

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AN AGREEABLE PERSONALITY

Manners make the man. Pleasant manners make a pleasing man, and the man who has a way of winning the affections of the decent folk he meets, is on a high road to success. He makes friends. He is given help. He is offered opportunities.

Did you ever feel at home with a stranger because of his personality? Sure! I thought so. Isn't it strange, though, how well acquainted we can feel with some people the very first time we meet them and then again how little acquainted we feel with some people we see daily?

The man who has cultivated an agreeable personality is doing a great deal for the benefit of humanity—he is the friend whom we are pleased to recognize as a worthy brother, he is the friend whom we are glad to see—he keeps us in good cheer and inspires us to live pleasant lives.

A grouch is about as welcome in business as a skunk is at a lawn party. A man may have a thousand faults but if he is bright, cheery, and kind-hearted, a good many of them are overlooked.

When one has a pleasing personality it reacts on one's character and helps one to make friends—friends mean business—business means money—so it pays to be agreeable. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred a smiling face is a symbol of a kindly and unselfish disposition and the badge of good fellowship. The one exception is a counterfeit and it is sure to be soon recognized as such.

If you don't want to be successful be disagreeable and your wish will be fulfilled. If a young man travels on the Old Grouch Line it will not take him very long before he will reach Failure Station, but if he travels on that Good Natured Line he will find that he is passing by the mile posts to that station called Success about as quickly as Father Time will allow any one to travel according to schedule.

THE HUNT FOR QUALIFIED MEN

The demand of the world now is for men eminently fit to discharge the responsibilities of business demands. The call is for men who are not mere machines, but who think expertly, quickly, correctly for the production of business results—men who initiate, as well as men who do not—not those who are satisfied that tomorrow shall be as today, and the day after tomorrow as tomorrow, but those who take the experiences of today and with it enlarge the results of tomorrow's labors.

The "Man Hunt" is for those who are continually building themselves into greater usefulness; who are alive to the fact that there are larger possibilities constantly arising, and who know that if they are to occupy the higher positions and enjoy the larger profits, they must do it within and of themselves; who have a reliable sense of the fact that opportunity is not usually a thing of circumstance, or luck, or chance, but a continuous internal force seeking an outlet through their own individual work. In other words a man makes his own opportunities.

If anyone is in doubt as to the reliability of any of the above statements, let him cast the eye of observation over the community and note the men who are doing things. Get in personal touch with the human forces that are creating and building industries in the United States, and you will have the "Man Hunt" brought very forcibly to the front, because on every side, in every line of business, in every avenue of industry, the call is for men who know responsibility when they meet it and have equipped themselves to handle it responsibly. The men at the head of great affairs have brain, training, skill, experience, and executive ability. And they are hunting for assistants and successors to themselves.

THE BANKRUPT

What's that—you're broke? They have cleaned you out? The courts have taken all? Well, what does it matter? If your head isn't empty, you'll soon fill your hands.

What did you lose except some time and money? You still own everything with which you started—all the capital required to achieve anything, anywhere and at any time. To begin with you have five senses. Andrew Carnegie began life with precisely the same funds. You have your brain, your business experience, your lessons learned in the great university of life, your health, your nearest and dearest, and your friends.

If your honor didn't go with it, your name is simply on deposit—they're holding it as security for your debts. It rests with you to decide whether it's worth anything. If you still consider it valuable, go to work and redeem it. But if you think it's trash, the law will accept your estimate and mark it N.G. Next, there's time. You've thousands and thousands of days—enterprise and determination will change them into thousands and thousands of dollars. Every one of them is raw material of fortune.

A SMILE IN YOUR VOICE

Over all of the telephones in the Western Express Company's offices is a card bearing the legend, "Tips

for Top Notchers," under which are these words: "The other end of the telephone produces only your voice. It gives no other inkling of your disposition. Wear a smile in your voice. It consumes no extra time, costs nothing—and makes friends."

Think of what it would mean if the millions of people who telephone every day were to wear a smile in their voice! What a volume of harmony would take the place of the volume of discord which flows daily over the telephone wires! How it would ease the burden and the strain of life if every one would wear a smile in his voice!—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CLEAN SPEECH FOR BOYS

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation by every boy.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course, we can not imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or teacher or most esteemed friend.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the next thing to "swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—The Monitor.

SAINT MARGARET

Saint Margaret, whom the Church honors on June 10, was Queen of Scotland, and what is more important, the niece of Edward the Confessor. In the year 1070 she married Malcolm, King of Scotland, and was then crowned queen at the king's royal castle of Dunfermline.

Queen Margaret's influence for good made the reign of Malcolm and the sons who reigned after him noted for justice and love for the Heavenly King. A history of the life of Saint Margaret of Scotland is well worth reading in order to learn ways and means of serving God.—Sunday Companion.

TREED

"We can't have any girls tagging along! We're going to do all kinds of hard things—maybe dangerous. We may go clear to the pinery," Dan declared, loftily.

The boys picked up the lunch basket and strutted away down the walk, whooping with sheer joy. A whole holiday in the woods is a thing to rejoice any boy alive, or any girl. Sue thought so, as she stood looking after them with tears in her eyes. She held them back bravely, however, because she knew her brothers despised them. Of all the people she knew, Sue most admired her big brothers, as she called them, although Jerry was no bigger than herself and hardly so strong.

At the fence around the Ransom pasture, Jerry stopped and studied the hills beyond with a wise air. "I believe if we'd cut across the pasture and go up that draw we'd get to the pinery a whole mile sooner," he said.

Over the fence they went, and were half-way across the meadow when they heard a sound that drove the color from their faces. The roar of a lion or growl of a bear would not have frightened them worse.

"It can't be old Rory! I saw him in the lower pasture yesterday!" gasped Dan.

As if in answer to his words a big dark creature appeared from behind some bushes. Old Rory glared a moment at the horrified boys and then at them he steamed, horns down and bellowing ominously. Jerry was the quicker-witted.

"Run for that sassafras!" he squeaked; and how they did run! Old Rory ran too! Being the bigger and stronger, Dan reached the tree first; but when Dan had time enough to think, he always knew the right thing to do, and usually he did it. He had thought just as fast as he ran, and so he waited an instant for Jerry to come up, grasped his brother's slender legs and boosted. Jerry climbed like a wildcat, and Dan after him. In less time than it takes to write it, they were safely perched on a big limb, holding on to the one above it, while Rory pawed and roared and jammed his shaggy head against the trunk of the tree.

"Whew!" whistled Dan, wiping his forehead. Then he groaned. "Nobody ever comes up here. We'll be here till after dark."

"We might call for help," suggested Jerry.

"Nobody would hear us; and anyway—" He broke off, but Jerry knew what he had meant to say. Why, even mother would smile a little if she knew, after the way they had acted! There was just one among all the people they knew who would not laugh.

Anyhow, it's a good thing she wasn't along," said Dan, partly to Jerry and partly to his own conscience.

"We wouldn't have tried any short cuts if she had been here," said Jerry, honestly, and Dan's conscience agreed with him.

An hour passed, only it seemed like ten; two hours that seemed like twenty. Old Rory stopped pawing and began to graze, but he kept one wicked eye on the boys. Jerry was a

restless lad. It was hard for him to keep still.

"I believe I'll have to yell," he groaned at last.

"Well, yell away," Dan consented, gloomily. "No one will ever hear you anyhow."

So Jerry shouted till the woods rang, and he was hoarse.

"Sh! The bushes over there are moving," whispered Dan.

Something was making its way through the underbrush. It parted presently just inside the fence, and a small wondering face peeped through. The boys grinned foolishly; but even then Sue did not laugh. She looked scared and worried. Then her face changed a little. She flushed and spoke shyly. "I wasn't tagging. Mother said I might go as far as the creek, and—I heard you," she explained, hastily.

Jerry and Dan grinned again, but neither of them spoke. Sue did not offer to go for help. Well she knew her big brothers would not care to have it known that they had been treed by old Rory! There was a long and anxious silence. Then Sue looked down at her red apron and her face lighted.

"I can take this off and go down the fence on the other side and wave it. He'll run at it and then you can get down."

Dan and Jerry looked at each other uneasily. "It would be perfectly safe. The fence is strong and high. It has to be; and they've just mended it. Look at the new boards and posts! There wouldn't be a bit of danger," Dan decided at length.

So Sue ran around to the other side and down the fence till she was opposite old Rory. Then she waved the apron, and with a bellow of rage he fairly plunged at it. Watching her brothers anxiously, Sue walked slowly on. It seemed to her that Jerry didn't touch the fence at all as he went over; but he didn't forget to rescue the lunch basket as he passed it. Fortunately, they had dropped it behind a bush and old Rory didn't see it.

"We're going to the pinery. You want to go?" asked Dan, when they were all together again. He had had plenty of time to think, perched on that sassafras limb!

"All right!" cried Sue, joyously. "We'll stop at Serrall's and telephone mother. She said she put up lunch for all of us."—Mary M. Parks in S. S. Times.

LOVE NOT HATE

One of the last public pronouncements of the late Joseph H. Choate, spoken in welcome to the British representatives of the International War Council, was the expression of his satisfaction that the United States had entered the War not for selfish motives of retaliation but for noble and lofty purposes such as never attracted nations before. These words were the worthy prerogative of an extraordinarily long life of great civic usefulness, guided throughout by high principle. The American people on whose behalf they were uttered would do well to keep them in mind, for they will help to keep clear the spirit in which we have entered the struggle.

Catholics, like their fellow-citizens, will not forget that the War has been forced on us; that we could not without sacrifice of national honor, have refused to take up the gauntlet repeatedly and deliberately thrown at our feet in the sight of the whole world. Nevertheless they should not let their judgment be clouded. Patriotism begins and ends with love of country. Conscious of the rectitude of our initial purpose and final aim, we have ample means to fire our hearts with exalted enthusiasm without giving vent to the evil passions that lie in the black depths of the soul. There must be no "hymn of hate" with its appeal to hatred would dishonor our flag. Justice is all sufficient to steel our hearts. Christian charity, devotion to a blameless cause, heroic self-sacrifice on the altar of liberty, pure love for our hearts, our homes and our native land, these are the motives that should be our inspiration. They who would fill us with hate are not true friends of America.

The courage that is resolute in the face of danger, that calmly endures the prospect of pain, that fights without bitterness and suffers without complaint, that lives without reproach and dies without fear, springs from the inspiration of heaven, not from the counsel of hell. If our soldiers are to be heroes in the real sense of the word, martyrs to a holy cause, they must steep their hearts in lofty ideals of self-sacrifice, not in thirst for revenge. Our object is to halt the march of death, to open the flood-gates of life, that glorious life of liberty which we have so long enjoyed. And our standard when it comes back from Europe, rent and darkened with blood, must have no taint upon it, no stain of savagery, no memory of brutal passion. It must still fly aloft in the breeze, the unstill symbol of honor.—America.

PETTY FAULTFINDING

The Catholic Sun objects to nagging parents. It says: "Parents, as a rule, have a disagreeable way of finding fault with their children and after a long harangue wind it up with: 'Now look at John Perkins. Why don't you try to keep as near the straight road as he does? You never see him playing with a gang of boys by the tracks, and his clothes are always neatly brushed and his

face and hands kept clean. Love goes a long way toward a better adjustment of little roughnesses of character than so much faultfinding. Do not accuse your boy of not being honorable. We have found among boys who were designated as 'toughs' by the neighborhood a certain manly and well thought out sense of honor, a steady regard for parental authority and a yearning for sympathetic understanding that would better befitted the man he calls father and who understands him not at all."

THE SACRED HEART

On the subject of devotion to the Sacred Heart Cardinal Manning wrote:

"If you love the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Sacrament by its own light will teach you to know and love the Sacred Heart; and the Sacred Heart will open itself, and will teach you to know its own character. We shall know all its love—the love which is from eternity to eternity the love ineffable, divine fervor, of unspokeable human tenderness; the Love that died for us. We shall know, too, the commandment of that Love when He was about to die for us. And we shall learn not only His love, but also His patience; for He abides in the midst of us. Sinners as we are—He still dwells in the midst of us in His humility, veiled, out of sight, slighted, and disbelieved, passed without a sign of recognition by the multitudes that go by Him. There He is, in His generosity, giving away grace after grace. We become bankrupt through our own fault and sin; we go back to Him; He restores to us the grace that we have lost; more than this, He pours down upon us even more grace than we have wasted; for His generosity is inexhaustible. He does not 'break the bruised reed' nor 'quench the smoking flax.' He waits for you. He has waited for you from childhood and in your youth and in your manhood; in all your wanderings He has been waiting for you still, trying to draw you toward Him, that some day, at last, you may come to true repentance, and that some day before you die you may be His disciple. And in all this I see what I may call His unobtrusiveness. Friends suspect one another, they form rash judgments of one another, they are always harboring hard thoughts of each other; they draw to themselves pictures and characters of other men and seldom in their favor. How does the Sacred Heart deal with us? He knows everything that is in us, and yet He speaks to us with the same unchangeable love and the same unalterable patience as if we were within altogether what we show ourselves without. What a perfect love, then, is this divine and human love of our Master!

"But if we love Him, we must bear fruits that are like Him. 'The fruit of the Spirit is charity, joy, peace (Gal. v. 22). These are the fruits of the Sacred Heart. The Heart He bears to us, we must bear to our neighbors. Our whole mind must be to our neighbor what His mind is to us. And to this we must add a love of the cross, for that was the crowning perfection of the Sacred Heart. It is not easy to love contradictions, slights, sorrows, anxieties, failures, vexations. We who murmur and repine and strive and fret all the day long, if anything goes wrong, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart, and yet we have not as much as the will to bear the cross, much less to love it. We must learn to be forgiving to be patient, to be severe against the least sin, not in others—we must bear with them in charity, hoping for their salvation—but in ourselves. Be as sharp as you will with yourselves, and do not bear with the least in your own temper; give no impunity to yourselves or to your own faults. These are the tokens of the true disciples of the Sacred Heart."

STILL LONGING

The Upper House of Convocation has passed a motion which may have a far-reaching effect on the "Catholic party" in the Anglican Church. It was to the effect that the Bishops should reaffirm a decision formulated as long ago as 1911, in a proposed new Rubric, that reservation of the Sacrament should be permitted for the purpose of communicating the sick and for no other purpose whatsoever. The Bishop of Oxford, in moving the resolution, asked the Bishops to reaffirm the decision and to call on all loyal Churchmen to render "canonical obedience." He informed his hearers that he and other Bishops had received passionate appeals not to disturb the peace of the Church during this time of war by interfering with the right of open reservation, and had received also a memorial, signed by 1,000 clergy, protesting against the denial to the faithful of the right of access to the reserved Sacrament for the purpose of devotion. He concluded by saying that there was nothing in the memorial to alter their resolution, and very much to show them how necessary it was to make their meaning clear and to ask for the support of the Church. The Bishop of London said that he hesitated to vote for the motion because he had reason to think that he would have to pledge himself to allow no access to the Blessed Sacrament when and where it was reserved for the sick. That had proved impossible. (The italics are ours.) The tide of human grief and anxiety had been too great. The longing to get as near as possible

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that it is hardly possible to say that Dr. Gore fully represents the Catholic party in the English Church today. Who shall teach the teachers? If it lay with the Church of England to define Catholic doctrine those in search of it would find themselves face to face with hard puzzles.—Catholic Times.

A GOOD RETORT

Worthy to be remembered among the famous "retorts" of literature is a reply quoted by Shane Leslie in an essay on Eton College in a recent clever and stimulating book, "The Captain of Beaumont, known as 'The Jesuit Eton,' once sent a football challenge to the Captain at Eton. Eton looks down upon other schools, and the Eton captain answered: "What is Beaumont?" The answer was superb: "Beaumont is what Eton was—a school for Catholic gentlemen!"—Catholic News, N. Y.

Sorrow's best antidote is occupation.—Young.

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