

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The young man in business is the subject of an article by the eminent Dean Farrar, of England, from which these choice extracts are taken.

In Business. The young man in business, if he is living a much more ideal life than that which keeps a too exclusive eye on the main chance; if, in the demands of business, he does not forget the loftier and more eternal claims of a noble human life, must cultivate also a certain courage and independence of manly rectitude. Whatever may be his business, he will be thrown among others of his own age; and it is one of his highest duties, not only to abstain from setting a bad and dangerous example, but also to escape the average, and to maintain a high standard before all men. And this is where the fear of man, the feebleness which is afraid to say "No," makes so many young men fail. When Benjamin Franklin was a youth in a printing office, the candid lads went out to bring in for lunch their foaming tankards of beer or porter. Franklin was then a total abstainer from conviction, which was very rare in those days. His comrades laughed at him, and jeered him to their hearts' content, as a milkop and a fool; but he held his own with unwavering good humor. All those other printers' lads died in humble obscurity, but Franklin rose to greatness and immortality.

"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannus." In the courageous steadfastness of his boyish character, we see one of the secrets of his future eminence. After all, the young man in business is situated, as regards companionship, very much like the boy in the public school, or the young man at the universities. His good example will be of priceless value wherever it is exhibited. When Coleridge Pattison was a boy at Eton, he was captain of the boats, and he had the courage to declare that he would resign his captaincy, and take no part in the rowing, if coarse songs were sung at the annual supper. When a very great living statesman was at Eton, he used deliberately to turn his glass upside down, before all eyes, if an improper toast was proposed. "When Arthur Cunneock went to Harvard," writes Mr. R. H. Davis, "the fast set had marked him for its own. The mainly thing, so the incoming freshmen were told, was to drink and gamble politely, and win-pull for the societies, and cut recitations. In four years this idea of the manly thing has changed, because the young athlete threw all his influence on the side of temperance in all things, fair play, courtesy and modesty."

But what a young man will be in business and in life depends upon what he is in his own soul. There can be no perfection of manhood, there can be no nobleness of life, without the grand old eternal virtues of temperance, sobriety and chastity. If a young man cannot say "No," when he is asked to join in sweepstakes, or bet on this or that "event," it may soon be all up with him. There is one jail in England which which wing is here. I often find myself allied with felons who began their downward career by betting and gambling, in a way which they chose to regard as manly and interesting. Tens of thousands in all ranks have been led on the high road to ruin by this detestable epidemic of spurious excitement. He who wishes to be a true man must begin to take the right course as a young man respecting all these matters. He must be sternly on his guard against seductive pleasures.

"I have sat upon the shore and waited for the gradual approach of the sea," wrote Lady M. Wortley Montagu, "and have seen the dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand and given to it strength to take the right course as a young man respecting all these matters. He must be sternly on his guard against seductive pleasures. I have sat upon the shore and waited for the gradual approach of the sea," wrote Lady M. Wortley Montagu, "and have seen the dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand and given to it strength to take the right course as a young man respecting all these matters. He must be sternly on his guard against seductive pleasures. I have sat upon the shore and waited for the gradual approach of the sea," wrote Lady M. Wortley Montagu, "and have seen the dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand and given to it strength to take the right course as a young man respecting all these matters. He must be sternly on his guard against seductive pleasures."

Oh, that every young man, whether in business or not, would bear this in mind; that for the drunkard, the cheat, the liar, the impure, the corrupter of others, there is—short of a deep repentance and a total change—no hope on earth. What is true of the body is true also of the soul. The laws of God are to the moral powers what the laws of nature, so called, are to the physical powers.

Obedience to the laws of nature preserves the bloom and life of the body; obedience to the laws of God preserves the bloom of the soul. "In all these things is the life of the Spirit." Moral death, ever enlarging itself, is as inevitable upon a course of sin as speedy mortality upon a course of vice. When sin enters it brings forth abundantly after its kind, and death is not so much its arbitrary award as its inevitable procreation.

guest at my summer place a few miles from Pablo, while bathing was carried out to sea, and when almost out of sight and all hope to us had fled (an agonized sister and brother ringing their hands and weeping in despair) to our surprise we suddenly saw his body impelled forcibly toward us; there we saw it recede a few feet and then again, as it were, shoot twenty feet toward the shore. This continued until my son and myself, at last able to reach him, bore him insensible to the beach.

"After recovery his story was that, after losing all hope, guided by some mysterious impulse, he had turned upon his back, when he felt himself carried rapidly forward. He had then turned over upon his face to get his bearings, when he was carried out further from the land, and on again placing himself upon his back the surface waves brought him rapidly to the shore, a rescued man. It is an error that the drowning man is attacked by cramp except in very cold weather. He drowns from heart failure, induced by the violent exertion and the upward pressure of the water upon the abdomen diminishing the space and impeding the action of the heart. By turning over on the back this pressure is removed, the back being almost entirely a strong wall of bone and muscle.

Also, when on the back the entire body is nearer the surface, and the surface waves tend toward the shore, the under current out to sea, even the legs, when upon the back, being less exposed to the current that tends toward the sea. By floating gently upon the back the heart, relieved of its pressure, becomes calm and quiet, and the swimmer can regain his strength and float for hours. The bather whose heart is weak should always present, when standing erect, the right side of the body to the waves, and thus avoid the Sullivan-like blows of the incoming waves upon a crippled heart. In every bathhouse should be posted the injunction: "In case of exhaustion or accident, turn upon the back."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBIE. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST. MAGDALEN'S CELL.

"I am so afraid, dear Mother, that you are not so well. Your writing is not as firm as usual," she wrote, "and when you next write to me please do tell me just how you are. It appears to me ages ago since I left the convent, so much seems to have happened since. I cannot tell you how grieved I was to hear that Father Ruthven was going to China; he wrote to tell me so last week, and of course you know about it. I do feel more lonely than ever, for I could always write to him, and now the letters will take so long coming and going that it will not be the same. Of course, as he says, he hopes not to lose sight of me, but still I can't ask him things as I could when there was only a delay of a couple of days. Dear Mother, you do think of me don't you? Life is so very different, to what it was at the convent; there it was so easy, at least as compared to what it is here. I often wonder if I should do as I did, or if I am puzzled, but I try to remember what you said about having a cell in one's heart and there I do try to listen to what the Holy Spirit says to me. And it is wonderful, Mother dear, how He does answer. I seem not to know what to do, and then something happens either come across something in reading, or I get a letter from you, or there is a feeling I can't describe which I know just answers the question. You see, here we only see Protestants. I have no Catholic society at all, and I do miss it very much. Some of the people are very nice and I like them very much indeed, particularly a family of Nevilles who live close by. There are three girls and a brother, and we go out cycling a good deal, and they are very pleasant company; but I often feel I should like a Catholic to talk to—you understand what I mean. The girls laugh at me because I won't read all the books that they do, and here there is no one to advise me. Only here again I pray often that I should be able to put down a book, even though it is interesting, would not like me to read about."

"Aunt Lillie and I get on very well. I am so sorry for her, for her life has been sacrificed altogether to grandmamma, who would not let her marry a man she loved when she was young. She has never cared to marry any one else, and now she amuses herself with her dogs, as a relief from grandmamma, who is very trying. She keeps away from granny as much as she can and leaves her to herself. Granny loves to contradict, and her moods change so quickly and so much, that one never knows which kind of one she will be in. Then, too, what one can talk about one day and which pleases her is quite wrong on another, and the meals are often dreadfully uncomfortable. So I often dreadfully may know the right things to talk about, and sometimes I seem to get on better. I make myself happy here in spite of all things, and it seems quite funny to be so poor and not to have money. Grandmamma says many nasty things about dad which are very hard to bear, for I forgive him; he has made a middle of my money and so it really can't matter to anyone else."

When the letter reached the convent, Mother Mary Joseph was lying in her coffin. An operation, which had been impending for a long time, was found necessary to be performed at once and she died under it. So the Rev. Mother returned Magdalen's letter to her, and the girl, as she read the brief account of the death of her friend, felt indeed Mother Mary Joseph!

It seemed strange to Magdalen to be thus tried and it was a great test of her faith and perseverance in well-doing, for she was without all the helps to which she had all her life been accustomed, and the priest of the mission to whom, reserved, and only came to the place from Saturday to Monday,

On Sunday, Masses were said just for that day, as the temporary church was served from Massingham, some distance off, too far for Mr. Sheldon to allow Magdalen to go on her cycle, so that, altogether, the girl was left very much to herself.

The experience was bound to have a good or bad effect, but Magdalen was a girl who, since her first Communion, had tried, not by fits and starts, but perseveringly, to do her duty by the Law of God, to struggle against her faults and not to resist the instincts of grace. And now that she found herself in a position of singular loneliness as to her spiritual life, she redoubled her efforts with the result that she made real progress.

A year passed away quickly. Mr. Waring paid periodical visits to the Court, but was usually wandering about the continent, and in his letters he never alluded to his money matters mending.

In the summer the Nevilles had a cousin who came to stay with them, a Mr. Hanforth, who to Magdalen's delight, was a Catholic and one who practised his religion. The acquaintance developed into intimacy, and by the time winter set in Magdalen's life had changed very much, for she was engaged to Mr. Hanforth and was to be married in the spring. There was real love on both sides, and Magdalen was happier than she had ever been in her life. The prospect for the future were bright by any means, for Mr. Hanforth had no appearance of being rich, and the income he had mentioned to Mr. Waring in writing to ask him to sanction the engagement was not large.

"Do you propose to live on love, then?" inquired Mrs. Sheldon acidly, for she was in no ways pleased at the prospect of losing Magdalen, upon whom she had leaned so very much. The girl, too, was so bright and cheerful and so full of fun that the old lady really considered her the sunshine of that dull house, though she would not have told her so for the world.

"We shall not be very poor," said Magdalen, "and Herbert and I are quite willing to face small means."

"I don't think accounts will be your forte," said Mr. Sheldon, who had been casting about in her mind for something unpleasant to say.

Magdalen smiled.

"No, I fear my arithmetic is not very good, grandmamma; I never liked it at school."

"Probably they did not know how to teach it here," said Mrs. Sheldon, and liked to irritate Magdalen if she could, by saying anything she could against them.

Magdalen flushed up, and a retort was on her lips.

"The Mother who taught me was a splendid arithmetician," said Magdalen.

"Then when, may I ask, are you and Mr. Hanforth, or Hanforth—"

"Hanforth, grandmamma, but do call him Herbert. He wants to ask you to do so."

"When you are married, I may," said Mrs. Sheldon. "Well, when is it to be?"

"In Easter, grandmamma," said Magdalen shyly.

"He doesn't want to wait longer, and neither do I!"

"Why are you not married sooner, then?"

"Because he will have to go to America on business; he has property out there," said Magdalen, looking as she spoke, at the left hand, "and he fears he cannot get back before February. If it is possible he will tell me if he can be back, and then we can be married before Lent."

FOSIL CALUMNIES.

The assaults on the Catholic Church at the Methodist Conference were more serious and virulent than might be gathered from the skeleton reports printed in the daily papers. With the fuller knowledge now to hand we are enabled to judge of their real character. It must not merely be the vicious outburst of the Rev. Dr. King that indicated the spirit and scope of the eruption there was in the terms of the Episcopal Address a general indictment of the policy of the Church, and methods adopted in many countries to carry this policy into effect that disclosed a deep-laid purpose to inflame prejudice and distort the lessons of history. Epithets of deliberate insult and calumnious throughout the long vilipend of the Rev. Dr. King. Every time-worn and stale slander about the Church in Spain, Mexico, the Philippines and elsewhere was dragged forth from the armory of ignorance and made to do duty as what one of the speakers, in a spirit of fine irony, referred to as "a dignified utterance" of the Bishops of the Methodist denomination. The language of Dr. King was pre-eminently indecent. What could be more indecent than the following reference to the illustrious Pontiff who was confessed by all enlightened Americans to be the foremost man of his age, in religion, in social advancement, in noble work for all humanity? This is the way in which his death was referred to by Dr. King:

I confess to you that I have been among the number of those whose spiritual stomach has been nauseated by the nonsense that has been poured out in canonizing the late Leo XIII. while he has been working his way through Purgatory.

The fact that this low-minded vulgarity was rebuked by Chief Justice Love did not prevent other speakers, like Bishop Foss, from repeating Dr. King's calumnies, as regards the attitude of Catholics toward the public schools here, in another form, later on.

What are we to say to the outcry made by representative non-Catholics about "antagonism" to the public schools" when we find, as was pointed out last week, that it is the belief of some of these gentlemen that the public school system in the Philippines is calculated to undermine the faith of the Catholic people, as the so-called "National" system in Ireland was so designated and applied—but, thank God, ineffectually? The motive is not confessed, so far as the United States is concerned, but it was shown to have existed at least in regard to the Indian schools. The Catholics have a right to a share in the general school fund distribution, and they have the same right as non-Catholics and Jews to have their conscientious convictions respected, as those of non-Catholics are. These are the plain terms of the proposition, and not all the coarse or violent denunciation of malice or envy can alter them an iota. In other words, Catholics claim, as American citizens, equality before the American Constitution—which under present system they do not receive.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

When we do a painful thing with a great love, this great love softens the pain, and makes us content to suffer.—Lacordaire.

THE WONDERFUL RECOVERY OF A NIPissing MAN.

STRICKEN WITH PARTIAL PARALYSIS HE WAS UNABLE TO USE EITHER RIGHT ARM OR RIGHT LEG.

Mr. John Craig, a well known farmer living near Kells, Nipissing district, Ont., is another of the many paralytics who owes his present good health and ability to go about—if not life itself—to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Craig gives his experience as follows:—But for the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not believe that I would be alive to-day. I was stricken with that terrible affliction, partial paralysis, I had absolutely no power in my right arm or leg. I was not able to sit up—in fact if I tried to do so I would fall over. I had to be lifted like a child, and my family and friends believed death was very near. The doctor told me that he could do nothing for me, and that I was liable at any moment to have a second stroke which would carry me off. I was in this deplorable condition when I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for three boxes and before they were all used I could move the fingers on my hand, which had hitherto been absolutely numb and powerless. You can scarcely imagine my joy at this convincing proof that the pills were helping me. From this I kept getting stronger, and the same back until I was again able to walk about and eventually to work. I gladly give permission to publish the story of my cure with the wish that it may bring life and hope and activity to some other sufferer.

The cure of Mr. Craig gives additional evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine, and that the power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond all other medicines. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

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The Hibernal Total Abstinence Association of this city, held a very interesting meeting last Sunday afternoon in Rathbone Hall, Washington street. Prominent among the speakers was Judge Emmons, Chairman of the Boston Police Board, who gave a description of the work he is aiming to accomplish in lessening the evils of intemperance.

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