to keep Gates' wife, and your wife, warm and comfortable, and burn less coal than

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