

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

The propensity of the present day to live at an unreasonable rate of speed cannot be disregarded. We are often impelled to pause and ask ourselves what is really worth while, for we no longer dash off in pursuit of others. This is confusing to youth. The shams of life are so hopelessly mingled with the genuine, the dross with the real gold, that one hardly realizes its true ring.

It is just as well for youth to realize at the beginning that the inexorable law never changes, that what was the best yesterday is the best to-day, to-morrow and forever after. In beginning a career the young man must set forth with the old, puritanical ideas of right and wrong, with a conscience that cannot be obscured nor clouded by the glitter and noise of the market place. Most of these bubbles burst in good time. The successes of fraud are not lasting. We have that illustrated in the case of the man who illustrated to us the days in the contemptuous speech of the multitude when the names of once prominent and respected citizens are mentioned. They are rich, but their closing days are saddened by dishonor. The gilding is faded from their palaces and they are willing to confess that it was not worth while.

These are the big shams. The lesser ones are met with in every walk of life whose sharp practices are used to deduce the dollars from their neighbors. Their ways are despicable and their end is not worth while. The true success is that which is found along the rigidly pursued paths of truth and honor. It begins with the earnest desire in the soul of the man to "be somebody," to do something. Dissipation is scorned; the moments are considered for their true value—not to be wasted, but each to be consumed in earnest striving. Every task well done is a stepping stone to another better done. Every day should bring a new idea into life, some new and useful knowledge. There is no royal road to success, no meteoric flights to the rose-colored clouds in the heights. The career of every man is a narrative of patient trials, of studious hours and of eager watching for opportunities. It is a prosaic, but instructive story of every duty faithfully performed, of a character builded little by little and strengthened by the conflict from day to day with adversity.

And so it is to be done in commercial fields. The genius is he who brings to his labor a willingness to master it in all its details, who patiently, even if ploddingly, goes away at it until he understands thoroughly all there is to learn of its intricacies. Thereby he fits himself to direct others and assumes by right the commanding position when a commander is sought. If a man has persistently cultivated a belief in himself and is optimistic of the future, he unconsciously keeps at work agencies that bring about desired results. A tranquil spirit, enthusiasm, energy and a determination to overcome obstacles one by one as they rise inevitably lead to satisfactory achievement.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

A single individual seems insignificant in this crowded world. Yet it is so ordered that even the humblest can possess and exert an influence, apparently wholly out of proportion with his social position and his worldly advantages.

A schoolmaster is, as a rule, a greater influence over the future of his community than does the richest citizen or the most honored inhabitant. The schoolmaster who follows the growth of his pupils out of school, may have a prodigious part in the shaping of the dominant spirit of his neighborhood.

What the schoolmaster may do is an evidence of what other men may do. Their sympathy and community interest with the humble and the lowly, their uprightness of character and their facilities for meeting their fellow men, give them great opportunities.

A sober man may do considerable for frugality and temperance in a community of drunkards and spendthrifts. A man who practices his religion may commend it highly to his associates. Converts have been made in this way.

A Catholic who sets out with the determination of using every occasion that he can, with propriety, to enlighten his associates as to what the real teachings of Catholicity are, may, in a lifetime, do an incalculable service in liberalizing the popular mind towards the Church. A Catholic who elects to spend a few dollars every year for the purpose of putting readable Catholic literature where it will do the most good, may see the seed for good results.

Ideas, facts, truth, are the weapons of this influence, and these weapons are at the command of every person who chooses to use them. We are not here merely to make money.

What is man

If the chief good and market of his time be but to feed and sleep? A besat—no more.

Our lives are of very little importance if we fail to do some good. And we can do good by giving our neighbor some principle or some conviction to live by. Truth is the possession of every man who cares to seek it, and good is done by every man who seeks to spread the Truth that he possesses.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OLD WHITEY CHUM

Ralph Lyman was in the hall, hanging up his coat, when he heard through the door he had left open, his father say: "I'm going to have Steele come over and get 'Old Whitey' and do away with him. The old horse is useless, can't do much except eat hay, and he's done his duty." The words were a shock to Ralph, and he hurried in. "Why, father, what are you going to do that for? The old horse can do a little!" he urged.

Mr. Lyman smiled a little. "I thought you didn't hear what I said. I know how you like the old fellow: I do, too, but you see, he won't be good for much, takes up stable room, and I want to get another heavier horse." "But I'd be willing to pay for his keep, and work it out, here or somewhere else," Ralph pleaded. "He's been so good and steady all these years."

"Yes, I know it, son; it isn't the money I care so much about. But I want the room and the use of a better horse; so we'll have to call it settled." Mr. Lyman said kindly.

Ralph did not enjoy his supper. Ever since he was a little shaver, "Whitey" had been the family horse; once he had done all his father's work on the farm, before prosperity came. He had taken Ralph to school on his broad back. He was steady and kind; Ralph even used to catch him by the tail and swing on it, but the gentle horse would keep on grazing and pay little attention. "Old Whitey" was a chum, and anyone hates to lose a chum, when a horse got too old, to make way with him rather than trade him off; and as far as trading him off was concerned, he would not want to do it.

After supper, Mr. Lyman told Ralph to hitch up the "double runner," for they were to go for some grain. Ralph went out to the barn, and the first thing that greeted him, as always, was "Old Whitey's" familiar whinny. Ralph stopped suddenly, and thought, "Whitey" looked around as if dropped, and snorted his alarm, but he stood fast. "Catch hold, dad!" Ralph called.

His father relinquished his weakening grasp on the ice, as did Ralph, and both caught hold of the runner while it was staided by "Whitey's" firm position. A sharp command, and the old horse forged ahead, slipped, caught the ice, slipped back, gripped again, and at the blended, begging horse, voiced at the same time of Ralph and his father, the old white warrior set himself and snaked the runner clear out with the two men clinging to it for dear life.

The two exhausted figures lay prone for a little while. "Old Whitey" looked around and snorted his dislike of such unusual proceedings. His comments on the state of affairs aroused Ralph, who shook his father. "Come on, dad, this will never do!" His father drew himself upon the runner, and Ralph staggered after the reins, picked them up, fixed himself as comfortably as he could, and started off.

"Old Whitey," with only the runner and the two men, made good time, and it was not long before they whirled to a standstill in the Lyman yard. Some time later Ralph, going into his father's room, looked quizzically at the haggard face against the pillow. "Dad, how about 'Old Whitey'?"

Mr. Lyman looked at the blanket-covered figure of his son. "Lad, he's going to get the cream of the land from now on!"—A. W. P., in True Voice.

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND ROYAL YEAST CAKES. IN BUYING YEAST CAKES BE CAREFUL TO SPECIFY ROYAL YEAST CAKES. E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO. WINNIPEG. MONTREAL.

quick as his glance, he saw the situation. The rear runner and the platform of the sled had gone into the lake, taking them with it; his father was clinging to the ice opposite him, but weighed down in his great coat, was having hard work to hang on.

"Hang on, dad!" Ralph called in a straggling voice, "Crawl out!" "I can't!" came back in a gasp, after an effort.

Ralph struggled in the effort to crawl out on the ice, but it was glass, and he could not cling with his heavy wraps; he fought desperately, but failed. The cold was numbing him. He cried out bitterly and despairingly as he sank back defeated.

As he did, he caught sight of "Old Whitey" standing a little from the great black hole, just where he had halted when Mr. Lyman yelled "Whoa!" Still attached to him was the front runner.

A wild hope surged through Ralph; he shouted encouragement to his father; then shouted at "Old Whitey"—"Back! Whitey! Back—oh! back!"

Obediently, as he had obeyed before countless times "Old Whitey" set himself, and the runner attached to the shafts came backward to the edge of the ice and dropped in. "Whitey" looked around as if dropped, and snorted his alarm, but he stood fast. "Catch hold, dad!" Ralph called.

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THE NEW GENERAL

The new General of the Jesuits, the Very Reverend Wladimir Ledochowski, comes from a noble Polish family originally of Warsaw. He was born October 7, 1866, a son of Count Anthony Ledochowski, a cavalry officer in the Austrian army, and Countess Josephina Zu Salis-Zizers. The Ledochowski family has given many men and women to the Church. The present General's grandfather lost his wife at an early age and immediately became a Lazarist at Warsaw; the General's uncle was the famous Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, whom Bismarck persecuted so bitterly; one sister is superior of the Ursuline Convent in Cracow; another sister, the Countess Maria Theresa, formerly Lady of Honor at the Court of Vienna, is directress of the St. Peter Claver Society, which has done such admirable work for the African mission.

As a boy Father Ledochowski was a page in the court of Elizabeth of Austria; at the age of eleven he entered the noble "Theresian Academy" in Vienna, from which he was graduated with the highest honors, the "Imperial Prize." The then principal, Baron von Gantach afterwards premier, spoke of him as "the honor and pride of the Academy."

After graduation Father Ledochowski studied law for a year, then entered the seminary at Tarnow in Galicia, passed thence to the German College at Rome, where he finished his course in philosophy. At the end of this course in September 24, 1889, he entered the Jesuit novitiate, being then in his twenty-third year. After two years he began the study of theology at Cracow, and in June, 1894, he was ordained to the priesthood. He studied theology another year and then went to his second novitiate. This completed, he occupied in turn many positions of trust and responsibility. He was associate

editor of a Jesuit review, rector of a college of writers, editor of popular tracts which were issued at the rate of 40,000 a month, rector of the scholasticate, vice Provincial and Provincial, assistant to the last General, and finally he is now General of the Society at the age of forty-nine. Father Ledochowski is a man of splendid courage, restless energy and inflexible determination. Much is expected of his leadership.—America.

INTENSELY OFFENSIVE TO ALL CATHOLICS

Mr. Belasco has introduced to New York a play, Marie-Odile, that is intensely offensive to all Catholics, who should not only avoid the theatres where it is produced, but also lend their efforts to drive it from the stage. The story is carried in this retold in a review by the New York Tribune:

"Marie-Odile is a novice in an Alsatian convent during the Franco-Prussian war. She has lived with the sisters within the walls ever since she was found as a baby at the gate. She grows to young girlhood in absolute ignorance of anything in the world but prayers and her duties about the convent. When word comes to the Mother Superior that the dreaded Uhlans are on the way to the convent and all must fly at once she cannot be found, and is thus left to her fate. Having only hidden for the moment, she finds herself alone to face a detachment of German cavalry scouts, who immediately proceed to eat, drink and make merry. One of them, a young corporal, takes pity on her innocence and defends her from the rest of the roistering squad. She is attracted by his kindness, and when he is left alone with her under orders to remain until the next day, they fall in love, and when he rides away she stays to keep the convent alone and wait for him to return after the war. While alone, except for an aged, feeble and half-witted gardener, she has a child, which is to her innocent mind a 'divine gift.' After a time the sisters return and when they hear the story the Mother Superior sends her out into the world with money and her blessing.

"The Mother Superior, a hard, relentless disciplinarian, intended first to banish Marie to some grim refuge without delay and without pity, but upon the plea of a friendly sister she relents, and while they are talking the lights change and a golden ray falls upon the young mother and her baby, thus—with the figure of the Virgin and her Child upon the wall directly behind—apparently, during the assemblage into an affrighted compassion and moving the hard Mother Superior to pity and blessings, so that the novice and her baby got out into the sunshine free and seemingly happy."

The climax here presented—that of a seduced girl linked with the

Immaculate Mother of God—is one to chill the blood of even the most indifferent Catholic. It is an outrage on our most sacred beliefs, and we should be neither slow nor tame in making the fact known where and how it will be most effective.—Church Progress.

ABOVE ALL THINGS, CATHOLIC

The current issue of the Living Church, an organ of the Anglican Church, contains a lengthy article entitled, "The Episcopal Church for Italians," wherein a clergyman discusses the proselytizing efforts of that Church among our immigrants. The article is a frank acknowledgment that if Anglicans are to meet success in their work of making "converts" of Italians, they must first make their religion "Catholic." He says of the Italians:

"They are, above all things, Catholic. Beyond all things they fear and dislike Protestants. And when any one, however desirous of holding out the band of Christian fellowship to these children of an ancient civilization who flock to our New England hills and farms and factory towns, goes to them in the name of the despised 'Protestant religion' he commits a strategic blunder, the consequences of which are so far-reaching as to bring tears to the eyes of any one who knows even a little of this fundamental trait of the Italian."

Still we think that the writer is a little late in giving his advice. Anglican proselytizers at work among the Italians of Chicago have long ago made use of the subterfuge, even going so far as to put into the Anglican roster of saints certain holy men and women, whom their Church, the Catholic Church, has canonized, and to whom Italians pay special homage. When Anglicans "catholicize" their religion to reap a harvest of converts among immigrants of Catholic belief, we are reminded of the tactics of the English mariner who flies the American flag when he sees German submarines ahead. Only, the Anglicans see shoals.—New World.

HIS NAME IS HOGAN

A gentleman who rejoices in the classic patronymic of Hogan has received the Victoria Cross. According to reports, he is as modest as he is brave, and of his bravery there can be little question. By a newspaper headline he is accredited with the efficiency of an army, or at least a regiment. While there may be a touch of epic color in this account, Sergeant Hogan's superior officers considered that this Irishman's valiant feats were worthy of striking recognition, and he was recommended, despite his name, for the Victoria Cross. Now he has a decoration, the highest military distinction that England can confer, and his name is still Hogan, plain, everyday Hogan. It is not at all likely that he is connected with the family in Boston who found this horribly vulgar name of Hogan, a veritable lion, blocking the path along which lay the pursuit of life's higher ideals. It he considers the matter at all, and being a man and a very gallant gentleman, he very probably does not, Sergeant Hogan, V. C., is doubtless content to take his rank with Napoleon, as the founder of his own dynasty.—America.

A POOR ASSET

A Catholic in public life who is recreant to his duty as a citizen brings disgrace to us all. We are far from admitting that proportionately we have more than our share of scapegraces, but we should have less. A bad Catholic is the poorest asset of the Church. He is the only one who may do us real harm.—The New World.

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