CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. time, taiking very little himself, but

Making the Best of It. "A wise man has said that it isn't hat we do that counts, but the way we do it; and how true that is," said Mr. Muffleby, "and in how man ways!"
Mr. Muffleby, in the New York Sun,
goes on to illustrate a living example:
"I heard a man saying only yesterday of another that we both knew that

this man didn't go around knocking everything, but was always cheerini, and I couldn't help thinking how true that was of him, and of how it helped him, and how it helped everybody "He is an able chap, this man, and

prosperous. He can do things, and still with him, as it is with so many of us, it isn't so much what he does that counts as it is the way he does it. People take to him and like to deal with him, and he's getting on.

'And as to all the various relations

of life, isn't a little favor, graciously bestowed upon us by a man who is giving us all he can, more grateful to us

ing us all he can, more gradelic to than a big one given grudgingly or with an ill grace? Sure enough.
"Why the way we do it can make dull things gay, turn a trolley car into an automobile and make a scarty or homely board hospitable, and pleas-ing. I have eaten dinners of the simpliest foods that were more delightful far than others of the grandest, be cause of the finer grace with which th

simpler offering was pervaded.

"We are so apt to go wrong about that, for instance; to think that we can't compete with people of a thou sand times more means, and so not try. What's the use? we say. We can't do anything with what we've got, why

should we try to do anything?

"A worse mistake it would be impossible to make. Let us not think ill of ourselves, or of our hospitality. True, a mackerel is not a shad, nor is stonechina fine porcelain; but is that any reason why we shouldn't make the best of what we have and put a smiling face

And ours may in truth be the more enjoyable entertainment. A generous welcome will make mackerel salmon and turn stone - china into ware of Sevres in the taste and fancy of the guest. One need not have tapestried walls if his hearth fire burns bright.

"Let us all take heart. In whatever we may do, it is not what we do, but the way we do it that counts."—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Power of Habit. The youth who is tempted to steal a small sum of money or some article of little value, because nobody is looking, because nobody will miss it, is begin-ning a habit which unless he stops it at once, will finally ruin him. But one act, a youth may say, will not make much difference. Yes, one act will make a difference, and a great one. Aside from the sinfulness of the act it. self, it is by single acts that habits are formed, and habits make or mar our characters as men. One act of theft, characters as men. One impurity, be-of indulgence in drink, or impurity, becomes another and another and ano deadens the conscience. Each act is a link in a chain which, by-and-by, will bind the heart and soul so tightly and so strongly that only a miracie of God's grace can break it.

The unfortunate man who even in his dark hour of death could not resist the temptation to steal the watch of the minister when the conscience. Each act is a lobe had to smile. "Well, kidlet, what do you want to do most of all? Go on cutting out pictures?"

"No. I'm tired of that. What I want to do most is to write a story for the Children's Page 'bout my Moses. You must write it, an' I'll tell you what Each fall makes the next fall easier and

minister who prayed beside him did it because the ruling passion of his life funny things than that kitten you read about last week."

Bob went for paper and pencil, which death on his brow could not subdue it. He did it because the habit which he had begun in youth by a single act had so overwastered his every faculty that

its empire over him,

So it is with every passion that a man allows to master his will and his con-science. It assails him in moments even when he would fain turn away with loathing from his sin, when the memory of his misdeeds torture hiw, and he has made up his mind to lead a better life. Look at the drunkard. Many and many a time, disgusted with his life, he takes the piedge and resolves to be hence forth sober. What is it that drags him back to the boon companions of the bar? What is it that again and again de-What is it that again and again degrades him to the gutter? Why, the habit which is too strong for him to break. And remember that this powerful force, against which he is helpless, was begun by a single act. What was begun by a single act. What consequences flow from the single act whereby habits are formed and beact whereby halts are formed and be-come passions which do not lose their baneful power over the human soul until God summons it to appear before Him, and which, even in the dying moments of the unhappy wretch, shows

itself vital to the last! The moral of all this is: Resist be ginnings. Be careful of your single acts. Root out habits which show a tendency to lead you into mischief. In a word, master your habits before they

Learn to Read Men Like an Open Book.

The young man starting out for himself ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading ability. He ought to make it a business to study men, estimate their capabilities and the motives which actuate them. He should study them, scrutin ize their actions, watch their tendencies in little things, and learn to read them as an open book.

The involuntary acts and natural manner of a man indicate more than does his studied conversation. The eye cannot lie. It speaks the truth in all

almost home, then he gave a gasp of relief. The fire was nothing more nor less than the setting sun blazing on the

all the time trying to call the man out, watching every movement, scrutinizing

every word, trying to read the motive behind every glance of the eye. His manner, everything, are all letters of

the alphabet by which he spel's out the real man. I have been in his office when he was measuring a man. It was

a great lesson to watch his face as he seemed to read the applicant through and through, weigh him on the scale of

his judgment, penetrate to the very marrow of his being, and measure his

capabilities and possibilities to a nicety.

After a few minutes' conversation,

when the man had passed out, he would tell me just how large that man was, what he was capable of doing, what his

future would be, and what were his limitations. And he seldom makes a mistake. I have never known a man to

succeed to any extent when he said there was nothing in him, and I have

never known one to turn out badly when he indorsed him without reserve. We all know heads of business houses

who work like slaves, who dig and save and yet do not make much headway

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOB'S TRUST.

Bob! Bo-o-ob! Robert!" It was

mother calling from the back porch, and Bob, who had been cooking up a

perfectly gloriously plan for the after-noon, left Roy White reluctantly and

named Rose, but she looked up happily

when Bob entered.

upper windows.

He stole softly into the house There was poor little Rose, her on her arms. She was talking to her-

"I hope nuffin dreadful has happened to my darling Brother Bob. He said he would come back in a minute, and seem's if it was a long minute, and I know my own dear, big Brother Bob wouldn't go off and leave his little, sick wouldn't go off and leave his little, sick sister all alc-c-one. Maybe a big bear's ate him. But I can't go to see 'cause I promised 'honor bright.' I've had time to have a whole long nap. I didn't 'spose a minute was so long. Did you, Moses?''

Bob tiptoed softly up behind her and cicked her up in his arms. He hugged

picked her up in his arms. He hugged her hard, and cuddled her and told her wonderful stories with animals in them that barked and mewed and crowed and growled and Rose forgot all the lonely time, and thought her big Brother Bob was the dearest that ever was. And after that day she was not mistaken, for Bob never forgot his little sister again .- Our Young People.

simply because they do not know how to surround themselves with the right men.—O. S. M., in Success. AMERICAN STUDENTS PRAISED BY POPE.

THEIR SINGING TO BE VERY PLEASING TO THE HOLY FATHER. The Rome correspondent of the New

York Sun, under date of August 17, York Sun, under date of August 17, writes as follows:
When the Pope was crossing one of the halls on his way to receive some American pilgrims one day this week he caught sight of Don Lorenzo Perosi, to whom he beckened and with whom he exchanged a few words. The director Mother was standing on the porch, dressed for a walk. "Bob, dear, I've just had word that Mrs. Holdbrook has of the Sistine choir, looking worried and pale, told the Pope that his aged father was very ill. Percsi had just returned from visiting him in the coun-try, where he had been insulted by an

jost had word that Mrs. Holdbrook has been taken very ill. I must go to her at once, she is all alone, and there is no one to whom she can turn. You will take care of Rose, won't you, Bob? She mustn't go outdoors, so I will have to ask you to amuse her in the house. And, O Bob, do look after the kitchen fire pleas." anti clerical rabble in the streets.

"I am grieved, Holy Father," said
the famous mæstro. "I feel ashamed
that I am an Italian." The Pope tried to cheer the young

Patting him on the shoul-"Don't work too hard for the coming function; get the studert3 of the American College to sing instead of the choir."

She was gone, before Bob could answer, she was so anxious she did not even say she was sorry that Bob would have to give up his long-looked-for Saturday afternoon, which he could have all to himself. All the spring there had been so much to do about the goaden that he really hadn't had a garden that he really hadn't had a minute to do as he pleased in, and now that old Mrs Holdbrook had to go and get sick just to spoil his fun. Mother This reference was to the celebration of the anniversary of the Pope's coronation in the Sistine Chapel, Mgr. Kennedy, Rector of the American Kennedy, Rector of the American College, remarked that his students were going to sing with the regular choir, Mgr. Don Perosi has been training them for some time in the principles of the Gregorian Chant, and the choir is considered the freet in get sick just to spoin his ful. Mostler was always trotting off to take care of people that didn't belong to her! He wished she would consider his pleasure sometimes. He went in and banged the door hard, and helped himself to a the choir is considered the finest in freshly baked, heavily sugared jumble from a big trayful on the kitchen table.

Rose, who had a long seige of whoop ing cough (such a foolish disease, Bob thought) was cutting out pictures at the dining room table. She looked quite thin and white for a little girl Perosi is a strenuous advocate of con perosi is a strennous advocate of con-gregational singing, or at least of mixed singing. On the day of the Cappella Pa-pale all the American students came to Rome from their summer quarters at Castel Gandolfo and occupied special tribunes opposite the choir. Their singing of the credos and other parts Their of the service was accomplished with great perfection.

when Bob entered.
"Hi Bobby," she said in her jolly
little chuckle. "You has to te my
Muvver this day. Helle, Muvver Bobl" The Pope congratulated Msgr. Ken nedy, saying that the singing reflected the greatest honor not only on the college but on the American Church. The students in the college, who number 150, come from from every State in the Union. When they leave Rome their musical training enables them to take charge of a choir and is unques kitten that ever was. She does more tionably a contribution in the work of hastening the Pope's reforms in church music.

DOING.

WHAT SOME FRENCH NUNS ARE so overmastered his every faculty that when all else failed, when every other sense deserted him, that one habit still survived and compelled him in spite of himself to attempt an act of theft.

Stealing had become the master passion of his life, and even in death it asserted

so overmastered his every faculty that going on.

"Suppose you begin the story while "Suppose you begin the story while france, one is naturally impelled to ask: What becomes of the nuns? which have gone into exile—some to Great Britian and fresh ways has a generous response, for not some of the solver to engage for his joke, and no matter what the subject in hand may be, whether it is a knotty problem france, one is naturally impelled to ask: What becomes of the nuns? What many of them have gone into exile—some to Great Britian and Ireland, some to Islands of Jersey and ways has a generous response, for not Guernsey, some to Islands of Jersey and Guernsey, some to Italy and Spain, and some even to our own country. But there are others who remain in France and what of them? A writer in a Lonon the paper, but don't get down out of your chair."
"All right, I won't, honor bright," said Rose and Bob knew she always did what she promised, especially when she said "honor bright." don Protestant paper, the Guardian, gives some idea of the lives of such religious under the present French resaid "nonor bright."

It's a plaged shame!' said Roy when
Bob told him. "Can't you tie her up
some how, and come on for a little
while?" ligious under the present French regime. He says that a well-known result of the edict against religious orders was that many convents and monasteries were turned into Government offices, barracks and the like, while others were handed over to private the same than the same and the like, "She's as good as tied up now," said Bob, "for she's promised me not to "Hark! What's that?" asked Roy. ate companies te be turned into board-ing houses. At one such convent, now Both boys listened. "Sounds like a brass band," said Bob. "Sounds like a brass band," said Bob.
"Let's just run down to the turn,
to see what it is."
Both boys ran to the turn, and far,
far down the road they saw a cloud of
dust. They watched for a moment.
"A circus!" gasped Bob.
It was the first time in the lifetime
of those two boys that a circus had
come to their little farming town. Bob metamorphosed by the Government into a boarding-house, the writer stayed in Northern France a short time since, in Northern France a short time since, when he learned the surprising fact that while the majority of the Sisters went into exile, twenty five of them divesting themselves of their religious garb, remained behind to do the work of the boarding house, -to wait on the guests, and minister to their wants and and Roy forgot poor little Rose and tore down the road to meet the circus. incidently to keep an eye on what they rightfully look upon as their property although sequestrated by the Govern-It was a long time before Bob remem-bered. Then his conscience smote him The Guardian's correspondent

The moral of all this is: Resist beginnings. Be eareful of your single act. Root out habits which show a tendency to lead you into mischief. In a word, master your habits before they master your habits before they master your habits before they master your.—Sacred Heart Review.

Learn to Read Men Like an Open Book.

The young man starting out for himself ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character to get the manufacture of the standard mental and the study of his power of penetration, of his character reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character reading sability. He ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character reading sability. He ought to make it a business must be standard to see sape, and all the animal manufacture of the control line of the manufacture of the m

garden, or playing tennis; and much of

the money obtained is devoted to the up-keep of the fabric.

One likes to think of these patient nuns, waiting until they can come in for their own again, and a hopeful aspect of the question is that the villagers are earnestly praying for its consummation -Sacred Heart Review.

GOUNDD AND THE LITTLE FIRST COMMUNICANT.

"artistic temperament" is phrase the connotation of which has come to be something rather unreasonable, eccentric, not to say ludicrously extravagant; but the Gaulois tells an anecdote in which temperament of Grand — an artist of some celebrity it will be admitted—is shown to merit a different characterization. On the occasion of a First Communion Mass, at which one of of his compositions h d been rendered, Gounod was accosted on leaving the church by a friend, the father of one of the youth ful communicants. "Master" said he, "let me introduce you to a boy the leaves made your master.

who loves music very much, your music in particular. I ask you to add to all the blessings which he has just received the benediction of an artist."

"My boy," cried Gounod, "I am not worthy to day to loose the latchet of your shoe. You carry God in your heart so 'tis you who will bless me."

And, suiting the action to the word the great profession beard his board. the great musician bared his head and fell upon his knees before the astonished lad .- Ave Maria.

Miracles

The Ave Maria quotes from Mr. C. Kegan Paul's "Memories" a passage in which he tells how modern miracles had much to do in bringing him into the Church. The cure of a niece of Pascal's Church. seemed to him to be well attested, and a miracle of Lourdes, as wrought upon a friend of his own, came under his notice. He argued from these as fol-

"It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible made these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and in times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accep the Scripture, if I accepted it at all; fo surely of all absurd figments, that of a closed revelation to be its own interpreter is the most absurd.

Archbishop Among His Workmen In its account of the commencement of work on the magnificent new Cathedral of St. Louis, The Repulic of that city gives this picture of the originator of this great enterprise, and the head of the ancient archdiocese, the democra tic Archbishop Glennon:
"The prime laborer on this great

project is Archbishop Glennon himself. In informal dress, with a large straw hat, umbrella lying discarded on the ground, he may be seen during the hottest part of the day, among the workmen, measuring, overseeing, directing, encouraging, snggesting, laughing generally and informally with his co-workers, who follows out his ideal in the merest detail. Nowhere has the in the merest detail. Nowbere has the
Archbishop any more loyal followers
than among his workmen.
"He is never too busy or interested
in any detail, but finds time for agenial

interest in the men themselves. He knows if any have any families, where they live, what their nationality is and

can call any one at anytime by his name.

He is never too engaged for his joke, a few of his workmen are from the Emerald Isle themselves.

A significant feature of the daily work is the fact that almost the entire body of laborers attend Mass before beginning the day.

Here Is Faith. A young cripple girl, whose home is at Ste. Anne des Monts, Canada, gave a remarkable display of faith in St. Anne recently, covering the entire dis-tance from her home to the shrine at tance from her home to the shrine at Sto. Anne de Beaupre on foot. Among the week's pilgrims to the shrine were a group of Indians from a reserve in the Maritime Provinces, who after paying their respects to the good saint, returned to their tribe .- Catholic Sun.

Not the truth we hold, but the truth by which we are held nourishes and shapes our lives.—Bishop Spalding.

CONSTRUCTING FIREPROOF OUTBUILDINGS.

Serious efforts have recently been made, to reduce the frightful loss from

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have had the good fortupe to find a Christian who was lost among pagans for eight years. Philomena Sye had not abandoned her religion. She prayed daily and on Sunday recited the rosary. Not being able to obtain a calendar, for seven years she abstained from meat lest otherwise she might unwittingly violate the law of the Church by eating meat on Friday. the Church by eating meat on Friday.

It is thyself God wants before all things else. In any case, He is no lover of all that hurry to become useful. Such is not the conduct of the Saints.— Dom Gueranger.



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