

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PERSEVERANCE
Lord, I have tried to walk the narrow way
That leads up Calvary's hill to Thy abode;

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY
For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being courteous to all.

IS BASHFULNESS AN IMPEDIMENT?
I was sitting in the office of the president of a large organization recently, while he talked with a young chap who was applying for a position.

The young fellow was nervous and trembling; in fact, so very ill at ease that he could hardly talk intelligently.

After he had gone—with instructions to report to a certain department the next day—the president turned to me.
"Turned to me," he said enthusiastically.

"Just a bit bashful, isn't he?" I replied.
"Yes, he is, and I like it. One of his greatest assets!"

"The bashful fellow takes himself and his work seriously," he said. "He doesn't enjoy talking with men, and is ever conscious of what he says and does."

"On the other hand, the cocksure fellow, with all kinds of conceit and egotism, romps here, and there and everywhere, thinking often more of his grand front and his ability to meet people than of the actual business in hand."

Another successful man, who, by the way, was raised on a farm, said that bashfulness was the one dominant reason why country boys were so universally successful.
"The country boy is not familiar with city life," he said. "He comes into a new world unacquainted and naturally bashful. He thinks of the great successful career he has laid out for himself. He does not take up with associates readily, and actually shuns the ordinary 'high life' of the white ways. Consequently, such steady application to business forms a habit of industriousness before he has had time to get led astray. This habit of industriousness becomes so great that it carries him over the top."

And as I think of this subject I remember my first boss, a man with great ability and who achieved a remarkable success. One day he told me he was to speak before a certain meeting. He asked me to go with him. Of course, I watched him closely, and I remember that I was much pained to see him tremble like a boy "speaking a piece." In fact, it made me think of the olden days when I "spoke pieces" at the country school.

He was a man who talked with scores of leading business men nearly every day, yet naturally so bashful that he trembled when required to

speak under conditions with which he was not familiar.

One of the most successful business men of today was nominated a year or so ago for a great public office. He announced that he would not make any speech. He stated that he never had made a speech and never would make one.

Was that a policy of his? Was it because he simply didn't like to speak in public? Not at all! He simply is too bashful to make a speech! Yet he is such a business wizard that he has accumulated millions of dollars, every one of which the public gladly acknowledges as belonging rightfully to him.

It is an interesting thing to look back on school days—in high school and college—and see how the bashful men have fared in comparison with the chaps who were always willing to "get onto their feet." I remember one boy who was always taking the lead in debates, in high school plays, and in every affair where there was speaking or acting. We all thought that he would surely become a great man, no matter what he chose for his career.

A few years ago I saw him driving a grocery wagon in a nearby city. In the same class there was a young fellow who stammered and stuttered when a lady teacher would ask him a question. He was the object of much ridicule and laughter. Often I have seen him refuse to recite because he simply couldn't get the words out.

A few weeks ago I saw his name mentioned as one of the leading young attorneys of the State. And we used to play him, to express our sympathy for him!—Exchange.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A DOORWAY TO A CLOSED CHAPEL

Baby Jesus Who dost lie Far above that stormy sky, In Thy Mother's pure caress, Stoop and save the motherless.

Happy birds! Whom Jesus leaves Underneath His sheltering eaves; There they go to play and sleep, May I not go in to weep?

All without is mean and small, All within is vast and tall; All without is harsh and shrill, All within is hushed and still.

Let me kiss Thy wounded feet, Drink Thine incense, faint and sweet While the clear bells call Thee down From Thy everlasting throne.

At Thy doorstep I bow head, Who can neither kin nor friend; Let me have a shelter find, Shield the shorn lamb from the wind.

Jesus, Lord, my heart will break; Save me for Thy great love's sake.

—CHARLES KINGSLY

A TRUTHFUL BOY

How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say: "I wonder where he is; I wish I knew where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing." We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going, or how long, he will be gone, every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," just once, that settles it.—True Voice.

WRITING CHEERFUL LETTERS

Your letter did me a world of good." Many times those words have been written, or said, of a message, but we seldom realize the full import of their meaning. If we did, we should write more often the letter that carries only good to the absent one, and less frequently the opposite kind—the letter written under the shadow of depression and discouragement—that has power to chill and weigh down a heart that might have started the day in glad hopefulness. How many times we write words carelessly, without thinking of their effect, or the possible need waiting at the other end of the line. We write according to our own mood, forgetting that long after the mood has changed, the written words may retain their effect. If we should weigh our words well before speaking them, how much more carefully should they be considered before writing them, for the written word is often more effectual for good or evil than the spoken word.—True Voice.

MCCORMACK'S VISIT TO A MUSIC SHOP

There strolled one day into a music shop in Peoria, Ill., a stalwart young man of robust build. A short distance behind him were two young companions. It happened that there was only one salesman on duty; he spoke to the visitors very pleasantly and asked what they wished.

"Oh, we came in only to fool away a half hour or so," replied one of them, with the suggestion of an Irish accent and with a typically Irish smile.

The clerk was a pleasant faced, intelligent looking youth. "Make yourself at home," he said, pointing to a big sign, "Visitors Welcome."

"You might show me one of the best violins you've got," said one of the visitors. A violin was handed out from a case behind the counter. He inspected it with a critical air, and proceeded doltily to put it into tune.

"Seems to me I've seen you somewhere before," said the clerk to the man with the violin.

"Look me over again; I'll give you three guesses," replied the man addressed.

Then he laid the bow gently to the strings and played a simple old air which seemed to take on a new inspiration under the sympathy of his touch.

The face of the young clerk brightened, and he listened intently till the last throbs of the strings.

"John McCormack!" he exclaimed. The two other guesses were unnecessary.

"But how did you learn to play the violin so beautifully?" asked the astonished clerk.

The singer smiled that expressive smile of his and sat down to the piano. He hummed the first bar of an operatic aria and then struck the key. It was evident he could play the piano, too, and he did play it, to the growing astonishment of the clerk.

"Now let's see what else you've got there," said McCormack. "Aha! Here's a cornet that has a likely look."

He adjusted the instrument to his lips and ran the scale.

"Good instrument," he observed. He played a "Half forgotten Tyrolese" air. The notes rang out sustained and bell-like. By this time the clerk looked like a boy on his first visit to the circus. Then the faint grin came on his face and he picked up a piccolo and handed it to McCormack.

The singer took it and used it quite nonchalantly, for the purpose for which it was intended, and used it to good purpose, too.

"Go right ahead now," said the clerk, with the broadest grin in the world, "and play everything in the shop."

It was fun for all hands. McCormack took up the defy. He extracted a hymn-like German national song from an accordion, made a harmonica speak of lightsome feet twinkling in the dance, and plucked from the strings of a harp a nosegay of melodies fragrant with the richness of his native land.

"I'll play the rest the next time I come to Peoria," he said as the last faint murmur of the harp tones passed into silence. "But meantime I'm going to buy that fiddle. I'm making a little collection, and this will fit very well with the company."

IRISH SPIRIT

LIKE OXYGEN TO MGR. BENSON

"DOES HE MORE GOOD THAN ANY COUNTRY IN WORLD," HE WROTE

The late Rt. Rev. Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson's warmly expressed love for the Irish was such as would indicate that this convert son of an Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury must almost have wished that he had been born in Erin.

The faithful and loving Catholic novelist saw in the mighty faith and sufferings of the Irish a section of the kingdom of God upon earth which sent him almost into rapture. Indeed, an Irishman might almost regret that he did not write an Irish novel or two, though that, perhaps, was beyond what he felt to be his province, if he ever thought of it.

In his life of the Monsignor, Father Martindale mentions a visit which the novelist paid to Killarney House in 1904, at the invitation of the late Countess of Kenmare. From it he wrote an enthusiastic letter which included the following passages:

"The whole place breathes faith. I went round to see some poor people this morning with Lady Castellrose, and saw such amazing things—people in the most hopeless habitations, cobbled stones on the floor, real rats lying on the beds, with all their supernatural friends' portraits on the shelf—crucifix, Our Lady, St. Patrick, and so on. One woman was dying of cancer, beaming. Another dying of some other awful thing—calling everyone 'darling,' myself included, and absolutely serene with happiness. They don't mind death or pain at all. It is as natural to suffer and die, as to live, and has the advantage of being supernatural too. I wish I had the thousandth part of their chance of heaven. They seem like the real Royal Family of heaven."

Again, in another connection, he showed that he was most at home in Ireland.

"Don't mind what they say," he wrote. "Go to Ireland and see for yourself. It does me more good than any country in the world. The air throbs with grace and faith. That's why the Briton doesn't like it. The rest is lies. Don't bother at all about it."

And, says Father Martindale: "the essentially Irish spirit was to him like oxygen for the soul."—The Pilot.

TEMPLES OF MAMMON FOR HOUSES OF GOD

The last church in the center of Liverpool has been pulled down. It is an act symbolic of the change that has come over the Anglican Church in England. "It is not a question of bringing people back to the Catholic Church; it is a question of re-Christianizing the country," an Anglican clergyman recently remarked. Writing to the Anglican Church Times "a saddened Liverpoltian" thus unburdens his mind:

"The churchyard has been sold to Harrods for a quarter of a million, and the proprietors of the mammoth London store are going to build on

the churchyard a vast up-to-date drapery store of colossal dimensions at a cost of a million. One by one the churches in the center of this great city have during the last thirty years been pulled down, till there is now not one single house of prayer left except St. Nicholas', and that is quite out of the way, right down by the riverside. There is now not left one single house of God to witness to the reality of the greater things of life and the things which are unseen, but eternal! The houses of God are gone, the temples of Mammon alone remain. The bones of our forefathers are to be carted away with as little delay as possible, and according to the local papers, within fifteen months we shall see opened a colossal shop which will need 2,000 hands to work it."

In London fifty churches are still maintained, but according to the Living Age, their congregations have vanished. Something other than business is accountable for these signs of the times. The Church of England has lost its hold upon the people. Her clergy know this best and often courageously have candidly admitted the fact.—America.

DA VERRA LEETLA BABY

Irish Padre Tommeckbride Laughed an' laughed onteel he cried Always he es do dat way At mos' evra theeng I say.

Ees no matter w'at I spoke, He would tak' eet for a joke; Eet's a shame to tease a man Wen he do dat best he can!

Now, for enstance, yesterday Dere's a chrees'nin' down our way: Eet's a baby call "Carlott!" Dat my cousin Rose's got.

O! so small, jus' two weeks old— Ee wan handa you could hold! Wal, I am da wan dat esna!

For dees leetla child, my frad— How you call een dees leed? "Gona-father?" yer, dat's me! Wal, w'en all es done, you see, An' da child es baptizee, Padre Tommeckbride, he cries: "Everybody com' dees way. We must write eet down," he say. While he's writin' een da book, From my pocket here I took Twenty-f' cent piece, my frand, An' I put eet een bees hand.

"Thanks!" he said, an' smiles at me. Dan Bianca Baldi, she— While da padre looks at eet— "Whaeppers?" Dat's a leetle best! "Sure," I tal her, "dat's true, But da baby leetle, too."

Irish Padre Tommeckbride Laughed an' laughed onteel he cried. Always he es do dat way At mos' evra theeng I say; Eet's a shame to tease a man Wen he do da best he can!

—TOM DALY

The good scatter blessings.

When we find one who is naturally proud, and censorious, and passionate, become humble, and gentle, and self-controlled we ask whence comes this fruit so contrary to nature? And we answer, "The Sower has sown His Seed;" it cannot be traced to any natural cause it is the Divine Seed of Grace.—Father Martineau.

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No Return Of The Trouble Since Taking "Fruit-a-tives"

103 CHURCH ST., MONTREAL. "I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for over 16 years. I consulted specialists; took medicine; used lotions; but nothing did me good. Then I began to use "Fruit-a-tives", and in 15 days the pain was easier and the Rheumatism much better. Gradually, "Fruit-a-tives" overcame my Rheumatism; and now, for five years, I have had no return of the trouble. I cordially recommend this fruit medicine to all sufferers." P. H. McHUGH. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers, or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

FATHER FINN'S LATEST BOOK

FACING DANGER



To those who have read "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," and "Harry Dee," the most popular Catholic story books ever written, there is a delightful surprise in this latest book. Here they will meet an old friend in a new and lovable recreation. Talk about excitement and adventure—there's plenty of it in this story.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

LUX Shampoo advertisement featuring a woman's face and the text: 'A LUX Shampoo is a real luxury. Perfect cleanliness and a refreshing stimulant for the scalp are the best of all means for ensuring hair health. In other words—try a LUX shampoo. Dissolve a tablespoonful of LUX in a gallon of very hot water, whip into a creamy lather, and then temper with cool water. Rub well into the scalp—you'll enjoy the invigorating, cleansing sensation. Then rinse thoroughly in fresh tepid water and dry the hair, in the sun if possible, never with strong heat. Lux is sold at all grocers, departmental stores, etc. A handy recipe book "The Care of Dainty Clothes" is gladly sent free on request. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO 84

ENO'S FRUIT SALT advertisement with the text: 'The Liver regulates the health ENO'S FRUIT SALT —regulates the Liver'

Capital Trust Corporation advertisement: 'Make Your Will Today and appoint the Capital Trust Corporation your Executor. You can then rest assured that your wishes will be carried out, faithfully and efficiently, with profit and protection to your heirs. Correspondence invited. Capital Trust Corporation Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: Hon. M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; J. J. Lyons, Ottawa; A. E. Provost, Ottawa. Managing Director—B. G. Connolly. Assistant Manager—E. T. B. Pennefather. Head Office: 10 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa.'

HOTEL TULLER advertisement: 'HOTEL TULLER PARK, ADAMS AND BAGLEY DETROIT, MICHIGAN EUROPEAN PLAN 600 ROOMS \$2.00 UP CAFETERIA PAR EXCELLENCE Self Service ROSE AND CASCADE ROOMS Colored Waiters MEN'S GRILL Japanese Waiters MANDARIN ROOM Japanese Waiters We have reorganized our entire food service and are making an enviable record for modest charges and courteous and efficient service. TRY US FOR LUNCHEES AND BANQUETS'

Peerless Steam Cooker advertisement: 'SAVE FUEL A lady in Toronto actually reduced her monthly fuel bill from \$2.25 to 90c, a month by using a Peerless Cooker and had more nourishing and digestible foods. With the Peerless you can cook an entire meal on one burner. Let us tell you how. Write for particulars today. AGENTS WANTED—Write for information on this quick-selling specialty. Big money—write for particulars. Peerless Steam Cooker ONWARD MFG. CO. Kitchener, Ont.'

Stained Glass Memorial Windows advertisement: 'STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows'

The Catholic Club advertisement: 'SOLDIERS SAILORS In the many little difficulties you will naturally encounter in getting settled down into civilian life, after discharge from the Service, we are willing, ready and able to help you, absolutely free of charge. For this purpose we have formed a RETURNED SOLDIERS' COMMITTEE whose office is at THE CATHOLIC CLUB 520 Richmond St., London Phone 6847 If you have questions which are troubling you in regard to: Pension, War Service Gratuity, Discharge Papers, Employment, Letters to be written to Gov't. Depts: Papers to be signed or certified by a Justice of the Peace. Remember that, regardless of your race and creed, you have friends in the Knights of Columbus Reconstruction and Employment Service. "EVERYTHING FOR THE RETURNED MAN".'