

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

By thy own rival, comparing thyself with thyself, and striving day by day to be self-sufficed. If thy own little room is well lighted the whole world is less dark. If thou art busy seeking intellectual and moral illumination and strength, thou shalt easily be contented. Higher place would mean for thee less liberty—less opportunity to become thyself. The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.—Bishop Spalding.

How to Treat a Lie. It's pretty hard to know how to treat a lie when it's about yourself. You can't go out of your way to deny it, because that puts you on the defensive; and sending the truth after a lie that's got a good running start is like trying to round up a stampeded herd of steers when the steers are on them. Lies are great travelers, and welcome visitors in a good many homes, and no questions asked. Truth travels slow, has to prove its identity, and then a lot of people hesitate to turn out an agreeable stranger to make room for it.

About the only way I know to kill a lie is to live the truth. When your credit is attacked, don't bother to deny the rumors, but discount your bills. When you are attacked unjustly, avoid the appearance of evil, but avoid also the appearance of being too good—that is, better than usual. Surmise and suspicion feed on the unusual, and when a man goes about his business along the usual rut they soon fade away for lack of nourishment.—Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.

Don't wait until the iron's hot, but make it hot by muscle. Don't take of the wealth your father's got, but take of your coat and tie.

That's the word, "Hustle," with a large H, for it is only through hustling that one achieves advertising success nowadays. No matter what you are—a bookkeeper, stenographer, advertising solicitor or clerk—work hard and do your work right. Don't grumble. The world has no time for grumblers. Be cheerful, even if it takes some effort to do it. And if in addition to doing what you are told, and doing it well, you do a little more—make suggestions that will tend to improve your work and show that you are using brains—you are on the road to Successville, that town for which many purchase "through" tickets and at which few arrive. But those who do reach the place get there only by the Hustle & Hard Work road, the president of which is Mr. Perseverance; the superintendent, Mr. Energy, and the general manager, Mr. Ambition.—Printers' Ink.

Sacredness of Work. Few persons look with reverence on their work. Many do not even look at it with respect. Not a few affect to despise the field of activity which they have entered. Others consider the work they are doing merely a means of support. One who toils from early morn till dewy eve for the sake of three good meals and a comfortable bed may at least respect himself and enjoy the fruits of his labors. The man who toils for his task year in and year out, that he may make money enough to buy a comfortable house and provide the comforts of life for his family, may feel the inspiration of a noble impulse. But this is not the highest view of work.

Work is sacred, not only because God has ordained it as a means of supporting life, but also because life is in the work at its bringing out of its grand results. God is a worker. He is now working together with every toiler. "We are workers together with God." The apostle wrote this with special reference to religious work, but it is quite as true of secular work. God works together with the farmer in producing a harvest. When the scavenger cleans the streets and carries away the garbage he is working together with God for the health of the city.

A well known teacher, in an address delivered at the commencement of an industrial school recently, said: "I have always experienced a certain resentment against the fact that the wages of the ditch-digger and the scavenger were not the last of all so to become compensation for the ignominy which they have been awarded, for what they do for me I feel a gratitude which I cannot articulate." The toiler deserves our respect and gratitude, not only for what he does for us, but especially because he is working for God and with God.

There is still deeper truth here. God works not only with the toiler, but in him. It matters not his brain or both. God is working in him if his labor be right and worthy.

Amiability. It is not so much the great things that injure a man's business or profession as the little things, the trifles that he does not think worthy of his attention. One of the worst of the little hindrances to success—if anything is little in a world where a mud crack swells into an Amazon, and where the stealing of a pin may end on the scaffold—is lack of amiability. How many a clerk or stenographer has been unable to keep a position because of an explosive temper or a lack of good nature! How many sales have been lost by the impatience or insolence or want of equanimity of a salesman! How many editors have lost valuable contributors, and publishers noted authors, simply from the lack of an even temper or a disposition to be cordial and hospitable!

How many hotel clerks and proprietors have lost desirable customers by coarseness of manner or inhospitable treatment.

I know of a room clerk in a hotel whose suave manner and cordial treatment of the guests made him so valuable in attracting and holding patronage that the proprietor was glad to pay him a very large salary to induce him to remain in his employ.

Many commercial houses owe their success largely to their ability in selecting traveling men of pleasing manners and personality to represent

them. In fact some of these firms are so dependent upon the personality of these men that, should they leave them, a large part of their trade would go with them. The merchants whom the "drummers" visit become attached to them, and, in many cases, rather than cease to do business with them, would transfer their patronage to the firm with which they choose to connect themselves.

The largest establishment in Paris—the Bon Marche—was literally built up by the amiability and pleasing manners of its founders, as was also the famous grocery business of Park & Tilford of New York.

But it would be a narrow view of amiability to look at it only as a factor in attaining material success. Its power to brighten and sweeten life in the home, in the street, in the school, in the store, office, or market—wherever it is found, is of infinitely greater value than its material influence as a success winner.

What a Good Appearance Will do. Let thy mind's sweetest have its operation Upon thy body, clothes, and haberdashery.

We express ourselves first of all in our bodies. The outer condition of the body is accepted as the symbol of the inner. If it is unlovely, or repulsive, through sheer neglect or indifference, we conclude that the mind corresponds with it. As a rule, the conclusion is a just one. High ideals and strong, clean, wholesome lives and work are incompatible with low standards of personal cleanliness. A young man who neglects his daily bath will neglect his mind; he will quickly deteriorate in every way. Cleanliness or purity of soul and body raises man to the highest estate. Without this he is nothing but a brute.

There is a very close connection between a fine, strong, clean physique and a fine, strong, clean character. A man who suffers himself to become careless in regard to the one will, in spite of himself, fall away in the other.

In training the men who are to be the guardians of our country's honor, the protectors of her rights and liberties, and her defenders from all foes, within and without, what are some of the points most strongly insisted upon? Personal cleanliness and neatness in dress. At West Point Academy a "slight untidiness in dress" is punished by one demerit mark.

In the larger world of business, or of society, and in every other field of progress and enlightenment, there are unwritten laws governing the care of the person just as rigid, just as inexorable, and just as far-reaching in the consequences as those which obtain within the walls of West Point Academy, or in any other institution which trains men and women for leadership.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Be fit for more than the thing you are doing. Providence shapes our lives, no matter what plans we make.

Look up. The sun is still shining. Every life has in it reasons for gratitude. Count the blessings. After the night comes the dawn.

Man's ideal is the truest expression of his nature, and the most potent agency in developing its powers. If the ideal we aspire to be below us, life's aim will be downward, and the nearer we approach its realization, the smaller and littler we become. But if our ideal is above us, it will of necessity appeal to the very best and noblest in our nature, and call for the exercise and development of our highest faculties and powers.

The supreme lesson of life is to bear with weariness of self. You will not be worth your salt afterward unless you have used the present as those do who make it their joy to do God's will.—Father Dignam, S. J.

So far is genius from being "a transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all," as Carlyle has it, that it is rather, as in Franz von Vecsey's case, the capacity for doing without trouble that which other people cannot do with any amount of trouble.

A word is a little thing, but the good it can do is unlimited. It may save a world, or, what is of infinitely greater value, a soul. Many a man has dropped over the brink of ruin, perhaps for eternity, when a word of hope or cheer might have saved him. You have often, no doubt, had your own life brightened by a smile or a kindly word from another. Why not pass it along? If it does not fall into fertile ground, your own heart will be made better by the good intention, and God, who notes every loving deed, will not allow it to perish.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven. THE PROVING OF JOSIE.

Miss Linton looked pleased at the praise, which was very real and more to her than many a studied criticism. "You would never take us for sisters, would you?" asked Josie, in her quiet voice.

"No, you are not alike," said Miss Linton, glancing at Josie. "I wish we were," said Josie. "I can't help it," and tears rose again to her eyes.

"I think I can guess about it," said Miss Linton, who was large-hearted, sympathetic, very observant, and had noticed that Josie was always put into the background and her lovely sister made so much of.

"I am very foolish," said Josie colouring, for it was with a sense of shame that she knew from Miss Linton's voice that she guessed her secret longings for the beauty her sister possessed. "I ought to be proud of her instead of—"

"But Josie could not put her thoughts into words. "How did you know—how did you guess? You will think me very horrid and I know I am," continued Josie, "only I do love all that is beautiful so much, and sometimes I am tempted to think it hard—the difference."

Miss Linton was silent, but she took

Josie's hand in hers and gave it a sympathetic squeeze, and somehow or other Josie found herself telling Miss Linton a good deal of herself and her life, how she missed her father, and without complaining at all of her mother.

Miss Linton, who had always seen clearly how matters were, learnt a good deal more about them.

"I do try, Miss Linton, very hard, and I think, though I don't feel it less, that God is helping me," said Josie, who, usually so shy and reserved, was talking to Miss Linton as she had seldom been able to do to anyone besides her father. She did not know what it was impelled her to do it. She was obeying an impulse she could not have explained.

"I wish, my dear, you would tell me why you kissed your rosary just now," said Miss Linton suddenly.

"I often do it—or my medal. It helps me," said Josie simply.

"But how? Kissing a thing like that cannot really do anything for you."

For a moment Josie looked puzzled, then she answered slowly.

"It helps me to remember about Our Lady, and asking her to help me," said Josie.

"It seems so superstitious," said Miss Linton, in an irritated voice, "wearing medals and kissing pictures and all that kind of thing—childish nonsense it seems to me."

"Of course I don't think wearing a medal and kissing my rosary is going to do instead of prayer and watchfulness," said Josie, "only it makes me remember to do both, and, as I said, about asking Our Lady to pray for us. Oh, no, Miss Linton, I don't think it childish. Father was a very manly man and hated superstition, but he was never without his rosary, and he had it in his hands when he died."

Miss Linton was not a demonstrative woman, but as Josie left her studio, she kissed her and whispered in her ear: "Say your rosary for me sometimes—there are other trials—other temptations in life, than being jealous of a pretty sister. This is a private, mind—I know you won't gossip about me."

Josie raised her clear truthful eyes to Miss Linton's face, and the latter said hurriedly, "And of course I won't talk about you. I can trust your eyes, and a beautiful soul looks out of them."

Josie returned the kiss, then she said in a low voice: "I won't forget—and I know Our Lady will help me, whatever it may be that's troubling you—only do ask her," she added hurriedly and shyly.

Miss Linton closed her studio and then went down to her drawing-room, where the lights were lighted and a wood fire was burning in the open grate. It wanted an hour to dinner-time—the solitary meal that always seemed so long. She was not lonely, though all her kith and kin were dead, and as she detested boarding-houses and hotels she preferred living alone, having usually a good many friends and acquaintances.

After dinner she drew out her desk, took out a letter she had that morning received and re-read it. It was from an old friend in America, to whom she had evidently written most fully about her having given up the practice of her religion. It was not a clever letter, but it breathed the most earnest piety, and the great desire that she would seek help in this time of great suffering. Miss Linton folded up the letter again, put it away and stayed by the fire thinking over many things, and a sigh escaped her as she thought of the faith, once hers, which she had lost. The temptations to doubt had been dallied with, she had gradually led off going into the Sacraments, the books she had read had fascinated her, and so, little by little, she had come into the wilderness of scepticism. Somehow or other she had a hankering after Catholic countries, though she told herself that it was merely the artistic side that struck her, only the picturesque of the religion which was so bound up in the life of the people.

But that evening she was disappointed. Josie's story of herself and her battles against the unseen foes that tried her so had touched her profoundly, and she resolved to see more of her through the winter, and to talk to her of many things. Her plans, however, were doomed to being upset, for the next day's post brought a letter from America which decided her to go. She must go back there at once. So all was changed—Veroonica's picture was sent to London, Miss Linton left her apartment in the hands of an agent to be sold, and she went hurriedly away, bearing with her the memory of Josie's pleading eyes and whispered request to "Say this sometimes, please."

The little packet contained a rosary which had been blessed by the Holy Father, and which Josie had got from one of the nuns at the convent.

Three years after Miss Linton wrote this in a notebook she sometimes used:

"This book has been neglected a long time. I see the last entries are made in Chicago, where I spent the winter of '81—I returned to Europe a year ago, and Denis Heriot, my nephew, came with me. I wrote to my little friend Josie asking her to come to Florence and spend a month with me there, and it was nice to see her enjoy herself. She just appreciated everything thoroughly, and had read so much about Christian art that she was a valuable guide. I could see that Denis liked her very much indeed, though I cannot say he went so far as to pay her attentions which might mislead her. But I cannot tell of course, for certain, only my hopes rose, and so, I fear, did hers. He is a good fellow, clever, and an excellent Catholic. We drove to San Gimignano in the moonlight, stayed there two days and went back to Siena by Volterra. Two months later Denis was engaged to Veroonica, whose beauty seemed to me to have increased since the days when I had her as a model for my picture, which made such a sensation in New York."

"They were married that same autumn, and Mrs. Wilcox having married a German artist some time ago, I

begged to have Josie with me on a long visit, and she is with me now, and perhaps the visit may be of indefinite length. That Josie's heart was given to my nephew I could not doubt, and I knew she suffered deeply, though she never in the remotest way had alluded to the subject. She is much attached to me and I to her. I look back to that evening in my studio as a date I can never forget. Not long after that evening I laid down my pride and my rebellion at the foot of the Cross, and resolved to fight my temptations and doubt with the weapons provided for me in God's Church.

"We walked out yesterday to the Osservanza, and stood for some time before that most beautiful work of Andrea della Robbia, the Coronation of Our Lady. Josie was delighted with it; we are both so fond of it. It put me in mind of the reward which will one day belong to all who strive and endure, each in his or her own way, and who, though they had been going on the same lines, for Josie took my hand and pressed it, and I knew what she meant when she said: 'The proving comes in such different ways—doesn't it?' I nodded: I understood her; she suffered, and would perhaps always do so, for her heart was very tender. She little knows how hard I find it to endure! But we both find much comfort in the thought of that 'gracious advocate' whose eyes of mercy are always turned on her children, and who will pray for us that 'we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ,' and these promises stand sure, that no one is tempted more than he is able to bear, and that for the term of probation those who endure will receive the crown of life."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ABUSE OF OUR FAITH.

IT IS NOT SO COMMON A PRACTICE AS IT USED TO BE.

There are still some persons and a few papers that never miss an opportunity to revile the Catholic Church and that eagerly seize on any incident which may be utilized as a vehicle for the transmission of their abuse. They are not so numerous as they used to be, and in the light of the twentieth century intelligence they are gradually hiding their diminished heads. In this connection the following editorial on the altered attitude of non-Catholics toward Roman Catholicity, which appeared in a recent issue of the Boston Evening Transcript, is of more than passing interest:

"The opposition of eminent laymen in the recent Methodist Episcopal conference sitting in Los Angeles to the rapid attack on the Roman Catholic Church by Rev. Dr. J. M. King and the reference to a committee of the venerable Catholic bazaar's recommendations is symptomatic of a marked change in Protestant bodies' attitude within a decade. Like action led by Mr. Butler of East Weymouth was taken at the recent meeting of the Southern New England conference. The same spirit was seen in the decision of the Presbyterian Church North when it recently excised from its standards of faith denunciations of the Pope as anti-Christ. It was shown in the generous cooperation of the Protestant press of Christendom after the death of Pope Leo XIII. It is seen in the recent large gift by a Protestant toward the building of a Roman Catholic cathedral in St. Paul, Minn. It is conspicuously evident in Harvard's course of lectures by an eminent French Catholic on 'Religion and Democracy.'

"Part of this change of attitude is due to a clearer recognition of the limits of the Protestant reformation—its latent perils as well as its obvious merit. Part of it is due to a prudential desire to have the conservative force of the Roman Catholic Church remain as a bulwark of society in times when other forces are making strongly against the rights of property and the rights of individuals. Part of it also is due to a growing recognition that many of the foreign born citizens of this country and their descendants the Roman Catholic Church is a Church that just now affords a home infinitely safer than the outer world of secularism.

"Here, as in Europe, it is becoming clear to the more thoughtful men that a battle is on in which Christians of all names and types must shoulder to shoulder if the historic faith is to be conserved, and the action of the Methodist Episcopal church conference in deciding to be committed to underlining condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church is a sign that a new era has dawned, for in days gone by it has been asserted often that Loyola and Wesley were types of groups that were doomed to war to the knife and founders of movements that existed only to war the one on the other."

The Churches and Theirs.

"Protestants admit," says the Catholic Forum, "that they may learn one thing from Catholics, and this is to reverence their Church as sacred to the worship of God. They consider their own church as a place of work and social intercourse rather than a temple of worship, and a Baptist paper regrets 'it is not a place where one needs God,' and thinks there would be a change for the better in the Sunday attendance were it so regarded. Though the Protestant meeting-house may be respected as a temple dedicated to God, the very creed of its people forbids that it should ever be what each Catholic Church is to its members, the abiding place of the Crucified Saviour."

CRYING BABIES.

Babies do not cry unless there is some good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If the fretfulness and sources it is caused by exterior to the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to give Baby's Own Tablets without delay. For indigestion, colic, teething troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and

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