CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOOD MANNERS

Good manners are within the reach of all, and good manners mean a gentleman. Parents should impress upon the minds of their children the necessity of being always nice. An exchange puts it this way:

The chivalry of our medieval forfathers was the doing of great deeds for others. Nowadays there is no need of the strength-taxing deeds of long ago; little things done for another count as much. Good manners is chivalry for they come from the heart and are the same everywhere. They are the distinctive marks of a true gentleman. Cardinal Newman describes a gentleman as "one who never inflicts pain," which is another way of quoting our Saviour's words: "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." A true gentleman then possesses a gentle heart, that prompts him to treat all the same

True gentlemen are not rare. We fall in with them frequently. Their cheery "good morning" lightens many of our gloomy days. Their smile or their word or two dropped by them in passing is like balm to the soul. Their hearts are so trained that they can, if there is need, be sympathetic, encouraging, forgetful of injuries, magnanimous. Why, the very conferring of a sought for favor gives them pleasure. It seems to be a wise dispensation of Providence that there are such choice souls to be sunbeams of happiness to their fellow-men. But no one can say he is above or below good manners. All that is required is a certain forgetfulness of self.

DOING THE HARDEST THING FIRST

I know a very successful man who early in life resolved that, no matter how hard anything might be, or how seemingly impossible for him to do, he would do it if the doing would prove of value to him. He made this the test, and would never allow his moods or feelings to stand in the way of his judgment. He forced himself into a habit of promptly doing everything, no matter how disagreeable, if it would further his advancement.

People who consult their moods, their preferences or their ease never make a great success in life. It is the man who gets a firm grip on himself and forces himself to do the thing that will ultimately be best for him, who succeeds. The man who goes through life picking out the flowers and avoiding the thorns in his occupation, always doing the easy thing first and delaying or putting off altogether, if possible, the hard thing, does not develop the strength that would enable him to do hard things when necessity forces them upon him.

It is pitiable to see young men remaining far below the place where their ability ought to have carried them, just because they dislike to do disagreeable things until compelled to. The best way always is to tackle the hardest things first.

WHEN TEMPTED TO PLAY THE COWARD

We all have days of discouragement and moments when we would be glad to run away from our troubles and responsibilities. In these times of depression and discouragement, when we feel that we amount to but little and doubt whether, after all, life is worth while, there is always danger of playing the coward; of doing something that we shall be ashamed of later. It is better never to take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

When everything seems dark ahead and you cannot see another step, then say to yourself: "I guess it is up to me now to play the part of a man," grit your teeth and push on, knowing that the gloomy condition will pass; that no matter how black or threatening the clouds, there is a sun behind them which will ultimately burst through. You will be surprised to find what power and courage are developed by this holding on as best you can.

After becoming better acquainted with the mighty reserve which is in you, you will learn that you can depend upon it; that it will come to your rescue in your hour of need.

I have known young men to play the coward to such an extent as to cancel engagements to speak on important occasions, just because they were filled with terror at the very thought of appearing before an audience. Their timidity, their fear of not acquitting themselves properly, made such cowards of them that they invented all sorts of excuses for shirking the responsibility.

Many people are frightened out of taking responsibilities which they know perfectly well they would be capable of fulfilling, and which would be of untold benefit to them if carried out. They haven't the courage to measure up to their opportunities.

Now, when tempted to play the coward get by yourself and give yourself a good talking-to. Think how cowardly it would be to run away from your responsibility or opportunity. Just say to yourself that you are made of better stuff; that you are going to do the thing that you agreed to do, no matter how hard or disagreeable it may be.

"JIM, BE A MAN"

When a prominent man was asked to name the thing which had contributed most to his success in life, he replied that it was this admonition from his father when, as a boy, he started to the country school for the first time: "Jim, be a man."

"And then, again, when I graduated from the college, father said, 'Jim, be a man.'"

This simple sentence had more influence over the man's career than any other one thing.—Success.

THE ART OF HAVING TIME

The people who work the hardest and accomplish the most are not those who complain of lack of time. Those who constantly put their time to good use do not excuse themselves from duty on the plea of lack of time. The people who have the most irons in the fire are those most ready to receive and forge another. Goethe, one of the busiest men that ever lived, has said: "Time is endlessly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one will readily fill it up." And again: "One has always time enough, if he will improve it well." But we are also to remember what another wise German has said: "To-day is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be on the morow?" A greater spirit than either has said: "Are there not twelve hours in the day?"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT CAME OF ONE VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

The Rev. John P. Dunn, who died a few years ago in Philadelphia, often related the following incident of his own experience, says Ave Maria:

It was in the early days of his childhood that Father Dunn was granted this touching proof of the Blessed Sacrament. He was called to the house of an Episcopal minister, distinguished for his bitter hostility to "Romanism." Wondering at the summons Father Dunn instantly went thither, expecting to be taken to the bedside of some faithful servant, whose importunity for the rites of the church had triumphed over the bigotry of her employers. To his amazement, he was shown into an elegant chamber, where the minister's only child lay on her death-bed.

She was a fair and winning child of nine summers, the idol of the household, intelligent beyond her years and had bid fair to blossom into womanhood unmarked by pain or sorrow.

Yet the little child had for nearly four years borne a secret sorrow, which at last had brought her, without disease or accident, to the brink of the grave. There was nothing to grapple with, the doctors said; she was fading away before their eyes, with no symptoms of illness—no token of decline—only dying. The medical men studied the strange case with interest; friends wondered and wept; the parents grew stern and hardened in their grief. Well they knew what had brought their precious, their only one to this condition.

On this day the family physician had caught the first clue for his guidance. It was a bitter exclamation against "popish servant girls" which broke from the lips of the mother, as with wild, tearless eyes she gazed upon the fading flower. The doctor demanded an explanation of her words, reminding her that he had a right to know the cause of the child's strange illness.

Her reluctance being finally overcome, the mother stated that they had once engaged an Irish Catholic girl as an attendant of their little Lena. One afternoon she took Lena for her usual walk, and brought her to a church where Benediction was being given. The child was so impressed by the ceremonies that she longed to go again. She pined after the "popish" ceremony, and the terrible infatuation" was destroying her life.

The phyician's comment was an instant command that a Catholic priest should be brought to his patient. He suggested Father Dunn, and, despite the mother's opposition, the young priest was called in. The child heard nothing of this.

The Protestant doctor imagined that the priest would go through some ceremony that would arouse her to animation, and watched anxiously from the door. To his amazement, the child sprang up in bed at the instant that the priest entered the room, and, with clasped hands and eager gaze, waited his approach. "You have brought my Lord!" she cried, in a voice at once pathetic and exulting. "I wouldn't go without Him!"

Father Dunn's surprise was as great as the doctor's. He tried to soothe and divert her but she put her little wasted hand on his breast, where the Blessed Sacrament rested, and, by her answers to his questions, showed that she was as thoroughly familiar as himself with the great Mystery.

"Gratify her, my dear sir: her life is at stake!" urged the anxious doctor.

The young priest knew better than the aged doctor, he hesitated no longer. The innocent child made acts of contrition and love as he prompted, received her Lord, and, with a happy smile, sank back on her pillow. As Father Dunn gave his blessing, the seraphic soul fled to its Love.

GIRLS AND THEIR FRIENDS

Most of us start out in girlhood with rather definite opinions as to friendship," says Anne Bryan McCall in Woman's Home Companion. "A friend should be this or that. We have the matter all settled in our minds. And then, along comes some experience entirely outside of our expectation. The friend to whom we have vowed undyiug devotion fails us in some essential and disappoints us deeply. The structure we thought secure for all time, falls suddenly. Some of us may, perhaps, visit among the ruins, bewailing and embittered; but the healthy-minded girl faces the fact squarely and looks about for reasons.

"One reason our friendships fail is that we think of them as complete and established things. Friendship is a thing never complete—it is always in the making. A vow of friendship, no matter how earnest, is, at best, only a promise to pay; whereas many of us mistake it for a payment in itself. Take any of those big qualities and requirements of every worthwhile friendship, loyalty, truth, honor, unselfishness, fidelity—does it occur to you that any one of these can be established once and for all? Indeed it cannot. Loyality yesterday is not loyality to-day. Nor will an unselfish act of the day that is past serve to meet the obligation of unselfishness of the day that is here. It is not a luxury, this, that can be bought and paid for and a receipt given. This love you have to yourself to share with some particular person is an obligation, a duty, a task and a difficult one that shall last you life long."

Pay especial deference to elderly people wherever met. Observe social usages. Make it a point to say a few pleasant words to those who seem to be neglected at a large reception. Remember that people of the highest rank are generally the least haughty.—True Voice.

NO ROWDIES NEED APPLY

When we see the boys on the streets and public places, we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them.

In every bank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill.

Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys; they will not select him for his ability to swear, smoke cigarettes or do other unbecoming things.

Business men may not be perfect themselves, but they are looking for boys that are as near, gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find. They are not looking for rowdies.

When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused, they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy may depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior.

Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.

IN THE EFFORT TO BE GOOD

If it proves true in the everyday things that one's best is worth striving for, it will prove just as true in other ways. If a boy really wants to be truthful, honest, brave in the fight for the right in which every boy is needed; if he wants these things sincerely and whole-heartedly, he is going to put his best efforts in that direction, too. In this direction, as in others, he will find himself gaining new power with each effort and attainment. He is bound to win in the struggle; one cannot help climbing higher with each attempt to find and to do his best.

A Question for Protestants

I would like to address to every Protestant this question: If it be true that the cultus of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints in the Catholic Church is "an injury to the honor of Christ, and we, as is claimed, "detract from the mediatorship of Christ by this worship," whereas amongst Protestants "Christ alone is looked up to," how does it come to pass that in the Catholic Church, and in her alone, the belief in Jesus Christ the Lord, and His divine works of redemption, has remained unmoved and immovable in all times, whilst within the Protestant pale this belief has been lost or abandoned by so many even professed theologians and preachers?—Ave Maria.

LAYMEN

At a banquet given recently in honor of a devoted layman who has labored with unflagging zeal for many years to further in every possible way the interests of the Church, one of the speakers told a story. "A number of Cardinals," he said "were in conversation with the Holy Father, and they asked the question: 'What does the present age need most?' 'We need,' said one, 'schools where the young can be educated, Catholic principles inculcated and a Catholic atmosphere created in which the men and women of the future will breathe in every quality that Christianity calls for.' 'True,' replied the Pontiff, 'that need is indeed great, but it is not what the present age demands most.' Another said: 'We need societies to keep Catholic men together, so that by unity of action they may achieve what they can never accomplish if acting by themselves and without organization.' 'That also is a crying need, but there is something greater still.' 'We need more churches,' suggested a third. 'We could even do without churches,' was the reply. 'Catholicity prospered even in the catacombs.' 'What then is the greatest need?' all asked. 'Catholic laymen,' was the answer of the Vicar of Christ."

Never before in this history of the Church, especially in America, was this so apparent as now. In the early days activity in the parish was centered and absorbed in the priest. He was expected to initiate every undertaking, to shoulder every burden, and often to sink under its weight. That condition of things is no longer possible. A direct personal participation of every man and woman in Catholic interests and enterprise, always of course, in loyal, affectionate and intimate co-operation with those whom God has placed over them is indispensable for success at the present time. Co-operation in every field of activity is the order of the day. But this organization and co-operation can never be effected unless our Catholic men and women are convinced to their hearts's core that there is no greater glory on earth than that of being a Catholic, and no greater privilege than that of working enthusiastically and unsparingly for the advancement of the Church which the Son of God has founded. —America.

THE "INDEPENDENT" AND THE TRUTH AGAIN

"Thirty-one years ago," said a recent editorial in the Independent, "a woman look on the face of a man. Recently in this city took a vow never again to her father died, but all these years she had never seen him, although he lived only a few blocks distant from the walls that held her enclosed During these years she had occasionally spoken with him, but with a thick curtain between them. The ecclesiastical authority which imposed and approves the vow lifted the interdict for her to attend his funeral. There is no religion in such a vow. It is unkind, inhuman, and therefore un-Christian."

We shall review the statements made in this paragraph briefly and with greater courtesy than the statements warrant. "Thirty-one years ago a woman in this city took a vow never again to look on the face of a man." No such vow is taken by any religious women cloistered or not cloistered, from one end of Christendom to the other. "Recently her father died, but all these years she had never seen him." For twenty-five years the nun referred to had seen her father every two weeks, conversing freely with him and using her eyes as any woman in the world would do in speaking to her father. "The walls that held her enclosed." The insinuation about nuns being "walled in" "immured" reminds one of the exploded "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." The walls hold her enclosed as the walls of any private dwelling hold the inmate enclosed who prefers the freedom of her home to the freedom of the streets. We let the insinuation pass without characterizing. "During these years she had occasionally spoken with him." As the obvious meaning is that she spoke only a dozen times or so, and as for the past twenty-five years the nun in question spoke with her father at least seven hundred times, this statement like the others is wide of the mark. "But with a thick curtain between them." The curtain is not thick, for the Good Shepherd nuns never speak from behind any curtain. "The ecclesiastical authority which imposes and approves the vow lifted the interdict for her to attend the funeral." The ecclesiastical authority imposes no such vow. Approves no such vow. Lifted no interdict. Nor did the Good Shepherd nun attend the funeral. "There is no religion in such a vow." That is an academic question which we believe the Independent is constitutionally ill-fitted to discuss. It declares "it is unkind, inhuman and therefore un-Christian." And we ask is it not unkind and inhuman and un-Christian for an editor of a periodical published in New York, claiming all the intelligence that goes with an age of enlightenment, an editor who makes a statment not about some fact hidden away in "Fox's Book of Martyrs" or unearthed from some obscure document of the Dark Ages, a fact not happening in Spain, or Chile or Mexico or Peru, but here in New York within half an hour's ride by subway and elevated from the editor's office, it is not unkind and inhuman and un-Christian to malign a sisterhood and a great institution like the Catholic Church, and yet wear the broad phyfacteries of a leader of people, a preacher of morality and rectitude, and wonder perhaps that a Catholic will at times declare that bigotry at least in some quarters of the great Republic exists?—America.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

Sister Mary Catherine, Presentation Convent, Harbor Grace.

"Eternal rest and endless light,"
So prays, O Lord, Thy Church on earth
For those who wait the second birth
Within the tomb's apparent night.

And is not this a prayer inspired—
In simple words how much expressed—
"Eternal light and endless rest,"
What more remains to be desired?

Rest for the busy hand and brain,
Rest for the weary toil stained feet;
For the poor heart that rest complete
It ever sought on earth in vain.

And light God's primal gift of old—
All life's strange problem now explained,
All knowledge without toil attained,
All mysteries as a scroll unrolled.

"Eternal rest and light," we pray,
Around another new made grave,
Oh! may these blessings that we crave
Be hers we love and mourn to-day.

Rest—how she labored to the end,
Shedding sweet influence around,
True to the last, to duty found—
Ready to aid, instruct, befriend.

Laying with unction from above,
Faith's teachings deep in many a breast,
And—task that sweetened all the rest—
Tending the Prison House of Love.

How very few there are who could,
In life some noiseless and retired,
Have such wide influence acquired
And found such ways of doing good?

When in her eve, as God saw best,
Her service was no more required,
The Master knew her crown acquired,
And called her gently to her rest.

Yes," rest and light," she has them now;
Dear, gentle Sister, we are sad
To miss her from our side, yet glad
The crown she won has reached her brow.

Faithful to friendships holy ties,
Grateful for every kindness shown,
Forgetful of herself alone
God blessed her generous sacrifice.
And sent her grace in richest store.

No longing of her heart denied,
One wish alone unsatisfied—
That she might love Him more, yet more;
Dear Sister, rest in holy peace
Among our household of the dead,
Around your little mossy bed

Our thoughts and prayers shall never cease,
Oh, aid us in our daily fight,
Teach us to live for God, and then
Some day not too far off, again
Come lead us, too, to "rest and light."

Adapted P. J. F. M.
Jobs Cove N.F'ld.

DRINK CURE A MIRACLE?

No, Just Sound Science

Many drunkards are sent to jail when what they need is medicine. Drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomach and nerves, until the craving must be satisfied, if it is not removed by a scientific prescription like Samaria.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite and renders drink distasteful, even nauseous. It is odorless, and tasteless and dissolves instantly in tea, coffee, or food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge.

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"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison Drug Store, and got your remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel so happy, and everything seems so different and bright. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

Now, if you know of any unfortunate needing Samaria Treatment, tell him or his family or friends about it. If you have any friend or relative who is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its clutches. Write today.

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.

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They who lose character lose the power, not merely to govern themselves, but to be rightly governed:

"Of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the music of a loving heart."

To learn never to waste our time is perhaps one of the most difficult virtues to acquire. A well spent day is a scource of pleasure. To be constantly employed, and never asking "What shall I do?" is the scource of much goodness and happiness.

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C. R. D. Bach, Manager, The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario. The above offer is not good in Toronto, Winnipeg, or Montreal and suburbs—special arrangements made for these districts.

Suffragette vs. Aunt Salina

The Canadian housewife is much more interested in lightening household drudgery than in securing the right to vote. That is why the
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