

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Power to Please.

If you wear a bulldog expression, if you go about looking sour and disagreeable, you must not wonder that you are not popular with your employees.

Nothing else will win the heart of a young person to you so quickly as making him feel that you take a genuine interest in what he is doing, and especially in what he is going to do in the future.

The power to please is a great success asset. It will do for you what money will not do. It will give you the capital which financial assets alone would not warrant.

Have You Lost Your Ability? One of the most demoralizing things a person can do is to lose his ability, all his ingenuity, his inventiveness, his resourcefulness, his ambition, his prospects, everything for a salary in work which does not meet his approval.

Think of a young man, for example, with superb mental endowment leasing out his brain for a term of years for a certain amount of salary, his ability to be used to deceive his fellow men, in telling all manner of falsehoods in the most forceful, fascinating, alluring language, in writing advertisements calculated to deceive, and which would inevitably mislead and take advantage of thousands of poor people with less brains and less ability than the writer!

Chasing Rainbows. How many people go through life deluded with the conviction that if they could only get a little more money, get into a little better home, or if they could only get over the particular trouble that is annoying them at the time, they would be happy!

I know a man who had a very hard boyhood, suffered great poverty, who now fifty years old, and he has always honestly believed that if he could only get over the particular difficulty that was annoying him at the moment, he would be perfectly happy; but he is the same anxious, restless, expectant spirit to-day as when a youth. He has been quite successful, and he has done some very remarkable things, but he is invariably in hot water. There is always something that niggles him, or destroys his happiness, and, although he is a well-meaning man, he has made his family, his employees, and everybody about him very unhappy, because he is always fretting and worrying, always borrowing trouble.

Boldness as a Success Factor. There is something about boldness which sometimes borders on audacity that commands respect, if it is based upon real self-confidence, a consciousness of power, and not upon egotism. There is something sublime about a strong man who can neither be cajoled, rattled, nor stampeded.

This quality is very valuable to an animal tamer. He must not wince. He must put up a bold front. The moment his eye wavers, or that he shows doubt or fear, he is conquered by his brute creatures.

Many a man succeeds in establishing a business by sheer force of character, by his boldness, or self-faith. It is natural for us to step aside for a determined man, a man with an iron will and a bold self-confidence. Assurance it self is a great power. We naturally give way to the show of power or force wherever it appears.

There is always an element of boldness in a born leader. He dares because he is conscious of the possession of strength to back him.

What to a timid man means boldness, even audacity, seems the most natural thing in the world to a leader, because he knows he is master of the situation. He is equal to the occasion, and boldness is becoming to him. It is but a natural expression of power.

Doing Just Well Enough. If you are not able to develop some originality and individuality in your way of doing things, you must not expect to rise out of mediocrity.

It is superiority that wins. The

world is full of mediocrity—people who just do what they are told in the most ordinary way.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DAWN IN DARKNESS.

(By Mary L. Cummins in Our Young People.) The sun was coming in faint, pale streaks through the tall windows of Washburn Hall as Marion Harlow took her seat for the afternoon concert.

"Excuse me, Miss Harlow." An usher, whom he knew, was standing beside her with his arm through that of a tall lad of sixteen. The boy's appearance was remarkable, in spite of his shabby suit of gray. Thick brown hair waved away from a broad, white forehead. The eyes were blue and very wide open; the mouth sensitive.

When the oratorio commenced she lost herself and her surroundings completely, as she always did, in the beauty of the music. Only when the great contralto—a woman who had never squandered her marvellous gift on unworthy songs—arose for the second time, she turned involuntarily to the boy at her side.

"Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped." The wonderful recitative filled the room. Oh, the promise of it for him! Marion felt her throat tighten as she watched his lifted face with the light of rapture on it.

"No," he murmured, his face shining. She put her hand through his arm and they walked together down the aisle. "You are coming again?"

"No," the light left his face for a moment. "Oh, you must," Miss Harlow said impulsively. "You must hear 'Elijah' to-morrow night. Let me drive you home and we will talk about it."

"I have been making friends with your son, Marion," she said. "You have not heard 'The Messiah' before."

"I do not want to lose such a kindred spirit now that I have found it," Miss Harlow went on smiling. "Please let me drive you home."

When they were seated in the open landau, she turned to the woman beside her: "If you are not in a hurry we might go through the park, Mrs. —"

"The lad sat opposite with his sightless eyes lifted. It was all a glorious dream to him. The music, the lady with the beautiful speaking voice, the drive in the warm fall sunshine.

"Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

Marion sat spell-bound. He had sung the recitative through her city after hearing it but once. And his voice! The beauty and pathos of it thrilled her; and yet, what was that triumphant tone that vibrated through it? Surely it meant that through the misery and the darkness his soul had reached out and found the Eternal Father.

"Then let me take Geoffrey to the remaining concerts. I will come for him and bring him home, so you need not worry."

"God bless you!" The second evening when the blind lad came back to her, flushed with joy, she blessed Marion Harlow in her heart again.

"Mother," he cried, "mother, she is going to have me taught music by raised notes, and I am to have singing lessons—right away!"

An hour later, hearing him speaking softly, she crept to his door, then stole quietly away. He was kneeling at the bedside, consecrating his voice to God.

A Boy's Promise. Read this to the children. It is what they call a true story, and true stories are what they like. Simple, but touching and powerful, the conduct of its youthful hero is worthy of their imitation and hence to inspire at least resolutions of Catholic manliness.

St. Louis about a fortnight ago. It was a merry, noisy, good natured crowd of actors and actresses. Among the number were two boys, aged about twelve and fourteen years. For a time it appeared the merriment was going to run late into the night, but a fact which seemed to irritate the younger of the two lads, who appeared impatient to retire.

But gradually the laughter ceased and soon quiet reigned. Presently the little fellow emerged from the smoking compartment, where he had gone for relief and not to smoke, and made his way to lower — The curtains were pushed aside, and the lad disappeared from view. But not entirely. For out from under the folds partially projected two little limbs, and two little feet stood on their toes revealing to any one who might pass the unusual face of the little owner was on his knees in prayer.

And someone did pass, one who deeply appreciated the situation. It was the Pullman conductor, himself a most exemplary Catholic gentleman. He was both surprised and edified. It was the second time only during his period of service that he had witnessed such a scene.

Next morning he engaged the older boy in conversation about his conversion and his action the night previous. The second lad proved to be a non-Catholic, but quickly volunteered the information that his little friend "never went to bed anywhere without praying every bead on his Rosary."

The conductor then found the opportunity to talk to the little Catholic hero, telling him that he had witnessed his conduct the night before, and proferring words of compliment and encouragement. In return for the confidence established came the simple, candid, childlike confession. Here's the story.

When leaving his home in England for the present theatrical tour he had promised his father and mother that he would say his Rosary every night that he might protect him and send him back to them safely. And then, quickly adding, "I haven't yet broke my promise."

"That's why he was on his knees in prayer in the sleeper. He was saying his Rosary, keeping his promise. Don't you think him a little Catholic hero? Don't you admire his manliness? How beautiful, how touching! What an inspiring lesson the little fellow teaches to the other boys, and may it not be truthfully added, to many of his Catholic seniors?—Church Progress.

NO ENCOURAGEMENT OF INDIFFERENCE NEEDED.

The Sacred Heart Review quotes the following interesting passage from an address delivered recently before the students and professors of Harvard University: "Not only do students merge your inherited denominational preferences and found here in Harvard University a church that shall be broad enough to include all denominations, as Jewish as the Ten Commandments, and as Protestant as the Sermon on the Mount? This, it seems to me, might well be the consummation of that type of religion which has been so clearly and forcibly represented at Harvard in times past."

Truly a wonderful religion that would combine the Divinity of Christ with the negation of His Divinity, the honor and worship of Christ with dishonor and rejection of His Real Presence, that would accept and reject the sacraments, that would include in one great chaos a thousand different contradictions, and then, having accomplished so much, would resolve into the thin air of absolute religious indifference that have been attempted ever since the dawn of its multiplicity have disappeared.

The nation, young though it is in years, has already had its experience of the wholesome results to which religious indifference inevitably leads. The wise men of our universities, instead of fostering the faith and the nation in general by their pen and lasting labor by putting forth their energies and their eloquence such as they are—towards its discouragement.

HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS AND "TRENEMENTS."

"The objection to the Bible originally came from Roman Catholics, who opposed it as sectarian."—North-Western Christian Advocate.

There is a subtle and misleading play upon a word in the above. The Bible, meaning a record of divine revelation, is not sectarian. But a certain translation purporting to be the Bible, and known as the Bible, is sectarian.

When we were a boy going to the Public school we were put into a reading class where the King James' Bible was used as a text book. The father of one Catholic boy gave his son a Catholic Bible and told him to ask the teacher if he could not read from it in class. In case of refusal he was to tell the teacher that his father requested him to state his reason in writing. He refused, and wrote thus:

"Owing to my religious views and tenements I cannot allow a Catholic Bible to be read in a school under my control."

The Catholic parent got about as much amusement as vexation from the teacher's "tenements," and concluded that if his Bible knowledge was equal to his knowledge of English words he was not a competent teacher of either.

He withdrew his son from the man of tenements and sent him to what was called a pay school where the teacher's religious tenets were more liberal.

The element man was a theologian student from a sectarian seminary. What is the matter with the eye-sight of our Chicago contemporary that he thinks, or implies, that Catholic parents were wrong because they protested against that sort of thing, this making

the Public school a sectarian propaganda, a practicing ground for Protestant theological students, and a stepping-stone to the sectarian pulpit?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

STRANGE!

Does it not seem strange that the man who can spend dollars for drinks and cigars every day in the week cannot find 10 cents for religion on Sunday?

That the woman who can describe all the new hats and dresses at church cannot see the alms box, no matter how large?

That the man who never gives a cent to the church fund always finds the most fault about the manner in which it is distributed?

That the pastor who does his full duty to God is unpopular with many of his parishioners?

That people will pay high prices for a seat in the theatre but always steal one in the church when they can?

That our young men will assume a barroom attitude at devotions and take on photographic postures in the parlors of their young lady friends?

That people will buy boxes and high priced seats at a theatre whom nothing could induce to rent a seat in church?

That persons who are always pressing their employers for larger salaries expect their pastors to live on good wishes and the grace of God?

That parents who never attend their children's religious duties expect their children to become model Christians?

That many of the men who worship in the rear of the church and block the entrance are always found in the front seats at places of amusements?—New York Freeman's Journal.

A ZEALOUS CONVERT.

Few instances of conversions to Catholicity are more interesting, says the Missionary, than that of the wife of Gen. P. Kearney, who died last year. Mrs. Kearney became a convert while studying the Catholic religion in order to prevent some relatives from joining the "Church of Rome." Her beautiful life was crowned by a saintly death, and she had the joy of knowing all her children were faithful Catholics. Not only in the distinguished circle in which she moved did she make numerous converts, but the family servants and the poor were, by her prayers and sweet charity, gathered

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