

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Reciprocity.

When George Westinghouse, a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Railroad Company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, endorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt: "I have no time to waste on fools."

Busy Lives are Pure Lives.

Busy lives, like running water, are generally pure. Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart. Endeavor to keep your life in the sunshine—the shadows will catch it soon enough. A child's mind is often much like a piece of white paper upon which anything may be written. Don't blot it. Those who have the "best times" when they are young begin the soonest to nurse their rheumatism. Happy is he who learned this one thing—do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be. If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if you want food you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life should be happy and useful. Therefore learn to enjoy your work. "Triumph and toil are twins."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

Laughter as a Medicine.

Laughter is Nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time. It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. It expands the chest, and forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells. It brings into harmonious action all the functions of the body. Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often restored by a good, hearty laugh.

A jolly physician is often better than all his pills. Laughter induces a mental exhilaration. The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only give you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim "Laugh and grow fat."

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease and a sure cure for the "blues," melancholy, and worry.

Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful, and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious and healthful. Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health. Use laughter as a tonic; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive process.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young, and enhances physical beauty.—Success.

What is Your Obstruction?

We are always looking for some outside help, some one to give us a pull, a boost, instead of relying absolutely upon ourselves, upon our own inherent force and energy.

No matter what your obstruction is, find it, get it out of the way at any cost.

One of the things that keeps you back may be the desire to have a good time. You may say that life should be one great play-day; you do not want to buckle down to hard work. You want dollars, but you are afraid of the backaches in them. You cannot bear restraint, confinement, regular hours, the sacrifice of your leisure or pleasure. You want liberty, freedom, and work when you feel like it. You cannot think of sacrificing for something better to-morrow. Yet regular work, industrious endeavor, perpetual effort, planning ways and means to do this or that, the scheming to accomplish ends, the perpetual thrift to make every dollar count, watching of the markets, studying the conditions, and considering the man at the other end of the bargain—all these thousand and one things are the alphabet which spells "Success."

These are the things that keep you back, the perpetual endeavor, the constant stretch of the mind to solve great problems, these are the things that strengthen, broaden the life.

Why is it that you work yourself up into a fine frenzy and determine to do such great things to-day, and to-morrow your resolution has evaporated? You say that the thing that seemed so easy and certain yesterday seems so hard and well-nigh impossible to-day. The chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that the obstruction that keeps you from carrying out your resolution is your unwillingness to buckle down to your task and pay the price in hard work for the thing you think you want.

There is a vast gulf between the mere desire for a thing and the resolution to have it.—Success.

Why Some Don't get on.

Dozens of young men are idle in this community. Many of them are idle because they can't find work of any kind. More are idle because they can't find work that suits them.

The trouble is that there are too many of the latter kind. They have certain pride that demands a fancy job. Which is all right of course; but idleness ought, to a right kind of pride, be even more galling than employment, even if it be beneath them.

The reason so many young men of your and my acquaintance don't get on is because of their habit of indulging in spells of idleness. An idle young fellow is going to school to a master who will soon graduate him into

the army of "no good for anything." He acquires a loafing spirit, a slovenly manner and an utter lack of perseverance.

It was common advice in the law schools to our young lawyers, that while the first few years at the bar must be years of comparative idleness, no young lawyer should let his office become a loafing place either for himself or his friends. He should always appear to be busy—either with study, or with some other interests in the line of his profession.

The wisdom of this advice is in its protection to the young lawyer from the baneful formation of idle habits. The successful lawyer must work like a horse when the flood tide of business is upon him. He cannot afford to educate himself into other habits while he is waiting for business.

Similarly with our young men who are not working because they cannot find anything to suit their fancy. Any honest labor, even though the pay is poor, and even though they be fitted for higher pursuits, is preferable to idleness. A young man cannot hope to get on in the world if, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, he spends about a fourth of his time throwing up one job while waiting for another. Steadiness, industry and perseverance are what compel success.—Catholic Citizen.

"Hard Work" a Prince's motto. "There is no pleasure like that of hard work," is the motto of Prince Albert of Belgium; and since Providence has given him a responsible role in the affairs of men he has set out with the intention of qualifying for it.

In this democratic age Prince Albert does not mean to be outdistanced by the most plodding specialist; and, as is fitting, his mind turns chiefly on the problems that most affect his own future subjects. The thriving little kingdom of Belgium is, we know, an example to the world; but the world, Belgium included, is capable of improvement, and therefore Prince Albert is keen on all political, economical, and industrial questions. His knowledge of these matters is such as to force those who would fain look on him as a mere prince to treat with him as a colleague.

The gift for thoroughly mastering his subject is accompanied by another, little less important to one who is born to govern his fellow-men—the gift of oratory. The Prince speaks extempore on whatever engrosses his mind, with such fluency, conviction and sound logic, that his speeches are masterpieces of eloquence.

At the recent opening of the Liege Exhibition Prince Albert astounded and delighted the foreign visitors by his proficiency in technical detail, his special knowledge of mechanics, and in deed his comprehensive grasp of every industry concerned. His own people were not astonished, for they are familiar with his acquisitions, and he has become one of their best authorities on loom improvements.

When on one occasion an expert on artificial dressing of the soil left the Prince's presence jotting down assiduously, the workmen standing around laughed and nodded to each other. One remarked: "He brought out more than he took in. You can't catch our Prince asleep."

False Estimates of Values. When I was a child, says Dr. Franklin, my friends, on a holiday filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle in the hands of another boy whom I met by the way, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters all came understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me; the impressions continuing on my mind; so often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle!" As I grew up, I came into the world and observed the actions of men. I thought I met with very many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious to court favors, wasting his time in attendance at levees, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, I said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another, fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, I said, "He pays, indeed, too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you indeed pay too much for the whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in the pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain instead of pleasure for yourself: you give too much for the whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that the greater part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and "giving too much for their whistles."

THE POPE'S CATECHISM.

The catechism ordered by the Holy Father for the diocese of Rome and desired for the whole of Italy should be translated into the languages of every nation. The diversity of catechisms is a menace to the unity of faith. How can faith be one and catechisms be many? The word of expression of our faith ought to be the same in every land so that the word and the idea will be wedded perpetual oneness.

The catechism is a compendium of theology and as theological terms are of the catechism; this has not been the case. A looseness of wording is not permitted, as therefrom comes vagueness of ideas where all ought and must be clear and beautiful and powerful as the sun in heaven, the emblem of the truth in God's Church.

Speed the day when this council's, and that synod's and this scholars' catechism will give way to the mind of Plus X., on the sublime teaching of the Church of which he is the august crown!

Hasten the hour when our children will not be confronted with metaphysical terminology in mastering the simple truths that Christ in simplest language gave to the little ones sitting on His knees on the mountain side.—Catholic Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HEROIC CHILDREN.

Boston Pilot. Winifred Sullivan a little girl of South Boston, by her marvellous presence of mind, saved Albert Barry, the nine months' old baby whom she was tending at her home on East Eighth Street on the evening of July 18, from the hoofs of a runaway horse, who becoming detached from the furniture wagon which it was pulling, rushed down hill, and dashed up against the doorway in which the child and the baby were sitting. For some awful seconds the frightened animal had his front hoofs on the door posts, the children crouched beneath. Directly the horse tried to right itself, Winifred shoved the baby into the entry, and crawled in after him herself. The baby was slightly bruised, but the brave little girl was struck by the horse in such manner as to break her left leg and severely bruise her right arm. Her own account of the accident, after her injuries were attended to, is worth repeating.

"I was sitting on the steps in the corner of my doorway, near the partition playing with little Albert Barry, when I heard people screaming. The groceryman who keeps opposite our house called to me and told me to jump. I looked up and saw a horse and furniture wagon near the curbstone, coming toward me.

"I don't know just what happened, but I felt cold and thought I was going to be killed. The man on the team pulled at the horse. I threw Albert on the steps to save him and then turned toward the door. The next thing I felt something strike me, and then something heavy fell against me.

"As it lifted I pushed Albert into the entry and then crept in myself. I don't mind my hurt, so long as the baby didn't get killed."

The incident singularly suggests the heroine of one of Mrs. Mulock Craik's sweetest poems.

"I'm ill, I know"—she heeled a man— "But—here her look a queen might own— "But, ma'am, I saved the baby!"

If Winifred is not eligible for recognition from the Carnegie Hero fund, we know none who should be.

On the same day, in Wilmington, Del., Representative Timothy E. Townsend, member of the Delaware legislature, was saved from the jattack of an infuriated bull by his twelve year old son, Frederick, who flashed a milk pail in such wise that it strongly reflected the sunlight in the eyes of the animal. Representative Townsend received slight injuries from which he will soon recover. Still another heroine of the eventful day is eleven years' old Mary Edick, of Grand-View-on-Hudson, who in water six feet deep, saved her ten year-old play-mate, Thomas Williams.

Two days later, we have three notable rescues by children. Joseph Chessman seeing the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Kirkstall, octogenarian at Brant Rock, Mass., beyond his depth and in danger of drowning, swam out and pulled him into a place of safety. The rescuer was most modest under the compliments lavished on him; feeling that he but did his duty as he saw it.

Esther Olin, a young girl saved a man and a boy from drowning in the St. Louis River, about two miles from Billings Park. Their boat had capsized; they could not swim; she realized their peril, and getting her own boat to the scene of danger, pulled them into it by a superhuman exertion of strength, just as they were about to sink for the last time.

At Pillager, Minn., a party of ladies, including Mrs. Nancy Dorsey, were bathing in Sylvan Lake. Harold J. Billings, a two-year-old son of the Mrs. Dorsey, was rowing in a boat. His mother unwittingly waded into a deep hole, and disappeared amid the shrieks of her friends, and but for her alert and courageous son, who grasped her by the hair and swam with her to shore, had certainly lost her life.

These heroic youth of real life are far more worthy of the consideration of our boys and girls than the heroes and heroines of sensational stories. They show the value of presence of mind, alert affection and unselfishness—qualities which all can cultivate. Boys and girls, be keen of eyes and steady of nerves, and ready to take great risks for the weak or the well beloved or the stranger in peril. Above all, keep the pure heart and the unclouded faith that, no matter what the risk, it may be true of you as of the knight of old:

My life is rounded full and fair, If this day should die!

The Right Kind of Nobility. All school children have read the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his velvet cloak for Queen Elizabeth to tread upon lest she soil her royal shoes with mud, but the Ave Maria tells of a boy to day who was quite as chivalrous as Sir Walter. A dinner was about to be served to several hundred poor children who, eager and hungry, were waiting for the door to be opened. The day was cold and many of the youngsters were without shoes and

stockings. One little girl stood first upon one foot and then upon the other, striving in that way to avoid the bitter chill of the pavement. At last a little boy, noticing her, cried: "Here, Jenny, stand on my cap!" And for the rest of the waiting time the lad remained bareheaded while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter's fawning action compared to that?

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION. A NIGHT PRAYER. Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set; the day is dead. Thy Feast has led; My eyes are wet with tears unshed; I bow my head. Where shadows radiantly softly glow I bend my knee. And, like a homesick child, I pray, Start, to thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark! And, all the day, since white-robed, priest In farthest East, In dawn's first ray—began the Feast. Thy least, and last, and lowest child, I loaded on thee; And thou hast heard my words were wild; Didst thou think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark! With wings as white As a dream of snow in love and light "Flashed on thy sight!" They thronged thy feet around thee! Queen, I kneel afar— A shadow only dims the scene Where shines a star.

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, beyond the sky, Sweet, pure and high, The angels' song sweeps sounding by "Triumphantly!" And when such music filled thy ear, How could I hope that thou wouldst hear My far, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark! All day long, where angels stand, A countless throng from every land, With lifted hand, Winged hymns to thee in sorrow's vale In glad acclaim. How couldst thou hear my name lips wall Thy sweet, pure strain?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! Thou didst not hear, Nor bend thy ear. To pray at midnight, so sad; For hearts more dear, Hid me from hearing and from sight "This bright, Feast-day!" Will hear me, Mother, if in its night I kneel and pray!

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set, the day is dead; Thy Feast has led; My eyes are wet with tears I shed I bow my head. Angels thronged thy feet around thee Queen All day; ah! to To-night what thou hast ever been— A mother to me!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Thy queenly crown in angels' sight, Is fair and bright; Ah! day it dawned, for oh! to night (Is) veiled light Shines on as the tender love-light shines, O Mother, mild. In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart shines For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Scrope in hand, thou dost hold sway I don't mind my hurt, so long as the baby didn't get killed."

Dark! Dark! Dark! In angel-land; but, fair Queen! pray Lay it away. Let thy empire wave in the realms above Where angels are; But, Mother, fold in these arms of love Thy child to me!

Dark! Dark! Dark! My poor lips dare I say Yes! by all a Queen most fair Crown, so pure, bear! But look on me with a mother's eyes From heaven's throne; My heart, my heart, And want to me from the starry skies A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set, the day is dead; Can she forget the sweet blood shed "The last words said!" That evening—"Woman" behold thy Son!" Oh! priceless right, Of all His children! The last, least one, Is heard to-night.—FATHER RYAN

COUNTERACTING A DEADLY FOE.

Though we are often hindered from cooperating with our non-Catholic brethren in the temperance cause by a difference of method arising from their principle that drinking, or selling liquor is a sin per se we are delighted to see them making such strenuous efforts to create a public sentiment in favor of total abstinence, by showing that intemperance, and even persistent moderate drinking, is detrimental to the welfare of the country. Never have we seen this argument better sustained than in the special number of the Pioneer issued under date of June 8. Special addresses are made to the farmer, the merchant the manufacturer, showing them how the drinking customs of society injure their business. The young man is approached on his most vulnerable side, by reminding him of his desire to be "fit,"—English slang for being in fine physical condition and the words of King Edward's physician, Sir Frederick Treves, are quoted to him:

"There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be fit. A young man cannot possibly be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. That anyone, young or healthy, should want alcohol is simply preposterous. They might just as well want strychnine. Thus the argument for the young man is: you want to be a man and you want to be fit. You cannot get fit on alcohol."

A page is devoted to "Railways and Rum," showing how the drinking man is gradually being shut out of the service of the great common carriers. Two pages are taken up with a speech of John Burns, M. P., in which he proves liquor to be the deadliest foe of the workingman. The pencil of Opper, greatest of all cartoonists has been enlisted for the occasion and the picture of the drunkard sitting on the grave of his ambition with tombstones to Love, Friendship, Hope, Health, and self respect all around him, will make an impression on many who would not read the argument of the President of the Local Government Board. The Dominion Alliance has our heartiest congratulations in the production of this special edition and we hope that our total abstinence societies will take advantage of the offer to supply the number at \$1.50 per hundred copies. The publisher is P. S. Spence, Toronto.—Antigonish Casket.

The infidel and the atheist look upon the God serving Christian as a creature burdened with a foolish fancy.

Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP. A PURE HARD SOAP. Read the Directions on the Wrapper.

A GREAT FEAST. PROFESSIONAL.

The Church celebrates on Wednesday the great feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven. There is a well founded tradition, writes Rev. A. A. Lambing, L. L. D., that it pleased God to bring all the Apostles together at Jerusalem, from their various distant missionary fields, except St. Thomas, at the time when the Mother of their divine Master was about to be called out of life, that they might again behold her loving countenance, hear her words of counsel and encouragement once more, and recommend themselves and the infant Church to her powerful care and intercession at the throne of her divine Son. A few writers have advanced the opinion, however, that they were assembled to elect a successor to the Apostle St. James, the first Bishop of Jerusalem.

But who would venture to describe the death of the Mother of God? Holy writers have exhausted their powers in attempting to portray the closing hours of eminent servants of God; who would venture to describe Mary's? If the Palmist could say: "Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints"; how infinitely more precious must be the death of the Mother of God and the Queen of Saints? Rather let us, however unworthy, silently kneel in spirit with the favored few who filled that little room where not a guardian angel only awaited to bear that precious soul to the foot of the eternal Throne, but where the Son of God Himself delighted to perform that pleasing task. And never did He, and never will He present to His Eternal Father such a trophy and triumph of His sacred humanity. Never had the vaults of heaven resounded with such hymns of praise as were heard when Mary came up from the valley of this world, leaning on the arm of her beloved; and never had earth been cheered with such hope.

Capital and Labor. Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, says that the rich employer, who regards labor as merely a commodity, is guilty of a grievous sin. Speaking at the banquet of the St. Xavier Alumni recently, he said: "He who denies to Mary in his employment a fair wage commits a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance. It is a shame, a blot on the good name of our country, which boasts of brotherly love, that by legislation it fosters and protects those who live in beautiful places and feast on the fat of the land, while those in their employ are starving in poor tenement houses, eating the crumbs that fall from Dives' tables."

When tempted to refrain from going to Mass, remember the Catechisms and the trials of the early Christians.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A Fearful Case. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness. My case was a bad one. Doctor did not do me a particle of good, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me at once of that dreadful disease. I was first convinced that it would do all you claim for it. I used to have as many as seven fits a day, would fall just where I wished I were dead. I could not get work from my own folks would hardly know me. I had such headache and pains in my body that I often was unable to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefits. BERT HOFF.

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