

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Value of Good Example.

His Majesty's ship S— was lying in harbor at— It was Sunday morning, and the sailors, Catholic and Protestant alike were all told off into separate companies, each under an officer, and rowed ashore to attend the morning service. Leaving the Protestant party to find their way to their own church, let us follow the fortunes of the little band of Catholics. There were eleven in all including two officers, a midshipman and the lieutenant in command, two men who were a credit to their religion and to the profession which they followed. Arrived at the church, they filed into a couple of benches and awaited the commencement of the service. It was a simple Low Mass accompanied by singing such as may be heard any Sunday in any of our smaller churches in England. Nothing worthy of special notice occurred until after the Gospel, when the priest from the altar steps began his sermon. Perhaps he had reckoned beforehand upon the reinforcement which his congregation was to receive that day; however that may be, he threw himself heart and soul into what he had to say. The subject was upon mortal sin and its consequences, and the preacher, at all times an eloquent man, by his extra effort gained the entire attention of the congregation. The blue-jackets and the sailors, who were literally hanging upon his words, and when he concluded the sermon by solemnly declaring that no man, as he valued his immortal soul, ought to venture to leave the church that day in a state of grievous sin, there was an easy shuffling upon the two benches occupied by the tars, which plainly showed that his words had struck home. The end of Mass came, and after a somewhat awkward pause, the sailors, one by one, began to shake their way towards the church door, swaying their shoulders to and fro, each one assuming an air of innocence, as though what had been said at the conclusion of the sermon had no more reference to him than to the little troop of four-year-olds, who were toddling out in front of them, and starting round in amazement at their great white collars and blue jackets.

The two officers looked on half amused, and yet with a feeling of pity for the evident weakness of their men. They were just preparing to follow them, when suddenly the lieutenant nudged his brother officer and whispered, "Let's stay and see what happens!"

They stationed themselves outside the confessional and waited. The tars by this time had reached the door, when one, looking back, saw the two officers preparing for confession. "Look there Bill," said he, poking his mate in the ribs. Bill looked up, and in turn called the attention of the rest, who, after exchanging significant glances, and muttering that "there was no hurry after all," one by one rolled back to the confessional, took their places, and followed their officers to receive that absolution of which they had all felt the need, but which none would otherwise have had the courage to humbly beg of Him Who has said:

"I came to call not the just, but sinners to repentance."

A Manly Bearing.

Everybody admires the manly man, the one who carries himself with an air of assurance and confidence. It is easy to believe in such a man. But the man who crawls into your presence like a Ugh! Heep, apologizing for imposing himself upon you, and taking your time and asking a favor, almost always gets turned down. The sneaky, the lawyer, the apologetic creates an unfavorable impression immediately, and the busy man wants to get rid of him just as soon as possible.

You cannot make a good impression upon another unless you are manly and courageous yourself.

When you go to a man for a position or a favor or an order look him in the eye and tell him what you want. Approach him fearlessly, with confidence and assurance, with a consciousness of ability and strength, and you will be much more likely to get the thing you desire. Your own moods are contagious, and the man you approach will feel your confidence or lack of it very quickly. People are all the time "queering" their own interests by communicating their doubts to others. It is a very difficult thing to clinch a bargain with a great big doubt in your own mind. To convince another, you must be convinced yourself. Doubt cannot bring conviction.

I know a solicitor who says that he averages nine orders from every ten people he calls on. He goes into offices which are the haunts of solicitors, and he says he never crawls into a man's presence expecting to be kicked. He goes in like a man, with all the assurance in the world, and yet without appearing cheeky. He approaches people as though he had good news for them—as though he were showing them a favor. He makes them feel that they will be really better off if they have the article he is canvassing for. He says that a great many of the men most difficult of approach not only buy what he has to sell, but shake hands with him heartily when he leaves, and wish him success.

"Whatever you do, do not sneak; do not apologize, do not go around under-estimating yourself and trying to efface yourself."

It is natural to believe in men who show that they believe in themselves, and who are enthusiastic. Dead earnestness is a tremendous asset. If you want to get a man's attention and to interest him, look him straight in the eye with a firm and cheerful face, with assurance, and tell him what you want in the briefest, most forcible and manly way. This will make a good impression. But if you flounder about as if you are not quite certain of yourself, and do not quite believe in the story you are telling or the thing you are selling, you will not carry conviction. You must first interest a man and then convince him. If you do not interest him no matter how strong your arguments, you will not convince him.

What a splendid success asset there

is in a noble, manly bearing! It is a letter of credit in itself. What confidence it carries!—O. S. M. In Success: Christmas Don'ts.

Don't have the coat mark on presents.

Don't let money dominate your Christmas giving.

Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate into a trade.

Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford.

Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving.

Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents.

Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with, and which would merely encumber the home.

Don't give because others expect you to. Give because you love to. If you cannot send your heart with the gift, keep the gift.

Don't give too bulky articles to people who live in small quarters, unless you know that they need the particular things you send them.

Don't wait until the last minute to buy your presents, and then, for lack of time to make proper selections, give what your better judgment condemns.

Don't decide to abstain from giving just because you cannot afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little.

Don't give things because they are cheap and make a big show for the money. As a rule it is a dangerous thing to pick up a lot of all sorts of things at bargain sales for Christmas presents. If you do, there is always the temptation to make inappropriate gifts. Besides there is usually some defect in bargain articles, or they are out of style, out of date, or there is some other reason why they are sold under price.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BECAUSE OF A CHILD.

When circumstances forced me to leave the old colonial home of my father and grandfather, the only one I had ever known, and to go into the world, my heart shrank from the restraint and conventionalities of a large city, so I compromised by selecting a place on the outskirts of a beautiful town twelve miles distant from my old home and with a view of the hills and river I loved so well. Then it was less of a tragedy in the lives of myself and sisters to leave the farm when the favorite dog and cat and old Dollie and the cows and Uncle Josh and Mandy went with us. Old Dollie, who, in fact, was a fine young sorrel mare, was particularly dear to us, as she was the last colt that my father had raised. Uncle Josh, with the predilection of his race for the antique, had termed her old Dollie and the name clung to her.

Uncle Josh was a faithful old fashioned negro who swore by the traditions of the family, but was a trifle fond of his bottle and of enlarging upon the truth. The fact that we were living rather humbly hurt his pride and he told such glowing tales of the former wealth and grandeur of the family that we were visited several times by burglars, who went away sadly disappointed.

"No wonder that child's homesick," he said in speaking of my fifteen year old sister. "You folks don't have no idea what she has been used to. Never put her shoes and stockings on 'fore dis in her life."

Old Dollie was a particularly weak point with him and he never wearied expatiating on her lineage and good qualities. We did not bring her from the farm until we were established in our new home and the morning after her arrival we overheard Uncle Josh discussing her with Ben, a negro who worked next door. "Well, we've got our horse and I can tell you we're mighty glad ter get her. Hitts de fust time in our lives we've been without er horse," he said in his grandest manner.

"I can't see dat she's so fine. What's you take fer her?" tantalized Ben.

"Take fer her?" and Uncle Josh's eyes fairly shot fire. "Take fer her, you fool nigger. Don't you know day ain't money 'nough in dis whole county ter buy her? Why de chillun's pa raised her."

"You say you raised her, did you?"

"Yes, we raised her. We don't 'pend on pickin' up horses from po' white trash. We raised her and she's ourn and we don't haf ter sell her and we ain't goin' ter do it."

"Who is we?" meekly inquired Ben.

"Why—why—the girls," and Uncle Josh walked off thoroughly disgusted.

Three years passed and Dollie, as well as the rest of us, had become accustomed to her surroundings; still I fancy that our occasional visits to the farm were gala days to her and she always quickened her step and arched her neck higher when she neared the gate. She had settled into a subdued, reliable horse and seemed to realize her dignity as sole equine representative of the family. Once she saved my life by forcing a dangerous stream and again by stopping at the command of a child when an accident occurred.

It was three days before Christmas when I was unexpectedly summoned to look after some business at the farm, so I set forth with Uncle Josh and Dollie, disappointed at having to leave when the Christmas preparations were at their height, but consoled by the thought of the beautiful berries and Christmas greens we would gather on our return trip. I left with the assurance that I would return on Christmas eve; but alas, my plans were to be entirely disarranged. It was impossible for me to leave until noon on the day appointed, but that was not so bad as we would have still had time to reach our destination before dark. The first of the journey was accomplished in safety when suddenly Uncle Josh informed me in a troubled voice that

something was wrong with old Dollie.

"They done fed her frost-bit sorum 'fore we started and she's gittin' sicker every minute."

What were we to do? Already the shade of evening was gathering and we could not travel much longer with the horse. I thought of an old German about a mile and a half away that I had known as a child. If we could only reach him. Uncle Josh agreed with me that it was the wisest thing to do, so we left the pike and turned up a rough creek between two mountains.

The distance was not great, but it seemed an eternity until we saw the friendly farm house. We were given a cordial welcome and the old man called in several of the neighbors to help "doctor" the horse. It was a desperate case of colic and had gone too far; the old man came in at supper time with tears in his eyes to tell me that she could not live. Still, kind, faithful friends, that they were, they continued to work with her. Night set in between the lonely mountains; the air was full of strange woodland sounds and we gathered an odd group around the big log fire, waiting each hour to hear that Dollie was dead. Occasionally the old man or his son or Uncle Josh—his eyes almost bulging out of his head as his amazed face when with grief—would come to tell us that she was no more.

I had purposely refrained from going to the stable, but unable to stand the strain any longer, I followed Uncle Josh. It was a scene that I shall never forget; the rude log stable, the dim light of the lantern and my poor dumb friend in mortal agony. I crept around to her head and she gave me a knowing, appealing look that went to my heart. The men turned away, but I faced them and asked with trembling lips: "Is there nothing, nothing that can be done?"

There was a moment's silence and the old man addressed me: "We have done everything, Miss, that we know to do and there is but one man in this part of the country that might save her and that is my son in law, Scott, who lives in the little cabin in sight. But we have had trouble; he is a desperate kind of man and he has sworn never to set his foot on my land again and to shoot me if ever I speak to him."

I looked helplessly around; if the horse were not so far gone, Uncle Josh might take her to him, but that was out of the question. "Perhaps," I faltered, "if I were to go to him and tell him about Dollie, all that she is to us, if I were to offer to pay him well?" But the old man laughed hoarsely. "You don't know him; he would throw the money in your face. There is but one person that might do anything with him and that is my little grand daughter, Margaret; she goes back and forth all the time and Scott seems to love her. Let her go by herself and ask him. He might do it for her."

Uncle Josh and I accompanied the child to the bars and waited in sight of the barn. She was seven years old, but frail and slender. We saw the cabin door open and the figure of a tall, powerfully built man appear. The child talked to him for some time, pointing to us, then to the barn and finally she turned from the door alone. The man stood watching her for a few minutes, then he slowly followed. I tried to speak to him, but he passed us so hurriedly by, and we followed, half afraid. When he reached the stable, he took no notice of his father-in-law and no words were exchanged between them, but he commenced at once to work with the horse, and we returned to the house, leaving Uncle Josh with him. Little Margaret nodded by the fire but refused to go to bed until she had learned the outcome of her venture. Two hours we waited when Uncle Josh came with trans-formed face to tell us that Dollie would live. "Dat man's a sho' 'nough witch," he said, but no one paid any attention to him. In the excitement every one in the room rushed out to the stable. Scott was standing with his bat in his hand and when I tried to thank him, he answered shortly: "I have done what I could, lady, for her sake," motioning to the child. "The horse will be all right in the morning, so I will go."

But little Margaret sprang to his side and caught him by the hand.

"Don't go, Uncle Scott; say that you are here, come in and see us. Just then the chickens crowed, announcing in their homely way the dawn of the Christmas morning. The two men stood facing one another.

"Don't go," again pleaded the child.

The old man held out his hand. "It may lose me my life," he said, "but it is right. Let us be friends for our dear Lord's sake; it is Christmas mornin'."

But the other man made a motion toward his pocket, saying savagely, "I warned you; you can't blame me."

The child young as she was, saw the danger, and rushing to the man caught him in both hands. Slowly she placed his great rough hand in that of her grandfather.

"I guess we had better let bygones be bygones; she is going to make us do it." And the two men walked to the house together.—E. R. P. in Our Young People.

WONDERFUL DAYS!

These are certainly wonderful days of peace and concord. Catholics are no longer condemned without question. Our esteemed contemporary, the Watchman (Baptist), of Boston, has even come to the point when it can ask editorially: "Are Roman Catholics Christians?" Isn't that kind and considerate on the part of our esteemed contemporary?—refusing to put us down as idolaters (as the Accession Declaration of the British monarch does), it institutes an inquiry. It asks the question, "Are Roman Catholics Christians?" We might ask in return (if we were not befriended by a sense of common politeness): Are American Baptists deaf, dumb and blind? Or has the editor of the Watchman ever read a Catholic catechism, or a Catholic

prayer book? Or has he ever had a Catholic acquaintance in all his life? Or is he competent to tell a Christian when he sees him?—Sacred Heart Review.

A WITTY IRISHMAN.

When Thomas Riley died recently in Boston perhaps the quickest wit and the richest brogue that were ever heard before the Suffolk bar were still.

Scores of old friends rise up to speak well of him as brilliant lawyer, earnest student, sturdy comrade and straightforward politician; but there isn't one who does not conclude: "And he had the wittiest tongue I ever knew."

It was when he stood in the court room with a good witness—the more stubborn the better—under the darting fire of his cross-examination, that "Tom" Riley knew how to stifle. He would keep well away from the stand, erect to get the best advantage of his stature, his fine head with its great, almost uncouth shock of curling hair thrown far back, rounded chin well up and his eyes closed.

Here are some of the stories that were told by his friends yesterday to illustrate the man:

"Fast is you were drunk on that night, weren't you?" he said insinuatingly to a witness.

"That's my business."

"I know it's your business, but were you attending to it?"

Another witness whom he was cross-examining gave testimony which Riley wished to invalidate, and he said: "You've been in the house of correction, haven't you?"

Oliver Stevens, the district attorney, was the opposing counsel, and seeing that Riley had no document in support of the question, leaped to his feet, crying, "O' God minute!"

"No," returned Riley, "six months."

"A DEEPLY RED LAWYER."

His wit was not always turned, however, to the purpose of winning his case. It bubbled forth because he could not restrain it, it flowed because the very source was full and running over.

In one case a lawyer, a very good friend of his, was well-known for the livid red of his face, of which Riley said: "I think I make no mistake when I say that the distinguished counsel on the other side is a deeply red lawyer."

The battle with Judge Sheldon is almost too familiar to need recounting. Riley asked a question which seemed to the judge improper, and he was promptly fined \$50 for contempt.

Hereupon the lawyer proceeded to ask the question a second time, and was again fined a like amount. A third repetition had the same result.

The next day when Riley entered court, with his stiff-legged, flat footed gait, he marched straight up to the table, laid on it his check book, smiled most sweetly up at the bench, and rolled forth in his rich, resounding brogue, "Will your honor permit me to keep my check book in court?"

Judge Bell was another who was the buffer for that terrible wit. The judge, newly on the bench in the first session of the superior court, had just com-

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pleted his maiden charge to the jury.

A brother lawyer turned to Riley, who was a spectator, and asked:

"What do you think of that?"

"Sound," said Tom.

On another occasion the man who always needed a haircut met a man after his own heart in a stout old Irishman, who was on the stand before him.

The solemnity of his oath had been borne in upon the old fellow, and he was bound to the letter of what he had sworn. His persistent replies of "I don't know," in the face of a fire of questions, nettled Riley, who for once descended to the stereotyped, and shouted: "Is there anything that you do know?"

"Faith," drawled the witness, a real Rileyesque grin spreading over his stupid features, "I know 'nough to get my hair cut once in a while."

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