

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

AUNT ELA. Easter was very late in the spring that year, and the junior pupils at the Sacred Heart convent were planning for their vacation. While there never was a true Sacred Heart pupil who did not love the convent and the dear nuns, yet home ties are very strong and a group of girls were chatting here and there about all the happiness they would enjoy in their own homes for a few days. Madame De Bonne was mistress-general, and though a great disciplinarian, was always just, therefore a favorite. A committee of four Children of Mary had been appointed to ask for a half-holiday that afternoon. The spring was so balmy, the girls could not collect their thoughts for mathematics or French. They thought it would be such a blessing if they could only have a run across the grounds to the plantation at the back of the convent, where the early violets hide. After due consideration for the surplus energy of youth, the mistress-general consented.

The signal was given and the children started out on their expedition. "Mamma is going to send for me the Saturday before Easter," said one child. "And I am going home also," said another. Many others, chimed in, all but Grace Hilton, who had only joined them a few minutes before. She was a very intelligent-looking girl about thirteen years of age. Her highly arched brow gleamed bright and smooth amid the brown ringlets, and her soft blue eyes held rather a sweet dreaminess than anything of childish brightness.

"And what about you, Grace? Don't you expect to go home for Easter?" asked one of them curiously, as she observed her companion's silence. "I don't know," answered Grace; "that is, it depends upon whether I get all my good conduct notes and 'very well' for this week."

"On what?" interrupted half a dozen merry voices. "On my record, my deportment for the past month." "Oh, I guess you will come out all right, Grace," observed one of her companions; "but I think if your mamma was living she would not be so particular. My mother says she could not spend a happy Easter without me."

Soon another girl joined the party, a pretty brunette, with two heavy black braids hanging down her back, each tied with a blue ribbon. Agnes Weldon had two rosy lips, but they formed a naughty mouth. When Agnes first came up there was a somewhat uneasy look in her eyes, but the wild, frolicsome gleam of a game of cricket soon banished it.

Too soon the pleasant afternoon was gone, and the merry-makers came back to the study hall. Suddenly the soft bells of the Angelus rang out and the girls hushed their talk, the sound of laughter ceased, and the bright eyes were dropped as they recited the angel's words. Then the signal was clapped, and Madame De Bonne said she wished to speak to the children. There was a stern look in her face, and even the little girls understood there was a reprimand in store for them.

"Children," she said, "I am pained to have to reprimand you, but you know you have certainly been guilty of opening my desk on the platform and examining the conduct notes. You have been seen doing so. This is most dishonorable, and five notes taken off for department will be the penalty, but if the culprit acknowledges her fault I shall only cut off two." There was a dead silence, the girls peered into one another's faces, but no one rose to avow their misbehavior.

"Very well," said the mistress-general, after a pause. "I must tell you I saw the girl, and recognized her by the peculiar winter hat she wore, which partially covered her face. It was just after recreation had begun and I was on my way to the chapel. I am sorry, very sorry, but Grace, the fault is yours."

In a moment the color flew to Grace's face. She stood out in the middle of the study hall and said, "I did not do it, Madame, and I can't say I did." "But, my child, it was your hat and height, and everything; still, if you can bring any proofs I will believe you." But she could not. Grace's father was a stern man, and he deprived his daughter of her trip home.

When the other children were departing, Grace, who had a proud heart, forced back the tears, but when Agnes came to say goodbye, then she gave way, and her frame shook with its violent burst of weeping. During the vacation days Madame De Bonne strove to comfort the little heart it had been her duty to wound. Little did the girls going to their beloved homes think of Grace, yet she followed each one of them with sorrowful thoughts, picturing to herself all the joy she was denied. And yet one among them did remember her, Agnes Weldon; and somehow all her Easter fun seemed shadowed for her by her schoolmate's sorrow.

Mrs. Weldon noticed her daughter's worried and fretful words, but could find no reason for them. One evening Mr. Weldon said to his daughter, "You did not tell us anything about Grace Hilton, Agnes?" "Why—er—er—what about her questioned Agnes timidly. "That she didn't come home with you. I met her father to-day, and he was telling me the reason. He feels very sorry but says he won't go back on his word."

"Oh, papa!" cried Agnes, and she buried her face in her hands. Then, turning to her mother, she said: "Mamma, take me to Grace. I must ask her forgiveness; it is all my fault." "My dear child," said her mother, "you are trembling with excitement. How could you have deprived her of her visit?"

"But I did. I let her get blamed in my place. It was I who peeped into Madame De Bonne's desk; I was so curious, and when I heard one come among, I grabbed Grace's hat, which was on a desk and the mistress-general took me for Grace, and so she was punished."

"Oh, Agnes, how could you do it?" "Well, mamma, it was like this. I

had gone to the music room at recreation, leaving Grace alone in the study hall, and when I came back she was gone, and it was then I did it. But I got frightened and went back through the music room, so the girls wouldn't see me come out of the study hall door. I know it was meant to do it, and I do so hate that anybody should suffer for me; but I hadn't the courage to confess it before everybody." "My poor Agnes," said her mother. "Mamma, I want you to take me back to the convent before vacation is ended. I'll tell Grace, I'll tell the mistress-general, I'll tell everybody." Mr. Weldon hitched up the horses and they went that very afternoon. "Oh, if I could only have had Grace at home before this!" said Agnes. "I wonder if she will ever forgive me?" But Grace did forgive her; she was too fervent a Catholic to do otherwise, and Madame De Bonne pardoned Agnes because of her sincere penitence. But Agnes never forgot how her cowardice had poisoned her Easter joys, and ever afterwards she was a true moral heroine.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion.

Private Interview with Self.

Get away from the crowd a little every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the man people say you are; and if you are always honest, if you always tell the truth, square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out of these private interviews you will be a better, stronger, purer man.

Cardinal Gibbons' Advice to Boys.

Cardinal Gibbons, addressing, on March 4, the boys of St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, among other things gave the following three points of advice which might with profit be applied to young men the world over: "Boys, I would give you three words of advice: "First of all, be industrious. Avoid idleness. Be fond of labor. This country is happily fortunate in that all labor is regarded as honorable. "Secondly, avoid strong drink. Dread drunkenness. Avoid the companionship of those who drink. I have known many young men, some of rich parents, whose greatest curse was that they had too much money, for they spent the money in rioting, dissipation and drink. "Thirdly, cultivate piety and religion. Here, of course, you are required to assist at Mass and at other religious exercises. Perhaps at times it becomes tedious and irksome to you. Perhaps you would rather play than pray; you would rather be on the base ball grounds than in the chapel. But remember that this discipline is necessary to your well-being. Begin and close each day with prayer. Ask God at the beginning of the day to bless your work, and at the close thank Him for the blessings He has bestowed on you. Wherever you are, hear Mass on Sunday and hear preached the word of God. Endeavor at all times to be Christian men and true followers of the cross."

Character and Capital. It is related of Girard, that when a young tradesman, having bought and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his new customer to many more bags as the latter might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, thrived rapidly, and in the end amassed a fortune. No mere capital will do so much for young men as character. Nor will always even capital and connection combined. In your own experience, you have known many beginners who have utterly failed, though backed by ample means, and assisted by the influence of a large circle of friends. In some cases, indeed, considerable experience, as well as industry and perseverance, have been added to these advantages, yet without securing success. We have known such persons, after a failure in their present, to try a second, and even a third, yet with no better result, although still assisted by capital, by friends, and even by their own activity. The secret was that they had missed, somehow, making a character for themselves.

On the other hand, it is a common occurrence to see young men begin without a cent, yet rapidly rise to fortune. They achieve this triumph by establishing, at the outset, a reputation for being competent business men. Few are so fortunate as to do this by a single characteristic act, like the purchaser who won Girard's good will by wheeling home the bag; for generally neither veteran merchants are as shrewd as the famous millionaire, nor young dealers as energetic as his customer. But a consistent life of sagacity, economy and industry, invariably establishes the right kind of reputation in the end. Confidence grows up in influential quarters, towards the young beginner. Old merchants shake their heads approvingly and say: "He is of the right stuff, and will get along." Credit comes, as it were, unsought. Connection follows. The reputation of the new aspirant widens and deepens; his transactions begin to be quoted as authority; trade flows in on him from every quarter; and in a few years he retires, with a competence, or remains to become a millionaire. All this is the result of

establishing, at the outset, a character of the right sort.

We may say to every young man, about to start in life, make a character for yourself as soon as possible. Let it also be a distinctive one. It is better to have a name for excelling all others in some one thing than to enjoy simply a notoriety for general merit. Are you a mechanic?—outstrip your fellows in skill. Are you a young lawyer?—become superior in a particular branch. Are you a clerk?—be the best book-keeper your employers have. Are you in a store?—make yourself acquainted with the various buyers. In short, become known for an excellence peculiar to yourself; acquire a specialty, as it is called; and success is certain, because you will have, as it were, a monopoly, and dictate your own terms.

Money may be lost, without fault of your own, by some one or another of the accidents of life. Connections may be broken up, by death, or failure, or change of interests. But character remains through all. It belongs to the individual and is above the chances of fate. Thousands who have lost all else, have recovered themselves by having a character to start anew with; but no man, without a business character, has ever risen from the ruin caused by the loss of capital, or the destruction of connection.

An Expensive and Harmful Habit.

"Total abstinence is becoming more general as a requirement by corporations," says the Catholic Universe. "For some years the Burlington Railway Company has demanded that all engaged in the mechanical and operating departments should be total abstainers during working hours. It has now formulated a new rule which requires all its employees to be total abstainers, whether on or off duty. Young men should realize that in frequenting saloons and in getting the name of doing so, they are standing in their own light, and hurting their prospects. Join the C. T. A. at least in practice. Drink does no good. It is an expensive, as well as a hurtful habit. Habitual drunkards started with an occasional glass. Guarantee companies always inquire whether the applicant is temperate and correct in his habits. No one can answer in the affirmative if the applicant frequents saloons."

Experiences of First Innocence.

Expertness in swimming and fencing may be quickly acquired by any young man who will take the trouble to master these branches. When a cadet first joins a corps, he is taught these essentials of health and good carriage. Discipline is a factor of the greatest importance. The young man must obey every requirement to the smallest detail; he cannot slight a single movement in any exercise that is ordered. Pride and ambition play their parts. Surrounded on all sides by splendid specimens of physical manhood, the cadet grasps at every opportunity for the instruction that will make him bodily as admirable as his fellows. The work embraces a vast field of simple exercises of all descriptions, which have been selected because of their value as a means to the end which this training is intended to attain.—Success

What a Man of Business should be.

A man of business should be able to fix his attention on details, and be ready to give every kind of argument a hearing. This will not encumber him, for he must have been practised beforehand in the exercise of his intellect, and be strong in principles. One man collects materials together, and there they remain, a shapeless heap; another, possessed of method, can arrange what he has collected; but such a man as I would describe by the aid of a principles, goes farther, and builds with his materials. He should be courageous. The courage, however, required in civil affairs, is that which belongs rather to the able commander than the mere soldier. But any kind of courage is serviceable. Besides a stout heart, he should have a patient temperament, and a vigorous but disciplined imagination; and then he will plan boldly and with large extent of view, execute calmly, and not be stretching out his hand for things not yet within his grasp. He will let opportunities grow before his eyes until they are ripe to be seized. He will think steadily over possible failure, in order to provide a remedy or a retreat. There will be the strength of repose about him.

He must have a deep sense of responsibility. He must believe in the power and vitality of truth, and in all he does or says, should be anxious to express as much truth as possible. His feeling of responsibility and love of truth will almost inevitably endow him with diligence, accuracy and directness—those common-place requisites for a good man of business, without which all the rest may never come to be "translated into action."

REVELATION AND IMMORTALITY.

God is the chief end of our life. Reason tells us that. And it tells us, too, that in no other way can our life attain its perfect consummation. But without a revelation from God our conception of the eternal destiny to which we are called would be without that entire clearness and definiteness we so much covet. How many, nowadays, protest that what moves them to decline to believe in immortality, in spite of all proofs advanced in favor of it, is their deeply-felt inability to form to themselves a clear conception of the life beyond, of its contents and objects.

It is the object which gives to existence its meaning as well as its right to be. Where no serious object for a continuance of existence is discoverable, there also the right to continued existence seems not to be made good. Face to face, with the fact of the general destiny to death, the admission of immortality seems so daring that there is a certain unwillingness earnestly to profess and contend for this faith except after some special reassurance from that Power which alone could help us over and past the destiny of death. How, say men, how could we give our reasonable assent if nowhere could be

found any operations of God's Power nor any provisions in favor of the immortal life? Revelation is such a provision. Destined as we are to live for ever, God by Revelation supplies the lack of experimental attestation that really there is a God in the everlasting silence and a heavenly destiny for our weary souls.—Catholic Telegraph.

SUPREME LOVE IN THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Catholic Citizen. In Father Delgair's wonderful book, "The Holy Communion," is this passage: "It was not only human thirst which wrung from our dying Lord that awful cry: 'I was not only the thirst of a dying man in His agony, when His veins were drained of blood; it was the thirst of the Godhead for souls. It was the longing desire of our Heavenly Father yearning for union with His children, and telling us how His eternal spirit was thirsting for us; as the man who is languishing in a sandy desert for the wells of living water. And, a little later, Father Delgair adds: 'Man is ever searching for reunion with God. Amidst the horrors of the Pagan world, we can still trace this craving void for God. The cry for God is still heard in the accents of the wildest Pantheism. Plutarch voices it when he wonders contemptuously at the Egyptians for worshipping animals. Colinus approaches it when he tries to excuse the worship of birds by saying that, as they are intermediaries between man and the Unseen Power, they must be beloved of God. To assume that Paganism is so degraded the world as to have killed love would be to assume that Christianity was impossible. To-day some of us Catholics, looking on the world around us, seem to imply that the yearning for God exists only among those who are of the visible Church, and that we, who thank God daily for the most extreme pledge of His love, which is the blessed sacrament, are alone in yearning for perfect union with Him. The truth is that all the great poets have sung of love—not merely as of one creature for another—but in the universal sense. Dante's idea of love growing from the first sight of Beatrice is chronicled in the 'Vita Nuova,' to its simplest, all-embracing phase in the 'Paradise,' springs from the unsatisfied yearning for complete union with the very centre of love. Dante's definition of love is that of Aubrey de Vere: 'I make no songs, but only find Love, following still the evening sun. His carol ceases on every wind. And other songs is there none.'"

BLOOD TROUBLES.

Manifest Themselves in Many Disagreeable Ways. SUCH AS SCROFULA, ECZEMA, BOILS AND PIMPLES—THE BLOOD SHOULD BE PURIFIED DURING THE SPRING MONTHS. The Spring season is the time for blood cleansing and blood renewing. Blood troubles are many and dangerous and manifest themselves in a score of painful and offensive ways, such as scrofula, eczema, boils and pimples. The impurities that get into the blood pursue their poisonous way all over the body and are responsible for a large proportion of all diseases, various in their nature but dangerous in the extreme. To have pure blood and plenty of it, you need a tonic and blood builder, and for this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills cure all diseases due to impurities in the blood by promptly cleansing and freeing the blood from all poisonous and offensive matter. If your blood is thin or insufficient; if you suffer from exhaustion at the least exertion; if you are pale, easily get out of breath and feel constantly languid and fagged out, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you by filling your veins with new, rich, red blood. Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says: "Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result pimples, which were very itchy broke out all over my body. My appetite was feeble and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and by the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. I shall always speak a good word for these pills when opportunity offers."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such trouble as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that makes the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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SURPRISE SOAP is Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE

Why Some Marriages are Unhappy. The causes of unhappy marriages are various—some petty, some serious, but all removable by patience and charity. The family squabble is not infrequently rehearsed in the divorce court, and children are forced to bear the brand of their parent's shame. We can trace the unhappiness in most cases to inordinate vanity on the part of either the husband or the wife. Pope, the Catholic poet, displayed exquisite good sense when he said: "Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an overmeasure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and when nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts."

Thousand of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantelpiece and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.—American Herald.

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