

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A FATAL DEFECT OF CHARACTER

"He's a very good fellow, a fine fellow, a genial, companionable fellow—but you can not believe what he says."

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 farther, perhaps, than he intended.

How many men there are who have this fatal defect of character. They are genial, companionable, entertaining, but—not trustworthy.

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.

Truth is the corner-stone of human intercourse. Without truth and trust there can be no square-dealing between man and man.

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."

Why is time so short? Have you ever met a man, be he a student, an artist, a merchant or professional man who did not complain of want of time to read all that he desired, to put the finishing touches to his work, to fulfil all his engagements?

It is the common cry from the busy world. Time is so short and there is so much to do. These people, who take a little of this precious time to reflect on the manner of its 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, and become indignant at themselves for making these hours shorter.

But they who waste the minutes of the 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 expenditure of time and patience! One fruitless repentance treads so close on the heels of another as to give good resolution no walking room between.

And so our precious minutes hurry one and another into oblivion, unless we check them by resolutely reigning in sloth, worry and vain regrets.

—True Voice.

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 water, water and frost. He must be home every morning and night to milk the cows.

No one can be his own "boss," unless 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.

There are a thousand things to be reformed, and no reformation succeeds unless it be genial. No one was ever corrected by sarcasm; crushed perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough—but drawn nearer to God, never.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS LISTEN TO THIS

Sermons on bridling 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 mouths.

Out of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the reservoir of the heart is largely filled with what the boy listens to. Watch out for what is said 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 speak you like a fish, or to truss you up like a target.

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.

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 ramparts, and declining all offers of assistance, he lowered himself to the ground.

The enemy, mistaking his intention, covered him with muskets; but a French officer, wiser than the rest, divined the motive of the brave fellow, and ordered his soldiers to refrain from firing.

"Crop" was doubtless meant as a brief way of writing *crapsud* (head)—Johnny Crapsud being a nickname applied by English sailors to all Frenchmen, from a fondness they were supposed to have not for toads, but for frogs.

"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.

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE. "GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT". For cleaning and disinfecting—For softening water—For disinfecting closets, drains and sinks—and 500 other purposes.

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.

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 speaking, told a friend recently why he had become a total abstainer.

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.

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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 sentence is respectfully referred to some critics of temperance legislation:

"Half a century ago the Finns consumed annually from twenty to twenty five millions of hectolitres of alcohol, or fifteen litres per inhabitant, so that they occupied the first place among hard-drinking peoples.

One-fifth of the cereal crop of the country was devoted to the manufacture of alcohol, and the scourge seemed to be beyond remedy. Happily, however, numerous temperance societies sprang up, the young people were enrolled in special organizations, the women threw all their influence on the right side, and the result of it all was that pressure was brought to bear on Parliament, which in 1861 voted a law which was devised to eliminate the evil.

Between 1861 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 intemperance, 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 diminished. 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 speaking, told a friend recently why he had become a total abstainer.

"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 doubt did loosen my tongue, but I question if I hit the bull's eye as well as 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 drink had that effect upon my playing 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 Issue.

WHY NOT THE PAPACY?

From the London Catholic Times. When the war ends, the democracy of Europe will be faced with the problem of how to prevent wars in future. The Balance of Power, Armed Peace, Secret Treaties, Unknown 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, 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 Hague was modern Europe's first half-hearted attempt to set up a centre of international jurisprudence."

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-interest. 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 pledge of peace.

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 Cardinal Gibbons to people who complain of the treacherous and ungrateful memory of man. How many of us fail every day in gratitude to God, Who showers blessings 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, and have forgotten.

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His Wife Was Like an Icicle. All winter long she suffered from the cold. One day in March she said to her husband, "If you really love me, Tom, you'll have that antiquated heating system downstairs chucked out and a good one put in." And that's what sent Tom Gates out to our plant to learn about Safford Boilers and Radiators. For over two hours we talked to Gates. He was from Missouri. He had to be shown our plant. He had to be shown the Safford heating system section by section. But a Safford is being put in his house now. 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 others. Starting with the water cold, a Safford system heats the water and circulates it through an 11-room house in 12 minutes. Others require three times as long. A Safford boiler has 111% fewer parts, which means it is 111% less likely to get out of order. Those are but two features briefly told. But such facts cannot fail to set you thinking. So you might just as well relieve your mind. Put your name and address on a post-card request for our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take a minute or two of your time—time never better invested. And you'll get full particulars about the Safford system by return mail. THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY LIMITED. TORONTO, CANADA. Branches at Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton.

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