DECEMBER 19, 1908.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Anger Wrecks the System.

ophysicists have discovered the psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immedi-ately after such outburst. This explains why we feel so depressed, ex-hausted, and nervous after any storm of passion-worry, jealousy, or revenge-has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain

and blood. There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the con-stant racking and twisting of the nerve stant racking and twisting of the nerve enters caused by an uncontrolled tem-per. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal, mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms ; every mental faculty protests against their chuse

If people only realized what havoe indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could age done, as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not days and weeks.

dare get angry. When the brain-cells are over-heated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired if not absolutely ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system and demoralized after loss of self-control.

One reason why so many people have poor or indifferent health is that the cell life is continually starved and dwarled by vitiated blood. No one can have by vitiated blood. No one can have abundant, abounding life, a suberb vital-ity, can reach his greatest efficiency, when this mental poisoning process is constantly going on in his nervous system.

The brain and nervous mechanism were intended to run quietly, smoothly, harmoniously, and when so run they are harmoniously, and when so run they are capable of an enormous output in good work and happiness. But like a delicate piece of material machinery, when over-speeded, or not properly oiled, or when the inerview mither a halance when to it is run without a balance wheel to steady its motion, it will very quickly shake itself to pieces.

There is something wrong in the edu-tation, the training, of the man who can not control himself: who has to confess that he is a man part of the time only that the rest of the time he is a brute that often the beast in him is loose and runs riot in his mental kingdom.

Lack of Self-Control is Lack of Power.

A lack of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to t' e highest attainment. A man who can not hold himself in check, certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of mental balance. A man who can not keep his balance under all circumstances who can not control the fire of his ter per, who lacks the power to smother the volcano of his passion, can not boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.

The person who is the football of some passion, who is at the mercy of all sorts of influences, will never respect himself or get the confidence of his fellow-men. The man who can not control himself is always at a disadvantage in every situation in life.

tion in life. Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, "Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual, and addicted to drunkenness." Socrates upheld the analysis by saying : "By nature I am ad-dicted to all these sins, and they were only" restrained and vanquished by the continual practise of virtue."

In one of the greatest political crisis In one of the greatest pointeral crisis in France, Mirabeau, when speaking at Marseilles was called "calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel." He said, "I wait, gentlemen, till these amenities be exhausted. In Revelations, the writer refers to

The Creator has implanted in every the final conquerors as those who have triumphed over the beast. No one can lay claim to mastership while he is the slave of his passion.

We all know how hard it is to control our feelings and our words when the blood flows hot through the frenzied Anger Wrecks the System. It is well known that a violent fit of how fatal it is to become slaves to tem

temper affects the heart instantly, and per. It is not only ruinous to the dis position, and cripping to efficiency, but it is also very humiliating for a man to have to acknowledge that for some of that time here are the time he can not control his own Think of a man, who was intended to be absolutely master of all the forces of the universe, stepping down off the throne of his reason and admitting that

e is not a man for the time bein he is not a man for the time being; con-fessing his inability to control his acts; allowing himself to do the mean and low things, to say the cruel words that hurt and sting; to throw the hot javelin of sarcasm into the mind of a perfectly innocent person! Think of that mad ness which makes a man strike down his est friend, or cut him to the quick with the cruel word ! A child learns by experience to avoid

touching hot things that will burn him, or sharp things that will cut him; but delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the dam-the hot temper which sears and gives us such intense suffering, sometimes for The Man Who Knows How.

The man who has learned the secret of

right-thinking and self - control knows ist as well how to protect himself from is mental enemies as from his physica nes. He knows that when the brain is on fire with passion it will not do to add

on the with passion it will not do to add more fuel by storming and raging, but will quietly apply an antidote which will put out the fire — the secretity thought, the thought of peace, quiet, and har-mony. The opposite thought will very quickly antidote the flames. When neighbor's house is on fire, we do no run with an oil can to put it out; we do not throw on kerosene, but an antidote Yet, when a child is on fire with passion se have been in the habit of trying to

out out the fire with more of the same sind. What misery, what crime, what untold suffering might be prevented by training children in self-control, by directing their thought into prope ehannels ! If we see a person who is mired in a

swamp and desperately struggling to extricate himself, we should run to his rescue without hesitation. We would not think of adding to his embarrass ment or danger by pushing him in deep er. But somehow, when a person angered, instead of trying to put o the fire of his passion, we only add fuel to the flames. Yet people who have bad tempers are often grateful to those who will help them to do what they are not

able to do themselves, to control them and prevent them from saying and doing

that which will give them much chagrin afterwards. When next you see a person whose inflammable passion is ready to explode, and you know that he is doing his best to hold himself down, why not help him, instead of throwing on more inflammabl material and starting the conflagration By doing this, you will not only render him a great service, but you will also strengthen your own power of self-control.

The man who can not control himself s like a mariner without a compass; he s at the mercy of every wind that blows. Every storm of passion, every wave of irresponsible thought buffets him hither and thither, drives him out of his course, and makes it well-nigh impossible for him to reach the goal of his desires.—

O. S. M., in Success,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Lucky Piece.

Jimmy was whistling. He always whistled when he was in a quandary, and of late he had found it necessary to whistle a good deal.

It was not of Christmas, now only two weeks off, nor of the snow, which had been falling all day transforming the It must be owned that Jimmy did very little business that evening. He

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Our Canadian Climate Guard against the e CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

E. G. West & Co., 176, King Street E. Toronto,

littie invalid and said : "Climate to cold. He ought to go south for the vinter, m'am.

J mmy had to gulp hard at that. Why they could hardly find a living here, so how could they manage to go south ? And if they didn't ? Jimmy put the thought from him. It was too dreadful. Somehow, too, they all seemed to rely n him, his frail little mother, leant on him, almost as though he were his father, the little invalid brother, the baby sister, all seemed to think he could help them out of any difficulty. If he were only a man and could carn at least ten

ollars a day, wouldn't it be grand ' But he was just a boy, with no experi-ence, and about as much education as

ence, and about as much education as the ordinary lad of his age. And so it was that on this stormy December day, Jimmy stood at the window with his hands in his pockets, whistling partly to keep his spirits up, and partly to aid his thinking. Suddenly there seemed to come an answering whistle from below, and look-ing down Jimmy beheld a box, smaller ing down Jimmy beheld a boy, smaller than himself running along with a pile f papers under his arm.

Like a flash came the thought, why couldn't he do that, too ? Before 9 and after 5 o'clock, he had nothing to lo, and those were exactly the hours for such work. It mightn't be sufficient to ake Freddy o th, till on fcould never tell, and it was something—something to keep him from thinking.

So before and after business hours Jimmy turned paperboy. Of course, like everything else, it had

But the worst time, of the whole day, was from 5 to 7 o'clock. He was tired after his busy day's work, the

tired after his busy day's work, the weather was cold, the papers heavy, and he was new at the business. Then, too, he sometimes met his old chums, and while the majority of them treated him and although he told him-self, that "he didn't care," and that, "it was honest work at any rate," still it hurt. But his mother's smile when t hurt. But his mother's smile when he handed her the proceeds, (sometimes fifty cents, amply repaid him. He soon found out, that the station

was the best place for this kind of busiless, and it was not long before he had a flourishing trade. One day, when Jimmy had been about

week in the paper business, a gentle-nan came hurrying through the station. "Telegram, Times, Post, sir?" asked "Post," said the gentleman and hurri-

edly snatching the paper ran through the gate to catch his train. Jimmy looked at the coin which the gentleman had given him, and then dashed after him, but the train had gone

and so had the man. Jimmy returned to his stand at the door and looked at the coin again—it wesn't a five dollar gold piece after all

about.

seemed to be in a dream, and a beautiful dream it was, too. His regular customers were rather surprised to see, the usually bright Jimmy handing them a Times for a Post or a Telegram for a limes in a most pre-occupies

Earn \$75 to \$150 per Hundreds of men wanted in the next few you want the above salary, ask for our booklet The Dominion Railway School, Winnipeg, Man. ATTACA ATT. AND

He crept home tired but victorious

and in the morning set about his task of finding the owner of the gold piece. As he did not know the gentleman's ame he was forced to wait until he

would see him again. He waited all that day and all the next—the gold piece ever on his mind, and almost burning a hole into his pocket he thought.

On the third day, however, there was a meeting of the board of directors of the company, in whose employ he was, and he was sent into the board-room with some papers. To say that Jimmy was surprised, is a very inadequate word to describe his feelings, when he beheld the gettleman of the gold piece and of his thoughts in the president's chair, Shyness was never one of Jimmy's haracteristics, and boldly approaching the president, he laid the gold piece be-

re him, on the table saying : "I think, sir, you made a mistake in fore giving me this, the other night, at the of which he seemed to be proud.

The president looked first at the

Jimmy turned paperboy. Of course, like everything else, it had its disadvantages. At first he found it very hard to get up in the dark and cold, and to run along the snowy streets, lighted only by the street-lamps, but he would have done much more, for the him. But the worst time, of the whole day, was from 5 to 7 o'clock. He was threed at that and looking the grey-haired president straight in the eyes busy and looking the grey-haired president straight in the eyes

"I hope you'll forgive me for slight-ing you, my boy," he said, "and now I ant to know how much you expect as Reward ! For what, sir?"

"For returning my money, of course." "I didn't think of any, sir. I wasn't pecting-

"But it seems to me a loy in your position might like something. Now wouldn't you like to buy something for Christmas?"

Although Mr. Bennit was expecting anything from a dollar to a fifty dollar article, as the desired Christmas gift he

Oh, sir ! I'd like to go south." "South!" he _asped, "and pray for that ?'

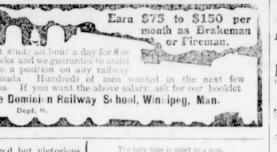
wesn't a five dollar gold piece after all ; it was only—he caught his breath;—and looked at it again —it was a fifty dollar California gold piece. Freddy would go south. They would all go and he would find a position there and they could re-main as long as they wished. Freddy would be cured, and his mother would get strong again and she would never Then out came the whole pitiful story, and as Jimmy continued, he grew more and more confidential, until at last he felt as though he had been talking to his father.

"And you're Dr. Mitchell's son. Well, if you're as good as he was, (and I think you will be), you'll do. "So you would like to go South with your brother would you?" get strong again and she would never look tired any more. Oh! it was lovely, lovely —almost too lovely to think

"Oh! I don't want to go. I want him to go, that's all." Well, your father saved my life once

so I guess I can afford to save his boy's. I'll just pack you, and the whole family down to the same place, from which my lucky piece came." But although Jimmy thanked him, in ing a blast out of the pipe, when I look

half of h meal we brought from the mill the other



Probably about the same hour in

thousands of humble homes throughout the land the Rosary was being recited ust as devoutly as in Bryan Coghlan's nd we can well imagine the Mother of God and the whole court of heaver nightly bending their earnest gaze on our own 1 the spot of earth, "our own oved island of sorrow," and listening with strained and enraptured attenti to the full chorus of praise that swells upward from Erin in one grand sym-phony to the throne of the Most High. Whilst the fourth decade was being said a neighbor and kinsman of Bryan Mat Coghlan, litted the latch of t of the door and entered. Finding the family at the Rosary, he quietly dropped or his knees, as was customary in suc cases, and joined in the responses. At silent intimation from Mrs. Coghl he even said the fifth decade, a privilege As he seldom came for ceilidh so late, Bryan instinctively associated his visit with

The president looked first at the money, and then at the boy. "Where did you say you got that?" "You gave it to me, by mistake, I guess, when you bought a paper from me Monday night." The Rosary finished, each spent a considerable time in saying what they denominated "their own prayers." Al-though Mrs. Coghlan, according to an The Rosary finished, each spent a considerable time in saying what they

"How do you know it was I?" he asked with a smile. "I wasn't likely to forget you, sir,

The men around the table all cheered at that, and the president smiled a little isinerly in this pipe with a live coal, and then tried by various audible drawings and puffings to kindle up the obstiThe men had gone the president called in into the room alone.

"I hope you'll fored"I hope you'll fored"

mation, to "ready the pipe" with Mrs. Coghlan's knitting needle, and applied another coal to the tobacco with great deliberation and extreme care. In reality all this was a bit of acting in order

to break the ...ews gently. "The rint warner was at my house to-day," he said, "and he towld me for

certain that the new landlord intends to raise the rint on some of the strong tinants next gale-day. He was afraid to come here to tell you himself, he ha a mortal dread of Tom here since th time he pitched him into the bog hole for calling the Coghlans 'bog-trotters.' Sure, aren't we the direct descendants of the famous owld 'Maw' Coghlan, member of the Irish Parliament i College Green, who owned in owld times as many as a dozen fortified castles in the barony of Garrycastle? Howsom-

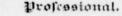
ever, it was not to tell ye the family history I came here this late hour o' the night. I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but as sure as your name is Bryan Coghlan your rint is going to be ruz on you, and mine, too. God help us both this blessed and holy night, wid our big, helpless families to support, and we hard set enough as it is to struggle round and make ends meet wid the bad times that is in it."

"Mat," says Bryan, "I knew this was oming. Before we began the Rosary Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT. coming. Before we began the Ros I felt that some meeya was over us. ou know, but to-night, while I was hav-

The Cardinal's Mercy. ed at the corner and saw all the bags of

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7

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man a divine power that is more than His mind was busy with problems not to a match for his worst passion, for his most vicious trait. If he will only dev-which many a man of fifty had found imelop and use this power he need not be slave of any vice.

Emerson says, in effect, the virtue you would like to have, assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as does the great actor when absorbed in the character of the part he plays. No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite until you ac-quire the habit of holding that quality in mind, or of living in its wholeness, its entirety. Hold the ideal of an efficient faculty or quality, not of a marred or deficient one. The way to reach or to attain anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might. We approximate just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain.

You Become Like Your Thought.

If you are inclined to storm and rage if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness, and telling everybody that you can not help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure, which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not hottempered, nervous, or excitable, that you are calm, serene, and well balanced, that you do not fly off at a that you do not fly off at a tangent at every little annoyance, and that you can control yourself. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual hold-ing of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought. All we are or ever have been or ever will be comes from the quality

and force of our thinking. A bad temper is largely the result of false pride, selfishness, and cheap vanity, and no man who is worthy the name will continue to be governed by it. There is nothing manly or noble in the quality which lets loose the "dogs of war" which in an instant may make enemies of our best friends. A well-poised mind gives a sense of mastership which nothing else can supply.

possible to solve, so no wonder that thirteen-year-old Jimmy could not come

to a satisfactory conclusion. If his father were only here, but that ever-ready helping hand had been drawn away just when Jimmy seemed most to

Was it possible that it was only year, less than a year, since the busy doctor had been stricken by the fever then ravaging the city, contracted pro-bably from some patient in the hospital, and before his wife and children had mother the whole story? No! She had enough troubles. What then? As he stood gazing about him, his eve caught grasped this fact they were left father-less and almost penniless. Only a year since he had locked his desk on his the glimmer of the moon's clear rays on the golden cross of the great cathedral, Confidently the little figure walked up the aisle. Never before had the old "ti esome books," and, pocketing the key, had rushed out into the snow-clad key, had rushed out into the snow-elad college grounds. Little did he dream that he would never open the desk again for by the time the Christmas holidays were over he were the states. cathedral seemed so still, so grand, and to the little storm-tossed life the sance

were over he was the only breadwinner of the family, and was receiving five dollars a week as officeboy in one of the

large commercial firms of the city. Things went all right for a while, but in the spring the little brother had taken sick. Then came dector's bills and medicine and all sorts of dainties for the little invalid, and now, today, Jimmy had drawn the last dollar from the bank to pay the rent. And it was, besides, only Wednesday and he would not receive his salary until Saturday. the But that was not all. When doctor came to-day he had looked at the

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the dis by the application of the ear. There is only one way to cure dealness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Dealness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or im-perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deaf-ness is the result, and unless the imflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condi-tion, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarth, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces; We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, (caused by catarth) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarth Cure, Send for circulars, free. F, J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 75c Take Hall's Family Pulls for constipation.

manner. Force of habit made him stay until he refused to go himself.

"I can't pay you now, sir, but I'm going to some day, and if you'll allow me, I'll commence to pay up now, by working for you since I have no money." o'clock: but when at the time he started for home he still carried half his builde of papers. Instinctively he turned the right corners and kept out

of the way of the ears. When about half way home, he stopped suddenly right in the middle of the street and money." The old gentleman rubbed his hands. "I like that; I like that. You're a chip of the old block, all right. Hand me my coat there, and get your own. I'm going to see your mother." And hand in hand, the old millionaire right in the middle of the street and dropped his papers. He had come out dropped his papers, with a start, "The or opped his papers. The had come out of his day dream with a start. "The money was not his." It was a dreadful awakening. What would he do was his first thought. Go home and tell his

and the small boy stepped out into the snow-clad street, and Jimmy was whist-ling.—Gertrude Kelly in the Christian Family.

A GLIMPSE OF AN IRISH HOME. When Mrs. Coghlan, after putting the

younger children to bed, made the usual nightly announcement: "To yer knees,

to yer knees!" Bryan had already been

kneeling a good ten minutes, and with

all the fervor of his soul had already be

in a low, sweet voice and in a manner so deeply reverential that one could not

listen to her without being moved to sentiments of greater piety and devo-

tion. As she knelt there, with her mild

blue eyes raised heavenward, and with a holy calm and peace radiating from

her gentle, spiritual face, one could not

help comparing her with the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in the Chapel of

Doon, or, if influenced by literary asso-ciations, of thinking of Wordsworth's

exquisite sentiment:

day, and when I seen all the children-God bless them!-around me lookin' so happy and gay, and herself there so brave and hearty, I thought that I was too well off, and that maybe I didn't de-serve to be so comfortable, and that, like Job, that Father John preached with a touch of poverty and misfortune, Pius X.

But, sure, if He does, welcome to His holy will! Whatever He sinds must be for our good, Mat, avie, even though we mightn't think so ourselves; for our ways aren't God's ways at all times.'

There are quarrels among relatives because there is no sparing of disagree-able truths, -F. Fabr '.

It is not perhaps generally known that his Emineace Cardinal Gibbons, who lately visited Ireland, the land of his forefathers, has in one noteworthy feature in his career broken the record. He is the very first native of the New World who as a Cardinal has taken part in the election of a Pope, when assisted at the Papal conclave wi assisted at the Papal conclave which resulted in the election of His Holiness

A delightful anecdote is related of him, which states that he was present when on one occasion a brother ecclesiastic was denouncing the wrongdoing of a priest then under censure, and at last turning to the Cardinal, asked for his

judgment on the offender. "You have given judgment alr-ady." was the reply; "so I intend to follow suit with mercy."

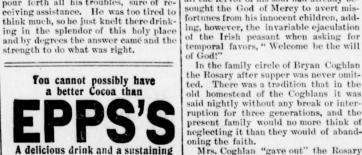
NALE AND THE DESCRIPTION OF A DURING A

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