

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

True Motives For Work.

The leading motives that influence men to action are three in number—fear, self-interest and love, each of which determines us more or less strongly to work. But where they are all three combined and bring their united strength to bear on the will, there should be an impossibility, and the danger to be guarded against should rather be excessive activity than dormant energies that need the spur to rouse them to action.

If we carefully reflect on the profession we follow or the business in which we are employed, we shall find that one or more of the motives of fear, self-interest, and love influences us consciously or unconsciously, in exact proportion to the estimate we form of our work and the way in which we discharge its duties. Take the example of a physician. He has an excellent practice, and is rising rapidly in his profession. But suppose he acquires a passion for drink and gambling, what will be the consequence? His patients will have no confidence in him, and he will drop off one by one. His income will be reduced until he is unable to support his family. He will drift deeper and deeper into debt until he be sold out. Eventually, broken down in health, a confirmed drunkard, a disgrace to his profession, he will either commit suicide, or end his days in a madhouse, or meet with some other melancholy death. The fear of such a result has a considerable influence on professional and business people. Many of them, indeed, would care little for their self-interest, and perhaps less for the other motive of love of their family; but when they think of the degradation—to which sloth and neglect of duty will inevitably lead them, and their self-respect is roused, and they determine to save their good name at any sacrifice.

It would be easy to illustrate by other examples how powerfully self-interest sustains us in the most arduous enterprises and represses that love of ease and repose to which we naturally incline. Of love, it includes love of our family depending on us for their support; love of our employer who has laden us with kindnesses; and love of our work itself, to which we are enthusiastically devoted. This threefold love cannot be overestimated, not only as a counter motive to sloth, but as an effective stimulus to steady and untiring activity.

What I would recommend, then, is this. Keep always before you, first, a vivid picture of the consequences that will result from neglect of duty invariably leads. This is the motive of fear. Next, represent to yourself the honor and reward you will acquire by unswerving application to your business. This is self-interest. Thirdly, love your work for its own sake; love it as possible; and especially love your family, and be determined to leave them, when you die, if not wealth, then at least a moderate competence, and, in either case, something infinitely more precious—the memory of an upright character and of an unsullied name. Join these three motives together; keep them before you, as the miser keeps before him the vision of gold; store; look at them long and steadily when weariness creeps on you and you feel the heat of the day oppressive, and you are tempted to the cool, wayside shade. You will find them an unfailing fountain of fresh vigor and renewed hope. They will lighten your burden when it seems most oppressive, and brighten your way when it is most overcast with clouds.

It may seem a comment that I do not include duty among the leading motives to work. A sense of duty, however, has but slight influence on the will, unless it be combined with fear of consequences, or love. Very few are so spiritual as to love obedience to authority for its own sake. Hence, if you wish to enforce it, you must show the motives that recommend it; and they must be those of which I have just spoken.—Catholic Columbian.

Some Practical Advice.

When a young man first goes out into the great world and is thrown among other men of all characters, habits and professions—especially if he is away from home and has had little training in social intercourse—he is apt to make many blunders if he be at all forward. He should lay down certain principles for his guidance, so as to be benefited by these meetings with other men, so as to establish a good sense, and so as to participate in no evil by any of the ways in which that may be done. First of all the well-bred young man will be respectful toward age, superior wisdom and high station. The failure to show that reverence is due to a false notion of one's own importance. Real worth is modest and is quite ready to recognize the just claims of others to their fullest extent. The conceited thrust themselves forward and occupy the places of better men, often to their own confusion when they are called back. When a young man is in a company largely composed of his elders, it is a mistake for him to act as if he "knew it all." Even if he be a college graduate and his acquaintances be only poorly educated, they know more than he does of the wisdom that is garnered in the great university of life. When he is talkative, positive and dogmatic among them, a quiet smile often rests upon their lips. They pity his presumptuousness. They know that the day will come, if he has any common sense at all, when he will regret his confident self-assertion. To listen to others, to think, to compare, to learn, these will occupy his attention. He may help the talk along in a quiet, pleasant way, especially if he has any special information on the subject or if his views be asked. But it is not well for him to take the center of the stage and monopolize it. Avoid detraction. In almost every company of men the absent are spoken of disparagingly. Do not discuss the failings of others. Saying nothing, as a rule, behind a man's back that you

would not say to his face. Unless charity requires you to make a man's shortcomings known, so as to prevent him from doing further injury, give him the charity of silence. Make a practice of finding out the good qualities of your acquaintances and get the reputation of always speaking "kindly of the absent." Give no countenance to immoral and filthy language. Never by word, act or smile, lend any encouragement to those depraved men who relate dirty stories. They intrude into almost every society. Do not laugh at them. If you cannot prevent them from telling their vile jokes, go away; and if you cannot leave show by your manner that obscenity is odious to you. When it is a duty, hesitate not to speak out and denounce such talk—not necessarily with temper or with offensive speech, but gently yet firmly so as to excite to repentance rather than to anger. Nevertheless if a stop cannot be put to improper conversation except at a loss of the story teller's temper, stop it no matter how troubled he may get to be.—Our Young People.

The Fault That Nullifies All Our Efforts.

Most of us do not prepare for a large career because we do not expect enough of ourselves. Our foundations are on a very narrow base. And we do not cut off the multitude of things that distract our attention from that concentration of effort that is essential.

Every normal man has that reserve power within him, a mighty coil of force and purpose, which would enable him to make his life strong and complete, were he free to express the best and the strongest things in him, were he not fettered by some bond, physical or moral.

You can tie a strong horse with a very small cord. He can not show his greatest speed or strength till he is free. On every hand we see people, with splendid ability, tied down by some apparently insignificant thing, which handicaps all their movements. They can not go ahead until they are free.

Some people live in a cramped and uncivilized environment, in an atmosphere which dampens enthusiasm, discourages ambition and effort, scatters energy, and wastes time. They have not the courage or stamina to cut the shackles that bind them, to throw away all crutches and props, and to rely on themselves and get into an environment where they can do what they desire. Their ambition finally dies through discouragement and inaction.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Memory and a Hope.

Often I see in the East the clouds arise, But within my heart I carry a whisper That brings a light to the darkest skies— A memory bright as the golden sunset A hope as sweet as the fields in May.

Many a time I am weary of labor Vexed with a life of work and worry Tired of striving myself to do better— When with the fret of this age of hurry— Then or my heart's unquiet waters Comes my Lord's sweet whisper to say— "We shall meet at Communion to-morrow— We shall meet at Communion to-day."

Sometimes others are rough and thoughtless, Sometimes they may be hard and cold, I long to point out to the first quick impulse All the pain that my heart doth hold— Then my hope and my memory blended With a joy in my soul with a note of sorrow, "Jesus lay on your tongue this morning, Keep your story for Him to-morrow."

All day long like a ballad burden, Rings in my heart that musical chime, All my minutes swing backward and forward Between the bliss of two points of time— And I know that the grateful heart of— Just because He has come to-day."

Tommy's Sacrifice.

Tommy sat on the back porch, feeling very disconsolate. All week long, he had been begging his mother to let him go to the circus, and here, on the last day, he had been again refused. Tommy was ordinarily a good natured fellow, but he had set his heart upon going to the circus, and the disappointment made him sullen and disagreeable. To add to his misery, several of his friends now turned the corner and halted him with, "Hello, Tommy, aren't you going to the circus?" "No, my mother won't let me." "Oh, ask her again. My brother Jack has been twice, and says that it is the best show he has ever seen. They have all kinds of wild animals there, trained dogs that do the funniest things, and real Indians fighting the cow-boys."

Feeling that she could not possibly refuse after hearing of these wonderful features, Tommy dashed into the house, exclaiming, "Oh, Mother, do let me go to the circus! All the boys are going, and Jim Casey says that it is the best show that was ever here." "Tommy, you are a most annoying child! Here I am working hard to keep a roof over your head, and you ask for money to go to a circus. Tell those boys you are not going, and then come back and rock the baby."

Mrs. Ryan sighed as she bent over a tub of washing. With a mother's fondness she longed to procure for her children every innocent gratification, but since her husband's death a few months previous, she had hard work to keep out of debt, and it was only by the strictest economy that she was able to pay the rent.

Tommy soon returned, and took his place unwillingly enough at the side of the cradle. The baby cried fretfully, and it was some time before she was lulled to sleep. When she had at last dropped off into a deep sleep, Mrs. Ryan gave Tommy an apple and told him to go out and play for a while.

As none of his companions were to be found, he wandered down to his favorite resort, the riverside. An old raft, constructed by the boys, was lying concealed by the rushes, but as he drew it forth, his attention was attracted by an old gentleman who was walking along very leisurely. Tommy thought he had never seen so queer a figure, and as he watched him, the old gentleman wore, was caught up by the playful breeze and carried into the river. He looked so bewildered and distressed at the loss of his hat, that

Tommy resolved to recover it for him, and taking a long pole, he propelled the raft into the middle of the stream, whither the hat had drifted. He soon returned triumphant to the old gentleman, who, after thanking him, drew out an old-fashioned purse, and gave him a quarter of a dollar.

Tommy was now able to buy a ticket for the circus, and he turned his steps towards the grounds. His mind was filled with pleasant anticipations of the treat to come, but, somehow, in the midst of them, the tired face of his mother appeared, and the thought occurred of how little he considered her pleasure. She toiled from early in the morning until late at night, with never a thought of her own comfort. Well, he would give up the plan of going to the circus, and buy his mother something that would please her. She was fond of flowers, and in a florist's window on Main Street were pots of geraniums at 25 cents a piece.

As he walked along, immense posters displaying the attractions of the circus, met his gaze, but, resolutely turning his eyes away, he hurried on. Arriving at the store, Tommy picked out a plant that seemed strong and hardy, and carried it home with greatest care.

As he entered the door, his mother said, "Why, what have you there, Tommy?" "Something for you, mother. Guess what it is." "Well, I'm sure I don't know what to guess." Removing the paper which the clerk had wrapped around it, Tommy held up to his mother's gaze, the precious plant, covered with pretty leaves and buds.

"What a lovely plant!" said she. "Did somebody give it to you Tommy?" "No, Mother, I bought it," and then he related the whole story. "And to think that you spent your money for the circus?" "Well, mother, I did think of that," admitted Tommy, "but then I thought of how hard you have worked for us since father died, and of how selfish I have been. I am going to be more of a man now, and be more thoughtful in the future."

"God bless you, my boy," said Mrs. Ryan, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "and may He make you always kind and considerate towards others."

—Catholic Universe.

Dainty Freshness.

Girls, take this to mind: The girl with an air of dainty freshness is sure to be admired. She may not have many changes of gowns, she may have few hats, but if she has always the air of being just spick and span she will never lack charm. Of course she must be almost perfect in details—the edge of her shirt must be fresh, her shoes carefully polished, and handkerchiefs, neckwear and all her modest attempts at finery must be crisply fresh. This means the strictest attention. Brushing and pressing will take time, and once one establishes a reputation for this sort of spotlessness it must be kept up, because what would not be noticed in a careless woman would seem dressful and fastidious in a neat one. She is likely to take to elaborate clothes and simple ways of wearing her hair. Furbelows and frizzes are not easy to keep spick and span.—Our Young People.

Mr. Birrell.

It is not merely since he became Chief Secretary for Ireland that Mr. Birrell has professed friendship for that country. In a volume of essays which he published fifteen years ago, entitled "Res Judicata," he wrote of Ireland as follows:

"Her laws were made for her, and her religion brutally proscribed. In the great matter of national education she has not been allowed her natural and proper development. Her nationality has been checked and mutilated, but that it exists in spirit and in fact can hardly be questioned by any impartial traveler. Englishmen have many gifts, but they give them to the wrong people. Irishmen have not forgotten their native land."

The attitude of some Englishmen towards Scotch and Irish national feelings requires correction. The Scotchman's feelings are laughed at, the

Irishman's insulted. So far as the laughter is concerned, it must be admitted that it is good-humored. . . I do not think the laughter does much harm. Insults are different."—Anti-gonish Casket.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

IT IS COMPOSED OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND GREAT GROUPS. When the Holy Father surveys with his mind's eye his whole flock, he sees on the great round globe more than a thousand great groups of his children, over each group a shepherd with mitre and crozier like his own. These shepherds are the successors of the other Apostles as he is the successor of Peter. Some of them have vast territories and scattered flocks as in Athabaska, North America, where five thousand people cover a great area of land and Catholic life is a daily struggle with the material as well as the spiritual elements.

Some of them—like the Archbishop and Bishops of Cologne, Breslau and Vienna, and of Prag, Olmutz, Leitmeritz and Koenigsgratz, and of Chicago, New York, Manila and Naples—have millions of souls close round their feet, as it were, so congested are they. But whether his flocks be poor and scattered, or rich and closely housed, each purple-robed shepherd faces the one great White Shepherd, who, like Peter of the Twelve two thousand years ago, gives the word of guidance final and authoritative. He is the chief, not by reason of superior wisdom, or strength or beauty, or resemblance to "the Apostle whom Jesus loved," but because Christ has said to him, "Thou art Peter—Feed thou My sheep." And the hands and hearts of these thousand shepherds reach out daily in eager love to the Vicar of Christ. He knows them all, knows the name and extent of each diocese, knows the peculiar wants and peculiar advantages of each. Year after year new groups grow out of the ever-increasing numbers of the faithful, and new dioceses in some part of the world yearly add to the Holy Father's responsibility and to his joy at the progress of God's kingdom on earth.—Vox Urbis, in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MAYOR'S RUSE TO RETAIN CRUCIFIX.

The mayor of a town near Paris recently received orders from the Government, through the prefect, to remove a crucifix from the wall of a school. The mayor was perplexed because refusal meant dismissal. At the same time he feared the wrath of his fellow townsmen if he obeyed the prefect's order.

After reflection he devised a clever plan. He called together the village council and voted the last sou in the treasury for whitewashing the school room walls. After this was done the mayor went alone at night, took the crucifix down, painted the back of it black, replaced it and pressed it against the white wall so as to leave a distinct impression of the crucifix thereon.

The school teacher was charged next day with the impious duty of removing the crucifix. This done, the big black cross showed up in startling fashion. The authorities demanded an explanation and the mayor replied that he could not efface the cross because all the money for white washing had been exhausted.

BUDDHIST PRIEST BECOMES CATHOLIC.

A Buddhist hermit-priest named Gnanabhandara was received into the Catholic Church recently by the Rev. Father V. H. Fernandez, the parish priest of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Halpatoke, in Galle. It appears that this Buddhist priest is of a highly connected family. He completed his studies in Elia, Pali and Sanskrit under the Buddhist high priests of Alitgam Korle and Adam's Peak, after which he proceeded to Siam and Burma to increase his knowledge of Buddhism. On his return to Ceylon he received the higher order of the Buddhist priesthood, the upasampada, at

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Junior" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1000 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

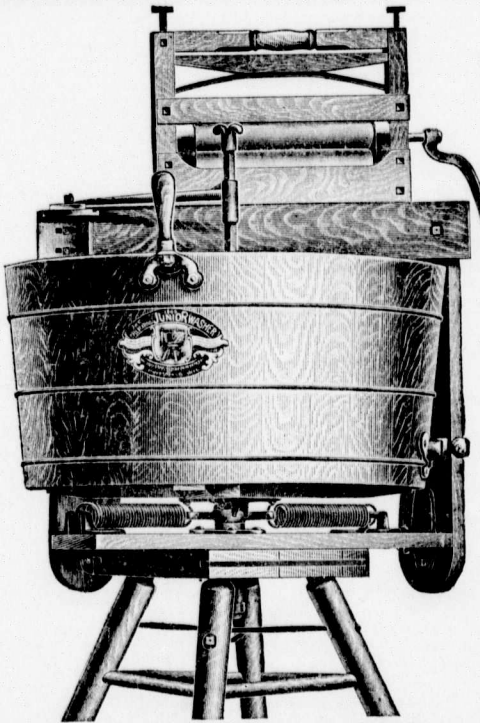
Our "1000 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump. If people only knew how much hard work the "1000 Junior" Washer saves every week, for 10 years—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So, said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1000 Junior" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

I will send you a reliable person, a "1000 Junior" Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Junior" Washer must be that, if I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its



whole cost in a few months. In Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself. Drop me a line to-day and let me send you a book about the "1000 Junior" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way C.R. B. Bach, Manager "1000" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

the hands of the high priest of Kandy, in the presence of a large assembly, and went to Galle, where for the last six years he led the life of a hermit-priest. His conversion of Catholicity is therefore a most remarkable one, and it is a great and severe blow to the fast-dying cause of Buddhism in Ceylon.—Western Watchman.

MAGIC SODA
TRADE MARK
OR
SALERATUS
IS THE BEST.
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

The London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1859
Assets \$87,410.88
Liabilities including re-insurance 388,638.16
Reserve (231,000) 448,816.02
Surplus 822,906.30
Security for Policy holders 822,906.30
Incorporated and licensed by the Dominion Government. Operates from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Conservative, reliable and progressive.
HEAD OFFICE, 82 and 84 King Street, TORONTO
HON. JOHN DRYDEN, President. D. WEISMILLER, Sec. & Manager-Director

The HOME BANK of Canada (Dividend No. 3.)

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent, payable annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the half-year ending 31st of May, 1907, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches, on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board,
Toronto, 24th April, 1907.
JAMES TASON, Gen. Mgr.

PROFESSIONAL.

HILLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DRONGOLIS
—Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce,
London, Ont.

DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS STREET,
London, Specialty—Surgery and X. Ray
Work. Phone 510.

WINNIPEG LEGAL CARDS—
DONOVAN & MURRAY, BARRISTERS,
Solicitors, etc. Office, Algonia Building,
221 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Wm.
J. Donovan, Thomas J. Murray. 1442-15

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS
180 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers.
Open Night and Day.
Telephone—House, 373; Factory, 543.

W. J. SMITH & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
113 Dundas Street
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 880
D. A. STEWART
Successor to John T. Stephenson
Funeral Director and Embalmer
Charges moderate. Open day and
night. Residence on premises.
104 Dundas St. Phone 459
Geo. E. Logan, Asst. Manager.

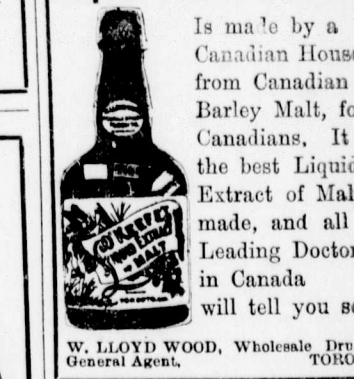
MEMORIAL WINDOWS ART GLASS H.E. ST. GEORGE London, Canada

MONUMENTS GRANITE
Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable.
The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO.
493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON

HOBBS MFG. CO. LIMITED ART WINDOWS LONDON, CANADA

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

Is made by a Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians. It is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made, and all Leading Doctors in Canada will tell you so.



Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs
By Cardinal Wiseman
Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century
By Cardinal Newman
Paper, 30c., post-paid

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland
(In a series of letters)
By William Cobbett
Price, 85c., post-paid

Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA

TWO NEW BOOKS

"In Treaty with Honor"—A Romance of Old Quebec, by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of a Daughter of New France, The Heroine of the Street, etc. \$1.50 post-paid.

A Little Girl in Old Quebec, by Amanda M. Douglas, \$1.50 post-paid.

CATHOLIC RECORD, London Canada