ortune.

e erect-

cturer

Life will bring cares, many of them doubtless heavy and bitter—troubles that are far more sad than many fortunate ones ever know; but there is one generally safe and certain cure for all, and that is work. Occupation for others must bring with it the great panacea for all unhappiness, dullness, or

What the Mouth Tells. Upon the mouth are recorded the various conditions of the mind-worry, doubt, sorrow, peevishness, and ange the human emotions perch upon the lips in passing, and leave there the record of their brief tenancy in script so plain that all who will may read. Good traits and bad are registered alike on the mouth, and, as the years go by, this mobile feature unconsciousthat all who will may read ly assumes an expression reflecting the emotions most common to it.

Small Great Men. Most great men have been small. This sounds paradoxical. But grandeur of intellect does not always go with greatness of stature, or with enormity

of bulk. Thus, the great Emperor Napoleon was a little bit of a man, about 5 foot 3 inches in height, and Frederick the 3 inches in height, and Frederick the Great, the most famous of all the rulers of Prussia, boasted of about the same number of inches. Alexander the Great was 5 foot 4. King Charles XII. Great was 5 foot 4. King Charles XII. of Sweden, one of the most heroic figures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was 5 foot 3. Prince Eugene of Savoy, the celebrated General and fellow commander of the first Duke of Marlborough, was 5 foot 2, while the Duke just mentioned was 5 foot 6. Messonier, Kent, Richard Wagner, Theirs, Mozart and Cavour were all exceptionally small men, and indeed, one of the only figures in history that I can recall whose grandeur tory that I can recall whose grandeur was in keeping with his size was the late Prince Bismarck, the first Chancellor of the German Empire.

How to Succeed. The way to succeed is to be thorough, which is the same as through. That is what is needed—is to be thorough and put things through to a conclusion. The secret of success, the very core of the matter, is the giving of every effort, exhausting one's self in a single effort, exhausting one sent in angu-line of endeavor. The last step on the stairs brings one to the heights; the last great shock moves the rock from its foundation. Use all you have; don't spare yourself, for it is the ultimate of your best effort which will enable you to realize the purpose of your life. If your aim is but the sordid one of gathering together wealth, if you give yourself to it utterly you will win. It is he who holds back, who keeps part of his arrows in the quiver, who but partly succeeds or fails utterly. Be thor. ough; do some one useful work more than well, and you cannot help earning

Gentleness is really the outcome of virtue. It comes from overcoming our tempers, our faults, and this necessarily requires that strength of will from which true gentleness is born. Gentleness does not consist in an easy-going, quiet way. Neither does it confine itself to those people who self-com-placently "keep the even tenor of their

or crippled sisters—deeds of sympathy, nobility, and chivalry, perhaps often enacted amid bare walls, carpetless floors, and sunless tenements—which would make all your apparent wealth appear contemptible in comparison.

There may have been enacted, within ways," for they are often cold at heart. Gentleness corrects whatever is offens-Gentleness corrects whatever is obtained ive in our manners and is another name for humanity. It is a powerful weapon, conquering all before it, for it is the royal mark of a royal nature. It is the quality above all others that elements of the state o There may have been enacted, within the poor homes of your employees, deeds of kindness and sacrifices of affection and unselfishness which the angels would chant in heaven, while the real vates the plebeian and gives true dig-nity to the aristocrat. It is all this and more too. Its possession is what record of your life would only be chanted in the lower regions depicted by Dante. makes a man a genuine gentleman.

he is bound to fail eventually.

Maxims of the Successful.

Be Honest. If a man is not honest it is bound to fail eventually.

Be Earnest. Crown your smallest ctions with the halo of earnestness.

Be Confident. Confidence is the mass of a stable business. If you do man in which the finer instincts have basis of a stable business. If you do not trust yourself, who will? But be sure of your ground for confidence. Be Alert. Opportunity comes some-times disguised and surrounded by hard

work and adverse circumstances.

Be Truthful. Truthfulness does not

alone consist in telling the truth, but more often in doing it.

more often in doing it.

Rise Early. The morning hours are the best hours of each day.

Study Causes. Men who succeed are not magicians, but you will probably find they have a capacity for hard work. If causes are created effects must come.

JAMES J. HILL.

The Poor Boy's Chance. The Poor Boy's Chance.
Theoretically, the rich man's son has a better chance of success in any line, no matter what, than the poor boy. He starts higher up the ladder, and thus, other things being equal, might be expected to climb further in a given time. Semetimes he does for many intime. Sometimes he does, for many instances are known of grand success, financial, professional and intellectual, attained by men who never in their lives knew what it was to lack for anything that money and a lack for anything that money are also as a lack for anything that a lack for anything that money are a lack for any anything that money are a lack for anything that money are a lack for any anything the lack for any anything that money are a lack for any anything that money are a lack for any anything the lack for any anything the lack for any anything that money are a lack for any anything the lack for

thing that money could buy.

Practically, however, the contrary is
the case. The son of the rich man the case. The son of the rich man knows little of the value of money, and less of the value of work. Opportunities are made for him. He does not need to exert himself to improve them, for he knows that if one is allowed to

pass, another will follow in its train. The poor boy, on the contrary, learns by bitter experience the value of everything he gains. As nothing comes to him without effort, all is estimated at its working value. He does not spend thoughtlessly, for he knows how hard it is to acquire; he does not waste, for he ows that he must replace by labor that which he squanders. His training makes him economical, sometimes, it may be, too much so, and it teaches him one lesson that it is well for him to learn, the value that other people

place on money; this lesson he rarely The idea that the poor boy's chances of gaining wealth or winning distinction are diminished by the fact that this is an age of corporations, monopolies and organizations does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Companies and corporations are associations of individuals, each of whom has invested

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL.

> BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT. CHAPTER X.

of his means in order that, by joint

of his means in order that, by joint effort, a result can be accomplished greater than would be possible to any one unaided by the means and efforts of the others. The money of the many constitutes a fund for larger achievement, and it is possible for almost any one with industry and economy to participate, at least to a limited extent, in the heafits of co-operative effort.

the benefits of co-operative effort.
That this fact is perceived will be

every large city are of frequent occur-

every large city are of frequent occur-rence, and only one attendance will commonly be sufficient to satisfy the looker on that the benefits of co opera-tion are as fully understood in this

country by the comparatively poor as by the absolutely rich.

The Ron Call of the Great.

If the roll were called for the truly great, who would dare to answer? Would it be those who have clean

hearts and clean hands, who have taken

advantage of no one, but have helped everybody, and have retarded no one's

cheerfulness, encouragement, helpful-

of the world and the publicity of news-

If the roll were called, and only real-

make his fortune dare to answer to this

ness has been your ruling passion; if you have been unmindful of the rights

man in which the finer instincts have

ties, are sometimes covered up by mil-lions, coated with stocks and bonds, houses and lands. Inside these

sepulchers are the skeletons of wasted lives, wrecked ambitions, and blighted hopes.—Success.

THOUGHTS ON OUR LADY.

Sacred Heart Review.

spires.

papers?

Early upon the morning following servant came to Leah and said:
"There be a lad outside the gates of the palace who desires speech with

plain to any one who cares to attend thee meetings of stockholders that, in " A lad desires speech with me, said the little maid, wonderingly.
"But I know no lad in Damascus."

"He inquired for the Israelite maiden who is a slave in the house of Naa-man," replied the servant. "Tis man," replied the servant. "Tis only a ragged beggar lad," and the servant turned scornfully away.

Leah passed out of the palace and ran down to the great gates.

Beyond the gates, for the servant had not permitted him to enter, stood a lad. His coarse garments were soiled and torn, his bare feet were cut and bleeding. The golden light from the rising sun fell unon his dark curly and bleeding. The golden light from the rising sun fell upon his dark curly

progress; would it be those whose lives have been a perpetual benediction of Uttering a cry of joy, he ran, with outstretched hands, towards the little ness, and inspiration, regardless of whether they have accumulated money or not; or would it be those who have blocked the way for others and used them as stepping-stones upon which to

maid.
"Leah! sister! I have found thee at last !" he cried. She stood motionless, gazing at him climb to their own goal, regardless of their welfare; would it be those who figure most conspicuously in the gaze

She stood motioniess, gazing at him with wide, bewildered eyes.

"Isaac! my brother! is it indeed thou?" she cried.

"Yes, 'tis indeed thy Isaac!" he answered. "But, as thou dost see, no

longer a cripple, for Elisha has made " Elisha has made thee whole," she

ly honest responses were accepted, would not thousands of so-called suc-cessful men of wealth be dumb? Would repeated. 'Yes; listen, and I will tell thee all," not many who figure in the world's fame also be mute? Would not the tongue of a man be tied whose success is full

said Isaac. "I will speak but briefly of the sorrow which did fill our hearts when thou wert captured by the Sy of the ghosts of ruined lives?
Would the millionaire who has ground rians. Had I not been a helpless cripple I would have gone forth to seek cripple I would have gone forth to seek thee. Then one day our mother called our father to her and said, "Unless thou seeketh help we shall soon have no child, for Isaac will die of his grief for his sister." Where and of whom shall I seek help? asked our father. 'Journey to Samaria and seek the prophet, Elisha,' answered our mother. 'Tell to him how heavily the hand of misfortune has fallen upon our home. life and opportunity, hope and ambition out of those who have helped him to Yea, would we not get more responses Yea, would we not get more responses from the inmates of poorhouses—from the poverty-stricken—than from the millionaires themselves?

Let only him whose hands and heart are clean answer to this call. If your money has the smell of the blood of innocence upon it: if there is a dirty misfortune has fallen upon our home. Beg of him to return with thee and heal money has the smell of the blood of innocence upon it; if there is a dirty dollar in it; if you have used dishonest methods; if you have stolen with a long head instead of a long arm, whether it be the money or the opportunity, the hope or the ambition, of another; if there is a taint of averies in your rile.

our son.'
"So upon the morrow our father our neighbor did borrow the morrow our father did borrow the ass of our neighbor and set forth upon his journey to Samaria. In the evening he returned, bringing Elisha with him. That night, sister, while our parents slept, Elisha came and stood beside my couch. I felt the touch of his hand the part his yold. there is a taint of avarice in your pile; if envy or jealousy or unkindness has figured in its accumulation; if selfishcouch. I left the touch of his hand upon my limbs and I heard his voice saying, 'With the sun thou shalt rise from thy couch and walk.' Then he was gone and it seemed to me I had but dreamed. When the morning had come and the sun had risen, Elisha was gone but I did arise, from my couch you have been unmindful of the rights and comforts of others; if there is a stain of dishenor in your stocks and bonds; if a smirched character looms up in your pile; if greed is there—keep silent. Let those whom you have gone, but I did arise from my couch and walk, for I was strong and made wronged, whose opportunities you have robbed, those you have used for foot-stools and whom you have considered as

whole. "Then did I set forth to seek thee. I was many days in reaching Damas-cus. I was often hungry and footsore, but I was happy for I was no longer nobodies-let them answer while you keep silent.
In their homes of poverty they pera cripple. But yesterday I did pass through the gates of Damascus. There form deeds of heroism, of loving devo-tion, or of self-sacrifice for invalid wives or crippled sisters-deeds of sympathy, was great excitement upon the streets. The people were shouting and uttering cries of joy. I learned that they were rejoicing because Naaman, a great Syrian general and favorite of the king, Benhadad, had returned from Samaria realed of his leprosy.

healed of his leprosy.

"I asked a woman in the crowd who had healed Naaman. 'A great man called Elisha,' she replied. 'Tis said that Naaman did hear of this Elisha through a little Israelite maid who is a slave in Naaman's household.' Oh, dear sister, how I did rejoice at her words, for I knew then that I had found thee. I am come to When will the world learn that heartthat I had found thee. I am come to offer myself as Naaman's slave that I may ransom thee."

Leah put her arms tenderly about his

"Brother." she said, "I am no more a slave; neither shalt thou nor our parents labor, for Naaman has made me rich. Oh! dear brother! our hearts man in which the finer instincts have no part? Grasping, seizing, piling \$1 on another is not success.

Indeed, many of the biggest failures in this country are sepulchers plated with gold. Volcanoes of selfishness and greed, and of the most beastly qualities, are sometimes covered up by milshould indeed be filled with gratitude to Jehovah, Israel's God." THE END.

THE CONVERSION OF "TOM ARNOLD

THE BRILLIANT SON OF THE MASTER OF Boston Pilot.

The Century Magazine for May has a very interesting biographical sketch, by William T. Arnold, of his father, Thomas Arnold the younger, who was son of the great master of Rugby and batcher of Matthew Arnold and father. God has given us the Mother of His Son to be our Mother also.

Mary has from God a universal and brother of Matthew Arnold and father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Always an earnest seeker after truth, he passed Mary has from God a universal and constant mission to accomplish.

Boundless must be Mary's love for souls, purchased as they were by the blood of her Son.

Every effort we make to pay homage to Mary goes entirely to leave, through through the stages of doubt and par-tial unbelief, only to eud as a fervent Catholic. The story of his conversion is thus told by the son, who did not

Every effort we make to pay homage to Mary goes entirely to Jesus, through the most beloved, most faithful, most honored and most meritorious of all mere creatures—His own Mother.

Every little flower placed on Mary's altar, by even the tiny hands of a very little child, is a sweet odor of the love of Jesus, offered to Him because of the follow in his steps:
From first to last religion was to him the central thing in life. In the "Fragments of a Novel" he describes how the reaction in his political opinions extended to the religious sphere

of Jesus, offered to Him because of the tender, ineffable love His Mother inas well:
"The confidence in the firmness of the existing social order which event The truth is, the Blessed Virgin is to had forced upon him, logically implied a different conception of that religion under the auspices of which that social us one of the most invaluable mercies of Jesus Christ. He loves us with an everlasting love; and this everlasting order had been elaborated, out of the chaos consequent-upon the destruction of the Roman Empire. If the one had of the Roman Empire. It the Non-had supposed, the same might be true of the other. When such was the tendency of his mind, it needed but some slight impulse from without to turn the balance

everlasting love; and this everlasting love was displayed, not only in dying for us, in giving us all that existed in His very being, but, finally, in giving us His own ever blessed Mother.

"Woman, behold thy Son"—these were our dying Lord's last words to Mary. Her heart, before so full of compassion and charity, now opened with an almost limitless love for every human being, all the more intense as the misery of that human being may be the misery of that human being may be greater. For Gas on the Stomach

irrevocably in favor of belief."

While this inward struggle was going on, he married in Tasmania, and became a father. He was devoted to wife and children, but none the less the claims of the spirit were inexorable, and drove him and them once more into the wilderness. Newman's books reached him defenses. Newman's books reached him the "Essay on Development" and the "Essay on Development" and the "Lectures on the Idea of a University." They sank deep into his mind. One day he was on his inspecting rounds in a rural district of Tason, he married in Tasmania, and became a father. He was devoted to wife and children, but none the less the claims of the spirit were inexorable, and drove

In a little wayside inn he found a stray volume of Alban Butler's
"Lives" containing the life of St.
Bridget of Sweden. As he read it, the
long "subliminal" process burst its
way to the light, the great change
accomplished itself within him.
"Philip" the Radical, who had left
England a disciple of George Sand,
declaiming against kings and priests,
who had lived side by side with Newman at Oxford and felt none of the
great Tractarian's compelling power. ound a stray volume of Alban Butler's great Tractarian's compelling power, was now reached at the other side of the globe by the same force which had laid hands on Newman. Then and there he resolved to write to Newman, o lay open his heart and ask advice. Here is his letter. Newman must ave received many such, but few can ave been more interesting to him:

"Rev. and Dear Sir-I entreat you "Rev, and Dear Sir—I entreat you to forgive the freedom which I take in addressing you, though an utter stranger to you. The name I bear is doubtless familiar to you, and were it necessary that you should know any particulars about myself personally, there are several Oxford men to whom I sould soften you. Ward and Faber I there are several Oxford the to whole the local I could refer you. Ward and Faber I know among others, the latter rather well. My excuse for writing to you and seeking counsel from you is that your writings have exercised the great est influence over my mind. I will try to make this intelligible in as few words as possible. My Protestantism, which was always of the Liberal sort and diswas always of the Liberal sort and disavowed the principle of authority, developed itself during my residence at Oxford into a state of absolute doubt and uncertainty about the very facts of Christianity. After leaving Oxford I went up to London, and there, to my deep shame be it spoken, finding a state of doubt intolerable, I plunged into the above of unbelief. You know into the abyss of unbelief. You know the nature of the illusions which lead a an on to this fearful state far better than I can tell you; there is a page in your lectures on the University system where you describe the fancied illumination and enlargement of mind which a man experiences after abandon ing himself to unbelief, which when I read, it seemed as if you had looked into my very heart

and given in clear outline feelings and thoughts which I had had in my mind out never thoroughly mastered. At last, by God's mercy, a meditation into which I fell on my unhappy and erate state was made the meansdegenerate state was made the means a text from St. Peter suddenly suggesting itself to my memory, through the violent contrast which I found to exist between the teaching of the Apostle and the state of my own soul—of leadand the state of my own sour reads ing me to inquire again, to pray again, and to receive again, most unworthy as I was, the precious gift of faith in Christ. This, however, is not all. You, who have said that a man who has once compression that a man who has once compression that the selection of the state of the s nded and admitted the theological definition of God cannot logically rest until he has admitted the whole system of Catholicism, will not wonder if, after having admitted Christianity to be an assemblage of real indubitable historical facts, I gradually came to see that the foundation of the One Catholic Church was one of those facts, and that she is the only safe and sufficient witness, across time and space, to the reality of those facts and to the mode of their companyones. their occurrence. These convictions the meditations of each day only tend to strengthen, and I ardently long for the hour for making my formal sub-mission to the Catholic Church. It is here, however, that my perplexities begin; and it is to you, who can under-stand and enter into all such, and to whose writings I feel most deeply in-debted, that I venture to write for a

resolution of them.

The perplexities of which he speaks were indeed many. His conversion to Catholicism meant the givversion to Catholicism meant the giv-ing up of his appointment in the col-ony, and the plunging of himself, his wife and young children into an ut-terly uncertain future. It mean also the bitter pain and disapproval of all

those who loved him.

Newman's answer, of which I give Newman's answer, of which I give the essential parts only, seems to me extremely creditable to his heart, the quality of which has been sometimes doubted by those who were most ready to pay compliments to his head. Any thing like ungenerous exultation over his old opponent, whose son was thus submitted to him, is of course wholly absent from it. "Dublin, October 25, 1856.

"My Dear Arnold:—Will you allow me to call you so? How strange it seems. What a world this is! I knew your father a little, and I really think I never had an unkind feeling towards him. I saw him at Oril on the Purificahim. I saw him at Oril on the Purification before (I think) his death and was glad to meet him. If I said ever a harsh thing against him, I am very sorry for it. In seeing you, I shall have a sort of pledge that he at the moment of his death made it all up with me. Excuse me—I came here last night, and it is so markellers to have your letter this marvellous to have your letter this

come upon you. . . . Yours most sincerely in Christ.

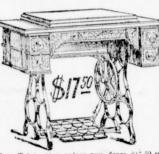
JOHN H. NEWMAN. I do not follow my father's story further. Those who care to do so will find material in the "Passages from a Wandering Life," which he published shortly before his death. After his return to England, he wrestled much return to England, he wrestled much with poverty and untoward circumstances, with depressions within and without, of which there is much touching record in his journals. But in hard work for history and letters, in family affection, above all in religion, he found his consolation. He died doing the congenial work of a Catholic Fel-

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ow of the Royal University of Ireland. I do not think he was an unhappy man, though a much-happered one. At the though a much-hampered one. At the same time I imagine that he rightly judged the past and foretold the future when, a meditative child of eight, he told his father that he believed those first eight years would prove the hap-piest of his life. Perhaps, indeed, the men and women are few of whom as

much could not be said.

It troubled my father much that wife and children could not conscientiously follow him in the ways he chose; nor was his own mind wholly at peace for many years. But his later life was given unreservedly to the Catholicism which had captured his brillian and which had captured his brillian and rebellious youth. In the last weeks of his life, when he felt his strength failing him, he began to write a "Life of St. Bridget" as a last labor of love and gratitude; the thought of New.can was with him on his death-bed; and in the heautiful little. Dublin church which beautiful little Dublin church which Newman built in the troublous days of the first Catholic university, his metallion and Newman's bust, alone

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once, and attentively to what it teaches.—Burgh.

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