CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

What System Will Do It will promote health by eliminating worry and that petty anxiety which comes from not feeling the absolute ability to clear the atmosphere about you of little vexing, harassing details.

It will make a man better balanced, better poised mentally, and more optimities and the Arthur will be the send th istic, and the future will not terrorize him, because he will feel that he is equal to any emergency which may arise in his affairs.

in his affairs.

A good system shorters the road to the goal, and relieves the mind of a thousand and one perplexities and anxieties, besides detail and drudgery through which the orderless man goes. The systemless man never learns the The systemless man never learns the magic of management. The mind can not work effectively and economically without a programme. The secret of success, especially in a large enterprise, lies with the man who can make the programme, and the man who has the ability to multiply himself in others.—

O. S. M., in Saccess. How Much Shall I Read?

The amount of reading to be done cannot be settled offinand. Tastes differ; so do opportunities. Some people read than others and get as much faster than others and get as much profit from their reading. A novel may be read more rapidly than a biography or a history. Longfellow is clearer than Browning and more easily under-

If you find yourself reading without comprehension, or if you feel that it is difficult for you to remember, or to grasp with promise of remembrance, the sense of the printed words, you are reading too much. Reading turnished the mind only with the materials of browledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.

And Coleridge says again: " Some readers are like the hour glass—their reading is as the sand. It runs in and out, but leaves not a vestige behind."
One can not read all the books that are published; one can not know by name all the books that have been written. The only choice, therefore, seems to be to do a little reading upon a few choice topies, and to do it thoroughly and

An excellent way is to fix upon some An excellent way is to fix upon some epoch in history or some noted figure in biography or some important department of science and art. Concentrate fact, fiction and fancy all upon the theme. Such a course will give constant interest to a pursuit which, even with those when we fonder of it, may sometimes fondest of it, may sometimes flag; it will economize thought, and it will economize time, and will give the

mind the best fruits of study. It is well to re-read good books. Almost every one of us has some author or authors to whom he turns with un-flagging interest. Or it may be that some chapter in a book appeals to us.
Mark it, and re-read a second, or third,
even a fourth time. A few good books that we have made our own by constant reading are infinitely to be preferred to a greater number read without compre hension.

The Stimulus of Poverty.

The struggle to get away from poverty has been a great man developer. Had every human being been born with a silver spoon in his mouth—had there been no necessity put upon him to work—the race would still be in its work—the race would still be in its infancy. Had everybody in this country been born wealthy, ours would be one of the dark ages. The vast resources of our land would still be undeveloped, the gold would still be in the mines, and our great cities would still be in the forest and the quarry. Civilization owes more to the perpetua struggle of man to get away poverty than to anything else. We are so constituted that we make our great Weare est efforts and do our best work while struggling to attain that for which the heart longs. It is practically impos-sible for most people to make their utmost exertions without imperative necessity for it. It is the constant necessity for it. It is the constant necessity to improve his condition that has urged man onward and developed the stamina and sterling character of the whole race. History abounds in stories of failures who started with wealth; and, on the other hand, it is illuminated with examples of those who owe everything to the spur of necessity.

O. S. M., in Success.

The Aim of Life. Every one ought consciously to have an aim in life. Whether he is conscious of it or not, every one has a ruling tendency; but every one should have a controlling and persistent purpose in No one has a right to live aimlessly, for no one has a right to abandor reason and self control, and consent to be a mere waif, drifting hither and thither like some plaything of the winds. We are endowed with powers that make us capable of good and often great achievement. We are gifted with reason and conscience and will, in order that we may both become and do that which is noble and beneficent.

" For what are men better than sheep o That nourish the blind life within the brain." if they live without any purpose that is in they live without any purpose that is essentially higher than the instincts which prompt them to eat and sleep and propagate their kind? In the mythology of the Greeks, Phaeton, an mythology of the class, aspired to drive earthly son of Helios, aspired to drive the flaming charlot of the sun. The task was beyond his human powers, and his disastrous rashness was expiated by his death by a bolt hurled from the hands of Zeus; but the Naiads wrote

in his epitaph: "He could not rule his father's car of fire ; Yet was it much so nobly to aspire."

after you have decided, is to take steps that will bring you in touch with the right man. And the right man for you to work for is he who reciprocate.

From the employee's standpoint very little has been said concerning recipro-city; on the other hand, from the employer's point of view, too much com-ment has already been made. Fir in stance, there are few, indeed. who have stance, there are lew, indeed: who have not heard, at least once, the employer's slogan, "Don't watch the clock." I have no quarrel with him here, merely stating in reply, "Watch him," if you wish to ascertain whether you are on the road to success. By keeping tab of your boss you will soon know whether or not he is holding you back or push-

ing you forward.
It is my contention, in the face of assertions, that many employ ers virtually stiffs the ambition of young workers in the ranks. Ample proof of this is to be found almost every day and in every walk of life.
You have noticed, no doubt, how one

You have noticed, no doubt, as well take efforts to explain everything, directing you along the right path, while another takes particular pains to tell you just enough about his business to enable you to perform the task in hand, and no more. If your employer belongs to the latter class then, in the language of the street, it is 'up to you' to seek a new one. It has been said that success is a

quality governed and controlled by our selves. And that is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth provided you are working for the right man. The man above you very often fears that you may learn just a little too much; that is, too much for his own good; at the same time expecting you to act independently in certain affairs. Of course the inevitable result is a ser-

ious blunder somewhere.

As has been said before, it is easy to As nas been said belove, it is easy to determine the attitude of your employer toward you—whether he is actious for your advancement, or whether he is re-tarding your progress. If he intrusts you with nothing of more importance than the usual petty details pertaining to routine labor then it is safe to assume that your position does not possess much of a future, if any at all. However if you are allowed to have you as the expression finger in the ple," goes, at least now and then, and your duties are varied somewhat calling for independent thought and action, then you are on the right track.

you are on the right track.

It may be that this may not be apparent to you from a financial standpoint. But in such a position you are acquiring esperience, which is very often more desirable and of more lasting with than a few dollars more in your pay envelope.—The Canadian Stenographer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Poverty no Barrier to Success. A Vassar graduate of 1899, Miss Helen D. Thompson, is turning her knowledge of sanitation and social work to the advantage of a whole community to the advantage of a whole community at Orange, New Jersey, where she has been made sanitary inspector. Her efforts to instruct people in unsanitary surroundings in better ways of living have met with success where men have failed in the latternts.

failed in their attempts.—Success. Pretty Legends About Flowers. As flowers are Nature's chief beauty, it is always interesting to know a little about them, such as how their names originated and to which country they originated and to which country they belong. Here is a pretty legend about the forget me-not: One day two lovers were walking along the banks of the Danube. The girl, spying a pretty little blue flower on the opposite side, was very anxious to get it. Her lover, standing on a stone, was trying to standing on a stone, was trying to reach it, when he fell into the deep reach it, when he fell into the deep river. Even then he tried to reach the flower, but falling, he cried, "Forget me not, Mary," and then sank. The Feveriew: During the awful fever plague in London, in 1665, there happened to be a very few cases in a certain suburb where this plant grew. As it is a strong disinfectant, it is said to have got its name from this incident. The Mimulus;". This little flower grew on Mount Calvary. At the Crucifixion, mankind's friend—the immortal Robert The Mimulus;: This little flower grew on Mount Calvary. At the Crucifixion, when the soldiers pierced Our Saviour's side some drops of His blood fell on the yellow flower. And that is the reason why every yellow mimulus is spotted with red. The Tree and Ivy: "Oh, please don't grow up me!" said the tree to the little green sprout of ivy that was beginning to clamor up its tree to the little green sprout of ivy that was beginning to clamor up its trunk, "you will make me ill." "Oh, no," said the ivy, "for I shall keep you warm when your leaves have fallen, and make you pretty, too." So the ivy climbed to the very topmost twig and covered the tree all over and covered the tree all over. "There," it said triumphantly one day "There," it said triumphantly one day
"see how beautiful I have made you!"
"Oh, no," sighed the tree with its last
breath, "for people say how pretty the
ivy is and not how the tree is, and you
have twisted around me so tight I can
breathe no longer. You may have
meant kindly, but, if so, your kindness
has killed me."

St. Stephen and the Boy Christ. When little Jesus lived with Joseph and Mary at Nazareth, assisting them in their humble labors, there lived not far from their poor hut a woman who had a son of the same age as Jesus. This child was suddenly seized with so This child was studenty seized with so profound a grief that convulsive sobs escaped from his hearb. Day and night the cries were the same, and the poor mother could find nothing to console mother could find nothing to console him. Despair took possession of her heart. "My child," she said, "is very sick. What can I do, my God, to

relieve him ?" He is not worthy to live who only vegetates; he does not truly live who drifts aimlessly through the years from youth to age. Indeed, he whose aim is even lower than the highest, less than the greatest, is nobler than he who has no conscious purpose in life.

The Man You work For.

The man you work for is either interested in your welfare, aside from his own, or else he belongs to the class which is so selfish, or absorbed in their own affirs as to be utterly regardless of anyone's success or station in life besides their own. It is easy enough to determine to which class your employer belongs; the thing to 'do, however, Suddenly a thought came to her.

saying, "This one shall be My brother; he will suffer and die for My sake. Weep not, O privileged mother, but rejoice." The woman went home, pondering on what she had seen and heard, and blessing God in her heart.

and blessing God in her heart.

After this event the children grew up together. Jesus instructed His friend in things so marvelous that the alone understood them. After the death of Our Lord, St. Stephen, au m sted with divine love, was stoned to death for the faith, and opened the era of mirtyrs. The first stone cast at him struck his face at the very spot which Jesus had kissed. This martyr whom the Christ Child had consoled ecomplished, by his death, the pre diction of the Saviour.

that neither rank, nor title, but loyalty to manhood made the man, and he The Scholar of the Rosary. A sweet legend tells of a guileless oy who grieved much because he boy who grieved much because he could no; compete with his follow stu dents in the composition of verses; not that he deemed the art of any intrinsic value, but that, notwithstand ing his profesency in other studies, his deficiency in this particular branch deprived him of the literary branch literary honors deprived him of the literary honors which he longed for, solely for the which he longed for, solely for the sake of the dear mother whose hopes all centered in him as her only child. Into the heart of that gentle mother he poured the sorrowful tale of his repeated trials and attendant fillure. "Remember, my son," she said, "that no one ever applied in vain for the help of the Blessed Virgin. I know help of the Blessed Virgin. I know help of the Blessed Virgin. you have a Rosary. Take it every morning before school hour to the altar of Mary, and there recite it devoutly, and depend upon it that before long the scurce of your tears will be dried and the cause of defection removed. moved." And the prophecy was veri fied. In all simplicity and loving trust the boy knelt daily at the feet of his blessed patroness, and his inoccent heart poured out its supplication in heart poured out its supplies on in the Rosary. Saddenly he who had been remarkable only for inferiority of his position among his schoolmates now took position high above them all and gave promise of renown so all and gave promise of renown so great that it seemed as if he had but to select at pleasure one among the many paths to literary fame so miraculously opened before him. And when he was questioned as to the manner in which the strange alteration had be effected he merely replied with quiet simplicity that he had learned all he knew in the Rosary, where others might if they pleased learn the same, and so he came to be called "the scholar of the Rosary.'

SCOTLAND'S IMMORTAL BARD. Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles.

I confess with pride to a kinship of love in all that tends to the glory of the Celtic race and especially in its Gaelic branches, whether that glory comes from the banks and braces of bonnie Scotia or the purple heathered hills of Erin. Both are Gaels and both are brothers. Both are one in the love of nature, with a Gaelic heart happy in cheerfulness and dejected in sadness, sorrowing for a glory that has vanished and hopeful for a greatness to come. It has been said with some truth that

" We are the music makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams.

Our music making and our dreaming have at least added firm beauty and magic to the language which has dis placed the Gaelic of our fathers, while the music of the truth taught the world by the monks of Iona and Clonmacnoise will say for the Gael that they made the world better by the gospel which

they taught.
The Scotch and the Irish, the thistle The Scotch and the Irish, the thistle and the shamrock, give romance and verdure to all represented by the rose. Burns, a child of the Gael, who with Gaelic heart loved nature and sang its songs as sweetly as man had ever heard them; a true child of the Gael, now bubbling over with joy, now downcast and melancholy, tender and true, hopeful and desparing; child of nature, now mankind's friend-the immortal Robert Burns.

How can I say all that his name suggests? We can conjure up but the faintest picture of our poet's life. I laintest picture of our poet's life. I have found enjoyment in running through some of his poems, like the bee culling here and there some of the honey which lies so bountifully within. Robert Burns was a cottage boy of Ayr and he first saw the light near the bridge of Dann in 1759. How he loved

bridge of Doon in 1759. How he loved the town of Ayr!

Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and bonnie lasses."

How he felt his heart torn when he But round my heart the ties are bound— That hearth transpierced by many a wound; These bleed afresh, those ties I fear To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr."

A rustic school gave him his letters and auld Betty Davidson's weird stories furnished him with all his legends The meeting with Jean Armour, its melancholy episode, the separation, his love for Highland Mary, her sad death; the failure in farm life, his days a the failure in farm life, his days a gauger, his convivial habits, are all too well known to be rehearsed, yet all tended to bring out in relief the salient characteristics of his great gift of song. He had been taught his love of manifered he had seen he ha ness by his good father, and his high ideal of manhood was formed at his family hearthstone in the pleasant cot where his early years were passed. Through all his life he preserved his individuality. When Grea ness for a moment came to him, and royally smiled upon him, he still loved his peasant character and no place was so dear to him as the banks and brace of Bonnie Doon. He never forgot his farmer

father's lessons. "He bade me play a manly park,
Though I had n'er a farthing, O:
For without an honest, manly heart,
No man is worth regarding O;
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O.
A cheerful, honest hearted clown,
I will prefer before you, O."

His strong, manly heart always loved what was manly in word and act and hated the mean. He seemed steeped in the love of humanity and felt hi.

destiny to be the singer of toil, to cheer up honest labor, and make the world feel that manhood is God's gift to man and inhunanity is man's great crime. His the eloquent words:

"And n) " whose H saven created face The s "i os of lovo adorn; Man's n 1 manity to man Makes countless thousands mourn."

The vision had told him that he was he "Rustic Bard," from whom came a bliss which neither Potosi's mine nor king's regard could ever match. His mission was to

"Preserve the dignity of man With soul erect." He had learned and then taught men

ould cry out as no poet had ever done : "The rank is but the guines stamp,
The man's the gawd for a' that:
Gie fools their silk and knaves their w
A man's a man for a' that;
The hones man, though o'er sae poor
Is king o' man for a' that."

Well might Henry Giles say of Burns: "He saw nothing to venerate in a title when it was but the nickname of a fool, and he was undazzled by a star when it glittered on the breast of

a ruffian or a dunce."

Barus had all the enthusiasm of the Scotch nature for religion and country, a love of the brave and a hatred of breathes a strong religious spirit, with trust in God "to preside in the heart with grace divine." How beautiful the father's administration father's admonition and advice :

'An' oh! Be sure to fear the Lord alway ; And mind your duly, more and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray.
Implore His counsel and assisting might
They never sought in vain that sough
Lord aright;"

He believed in God and he believed in man, and he spoke to the simple peasants because he knew that they had souls and sought the beautiful and true. He played upon the chords of passion and he stirred men to their very souls and led them by his simple verse to love Scotia, hate tyranny and be manly, monest men. His heart was attuned to the "still, sad music of attuned to the "still, sad music of humanity," and wherever he found suffering he was ready with his compassion and pity. Gentle and tender, he sympathized with the suffering of every whether of beast or bird or flower. Of Mailie, the dead owe, he could sing :

He lost a friend and neebor dear In Mailie dead."

Even the mouse which the servant ould have killed in the field but for him prompts the lines so well known

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane In proving foresight may be vain!
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a gley.
And leav us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy."

How tender the heart that wrote To the Mountain Daisy," the bonnie em, the wee, modest, crimson-tipped wer which

"Adorns the histic stibble-field Unseen, alane."

Or "The Auld Farmer's Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie," with whom to will share his last bushel:

And think na', my auld, trus y servan, Thak now perhaps thou's less deservin' An' thy auld days may end in starvin', For my last fow, A heapit, stimpast, I li reserve ane Luid by for you.'

"The Wounded Hare" and many others tell of the tender heart, touched by suffering and expressing itself in pity and love. Always a man—a man in joy, a man in sadness, a man in pity, his ferile a man his his level. man in his faults, a man in his loves. s man in his faults, a man in his loves.
Burns himself tells us that love and
poetry sprang into being together, in
his soul. It was the harvest time and
a Scotch maiden whom he loved
sweetly sang a song written by the son
of a small country Laird for a girl
whom he loved. Burns said, "Why
can I not write a song for the girl I
love?"

love ? His relations with Jean Armour were not to be commended, but his lines on the girl he loved are as beautiful as anything in this language !

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tender birds,
I hear her charm the sir
There's not a bonny flower that springs
By fountain, sward or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me of my Jean,

O, blow, ye western winds, blow soft Among the leafy trees, Wi balmy gale, frae hill and dale Bring hame the laden bees; And bring the lassie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; A smile o' her wad banish care, Sae charming is my Jean.

The powers about can only ken
To whom the heart is seen;
That name can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean."

He parted from Jean Armour to meet her again and marry her after the death of Highland Mary Campbell whose woo-ing and death blended joy and sadness

almost the same moment.

Mary Campbell was an entirely dif-Mary Campbell was an entirely dif-ferent character from Jean Armour, and the loveliness of her life made Burns appear to canonize her after her death. Where he parted from her was heaven on earth to him.

"There Summer first unfolds her robes, And there the longest tarry; For there I took the last farewell O' my sweet Highland Mary."

How sweet the tribute to his " Mary in Heaven," written as he lay among the sheaves in the fields that harvest night and gazed upon a bright star in the skies! It recalled his other words of parting:

"Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly; Never met or never partied, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Burns leved his country and he could sing a song that would stir the hearts of his people to their very depths, as he sang: O. Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toll
Be blest with health and peace and sure con-

How he cried out to them again and

"And honest man's the noblest work of God The cottage leaves the palace far behind; A virtuous populace may rise the while And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle."



r against tyranny, or fill them with enthusiasm at the deeds at Bannock-burn, where "Scots wha ha'e wi Wallace bled." He has pleased the wrld with "Comin Thro' the Rye," and welded the friendships of mankind

with " Auld Lang Syne,"
Robert Barns had his frailities and no one recognized them more than the poet himself:

"As samething loudly in my breast Remonstrates I have done." What he said of Tam O'Shanter could be said of himself:

"Tam lied like a vera brither They had been for weeks the gither." And still with Tam, despite it all, he

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious.
O'er all the ills of life victorious."

No sadder word in all his story than the "Bard's Epitaph," which tells of his follies. He is more severe with himself than any of his friends would be, for it is remembered that Burns' great misfortune, as he himself tells it, was in not having any aim in life. It's well to bear in mind his other lines:

"Oh, wad some power the giftle gie us To see oursel's as ithers see us; It wad frae mocie a blunder frae us, And foolish notion:"

How strong his hope of pardon for his faults according as he believed: "Where with intention I have erred, No other plea I have: But Thou art good and Goodness still Delighteth to forgive."

He paid the heavy penalty of his faults, and the world whom he has cheered can afford to be kind and for-

giving to him. Burns was gifted by nature and he loved the Giver of the gift. He was a merryman among men, but his fame came after he had paid the debt of nature. Unlike Scott, he found no en nature. Unlike Scott, he found no en thusiasm in border minstrelsy or feudal story. He saw only the play of passion in the human heart. Scott honored rank, while he honored manhood. One was honored while in life, the other received his honors only after death. Destribute and paylented Rayma research. Destitute and neglected, Burns passed away from his Bonnie Doon and his be loved Scotia, while royalty that had once feasted him denied him what he deserved. What he had written of a loved one could have been written of

'Though cold be the clay where thou pillow-est, thy head, In the dark, silent mansion of sorrow, The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed Like the beam of the day star to-morrow."

The spring has come to his memory, and in the world of letters Robert Burns shines as the star upon which he gazed, the harvest night. A people gazed, the narvest night. A people honor him as a son of genius, and the world calls him a singer of the heart. Robert Burns brings to us the sweet fragrance of the heather of his native hills, and makes all mankind love the banks and braes of Bonnie Scotland, whence came so sweet a maker of the world's best music.—The Tidings.

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