

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CUNNING

I'd rather lose than play the cheat. I'd rather fail than live a lie, I'd rather suffer in defeat Than fear to meet another's eye, I'd rather never win a prize Than gain the topmost rung of glory And know I must myself despise Until death ends my sorry story.

There is no joy in tricky ways, Who does not trustly earn his goal The price for such a victory pays, For shame shall torture long his soul. What if I could, by cunning, claim The victor's share of fame or pelf, And hide from all the world my shame! I could not hide it from myself.

I'd rather fail in every test Than win success by base deceit; I'd rather stand upon my best, Be what it may, than play the cheat, I'd rather never win me's praise Nor share the victor's sum of laughter, Than trade my self-respect for bays, And hate myself forever after.

CONSCIENCE IN WORK

The habit of doing what we have to do as well, as thoroughly, and as speedily as possible, without immediate reference to its probable or possible effects upon ourselves, is one which would of itself secure at once the best success for ourselves and the greatest good of the community. It would settle many vexed questions and solve many knotty problems. Instead of this, the common course is to consider closely the comparative benefit which is likely to accrue to us in return. "Where do I come in?" is the ever-recurring query in American life to-day.

There are degrees of this calculation, from the strictly just to the grossly selfish. One man tries to estimate the true worth of his labor and performs it accordingly; another gives as little work and secures as large returns as possible; and between these there is every shade. But in all such reckonings there is one important element left out. No one can count on the value of the labor which is both generous and conscientious. Even its money value can never be calculated.

The youth who enters business life determined to do all that comes to his hands as well and as quickly as he can, who is anxious to learn and eager to please, who never measures his work by his wage, but freely gives all the work and the best work in his power, is vastly more valuable than he who is always bearing in mind the small pay he is receiving, and fearing that he may give too much in return.

So the mechanic or the clerk, who beyond even his obligations to his employer or the demands which public opinion could make upon him, exerts himself to make his work as perfect as he can, and delights in its thoroughness and excellence, apart from any benefit it can render him, has a value which can never be computed. It matters not what the work may be, whether it is done with the spade of the laborer, the pen of the clerk, the brush of the painter, or the voice of the statesman. Conscientious and diligent persons are sought far and wide; there are always places open to them, and their services are always at a premium.

Talent and skill count for much, but conscience in work tells far more. He whose integrity is unquestionable, who can be trusted absolutely, who will work equally well alone as when every eye is upon him, and will do his best at all times, is an invaluable member of society; and he cannot do all this merely from a motive of self-interest. It is the result of something more. It is the result of a conscientiousness, a sense of duty, a sense of responsibility, a sense of honor, a sense of pride, a sense of duty, a sense of responsibility, a sense of honor, a sense of pride.

"PUTTING IT OVER" "I am sorry about George," said Mr. Allen. "He was too clever a boy to turn out as he did."

"Yes, it's too bad, but as to his cleverness, I don't agree with you," said Mr. Smith. "He had a certain ability to get the best end of a bargain, and yet make it appear to be an honest transaction. He was expert at 'putting it over,' as the boys say."

"You remember the days when we traded marbles? George would come to school with a pocketful of cheap, chipped off marbles, but before noon he would have them all traded off for perfect ones. The boys could not tell how it was done, but George could make them think it was all right."

"There was something mysterious about his examination papers. The teacher knew they were not the result of study. She felt sure there was something dishonest about them, but she could not find out what. George was never caught in any school scrapes; it was always the other fellow who got caught and punished. George certainly knew how to put it over the rest of us in school."

"Later, when he became a clerk, in the grocery store, he was very successful in disposing of stale goods. He would fill orders with wilted celery and wormy raisins, and the proprietors were delighted for

there was nothing to throw away on Monday morning. If anyone complained, George could always convince them that the 'other clerk' had filled the order. He grew more and more skillful in putting it over every year.

On account of his shrewdness, folks predicted that he had a great future before him, and he became rather conceited. So he went further, and began to practice little dishonesties with money, giving short change to customers who did not bother to count it. Of course there was another step just ahead—George tampered with the money drawer. He took just a little at first, but gained confidence when he was not found out, and kept at it. He must have better clothes; he must spend money more freely; he must keep a little of the other fellows. By that time he had full belief that he could keep on putting it over everyone.

He tried it once too often. We say it was the 'last time' that put him in the penitentiary, but I am inclined to think it was the first time; that he started in that direction during the marble-trading days back in the school yard, when he gloried in his ability to put it over his playmates.

"We sometimes like to jump the hard places, to cut across the fields, and we think that we are making headway swiftly; but the long cobblestone road of strict honesty will bring us, in the long run, to a safer landing place. The ability to put it over isn't the best qualification for real success. Boys like George, even if they escape punishment, do not become men to whom anyone in their community can point with pride." —St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THEIR MOTHER'S VACATION

The sun shone hot on the tin roof outside the sewing room window, sending into the room the heat and glare of a sultry August day. For hours Mrs. Cameron had been at the machine; a dress for Marcella was on the way and she had promised it for the next afternoon. As tired as she was, and as badly as her head ached, she could not disappoint Marcella. For another hour the machine ran. Presently above its humming the voices of the children came. Thomas and Ursula were quarrelling again; then Helen shrieked. With a sigh Mrs. Cameron rose and went down stairs.

"Thomas said I hid his mit," glared Ursula, as her mother appeared in the dining-room door. "I haven't seen the old thing, mother."

"It was under the sofa yesterday," retorted Thomas. "Under the sofa isn't the place for your mit, Thomas," his mother answered, in her low, well-modulated voice. Then, "What is the matter with Helen?"

Eugenia flushed guiltily. "She wants me to swing her, mother. You know I can't with my dress to iron."

"But I want you to," wailed Helen. "But I won't! So there!" "Take Helen out, Eugenia, there is plenty of time for the dress."

"Mother," coaxed Thomas when the door had closed on Helen and Eugenia, "please, won't you find my mit for me?"

"No, mother," protested Marcella, "let him find it for himself." Then she turned on Thomas. "When will my dress get finished if mother has to stop for everything—even to find an old baseball mit for you?"

"Aw, who cares about a dress! That's all you think about—gettin' new dresses, an' paradin' down Church Street showin' 'em off."

But it was "mother" who found the mit. A few minutes later Thomas went whistling to the front porch, not, however, without a triumphant grin at Marcella. "Mother," complained Marcella, as her mother started back to the sewing-room, "must I do everything? Can't Ursula put the living-room in order and sweep the front porch? It's a disgrace!"

It was not long before Mrs. Cameron opened her eyes, but to the three little girls who bent over her, wide-eyed and frightened, it was like an eternity.

"Here, mother take this," Eugenia managed a smile as she held the medicine to her mother's lips, but she could not keep the tears back. "Why, darling, mother's all right." "No, mother," as Marcella saw her mother reach for the dress she had dropped, "let it wait, and come to your room where we can make you comfortable."

Mrs. Cameron allowed herself to be led away, for though her eyes smiled her face was white, and her voice trembled when she spoke. The house was very still for a long time after that. The children went around on tip-toe, and when Thomas came in from an afternoon on the vacant lot across the street he listened with a sober face to all Eugenia told him.

"Where's mother?" he demanded when he thought she was through. "Asleep. And don't slam the screen-door, Thomas, when you go out on the porch."

Supper over, and the dishes cleared away, a family council took place around the dining-room table. "Mother's to have a vacation," announced Marcella, "and it starts tomorrow."

"A vacation?" chorused the others. "Certainly. Haven't we had ours since June, when school closed? This is August. When has mother had a day? She's to go to Aunt Nan's tomorrow to stay until dark; it's all planned. And, Thomas, you're to go to bring her home."

"All right," agreed Thomas, his first surprise over. He could not remember when she had left them for a whole day before. "I wish I hadn't asked her to find that mit for me today," as he twisted the fringe of the tablecloth around a stubby finger.

"That wasn't worse than asking her to iron my dress," answered Eugenia. "Did she get it ironed?" This from Ursula.

Eugenia nodded, but her eyes were on Marcella. "Marcella, did ironing that dress make mother faint?"

"Not any more than trying to finish mine, Eugenia. I'll never forgive myself for insisting on that dress, and the awful way I talked to her this afternoon! When I watched her with her eyes closed, and saw how white and thin she looked, I thought how awful it would be if anything happened to mother."

Her head went down on the table and she sobbed aloud. "Don't cry Marcella." "It was not Thomas' way to display the affection he had for his sisters; only his mother was honored like that. But the real grief he saw in Marcella's face as she hid it in the table-cloth caused a queer lump to rise up in his throat, and he was not ashamed of the tear that stole down his round, freckled cheek as he went around to where she sat and tried to comfort her.

"Don't cry!" "I'll help with the dishes tomorrow, Marcella," volunteered Ursula, "and clean up the living-room and sweep the front porch."

Marcella dabbed at her eyes with the corner of the table-cloth, and smiled at all of them. Then Helen came in. "I've been with mother," beamed the little girl of four; "she's all right, and I isn't ever going to scream any more."

The next day great preparations went on in the kitchen. Eugenia had remembered it was their mother's birthday. What better ending for a happy day than to surprise her with a great, big frosted birthday cake—and even ice-cream? "Look, Marcella," she beamed, holding up for Marcella's inspection the eggs that she had beaten to a stiff, white froth.

"Fine!" pronounced Marcella from the stove. "Now put it in the ice-box." The door shot open and Thomas came in. "Say, Marcella, the cream's froze harder than a brick. Now, for a picture show," he grinned, "an' after that for mother."

BOVRIL In spite of the great increase in the price of Beef (the raw material of Bovril) there has been no increase in the price of Bovril during the War.

She took in every detail of the daintily prepared supper; the roses in the centre of the table had brought with them the fragrance from the garden, and next to them was the big white frosted birthday cake.

"Children!" when she finally found her voice. "How proud of you father will be when he learns about this!" Thomas pricked up his ears, for the front gate had clicked. "Bet that's father!" and darted back to the front porch.

"Hello, son!" came the greeting of his jovial father. Thomas held up his face for a kiss, then took possession of his father's grip. "I said that was you," he grinned delightedly.

"Mother," sang the others, crowding to the front door, "it is father!" "What's mother been doing to herself since I've been gone?" questioned her father, as he held her off at arm's length. "She's fresh as a daisy and has roses in her cheeks!"

"Havin' a vacation," answered Thomas. "Yes," she smiled up at him, "a vacation that the children are responsible for."

"Good! Your mother needs a vacation." "And a birthday!" contributed Helen. "Oh, father," glowed the little girl, "come back to the dining-room—it's just like a party!"

"I should say it is a party!" when he stood in the dining room door. But he did not sit down to the table at once. He began a search through every pocket of his coat, then through his vest-pocket. "Here it is," he smiled at last.

There was nothing ostentatious about the pin that sparkled up at the children's mother as she opened the box he slipped into her hand—only a butternut of gold set with a little diamond. But she guessed at once the many little sacrifices that had made possible the purchase of the gift. With heart full to overflowing she lifted her face for her birthday smile. And the children, looking on, smiled happily.—Eleanor Lloyd in The Rosary Magazine.

POPE BENEDICT XV. A GREAT STATESMAN

HAS HAD WONDERFUL TRAINING IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS Pope Benedict XV., according to the news dispatches from Rome, is tired to the point of exhaustion from his hard striving to bring back peace to the nations at war. This human touch is apt to remind us that the voice that speaks from the Chair of Peter is that of living personality, still, and not of a dead traditional force, call it the Vatican, or Rome, or the Holy See, or by any of the other impersonal terms one sees so often used to denote the spiritual head of the Catholic Church, writes Edward J. Galtby, managing editor of the Ecclesiastical Review.

When we consider Pope Benedict's antecedents, and his training in the arena of world interests and political history, not to mention the superior considerations of his merits in churchmanship, we see the wisdom of the Cardinal's choice in calling him to the helm in such a stormy sea. It is of passing interest to note that genealogists find that in the veins of the Pope's family runs both Frankish and English blood; that he himself is Italian through a Jang line of forebears, and that he descends from a stock which has given both its Dukes to Prabant and its Emperors to Austria. In view of all this cosmopolitanism, and not forgetting his presidency of a vast international and supernatural institution, one may fairly expect him to hold the scales of justice pretty evenly balanced between nation and nation.

He was born in Genoa, Nov. 1, 1854, and received his early education in the same city. He was originally intended for the bar, and in 1875 took his doctor's degree in both civil and canon law. His two brothers hold high rank in the Royal Italian Navy, the elder being Vice Admiral Giovanni Antonio, and the other Giallo, a retired captain. When the future Pope decided to dedicate himself to the service of the Church, he took up his ecclesiastical studies at the Collegio Pontificio Capranica in Rome. Later he made a brilliant course of studies at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, the world-renowned training school for the clergy who conduct the international concerns of the universal Catholic Church. He was ordained priest on May 28, 1878, and in 1883, Leo XIII. named him Privy Chamberlain, with the title of Monsignor. In 1887 he was appointed Secretary to the Nuncio at Madrid, Cardinal Rampolla, who was well known as the right hand of Leo XIII., when the Pontiff summoned him to Rome to be his Secretary of State.

At this time the young Monsignor was also brought back to Rome by his own chief, who thought so highly of his intellectual gifts that he had the

young man appointed Under Secretary of State. It was a rare acknowledgment of his ability. From 1902 to 1907, Mgr. della Chiesa was also canon of the Basilica of the Vatican and member of many Roman congregations.

Meantime, Pope Leo had gone to his reward, and Pope Pius X. had begun to call on the services of the distinguished prelate. When it was proposed to send him as Nuncio, or Papal Ambassador, to Vienna, Mgr. della Chiesa begged the Pope to let him remain a simple prelate. Pius X., however, could not lose thus so valuable an agent, and when the bishopric of Bologna fell vacant, the Monsignor became Archbishop of that important and difficult see in 1907. Seven years later he was made Cardinal, and within the next three months he was elected Pope.

Shortly after Pope Benedict's election his personal characteristics were described by a writer in the Westminster Gazette, who signed his communication "One Who Knows Him." The writer first made the new Pope's acquaintance some twenty-three years ago and afterward had many conversations with him when he was Secretary to Cardinal Rampolla. After pointing out that the College of Cardinals had made a choice "entirely in accordance with its best and most honorable traditions," the writer said that Cardinal Rampolla placed in him "implicit confidence and evidently regarded his judgment as absolutely sound and reliable."

There is nothing slipshod about him in style or dress or work. He is first and foremost a thoughtful and highly gifted man of affairs, without prejudices, but a man who knows his own mind. His marvelous memory and rare gift of sifting clear from grain, his charm of manner and melodious voice, his powers of literary expression and of marshaling facts and arranging them in order of relative value have always impressed those who have had dealings with him in Madrid, Rome or Bologna. To these must be added a dislike of vulgar display or publicity, a love of art and music, a genuine simplicity of life, a devotion to the interests and work of the Church which is untiring.

He is a keen student of human nature and a constructive statesman of power. During his six years of work at Bologna he won the hearts of his clergy and people by his ready sympathy with the poor and suffering, by his judicial fairness and by his constant and perpetual wish to improve the social conditions of his flock.

If these features are not generally known to us for his recommendation, it is because the regular channels of information have been blocked by the War and its compelling interests and passions have not been going to and from Rome as in the piping times of peace.

Back of his own brilliant capacity for affairs and his scholarship and exceptional apprenticeship under Leo XIII. and Cardinal Rampolla, it is well to note how he is served by the picked intellect and trained diplomatists of the world-wide society he rules. His agents are accredited to the courts and Government circles of the various nations, and with the exception of Italy, France and the United States, every nation has its official representative in the diplomatic corps connected with the Holy See. With such direct avenues of information it is to be expected that Pope Benedict is not in the dark about the inner mind of the rulers of the nations at war, that he is in somewhat intimate touch with the actual conditions in the various countries, and knows the temper of the peoples, their attitudes toward peace or toward the continuation of the War.

Some publicists believe that Benedict XV. is the greatest statesman who has occupied the See of Peter for generations. They have not hesitated to pronounce his peace terms as the most important diplomatic event of the War thus far. But as it may, it is proper to add that the critics who sagaciously pooh-pooh and dismiss his message as untimely and impractical are assuming airs that make them very ridiculous. There are some others who see the dictation of the Central Powers in the Pope's letter, while still others profess to see the fine hand of the Entente Allies. It is pretty good evidence that the Pope is swayed by neither side, but keeps the true middle course and will keep it throughout the peace negotiation.

It is said there is no thought that is good in the mind but soon looks good in the face. Heart qualities are artists that work, indeed, behind the screen, yet at last they strike through the canvas and become manifest in the facial illumination. Contrariwise, in men long inured to vice and crime sinful thoughts within have so dimmed of the facial tissue without that the countenance has in it something of the vice within.

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Who is that, when years are gone by, we remember with the purest gratitude and pleasure? Not the learned or clever, but those who have had the force of character to prefer the future to the present, the good of others to their own pleasure. HENNESSY 117 Yonge St. Toronto

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