

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AMBITION

Ambition is the spark plug that ignites the oil of effort. No man ever succeeded without ambition and some have failed because of it.

Be ambitious, but don't be too lazy in that ambition. Focus ambition and it will turn defeat into victory.

Men who travel, if they wish to reach a destination, know in advance where they are going. We live in a practical world; we aim to eliminate waste and lost motion; we want results—quick!

Brutus was ambitious, but his ambition was not tempered by a desire to serve and benefit. Brutus was the original Wallingford. He wanted to get rich quick, to become Caesar overnight.

If a man would grow big in life, let him never lose his ambition. When one goal is reached, let him marshal all his armies and resources to win again on the morrow.

Men who are ambitious never grow old for they have found Ponce de Leon's magic fountain. Ambition leads men on and on, through every adversity.

Ambition is power.—The Tablet.

A MAN WHO CAN'T BE DEPENDENT UPON

Some men can't be depended upon—they are bright and quick, but they don't keep on to the end. They almost do it, they nearly succeed, they come within an ace of making good—and then they fall down.

There is always a "but" to the report of any of their endeavors. You cannot say exactly what is the matter with them, but they are a disappointment and a failure.

You don't count, because you can't be counted on. You're intelligent but untrustworthy—well posted but not a hitching post—we don't tie to people who won't stay put.

No one denies your capacity, but it's dangerous to utilize it. The dimensions of a cistern are unimportant, if it won't hold water.

The world doesn't lack for ideas, so much as it needs competent executors for the ideas already in hand.

You're sharp but brittle—you break without wearing and we can't afford to employ such tools for important work.

There's a weak streak in your nature. We can always build with short, stout timber but it's perilous to impose weight on faulty material, however excellent the grain and finish.

You're a long ladder with treacherous rungs; you may reach far but folks who hope to get anywhere with you are liable to tumble.

Inaccuracy is intolerable—an entire calculation is upset by one wrong figure.

You seem unable to realize the importance of dependability. An irregular watch is worthless. So is an unregulated man.

When you stick to your base you play a beautiful game, but your eye is so frequently off the ball that you fear to throw to you in a crisis.

You're an "almost" man—the bane of every organization—the biggest bother employers contend with. You experience no difficulty in finding work. You create a splendid initial impression. Few minds are more agile and resourceful, but you don't complete.

You've never been trained—if you weren't so advanced—if you were a slow but sure plunger—a painstaking plodder, we'd keep on with you. It would pay. Some wits ripen slowly, but yours aren't of that type.

You keep reminding us of the big things, we also know, you could do, but we can't help estimating the cost of the little things you haven't done.

has a soft spot? You never travel far, because of your flaws. You won't succeed until you change your trying habits for the habit of trying.—Herbert Kaufman.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MOTHER"

A college professor, who had been teaching a great number of years, collected from twenty classes opinions as to what was the most beautiful word in the English language.

When Uncle Jack read this he thought to himself: "This is very beautiful, but how many of those boys and girls are good to mother? How many are ready to set aside their own plans and pleasures to help mother, or to send her off on a pleasure trip?"

"It is a very easy thing to fill a slip with filial sentiment, but not always so easy to give up one's own way to please mother. If a boy could know how proud and happy he makes his mother when he shows his love for her, perhaps he would try oftener.

Until Jack read of one mother who was going to a lecture with her boy, when a storm came up and a strong wind beat upon them. "Lean on me, mother," said the boy. Lean on her little son? The mother had never thought of such a thing.

And the boy? You may be sure he, too, was proud of being his mother's support and comfort. When the lecture was over they went home together, the mother leaning on her boy; the boy changed from a child to a sturdy youth, and glad for his young strength because mother could rest upon it.—Sacred Heart Review.

PLANTS POISON TO THE TOUCH

There are no beautiful poisonous flowers native to this country. There are only three plants that are really poisonous to the touch. They all belong to the Rhus family, and resemble one another in their interesting clusters of dull, greenish-gray berries.

Two of them, poison ivy and poison sumac, are found in the eastern part of the country, and poison oak grows on the Pacific Coast.

Poison ivy is a common vine that climbs over rocks, and that in some shady places covers the ground with luxuriant leaves. Occasionally, in fertile spots, it will raise branches like shrubs up over the rocky supports; elsewhere it clings to the bark of trees and climbs high.

Its flowers and berries are always in dull clusters, but its leaves may become brilliant red and brown in the autumn sun. Do not pick leaves that grow in threes on a vine, but do not be afraid to gather leaves of the woodbine, which grow in clusters of five.

It is difficult to distinguish poison sumac from other sumacs. Do not call it dogwood; it does not look like dogwood; true dogwoods have beautiful flowers, and are not poisonous.

Poison oak does not look like any oak. It has clusters of three almost round leaves, which grow on a vine like poison ivy, or more often on a low shrub. If you see the clusters of white flowers, or berries, do not touch the plant.

Many beautiful flowers have sap that is more or less poisonous if swallowed. Do not ever hold flowers in your mouth. Do not give flowers to babies, for they are sure to put them into their mouths, and some of our familiar flowers have poison enough to affect a baby's health.

There are other flowers and plants that are harmless to man, but poisonous to animals, if eaten. Many who read these lines know the bad effects of the loco weed of the West or the lamb-kill of the East. In pastures where buttercups abound, cattle carefully graze round them, but will not eat the flowers or leaves, because of the bitter taste of the poison in them.

The botanist and lover of flowers should remember two things: First, it is safe to pick any beautiful flower; second, it is never safe to let its juices touch the lips or any flesh wound.—Youth's Companion.

When you address a person courteously and he responds with a sneer don't take offense; that is his way of acknowledging your superiority.

THE FIRST PRIEST IN NEW YORK

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES LANDED THERE IN 1643

The story of the first visit of a Catholic priest to the island of Manhattan is told most interestingly by William Harper Bennett in his "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York."

"In 1643, it was only seventeen years after the purchase of the island from the Indians, when a sloop from Rensselaerwick, now Albany, landed at the wharf a bent, broken figure of a man whom the kindly Dutch minister, Dominie Megapolensis, conducted into the presence of the Governor.

"A strange pair they made—the portly minister in his clerical blue, and leaning upon his arm, the bent, broken figure in rags, partly Indian and partly European, that barely covered him.

"Dominie Megapolensis presented the strange visitor as Father Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit priest of New France, who had been captured and cruelly tortured by the Mohawk Indians, ransomed by the good burghesses of Rensselaerwick, and had, at the Governor's command, been escorted by the minister and burghesses to New Amsterdam, there to await the sailing of a ship to France.

"No visitor to our city has ever received a kinder welcome than was accorded the martyr priest by the Calvinist Dutch of New Amsterdam. His haggard countenance, drawn and seamed, his maimed hands, his evident spirituality and the pathetic story of his sufferings evoked the deepest sympathy of the people.

"As he was leaving the fort one day a young man employed by a merchant of the town ran to him, fell upon his knees, seized the mutilated hands, kissed them and, with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed, 'Martyr of Jesus Christ! Martyr of Jesus Christ!'

"The humble priest, confused and embarrassed by the demonstration, embraced him affectionately, and, inquiring if he was a Calvinist, was told he was a Polish Lutheran.

"Passing a house near the fort, he glanced in at the open door and was astonished to see on the chimney-piece pictures of Our Lord and St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He learned upon inquiry that the mistress of the house was the Portuguese Catholic wife of an ensign of the garrison, but, unfortunately, she knew no language with which Father Jogues was familiar. It was a great joy to his heart one day to have a young Irishman, just landed from a Maryland ship, come to him to the fort and ask permission to approach the tribunal of penance."

And thus for the first time the sacrament of penance was administered in Manhattan Island.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE GUARDIAN OF PURITY

The sound principles Father Joseph Keating lays down in an excellent paper on "The State and the Social Evil" he contributes to the July Month might profitably be brought to the attention of some of our American law-makers.

Regarding legislation against the grave disorder in question, he shows that if the State is anxious that its citizens successfully avoid the social consequences of sin, but neglects to see that their moral sense is strengthened and elevated, matters will go from bad to worse, for "Nothing can combat the evil in all its bearings, and keep the soul as well as the body healthy, except the practice of virtue."

Sins of impurity lessen or increase among a people according to the degree in which the teaching of Christ on the subject is accepted. "If the physical disease is to be suppressed, the moral disease which precedes and engenders it must first be overcome. All other remedies are but palliatives."

Father Keating then summarizes as follows what the Catholic Church as the watchful guardian of purity has done for the State:

"By the express injunction of its Founder, it made voluntary virginity a higher ideal than even Christian marriage. Its teaching on the virtue of chastity is definite, clear, and uncompromising. None of its children who have studied its catechisms can be ignorant on this important point. It stigmatizes as grievous sins all deliberate offences, were they only in thought or desire against purity.

It traces the weak human will and tames the strong human passions by constant recourse to the means of grace, prayer and the Sacraments, until appetite is brought thoroughly into subjection to the rational will. It sets before Christian youth conspicuous models of virtue, the Queen of Virgins especially, and the Saints remarkable for purity of life, and bands them together in solidarities for mutual support. It preaches moderation in the use of matrimonial privileges and denounces all abuse of them. It opposes with all its force the system of successive polygamy introduced by divorce. It thus uses every means, natural and supernatural, to keep this strong animal instinct in due bounds, and it attains wonderful success in its efforts. St. Augustine, who was enslaved by the evil habit, would have despaired of permanently breaking his bonds but for the chaste example of the Christian youths and maidens around him, and that phenomenon has persisted to this day. The superior morality of Catholic boarding schools is acknowledged tacitly or openly by

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thousands of non-Catholics, and that morality is mainly due to the light and strength afforded by the Church."

The Church, moreover, has never tolerated for an instant the doctrine that sins of impurity are unavoidable, she has never regarded as inevitable what is euphemistically termed "sowing one's wild oats," and she has never accepted the so-called "double standard." The pagans of our day, however, shamelessly and persistently teach that sexual promiscuity is universal, pardonable, "natural," "necessary" and even "wholesome."

Consequently public opinion regarding the social evil has become so perverted that outside the Church correct principles concerning the obligation and practicability of personal purity for both men and

women are becoming "unpopular." All the more important therefore is it that Catholic publicists should thoroughly understand and fearlessly defend the Church's attitude toward the social evil.—America.

A BY-PRODUCT OF THE WAR

The Church of England is worried about the religious future of her returned soldiers. The frank admission is made that the Catholic Church has taken a hold on the minds and affections of many English "Tommys."

When these soldiers went to France what little knowledge they had of the Catholic Church was distorted and hateful. Prejudice soon broke down because they saw a religion that fitted so admirably well into the lives of the people. They saw soldiers and officers, and peasants and nobles going to Mass. They saw churches and chapels filled with worshippers who looked as if they really belonged there.

They were like happy children in the home of their Father. They were made familiar with the idea of the abiding Christ on the altar, and they saw crucifixes, and statues of Our Blessed Lady and the saints, and they came to think that these belonged in a real Church. When these soldiers marched through the open country they saw wayside shrines, and what impressed them more deeply, they saw, among the havoc and destruction about

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them, the crucifix almost invariably stood out uninjured. No wonder that a young soldier wrote back home that these crucifixes "made him think a bit," and that he considered "there was something greater and of more significance than mere chance behind it all." This changed attitude finds expression after the soldiers return to their own country. Everywhere in England once more the crucifix and the shrine are springing up, tokens of the changed attitude of the English soldier. Hitherto the Catholic Church in England has made its most effective appeal to the noble

and the intellectual, but the day is coming, hastened by the war's experience, when the poor and lowly will be brought into its fold. And this latter is the more desirable because it is the healthier condition.—New World.

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