

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BE SUNNY

A cheerful disposition is a valuable business asset. It is like sunshine. It makes things look bright. It puts a silver lining to the clouds of trouble and care. It attracts customers. It wins friends.

During an acute financial panic a merchant whose shelves were groaning with unsold merchandise and whose clerks were standing around gloomy and discouraged in going about his store one day caught a glimpse of his own face in a long mirror and was shocked at what he saw.

"I was amazed to see how blue and gloomy I looked," he told a friend, "and I said to myself, 'I don't wonder business is bad in this store; I don't wonder people don't come here to buy. Everybody is in the dumps. The sight of all these gloomy discouraged faces would drive customers away even in the most prosperous times.' Then I called all the clerks together and had a talk with them. I told them that the store needed bracing up and cheering up, more than anything else; that I wanted a complete change in the expression of their faces; that we were losing business and our faces told the story to the world. I told them that hereafter I would discharge any clerk who did not have a pleasant, cheerful expression. From that time on things changed very materially and business improved, for trade, even more in hard times than when conditions are normal, is a matter of attraction. I found that we had all been so blue and discouraged because of the wretched business conditions that we had created an atmosphere of discouragement which had actually driven away business."

It is not necessary for a man to have a grin on his face all the time or to tell funny stories in and out of season, but it is helpful for him to be bright, to keep his troubles to himself, and to radiate pleasantness rather than gloom.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and you weep alone.

HOW TO SAVE

If a man is naturally saving, I have nothing to say to him; he'll get along.

But the people who need some plain talk about laying up money are the people who are not saving, the good fellows, the good liver and good spenders.

I like these people (I am ashamed to say why.) They are generous, warm-hearted and lovable. But some day they are likely to awaken with a sudden jolt and realize that this world is hard, forgetful, ungrateful, and has inside that are solid brass.

Guard against yourself! If you are making \$40 a week, put away \$5 of it, whether you can or not. Don't tell me it's impossible. Do it anyway. Shut your eyes and make yourself think that you don't own that \$5. If you are earning \$3,000, save \$500 of it, at least, if not \$1,500.

I know it sounds trite and worn and preachy, but just the same it will save you some day from a nasty, bitter time. It is the first reader, primer, elemental lesson in self-respect.

If you cannot possibly manage it by your own will, reinforce your will. Take out shares in a safe building and loan society. Get a ten-year endowment policy. Buy a good bond on the installment plan. Then you'll have to save. You'll have to put on the emergency brake against unnecessary expenditures.

Then, too, you'll develop the habit of thrift. You'll cultivate frugality. You'll amass a competence for your day of need.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY CONVERT

Sometimes, when the catechism lesson is extra hard, you wish you had lived long, long ago when little boys and girls did not have printed books to study, do you not? Well, those times were not quite so happy as you think. You would not like to wait until you are quite "grown up" to receive Holy Communion, would you? In the years following the Crucifixion there were comparatively few Christians—nearly every one was pagan. Many of the converts of those past ages would have given much for your advantages. Why, they had to wait for years before they could even be present at the Sacrifice of the Mass. How often must their hearts have yearned for Holy Communion before they were at last permitted to receive! Nor could they voice their longing in the singing of the beautiful hymns to the Sacred Heart and to the Virgin—ah, no! those songs were not yet written. Nor were there the processions of the Blessed Sacrament—those processions which so delight you and express so well the devotion of the Catholic to his God. In those days, to be a Christian was considered the foulest of crimes against the State, and those thought to be followers of the Christ

must remain hidden lest they be apprehended and tortured, or perhaps thrown to the lions, or burned to death. Hence, the necessity for the Faithful to be careful lest those who asked for instruction should be merely spies who would betray them to their persecutors. To protect themselves and to prevent violation of the sanctity of their religion, the early teachers ordained that the would-be convert must thoroughly study the religion.

At first even the meeting places of the Christians were concealed from the new student. Later he was allowed to be present at the first part of Mass, but he had to stay in the rear, and leave immediately after the sermon. Later, when he had by trial proven his sincerity he was "signed with the sign of the cross," clothed in the white garment of innocence and permitted to remain during certain special prayers said over him following the sermon. For two years he had to persevere as a catechumen before he could receive the sacraments of baptism, Eucharist and confirmation.

Children now may receive Holy Communion when only seven; but then, unless their parents were Christians, it was very unusual for young boys and girls to become catechumens. When this did occur, these young converts showed great piety and were a power for good among their fellow Christians. One of the best known of these youthful converts was St. Martin of Tours, whose father was a military tribune under Constantine the Great. St. Martin became a catechumen when a mere boy. According to custom, he was enrolled in the army at the age of fifteen. It is he of whom it is told that he cut in two his long flowing military cloak (cape we should call it now) in order that he might share it with a beggar freezing by the wayside. And in a vision that night St. Martin saw Christ, wrapped in the half cloak, and heard Him say to the angels, "Martin, a catechumen hath wrapped Me in this garment." Shortly after this, Martin was baptized. When his term in the army had expired he went into France and became a disciple of St. Hilary. In a wild and desolate region near Poitiers he founded the first monastery in France. Ten years he remained with his monks and then came the call to the Bishopric of Tours. He refused but, being tricked into entering Tours, was proclaimed bishop by popular acclamation and finally yielded to the will of the people. Even so, his manner of life was scarcely altered. His love of solitude was great, the desire for earthly glory non-existent; and as a hermit he dwelt on the outskirts of the town. But not for long alone, for, gradually, many saintly souls flocked to his dwelling-place and the new monastery became greater than the first.

Yet, much as he loved the quiet and seclusion of the cloister, he recognized a duty outside, and so we find this "Apostle of Gaul" making arduous journeys, preaching the gospel throughout the fair land of France. Many of the Faithful he found to be more pagan than Christian, but he won his way to their hearts. The pagan temples and groves gave way to churches in which was proclaimed the might of the living God. And the people, strong in their love of Christ, became a great nation.

Is your life going to be as "worth while" as that of St. Martin? Not all can become bishops, but each has a place in the world and a work that none but himself can do. Is your work to be unfinished, or perhaps untouched? In life we find that which we seek, and the measure of success or failure is largely determined by the habits of youth. Shall you look downward, seeking the dross of the earth? Or, shall you gaze upward, striving, like Martin, for the things that are of heaven? —Extension Magazine.

HUNTING SOULS ON THE BORDER

The life of the United States soldiers on the Mexican border is, as the phrase goes, just one thing after another. Day and night, both morn and even, the rattlesnakes bite and the mosquitoes sting, and now the Baptists are after the militiaman's soul. The Catholic soldier is, after his kind, a sinner, and the Episcopalian soldier is, after his kind, a miserable sinner—according to the Prayer Book—and the remainder of them are predestined or unregenerate sinners according to the particular brand of divided Protestantism which they favor.

But to General Funston all sinners are alike, and when the Baptist General Convention of Texas proposed getting after the military sinner, as a specially vicious and foreordained vessel of wrath, the General thought it time to call a halt in the game. The ministers might, he said, hold their services in the camps. But they were not to single out the boys serving under his command to hold them up to reprobation as more iniquitous species of sinner than all other sinners; moreover he saw no reason for believing that men in the army stood in greater need of the particular kind of devotional bathos than any other men. Cattlemen or professional men, he mentioned as being quite as much in need of regeneration as the militiamen, among whom are some ten thousand or more Catholics. Nor would he, in the interests of military discipli-

line, permit any righteous orgies such as a revival or two.

In holy anger and pious grief the corresponding secretary of the Texas Baptists turned his cheek to the smiter and said something like this: "The Baptists of Texas will go to the ends of the earth to set aside the order of general Frederick Funston that preachers may preach to the soldiers on the Mexican border, provided they do not tell them they are lost."

General Funston has taken an admirable stand, and one that must meet with the approval of every person who has the least glimmerings of religious toleration. There is in the world a particularly nasty-minded type of person, not only in this country but in other countries also, who does not hesitate to ascribe to soldiers and sailors—and probably to policemen and subway guards—a proclivity for the seven deadly sins, that manifests itself as a sort of urge as soon as the sun is put on. In putting his foot down on this sort of rot General Funston has done something that will gain him the affectionate respect of every English-speaking enlisted man throughout the world.

But it would have been interesting if a clergyman of some other religious body had gone round the camps, and preached a little sermon that begins *Quicunque vult salvus esse*, and ends with *salvus esse non potest*; it would have been interesting if the same clergyman had made the same *face pas* with General Funston; it would have been very, very interesting to have heard what the Texas Baptists would have had to say to that, and whether they would, in that case, have allowed an appeal to the President to permit religious predilections to elbow military discipline out of the way.—America.

A COMPARISON

I heard upon our main street the other evening a sound to which I had been a stranger for fifteen years, except as it has greeted me on my infrequent trips to the city. A tambourine was jingling, a drum was beating, and a girl in a blue dress and a poke bonnet was informing the public, in a voice several shades off the key, that there was sunshine in her soul. Do not think for a moment that I am trying to be funny, I am not. I simply want to tell you what was actually happening. There are, few, very few, religious bodies outside of the Church that I respect as I do the Salvation Army. As the old literary trappings of the Brontes, of whom I speak last week, conceal realities, so do the poke bonnet the drum and the tambourine symbolize a fundamental truth—distorted, it may be, and imperfectly conveyed, but still a truth.

Early in the summer some friends of mine called to take me for a ride in their fine new touring car. The father and mother of the family occupied the rear seat, and I was thus given an opportunity of sharing the front one with the son, a former pupil and now a junior at the State University. We fell to discussing conditions here in our little town and I expressed myself grieved and disturbed over the moral lapses of several lads in whose welfare I am most keenly concerned. My young friend, a non-Catholic by the way, replied in a manner that was meant to be consolatory. "Oh, that's all right," said he. "Those things come into every man's life. Don't worry over the fellows. They'll straighten up after a while and be a Number One." "But," I reconstrated, "the results are apt to be serious." "I know it," was his answer, "but it doesn't do any good to talk to them; it's just a waste of breath. Let them alone, and in a year or so they'll be different." For a second I was nonplussed; divided between astonishment at the lad's callous frankness and amusement at the cynicism of his twenty years.

This morning's mail brought me an advertisement from the publishers of a well-known magazine, containing a club offer in connection with a work on "Eugenics," represented, of course, as a model of its kind. I judge from the circular that every relation in life has been thoroughly looked into by the investigators. For all I know the subject is handled in a scientific way, but I should most emphatically object to such books being left about within easy reach of the young people in my household. I suppose you are wondering why now a Salvation Army meeting, a conversation with a boy in an automobile, and the prospectus of a work on eugenics are related to one another. I have said that the Salvation Army, despite its exaggerations, stands for a truth. Possibly I should have said a realization, a realization of the sinfulness of sin. A professor in a non-Catholic theological seminary once said that he had a higher regard for a member of the Salvation Army, groveling on the pavement with a conviction of sin, than he had for a certain complacent, self-righteous type in the denomination to which he belonged. A number of the Protestant sects have, unfortunately, placed the hallmark of approval upon mere outward respectability. As a consequence we have the easy-going point of view of my young friend in the car, and the still laxer view of those whose voices he condones.

And the non-Catholic world is looking for a remedy for it all, of which I take the circular received in this morning's mail to be a token. But knowledge, without an accompanying fear of God, is a dangerous

weapon, as our first parents learned to their cost. It is well for the youth of our land to have knowledge, but only well for them to have it coupled with a hatred of sin, such as a hatred of sin as the Catholic Church teaches. But if the grace of conversion has not yet been given a man he is fortunate if he has as much of a sense of sin as the Salvation Army lass who struts at the street-corner and shakes her tambourine.—James Loomis in New World.

THE MOTIVE OF COLUMBUS

Accounts of the celebration of the festival day of their patron by the Knights of Columbus shows that the religious side of the great event commemorated was emphasized. Too often the underlying motive of Columbus is forgotten. The average text book says little or nothing about it.

The personal character of Christopher Columbus carries a striking lesson. His discovery was born of great faith and unconquerable courage. The pioneer listened to no voice that would turn him from his purpose to sail "beyond the paths of all the Western stars." The lesson of his life and deeds is that of undaunted valor that refuses to lower the flag to failure.

Back of all the motives which inspired Columbus was his religion. It was not only to open up a new country, not only to add to the world's wealth, but above all to spread the light of the Gospel of Christ that he started his journey over trackless seas. It was the thought of the souls to be saved that kept hope alive in his heart during those dark nights when he paced the deck of the Santa Maria and listened to the mutterings of his mutinous crew. Only the grace of God was strong enough to keep his face to the great west.

It was with thanksgiving to God in his heart that he stepped on the shores of the New World and planted the Cross of his Master, the first flag on American soil. Columbus Day is not only a national holiday, it is a great religious festival.—Intermountain Catholic.

Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effects in the mind from which they spring.

He who suffers in patience, suffers less and saves his soul. He who suffers impatiently, suffers more and loses his soul.—St. Alphonsus.

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Matrimony is a good school in which to learn meekness.

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Advertisement for Gravity Washers. She was the Riddle of the Neighborhood. No matter how early her neighbors got up, her washing was always first on the line. Some mornings 'twas nearly seven before they spotted the smoke curling slowly from her chimney. But within the hour—up went her snow-white washing. Then they would glimpse her, fresh and neat, feeling her cucumbers or weeding in her garden. And the neighbors wondered, and they plotted, and they found her out. One of them went to borrow clothes-pins, and there sat my lady, grubby looking back and forth a "1900" Gravity Washer. There are 5 important points about a Washing Machine: 1. Does it Wash Clean? 2. Is it Easily Operated? 3. Does it Wash with Speed? 4. Does it Save Wear and Tear? 5. Is the Tub Well Built? You Need this Machine. It Will Save You Backache Time and Money. Try it at our expense. We will send it to you for a free trial, without a cent deposit. Do as many washings with it as you like within the trial period, and if you then find that you can afford to do without it, send it back at our expense. If you prefer to keep it, as we know you will, pay for it out of what?—save you, week by week, six weeks, a week, you can pay for it. If you want to know specially about our trial offer, better address me personally. State whether you prefer a Washer to operate by Hand—Engine Power—Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet. J. A. MORRIS, MANAGER. 1900 WASHER COMPANY. 357 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Advertisement for Hunt's Diamond Flour. Granny's Visits No. 3. Granny Visits Her Grandchildren. "Mother, mother! Here comes Granny, and Grandad, too." "Hello, Granny! Hello, Grandpa!" shouted all. "Dear, dear," said the mother to herself, I have no home-made bread in the house, and Granny has not brought a loaf as usual. "What shall I do?" "I want some of Granny's cakes," pouted wee Jack. "Granny hasn't any," said she with a twinkle in her eye. All faces fell in disappointment. "Listen, dearies," said Granny. "Grandpa and I are going to stay a month with you, and I will bake some bread and cakes every day with Hunt's Diamond Flour. They will make you all strong and healthy, as well as save Daddy's purse! You must tell Mother to be sure and get me at once some HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR." HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR. "Always the Same" Established 1854. HUNT BROS. LIMITED. LONDON-ONT. HUNT'S BEST.

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Advertisement for She Darkened Her Gray Hair. SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR. A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process. She Tells How She Did It. A well-known resident of Kansas City, Mo., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. This mixture relieves itching and is excellent for dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."

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