

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Little Sermon on Saving. Most young men are ambitious enough and sensible enough to want to have some money laid by for emergencies, but a great many of them find the saving of small sums so tedious and discouraging that they either never begin to save, or having begun, do not keep it up for any length of time.

"No matter how little it may be, make a start to save. Begin to live on less than you make; begin to put by the capital which will one day mean freedom and opportunity."

"We do not advise the saving of money merely for the selfish gratification of spending it. That would not be worth while. We urge you to save now that you may be spared the humiliation of slavish dependence later on. We advise you to save, above all, that you may be able to seize an opportunity should one present itself."

"Many of the world's greatest men are saved because they have the little ready money that would let them carry out their ideas."

"Great inventions have been lost to the world for lack of a very little money. Some of the world's greatest spirits have lived miserably and died in despair because they could never learn to keep the money that came to them."

"When you do get a little money together, put it in the bank. Don't be led into schemes. Don't buy anybody's watered stock. Let no trust mining scheme or other large hearted swindle lure you. If those things ever pay, they shake out the little men first."

"Get enough money to free you from worry, and don't let anybody get it away from you. Don't put it into any scheme. Let it simply enable you to change your employment, if you see a better chance. Let it make you secure against poverty in old age."

"Don't give up your little certainty. It comes very slowly; let it go out even more slowly. Begin now to save. Be one of those that are free, that have something."

"You will never know what real independence is until you are independent of any man's pocket book save your own."

"We are exhorted by Christ to lay up our treasures in heaven, and if we fail to do this, the most important duty of all—our saving, all our scheming and planning, all our possessions of earthly riches, are of no avail. But our nature is two fold. Our life on earth has two sides, and the laying up of treasures in heaven does not preclude the wise forethought and thrift which bids us lay up some of this world's treasure for a rainy day. To be occupied altogether with worldly interests and affairs, to have one's thoughts continually on the dollar or the dime or the nickel—all this is disastrous to our higher nature and our eternal welfare. But we owe a duty to ourselves and our neighbors in the matter of saving our money. It should be the desire of each and every one of us to be so situated that we may not, when misfortune comes, be a burden on anyone. And the only way for the most of us to accomplish this is to get into the habit of saving a little when we are young. This means self-denial, of course. It means the loss of a reputation for being a good fellow. But it means a help toward the building up of a reliable character. It means being in a position, later on in life, to help others."

"The spendthrift is no good to himself or any one else when the hour of trouble comes. He can neither help himself out of a hard place, nor have the satisfaction of helping another who may happen to be in straitened circumstances. He must live helplessly on when someone whom he loves very much, perhaps, and whom he would like to help, is in sore need of assistance. He is compelled to see his children take inferior positions in the world because he has never had the ambition or the strength of character to save his money for their sakes."

"All this is very hard and humiliating to a man of generous impulses, and all this waits in the future for almost every spendthrift, and to-day can be avoided by the young people of our day only by acquiring the habit of saving their money.—Sacred Heart Review."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. POWITCH IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE. Greatly as Michael Popwicz had been disturbed when the letter reached him from Bernonsey, containing full accounts of Johnny's escape from school and the sad starvation and cruelty which had led to it, Michael was a good-hearted man, loving well his religion and his priest, and he could not think it possible that all was true; yet there was the letter—and the details were all given, and he could scarcely think that Johnny had invented all. He scratched his head many times, and lay down his tools and scratched again, and I am afraid that he scarcely earned an honest afternoon's wage for work fairly done. He lay awake at night and thought it all over. Yes, Father McReady was a priest, and a kind, good gentleman, he had heard; and surely it could not be; yet the image of his poor little blue-eyed Johnny all pale and worn with fasting and ill-usage haunted his bedside.

"He could bear it no longer. He left work in the morning and went off to

Lawyer Sharpe, who had the best reputation as a lawyer in the country town, to show him the letter and ask advice. But the good Attorney had not yet reached his office, and Michael was received by a youth of some eight years summers with a bright eye and a laughing face who was already perched at his desk with pen in hand.

"Well! young gentleman!" said Michael. "I suppose you'll do. It's only a little bit of advice I want about my boy at school. The Misus says they've been ill-using of him; and of course that can't be right, can it?"

"Certainly not," said the youth; "where is he at school?"

"Down at Thornbury," said Michael. "Father McReady's place."

"Thornbury!" echoed the lad; "May I see the letter?"

As he read the letter, his face bore a more and more amused look, and at last he fairly burst out into a roar, and shook with laughter.

"Well, young man," said Michael at last, "I don't see exactly what there is to laugh at. Maybe you wouldn't like your own head cut open and salt rubbed into the wounds."

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Popwicz," said the lad, "I mean no offence; I know Thornbury School and Father McReady well. Do I look terribly starved? Fearfully thin, ain't I? Signs of a galloping consumption about me?"

"I can't say exactly as you do, young man," said Michael, gazing at the face before him, bright with happy spirits and strong health. "You're a credit to your vicarials, and those who gave them you."

"Well! now, Mr. Popwicz, sit down while I tell you a true story. Ten years ago about," and the lad's eyes filled with tears as he spoke, "there was a poor little boy, some seven years old, brought down to Thornbury School by his father. He was full of disease and dirty and neglected, picked up from the gutters. And he led him, promising to look after him and pay for him, and went away—and never came near him again."

"Had he never a mother, poor lad?" said Michael.

"His mother was dead, at least I think so, I hope so," said the youth, with quivering lips; "if she was alive, she also never came near him."

"Father McReady was in a pretty way, I take it," said Michael. "Father McReady was father and mother and all to the poor lad; clothed and fed him, and taught him; and the lad was not ungrateful, and did his best to learn; and the priest gave him an education fit for a gentleman."

"And got no money for him?"

"Never a farthing; and at last when he was old enough, he got him a good place in the office of a Catholic lawyer in a country town."

"Is this true? Did you know the boy?"

"Know him? Yes, Mr. Popwicz, and you see him now. I was that poor neglected, forsaken boy. Do you think it likely, Mr. Popwicz, that the man who brought me up so tenderly would rub salt into your boy's wounds? Go home, Mr. Popwicz, and take your boy back to school. He has been writing falsehoods."

"Go back!" screamed Martha Popwicz that evening as Michael strongly announced his resolve. "Go back! to have his poor head cut into shreds, and salted as if he was so much meat! Go back! It must be over my dead body then! There Michael."

"Yes, well! Martha," coolly answered Michael. "I should be sorry to lose you, my dear, but if so be your dead body's in the way I suppose he must go over it; dead body or no dead body, back he goes tomorrow as sure as my name's Popwicz."

sacred work of creating minds and training them, we must study the whims of each boy and of his father and mother."

"Yes," said Outthbert, "and his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts." "Well!" said Father McReady, "until we cease to be parent riders, we shall never educate well. I am no lover of the School Board system but this good will do. It will get rid of many places where children are looked upon merely as money-bringing ware, and it will set up a strong educational authority with no mean standard of attainment, external to the home and independent of parental whims. Meanwhile poor little Johnny Popwicz must be flogged."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 4.

SOLUTION BY DISSOLUTION.

How long the plateau itself was in use, or when the lodges were first set up within the enclosure, is a matter of conjecture. That European workmen would not tolerate the presence of families, with their troops of children in too close proximity, as long as the more active operations were in progress, it is but reasonable to suppose. The lodge fires burned on the hilltop but a few months at most, and the layers of ashes left were necessarily thin. On the other hand, all around the brow of the hill, the soil had been loosened and turned up, and before it could have time to harden, or even before one spring could begin to protect it with a covering of sod, the whole village with its lodges and palisades was utterly destroyed. The down-pours of summer and the drizzling rains of other seasons began then in turn to accomplish their work of obliteration. The hydrates of potassium, lithium and ammonium, contained in the ashes, were, during the long lapse of years, from 1619 to the present time, washed into the ground. The minute particles of carbon remain on what Mr. Andrew Hunter aptly terms "the breezy summit" were dispersed by the four winds of heaven, and carried down by the water to the lower levels, until a new forest growth had time to spring up and cover the plateau.

Where, on the contrary, villages had stood for eight, ten or fifteen years the conditions were different. The fires of the several families within the lodges were added continually to the thickness of the ashbed, which, trodden down by the inmates into a more or less compact mass, formed a dry, warm flooring in winter and a hygienic one in summer. It was only when the accumulation became inconveniently high that the redundancy was transferred to ash heap. When the village community moved elsewhere, the ashbeds of the old site were undisturbed. The surrounding surface had been hardened, and the sod quickly forming around the beds, prevented the wash away of the minute particles of charcoal, while the salts in the ashes, dissolved by the rains percolated through the soil.

Such is, in a few words as possible, the reason why we cannot expect to find such debris on the plateau of the "Martyrs' Hill," the site of old St. Ignace II, though they exist in profusion at many other sites and are sufficiently plentiful on the first lower level at the very foot of the hill.

THE "PARABLE" RECALLED.

Recalling once more our "Parable of the Green Veranda and the Red Hollyhocks," I would ask the first comer of the old site were undisturbed. The surrounding surface had been hardened, and the sod quickly forming around the beds, prevented the wash away of the minute particles of charcoal, while the salts in the ashes, dissolved by the rains percolated through the soil.

Such is, in a few words as possible, the reason why we cannot expect to find such debris on the plateau of the "Martyrs' Hill," the site of old St. Ignace II, though they exist in profusion at many other sites and are sufficiently plentiful on the first lower level at the very foot of the hill.

May I presume now, think you, Mr. Editor, to give a word of advice to Mr. Andrew F. Hunter—but I fear it may be a great piece of presumption on my part—perhaps it would be better to formulate it in general terms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Health Without Medicine!



Health Without Medicine!

No one is now incurable in any form of disease until the prime conditions of life are lost by irreparable injury to some vital organ.

OXYDONOR

cures by creating in the body a strong affinity for Oxygen. The system is thus revitalized with Oxygen from the air. The disease—of whatever kind—is conquered and health returns.

Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. 380 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal

THE LITTLE FOLKS CAN HELP MOTHER WASH. The best washer is always the easiest to work. A child can run the "1900 GRAVITY" WASHER. Wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes and the garments will be cleaned better in that short time than a strong woman could do it by hand in an hour or more. NO RUBBING, PULLING OR TEARING. The clothes remain stationary, while the tub swings to and fro, up and down, thus swishing the water in every direction and squeezing it through the meshes of the clothes. Won't injure the finest laces and linings, yet will wash heavy blankets and rugs with ease and rapidity. Read This—OUR FREE TRIAL OFFER. We are the only people on this continent that make nothing but washing machines and that are willing to send a washer on ONE MONTH'S TRIAL FREE to any responsible party—WITHOUT ANY ADVANCE PAYMENT OR DEPOSIT WHATSOEVER. We ship it free anywhere and pay the freight ourselves. You wash with it for a month AS IF YOU OWNED IT. Then if it doesn't do all we claim for it, ship it back AT OUR EXPENSE. This is our guarantee. Look for This Label on the Tub. None genuine without it. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. To find out how IT PAYS FOR ITSELF, shall we send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer? If you want further information about the BEST Washer on the market, write today for a copy of our "1900 Gravity" Washer. It contains full and complete instructions showing the methods of washing in different countries of the world and our own. It is a natural and a free gift. Address: The 1900 Gravity Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. The above free offer is not good in Toronto and suburbs—Special arrangements are made for this district.

they might have been planted behind the barn; or if the seed had been sown late, after the sodding it had not yet had time to sprout. Or, who knows how many other explanations might be found.

Of course the red hollyhocks, in the parable are the ashbeds, etc., of the reality; the green veranda, the physical features or conformation of the ground at St. Ignace II, something far more important than the ubiquitous ashbeds in distinguishing one position from another, and which cannot be explained away, no more than could the disappearance of a mountain. Farville, at the proper distance and in the right direction from John's home, stands for the whole region, with reasonable limits, within which area the Haron village must be found, if the distances given in the old records are at all to be considered. I say "with reasonable limits" for as the distances were not measured by the missionaries with the rigid exactness of a survey, and seeing that the figures given were qualified by them as "about" "not more than," "thereabout" a certain reasonable elasticity of measurement must be allowed.

Of course also (the green veranda) is found, it is for the historian to find a reasonable explanation found on historical facts for the absence of ashbeds, (red hollyhocks) on the crown of the hill, and their presence on the lower levels of fertile land at the very foot of the plateau. This has been done, as may be seen in what goes before, and is a great piece of deduction to Mr. Andrew Hunter's very superior knowledge, am I not justified in concluding that the position of the Martyr's Hill is the correct one, and that it stands on the very ground once occupied by St. Ignace II? I think, Mr. Editor, your readers will admit that this has been established above, by irrefragable proof, and that every objection urged against it has been shown to be either fallacious, or easily disposed of by explanations founded on historical data.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The owl has always passed for a very wise bird. This judgment of mankind is based not so much upon what it ever did say but rather upon what it did not say, coupled with that exterior of wisdom and reserve so characteristic of its species. Not having ever spoken, it has never had anything to unsay, and has never had to deplore any blunder committed, which the craft and unscrupulous Tallyrand denounced as worse than a crime. Now when a man is not well up in any particular matter, he can do no better, when that subject is broached, than imitate that dignified fowl, give a blink or so perhaps, but maintain on the whole a discreet silence. Then nobody will be the wiser as to the true state of affairs.

When an unassuming man, a diffident man, a man who does not know too much so as not to be able to learn a few things more, when such a man makes a mistake, people will think very little of it, and will be inclined to pass it over unnoticed, and forget. But when a man assumes the air of an intelligent expert, and haughtily passes judgment on the competency of other men, let such a censor beware for he will find few outside his "very own" little circle to condone any ridiculous mistake.

A FEW GEMS.

To give an instance of what I mean. Let any one take a small cork, gauging, say, a quarter of an inch, and on the end cut at right angles two shallow incisions diametrically across its surface, rub lamp black on it, and take the impression; he will have one of the familiar shop-marks for which the French blacksmiths stamped the iron axes, found so plentifully

ly throughout northern Simcoe county. Turn now to page 11 of Mr. Andrew Hunter's Monograph on Tivy, and you will find an excellent cut of one of the old French axes stamped as above described. But you will find more and on some farms in this neighbourhood, many iron tomahawks of early French pattern have been found. The triple fleur de lis always to be seen on these French hatchets is a sign of the country whence they had origin, not less certain than the ubiquitous "Made in Germany" of our own day. "The blunder" itself should be labelled "Made by Mr. Andrew Hunter," lest there should be any mistake about "whence it had its origin." The veriest school urchin could put his finger on the fleur de lis emblazoned on the armorial bearings of the Dominion. And this is the "competent person" who tells you, Mr. Editor, "such oblique (i. e., of spurious and mistaken origin) can always readily be detected (as to their make and alleged place of finding) by any one expert in such matters." Now this is a matter of archeology, and a very simple matter. It is sad to think how the mighty have fallen.

But Mr. Andrew Hunter must be skilled in interpreting old-fashioned abbreviations, at least the simpler ones, which occur so often in any document, or on any map of the seventeenth century? I thought so too, but on page 21 (Mon. Tiv.) I had: "the scattered village that we have just finished describing may have been the mission marked Kaotia on DuRoi's map." But it is not marked Kaotia on that map but Kanotia, for the bar over the "o" would tell any one with any knowledge of the antique that an "n" is omitted. This same mistake is to be met with on page 29. But could not this be the printer's mistake? The thing is possible, so let us take an instance, where the thing is certain, openly acknowledged and persistently maintained, and in a matter of the greatest consequence for those who have at heart the successful reconstruction of the map of Old Huronia.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Ten Lovely Easter Postals

With your name and Greetings Beautifully Frosted for 25 Cents. Norman Peel Mfg., London, Canada 12363

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa. (Maple Leaf Label) Absolutely Pure. THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

EDDY'S MATCHES. Hail from HULL. Sold Everywhere in Canada. Take a package of EDDY'S SILENT MATCHES Home with you to-day. DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., LONDON.

PROFESSIONAL. DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS STREET, W. London, Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 510.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—House, 373; Factory, 543.

W. J. SMITH & SON. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 113 Dundas Street. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 588

D. A. STEWART. Successor to John T. Stephenson. Funeral Director and Embalmer. Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. GEO. E. LOGAN, Ass't Manager.

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century. By Cardinal Newman. Paper, 30c., post-paid

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland. (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett. Price, 85c., post-paid

Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA

BREVIARIES

The Pocket Edition. No. 22—48 mo.; very clear and bold type, few references; 4 vol. 4 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches; thickness 1/4 inch; real india paper; red border; flexible, black morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$5.40.

DIURNALS. Horae Diurnae—No. 39—44 x 3 1/2 ins.; printed on real India paper; weight, bound, only 5 ounces. In black, flexible morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$1.60. THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Canada

The Kyriale

Or Ordinary of the Mass. ACCORDING TO THE VATICAN EDITION. Transcribed into Modern Musical Notation with Rhythmic Signs by the Monks of Solesmes. Price, 25c. post-paid

Kyriale Seu Ordinarium Missae. Cum Cantu Gregoriano ad exemplar editionis Vaticanae Concinnatum. Price 25c. post-paid

Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA

Horae Diurnae

No. 21, small 48mo. (4 1/2 x 2 3/4 in.) India paper, clear and bold type in red and black. Very slight weight and thickness. In black, flexible Morocco, first quality, edges red under gold, gold stamping on covers, round corners. Price \$1.75

Catholic Record, London, Canada