CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE WORST KIND OF MORTGAGE

Is it not a disheartening thing to go through life under the harrow of debt, struggling to get release under circumstances that give no hope of relief? Is it not unfortunate to feel that we can never lift the mortgage from the home, that in spite of all our efforts it must finally be sold over the heads of those dearer to us than life itself? But all this is nothing compared with the mortgage of vice upon the character which blights the life.

Many a man has died without being able to lift the mortgage from his home, yet has been a real success, for he kept his manhood clean, his integrity unstained, and, although he left no material wealth, he had enriched the lives of all who knew him.

The nicotine mortgage upon your vitality; the alcohol mortgage which hardens your nerve fibre, benumb the brain cells, paralyzes the power to achieve, and makes you a slave instead of a king, are encumbrances compared with which the mere mortgage upon your home is a blessing.

VITALITY MORTGAGED TO NARCOTICS

If you are mortgaged to the cigarette habit which demoralizes your ambition, poisons your blood, benumbs your nerves and vitiates your aim; if you have a whisky mortgage, an immorality mortgage on your character which you have been crying for years to lift, this is infinitely worse than your chattel mortgage or real-estate mortgage. The mortgage on your home may not touch your real self. In spite of it you may be a man respected, looked up to, admired. If your life has been clean, you may have made every acre of land in your vicinity worth more. But if your character is mortgaged to a demoralizing habit; if you are the victim of a degrading vice that holds you down, cripples your advance, this is a thousand times worse. It loses you not only your respect, but also the respect of those who know you.

If you have fallen into the slavery of a vice; if you have a mortgage on your character too strong for your will power to lift, you are in a sad plight. There is only one power that can cancel the mortgage. If you have become the victim of the power of vicious acts which kill self-respect, which demoralize you, which degrade you, which keep you down, you are under a mortgage which it will require Divine help to lift, which only omnipotent power can cancel.

Are you carrying a cigarette-habit mortgage which saps all your physical savings of energy? Are you trying to make the run for success, the race for the goal loaded down with a whisky mortgage? If you are, you are like the runner who starts on the race with a heavy iron dumb bell in his hand, which wrenches him out of his straight course, destroys the symmetry of his movements, makes him topple and keeps him back, taking away the strength and breath he needs for the final heat, so that he lies down exhausted half way to the goal. The runner who is trying to gain the championship strips himself of everything which can possibly retard his progress. He cannot afford to be weighted down with that which hinders and binds and hampers his movements. He must have freedom.

You cannot afford to try to make great your life-run loaded down with any hampering habit. You cannot afford to risk hazarding your success for a little temporary pleasure, your chance of reaching the goal for the sake of taking along with you some hindering, crippling vice.

CARRYING A HINDERING BURDEN

Many writers and artists are so mortgaged to liquor, their nerves are so soaked in tobacco that they have lost their finer sensibilities. They can no longer judge with clear perception artistic values. Their mortgage has reduced their earning capacity to one-half or one-tenth of its original worth. There are many artists whose whisky mortgage has cut their earning capacity from $10 or $15 000 a year down to a few hundreds and in some cases, to nothing at all.

I know business men whose striking abilities have been so mortgaged that instead of being at the head of large concerns, of great enterprises, they are looking for any kind of a job which will give them a fair competence.

I know lawyers, once brilliant, who stood high at the bar, who have become so smirched in the grip of vice that they have completely lost their standing, and have hard work to earn their bread and butter.

How many have gone down under the mortgage of a shady reputation, a tarnished character!—Success.

KINDNESS

There is a missioner sent from heaven whose gentle influence is of great importance in the exercise of the Christian state. Its name is Kindness.

We do not believe there is a heart on earth, however hardened in worldliness or long habits of sin, that is altogether callous to the influence of this heaven-sent missioner.

We may judge of the beneficial effects of kindness by the contrary results of unkindness, which, resembling a withering frost or a biting blast sweeping over the fair things of earth, scatters destruction as it passes.

How many a noble work has been nipped in the bud by the blast of an unkind judgment; how many a generous heart has been crushed in its brightest hopes by a jealous criticism; how many a holy inspiration destined to bear abundant fruit for God and souls has been forced back into the poor heart from whence it had ascended, there to be stifled utterly and for ever, leaving that heart, as the poet so graphically represents it, "like a deserted bird's nest filled with snow,' because unkindness had robbed it of that for which, perhaps, alone it cared to live. How much, then, we may believe has been lost to the world of all that is good and great and beautiful through the instrumentality of unkindness; and if it be thus, what development on the other hand, may we not expect, in the order of grace as well as nature, in the hearts and minds of men beneath the genial sun of kindness.

Even in the common things of life, and in the natural order, how striking are the results of the passage of this heaven-sent missioner, this angel of light and consolation.

The same sorrow, which perhaps has weighed on us for years, may be lying on our hearts; we may be in the same set of embarassing circumstances; no change may have taken place in our material position—in our actual trials, but a word, a little word, has been addressed to us, and it has fallen on our weary and desolate hearts like a voice from the true home of our souls, or like the harp of David soothing Saul's troubled spirit. It has been like a ray of sunshine, penetrating the dark shadow hanging over us, and calling forth once more the flowers in our hearts that were drooping there for want of it. That word of kindness has wrought a work—silently, unobtrusively—a work whose blessed fruit will perhaps endure throughout eternity.

Let us then be kind if we would promote the interests of that heart of which kindness was the special characteristic. Let it not be in isolated acts—"few and far between;" this is not the kindness of Jesus' Heart, or of the missioner who is to do His work and advocate His interests in souls. No—it must be like prayer—an habitual disposition of heart.

Let us, like God, be kind in small things as well as in great ones. By simple kindness we shall learn to love our neighbor as ourselves.—The Angelus.

HOW TO SUCCEED

It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gentleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practice it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take all back in bitterness of heart when he does you any unexpected favor. It is not wise to treat any one brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers it has on. It is not well to look down on anybody because the time may come when he may look down on you.

There is a certain selfhood in every one that should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not morality, it is not a mere conventional rule; it is not merely a social regulation; it is something in the nature of things, that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who does not fail here is never known utterly to fail elsewhere.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others; if you always think of others as well as yourself; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others with equal abilities fail to do.

This is where the race is not so swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable and truthful and sincere. This what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much men are able to win for self-respect and usefulness who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning point of success in practical life.

People will not, in the long run, have about them persons who make themselves offensive, and they yield position and influence quickly and gracefully to persons who make themselves useful in a genial way. This is the point where friends are at once most forgiving and most exacting. They will overlook great neglects if they can be assured of the loving heart behind the outward sight; but the moment you do rude things in a rude spirit and with personal coldness or selfishness the friendship is severed. This is why the best friends make the bitterest enemies.—Catholic Telegraph.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GENEROSITY'S REWARD

One stormy day in winter a poor student entered the shop of a shoemaker in Madrid, and said to him:

"Please see if you can mend these shoes. I am too poor to buy a new pair."

"They are not worth mending," replied the shoemaker, "your feet are almost as much exposed as if they had no covering at all. Let me offer you a new pair, and you may pay," he added pleasantly, "when you are Archbishop. It was a pretty long time to wait, but it is not by giving money only that one can exercise charity. "Take them; I make you a present of them."

The student heartily thanked the good shoemaker, and promised never to forget his kindness.

Years fled by. The shoemaker had grown too old to work as in the days of yore, and had but scanty means of subsistence. One fine morning a canon of the cathedral called at his house and said to him:

"I have been sent by our new Archbishop to conduct you to his palace. He wishes to see you."

The poor man wondered what the summons could mean, for he had never spoken to an Archbishop in all his life. The priest spoke to him encouragingly, however, and they set out for the cathedral residence.

When the shoemaker was ushered into the Archbishop's presence. His Grace said to him kindly:

"My friend, I want to pay you a debt contracted long ago."

The poor shoemaker, greatly confused, could scarcely believe his ears when the Archbishop continued with a smile:

"I once got a pair of shoes of you, for which it was agreed I should pay when I became Archbishop of Madrid. And since you were so kind as to trust me, I wish now to recompense you generously. I am the student whom you befriended."

The prelate then took a purse which lay before him and handed it to the old man, saying:

"Here is the price of the shoes. Now ask of me any favor you wish, and if it be in my power you shall have it."

The shoemaker burst into tears and said:

"The sum which your Grace has presented me is more than the price of a hundred pairs of shoes. My only desire is that my two daughters, who are still young, may be cared for after my death."

"You shall see your wish realized."

"May God bless your Grace!" was all the poor man could reply.

The Archbishop immediately carried his promise into execution by founding a home for noble maidens, of which the first two inmates were the shoemaker's daughters. He also cared for their father as long as he lived. The old man always took great delight in speaking of the Archbishop's charity, and died blessing his benefactor. — Catholic Sun.

POPULAR, BUT "BAD FORM"

Many girls are "bad form," without suspecting it. Here are a few things, little considered, that are popular but not in good taste.

Inquisitiveness. Have you never pried into personal affairs by questions?

Boisterous. Noisy fun, especially in public, is common in both senses of the word. A girl can have a good time without laughing and talking at high pitch.

Practical joking. What seems pure wit to the perpetrator to the victim is stupid horse play or downright malice.

Intrusion. Some girls have no respect for privacy. They burst into a closed room without knocking, offer their society unasked, and will interrupt the most earnest conversation without a prefunctory "I beg your pardon."

Disloyalty. It is ill bred if nothing else to run down those to whom you owe fealty or to betray a friend's confidence. Even worse it is to discuss family affairs with outsiders.

Bickering. Girls may not mean anything when they argue before a third person, but the listener is just as uncomfortable as though the disputants were at daggers drawn. Especially poor taste it is for one to argue with her fiance or husband in public.

Bragging. What if you are a belle, have hosts of suitors and trunks full of fine clothes. The girl of good taste allows the world to discover her popularity and good fortune, she does not thrust them upon it.

Slang. There is a big reaction in favor of the girl who can enjoy life to the full yet keep her respect for good English.

Sponging. Some girls have the notion that the world owes them a good time and they spend pleasure at the expense of their friends with no thought of return. The girl who is always out of change, who proposes gayeties for which others pay, who accepts favours and is churlish about favouring, is worse than bad form, she is almost dishonest.

Fibbing. Truth is right, likewise well bred. The girl whose word is worthless, who riggles out of every uncomfortable situation, who tells you one thing and her next confidante another, is bad style.—Catholic Bulletin.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Here is a little tale with a moral. Read it and ponder:

Tom was an athletic and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success.

One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance; then to the surprise of everyone, Johnny began to gain on him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the matter?" asked the teacher as the defeated boy came toward her with tears streaming down his face.

His only answer was a sob.

"Tell me what happened Tom."

Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

"I started all right you know——"

"Yes, you led them all."

"But when I got half way there the boys began to call: 'Go it, Johnny, you're second!' 'Hustle, Jim, you're gaining!' 'Run, Johnny, run! you're most up to him!' But nobody said: 'Go it, Tom,' and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go," and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.

Many have failed in life because there was no one to say: "Go it, Tom!"—True Voice.

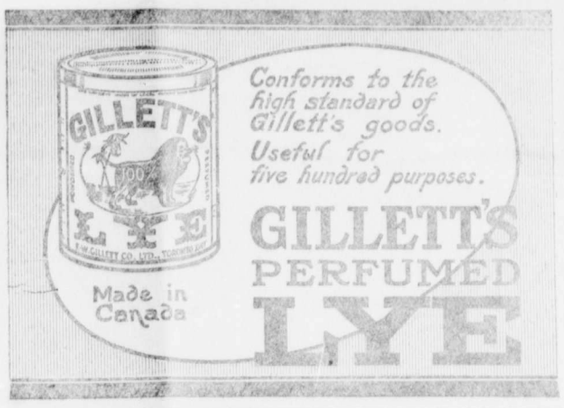
LEGENDS OF THE ROSE

Some pretty rose legends are told by Sir John de Mandeville in the "Travels." One is of a maiden in Bethlehem, about to suffer for a false accusation, who prayed that if it were the will of God, her innocence would be made manifest. God heard her prayer, and lo! as the torch was set to the faggots, the dry wood burst into blossom, growing crimson where alight, while the white smoky petals veiling her, proclaimed the purity of the maid to her judges. These were the first roses, the legend says, seen on earth by man since the loss of paradise.

Another is that at noontide the angel, whose task it was to tend to the flowers, wearied with the labors fell asleep beneath a rose bush, and, awakening, refreshed by the odor it shed, bade it ask in return what boon it would "Give me," besought the bush, "some further charm," and the angel, stooping, gathered some of the lowly moss on which he had reclined. "Behold!" said he, "if to your beauty you add humility, then shalt thou be the fairest of flowers and their queen." This was the origin of the moss rose. —Church Progress.

ROUGH AND BRUTAL

Never is a boy so mistaken about anything as when he thinks it looks big or brave or manlike to be rough, brutal, unmerciful, to fellow-creature—human or animal. The sooner he learns the disgust and repulsion of all right minded people to cruelty in any form, the sooner will he see that his life, and that of every boy should be founded on the law of kindness to all. It is well for us all to remember that even the "Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy," and to try to be like Him in this matter as well as in others.



THROUGH THE ROSARY

CONVERSION OF A QUEEN DUE TO IT

The conversion, in 1874, of the Queen Mother, Mary of Bavaria, relic of King Maximilian II, caused a great sensation throughout Germany; for she was by birth a Prussian princess, and had hitherto been a zealous Protestant. Her liberality to the poor and her charities of various kinds had made her an example among her co-religionists of high and low degree; and from the day of her conversion she became a model of still greater piety; practicing the virtues of a good Catholic with charming simplicity and admirable fervor. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Queen Mary's conversion was due to the Rosary, says a writer in the Ave Maria.

When, in 1842, she was married to the heir of the Crown of Bavaria, she was in the prime of life and gifted with the most brilliant qualities. Great, presumably, was the influence she was destined to exercise over the hearts of her people. Her Catholic subjects began to feel uneasy on the score of their religion. To ward off the impending danger, some pious ladies of Munich formed among themselves an association, the sole object of which was the conversion of their future Queen; and they decided upon the daily recitation of the beads for this intention.

When death claimed the King, her husband, Queen Mary was cast into deep sadness, and began to see the futility of Protestantism as a comforter to the dying or to their surviving loved ones. She was forcibly struck, on the contrary, with the prayers and ceremonies with which the Church aids her departing members, and notably with the common practice of its devout children in reciting the Holy Rosary. Thence forward she determined to seek her consolation in prayer. As she often visited the public hospitals, she became closely acquainted with the Sisters of Charity, and frequently recommended her departed husband and herself to their prayers. On one occasion she asked the good Sisters to instruct her as to the meaning of the beads and the manner of saying them; and, turning their explanations to good account, she set herself to reciting the Rosary with a fervor which grew more and more intense as the days and weeks went by.

Passing a part of the summer at one of her country seats in the heart of the Alps, she came in contact with a well known priest of the neighborhood. By slow degrees she obtained from him instruction on all the points of the Catholic religion. The more she listened, the more she reflected and prayed; and the more completely, too, did her Protestant prejudices vanish. At last, after long and fervent prayer, accompanied with deep study, she determined to become a Catholic.

As soon as her resolve was reported in Berlin, every effort was made to induce her to change her mind. They sent her one of the chief Protestant pastors, in whom she formerly had great confidence. He put forth all his arguments to prevail upon her to remain a non-Catholic. It was all to no purpose; for, after having fruitlessly expended all his logic, and losing his temper, he added: "Then, Madam, all you have to do now is to say your beads." "I am already," said the Queen with a smile, "in the habit of saying them every day."

Incidents like this should have the effect of increasing our confidence in the efficacy of prayer and our devotion to the Holy Rosary. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," says the poet; and as everyone knows, the Rosary has been the source of innumerable blessings, not merely to the Church at large and to nations, but also to families and individuals.

RHEUMATISM

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Don't take Medicine—write me. Return Mail will bring you, prepaid, a pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts the great Michigan Cure for Rheumatism of every kind, Chronic or Acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago or Gout, no matter where located or how severe. The cures these Drafts are working upon thousands seem so wonderful to me that I do not ask you to believe what I say, but simply to send in my coupon and try the Drafts for yourself. Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. If they can cure all stages of this cruel disease at all ages of life, surely you can expect quick relief. Don't delay—but act at once. Send no money—just this coupon. Do it now.

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It is evident that the old Church still has all her old-time attraction for the most beautiful minds and that, indeed, only in her bosom can they find that satisfaction for soul and mind for religious feelings and for aesthetic devotion which represent the best qualities of the highest type of men and women.

THE SUPREME TEST OF FAITH

St. Louis University,
St. Louis, Sept. 15, 1911.

Editor The Freeman's Journal:

I think the following incident which really happened is too good to be forgotten.

I have sometimes heard it said that the Celt was more Catholic than the Pope. I took the statement to be a Celticism. But the other day I came upon a case to which the Irishmen was actually a surer test of the faith than all the Supreme Pontiffs. Here is the fact as it happened less than a month ago in one of the Catholic hospitals of St. Louis.

A poor Greek had been carried all mangled and torn from a mining accident into the hospital. When the chaplain came to his bedside, the following conversation ensued:

"Are you a Catholic?" (in English and Greek.)

"I am" (in Greek)

"Are you a Greek Catholic or a Roman Catholic?"

"I am a Catholic and I am a Greek." This sounded bad to the chaplain.

"Do you believe as the Pope of Rome believes?"

"I believe as all the Popes do." (As the Greeks often call their priests popes, this reply was worse than the former)

The chaplain was about to retire, not being able just then to think of any other simple test of the faith, when the Greek seeing him moving away, rose on his elbows and called after him: "I am a Catholic, like an Irishman." That was conclusive. The glad priest administered all the sacraments, and the Greek "going off" was full of consolation. — J. S.

BUST AND HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or waist, realizes how difficult it is to obtain satisfactory results by the usual trying on method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at home easy and satisfactory. The waists can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter as the waist line and form is and adjusted to suit any desired style or length. Very easily adjusted, not get out of order, and will last a lifetime. Write for illustrated booklet mentioning complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

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ONE GOOD FEATURE
EVERY FEATURE GOOD
WHICH?

AS long as a cream separator skims close, it is a good investment. But one good feature or a few good features do not make a separator that will skim close for any length of time.

A good separator is one in which the minor parts have been just as carefully designed and just as well made as the most important parts. A defect in a minor part will, by throwing the entire machine out of adjustment, offset all the perfection attained in any other part of the machine. In the

I H C Cream Harvesters
Dairymaid and Bluebell

one feature does not overtop all others because the same I H C standard of quality in design, material, and workmanship is maintained throughout. They are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. These separators have large shafts, bushings, and bearings; the flexible tinned-steel bowl is the strongest and most effective found in any separator. The patented disc protector removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes.

The I H C local agent will be glad to let you examine one of these separators, or, write nearest branch house for catalogues and other information.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

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I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house for Agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.

CATHOLIC DESCENDANTS OF ENGLISH WRITERS

Perhaps the most interesting details in recent information with regard to the number of Catholic converts in England is the fact that most of the descendants of distinguished English literary men are now in the Catholic Church. This is so different from what is usually thought about the Church's power over men's minds that it is worth while recalling often, and there is a renewed occasion to recall it now that announcement of the death of Mrs. Thomas, daughter of Captain Marryat, the popular English novelist of the last generation, has just been made.

Ordinarily, it is said that the Catholic Church has her attractions for and her hold upon the ignorant or at least the less educated classes. The roll of the descendants of English litterateurs who have entered the Church is a direct contradiction of this. All the blood of Scott now flows in Catholic veins. The same thing is said to be practically true as regards the descendants of Dickens and Thackeray. Even the daughter of Charles Kingsley is a Catholic and herself a well-known writer under the name of Lucas Malet, her own name being Mrs. St. Leger Harrison. The near relatives of Stevenson are all said to be Catholics. The list might readily be extended.

Most of these converts of literary families become very devout members of the Church, with special affection for the old Catholic institutions which Protestantism so misunderstands and used to calumniate. For instance, one of Mrs. Thomas' daughters, the grand-daughter of Marryat, became a nun in Belgium. Mrs. Thomas lived at Bruges and was the center of social influence in many ways. English Catholic visitors particularly were welcomed and the household was beautiful in its simple Catholicity.

CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY

A Devoted Wife Helps her Husband to a Cure Through Samaria Prescription

Mrs. S.— of Trenton was in despair. A loving father and a careful provider when sober—her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties.

But read her letter.

"I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret. My husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles and he feels splendid, does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy

"Mrs. S——, Trenton, Ont."

Samaria Prescription stops the craving for drink. It restores the shaking nerves, improves the appetite and general health, and makes drink distasteful, and even nauseous. It is used regularly by Physicians and Hospitals, and is tasteless and odorless, dissolving instantly in tea, coffee or food.

Now, if you know any home on which the curse of drink has fallen, tell them of Samaria Prescription. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend on whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write to day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price etc. will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept 11, 49 Colborne St. Toronto, Canada.