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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be hopeful; make allowances; put yourself in other people's places; avoid both the stoical and epicurean exemes; be neither sinner nor pharisee, and you have secured the safest and pleasantest prong of our three-cornered dilemma.—Three-Cornered Essays. How to Live Ninety Years.

A French physician has formulated the following rules of hygiene, each one of which, he says, means ten years of life, or a total of ninety years: 1. Breathe fresh air day and night.

Take outdoor exercise each day, either by working or walking.

3. Eat and drink moderately and

simply. Choose water, milk and fruit rather than alcohol.

4. Fortify yourself by washing daily in cold water and by taking a hot beth once a week. bath once a week.
5. Do not wear clothes which are

either too heavy or too light.
6. Live in a house that is spacious

and dry.
7. Work regularly.
8. After work do not seek repose in The hours of exciting distractions. The hours of leisure belong to the family. The night is for sleep. Ennoble your life by good ac-

tions. He Was Looking for Easy Street.

The stranger in town was wandering around somewhat hopelessly when he met one of the oldest inhabitants, writes Tom Masson in Life.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me where Easy street is?" he said. "Certainly, sir," said the old inhab-itant. "This is Milk lane. You go along here for a couple of blocks until along here for a couple of blocks until you come to Kindergarten place. Then you turn sharply and walk through College row, or you can go by it if you haven't time. You will then come to Know It All park, but don't loiter there. Walk directly through the park until you come to Experiment boulevard, being careful to avoid Bottle alley. Siren centre or Gambler's square. Turn from thence to your right—always keep to your right— until you strike Hardship street. You will know it because it begins with low, scraggy buildings, improving slightly, as you go along. Keep straight on."

"And from there how far is it to Easy street?" asked the stranger

eagerly.
"Well," said the old inhabitant, looking him over carefully, "you seem to be about as good as the average stranger in these parts. You ought to get there in from forty to fifty years."

The Man Who is Not Wanted. The practical business man has no sympathy with the man who claims that he "can not get a job." A great many employers object to having people around who complain that "luck has always been against them." They fear, and perhaps not without reason that they will create evil conditions.

I recently heard of a successful Eng lish politician and business man who advertised for a "man,"—a combination of valet and companion. He had reduced the number of applicants for the position to one, and was about to complete arrangements when the man began to tell of his career, his ambitions and misfortunes. It was a genuine "hard-!uck" story. The politician listened for a while and then astonished his would-be employer by saying, "I find I do not want you." When urged to give his reasons for the sudden change in his decision, he replied, "I never hire 'hard-luck' people, especially the kind who talk about it."

The successful man's conduct toward the unsuccessful one seems cruel and unjust. The latter may not have been responsible for his "hard luck," and might have made a valuable servant. But, putting aside the justice of the presparous man's conduct. ice of the prosperous man's conduct, the story points the fact that the complaining person, the whiner, by his own conduct places himself at a fearful disadvantage. Nobody wants the man who poses as a victim of "hard luck," who says that he "can not get a job." Everybody wants the man who is in great demand.—Success.

Not Spoilt by Success. The man who, conscious of great abilities, toils patiently on unrecog-nized and unknown, until at last, by sheer force of intellect or of characsheer force of intellect or of character, he collars the great world as a policeman collars a prisoner and assisting the gaping creature, by means of a fist fixed in the scruff of the neck, up to the book or picture it has persistently neglected, says: "There, you fool! Look at that! It's been staring you, in the face long enough!"—that man is rarely spoiled by success, be it slow or sudden, when it comes.

If the smile with which he hears the public gushing as persistently about

his work as if it had not in the past persistently ignored it, is a smile of gratification, the gratification is not altogether unmixed with cynicism or

contempt.

And so far from being inclined to give himself airs or to lose his head, he is not a little shame-faced that so much has been made of so little, and is inclined, in his less hopeful moments, to ask himself whether work which has been so indiscriminately praised is not more shoddy and less sterling than he had believed it to be.

An All-Round Man. This is an age of specialists, yet it is of the first importance that a man should be an all-round man before he

becomes a specialist. Whatever career you choose, resolve, at the outset, that you will not develop one faculty at the expense of all the one faculty at the expense of all the others. Resolve that your education and training shall be as full-rounded, broad, symmetrical, and thorough as possible in every detail. Resolve that you will train yourself to perform the duties of a man and citizen in addition to the duties of your speciality. Without this harmonious development of

have splendid ability in certain lines, and a good education and training, but they lack that "horse sense" which comes from the development of all the

faculties.

As long as we continue to harp upon one string of the great instrument which the Creator has given us, we can not expect the other strings to be in harmony. A one sided development always makes discord in life. It is the balance, the symmetry, and the correct proportion of the faculties which give ower and confidence and make the life

One of the causes of the increase of development; men lose their balance by unsymmetrical training. No life can be very successful until it is poised, and perfectly centered. This equilibrium can never be gained by developing some faculties and exclud-ing others; for nature takes away from us the powers we do not use, and de-stroys the faculties that are not exer-

The specialist, who forces all the sap of his life into one faculty, should re-member this inexorable law of nature. He should remember that his unused brain cells shrivel and die, and that every faculty which he does not use is threatening his equilibrium, weakening

him as a man, and—though he is not conscious of it—even as a specialist.

Whatever you do not use, whether muscle or faculty, nerve or brain cell, does not, as far as that part of you is concerned, exist. You are so much less a man. All that is not creative and productive—all that is negative, minus, and inactive — is practically dead. Exerything which does not do something, and does not move, become of no avail.

It is useless for a man to expect to be well-balanced and full-orbed, when all the energy of his life is going to nourish one faculty for set of faculties. It would be just as reasonable to cut off all the branches of a young tree but one, in order that all the sap might go to develop one huge branch, and yet expect a symmetrical tree, as to turn all the energy of your training in one direction and cut off development on every other side, and yet expect to become a symmetrical,

fully developed man.
It takes a very broad man to become a good and safe specialist-one whose pecialty will not throw him off his balance, and twist his other faculties. If you are to stand for anything in your community you must be more than a specialist. If you are to mean some-thing to the world besides a mere piece of machinery for turning out dollars or work in some particular narrow groove, you must see to it that, while you absorb your specialty, you neglect no-thing that will make you larger than that is. Whether you are in business or in a protession, be a full-orbed man of affairs, not a mere tool to do one particular thing: whether you are an artist, a writer, a merchant, or

a lawyer, be more than any of these.

Let your education be so broad and thorough that, whether you paint pictures, write books, sell merchandise, make contracts, or cultivate land, you will make yourself felt in your community as a all round man of proof idea. ity as an all-round man, of broad ideas and general culture. Train yourself to fill your part in life, no matter what it may be, like a man. Be able to get up in the primaries, or at public meetings, and make a clean cut, sensible address Train yourself to think on your feet, and to give expression to your opinions clearly and concisely, without selfconsciousness or embarrassing shyness. Train yourself to think quickly, and to act promptly. This general training will not only help you in public affairs, will not only help you in public affairs, and give you more influence in your community, but it will be invaluable to you in your business or profession. It will make friends for you, will extend your reputation, will make your life infinitely richer, fuller, better worth living, and above all else, it will enhance your value in the world a thousand fold.

No matter what cares, anxieties or sorrows may vex or sadden you, do not prove yourself a weakling by going down before them, but show yourself noble in rising above them and moulding them to life's purpose. Rather bear an insult than give one; rather dry a tear than cause one to be shed. How many celebrities we would have if men would be as anxious to make their own fame as they are to unmake the fame of others.—James H. Cotter

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

The Descent of the Holy Ghost

"It is natural you should. I was thinking, too, to day, I don't know why abovt those beautiful words of the Holy above those beautiful words of the Holy Father on the Glorious Mysteries of the rosary. I copied them out and have them here." So saying, Mother Mary Joseph drew out a little note-book and turned to the last leaves of

'After speaking of the great forgetfulness of many, that they are not in a lasting city but seek one to come, he he says: 'When we seek but the causes of this forgetfulness, we are met in the first place by the fact that many allow themselves to believe that the thought of a future life goes in some way to sap the love of our country, and thus militates against the prosperity of the commonwealth. No illusion could be more foolish or hateful. Our future hope is not of a kind which so monopolises the minds of men as to withdraw their attention from the interests the life. Chair commands us it is duties of a man and citizen in addition to the duties of your speciality. Without this harmonious development of your whole being, you will lack balance, and will be one sided and incomplete.

We meet a great many people who are well informed in their specialties, but how comparatively few to whom we would think of going in an emergency requiring sound judgment and good substantial common sense. They may

the same God Who is the Author of nature is the Author of grace, and He willed not that the one should collide or conflict with the other but that they should act in friendly alliance, so that, under the leadership of both we may the more easily arrive, at that immortal happiness for which mortal men were created."

"I like that very much," said Magdalen, as Mother Mary Joseph closed the book. "Do you always keep that book in your pocket, Mother?"

"No, dear, but you know I have not been very strong lately, and I have to insanity in this country, is one-sided into the way of keeping a book in my development; men lose their balance development; men lose their balance lie down a good deal, and I have got ife that strike me in my reading. They is often turn out usefully in preparing for

classes."
"I should always forget to look at "I should always lorget to look at them again, Mother, if I wrote them out," said Magdalen, "but I do like that bit extremely, and I shall remem-ber it when I say the Glorious Mysteries. They are my favourite ones, and I think it is because it is so difficult for me to remember about spiritual things, and so easy to get engrossed in present worldly things—or perhaps not necessarily worldly, but still all that makes

sarily worldly, but still all that makes up one's everyday life."

"I quite uederstand, Magdalen. The great thing is not to give yourself out fully to outward things. Try and keep what has been termed a 'cell in your heart,' where you may retire to listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit. Ah! there is the bell, we must go," and the Mother rose, followed by Magdalen, whose fancy was caught by the dalen, whose fancy was caught by the term "a cell in your heart," and swiftly, as most things were settled with her, she decided to let it be her resolution ever to have one.

Silence soon brooded over the convent, and as Magdalen knelt before the Most Holy at her night prayers, there went up a fervent little petition that ever and always she might listen for the soft whisper of the Holy Spirit, the mystery of whose descent upon the Church is ever remembered in the third of the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary. Little did she think, as the prayer offered, of how great her need would be of that guidance!

Next morning came a letter from Mr. Waring, dated Paris, and as Magdalen read it, she was quite unprepared for

its contents. "Hotel Bristol, Paris,

Dearest Maddie,

"I had been wondering why you never answered my letter from Interlachen, and now it is quite explained by the fact that you never got it at all. You know that of old I am very careless about letters and need a good deal of reformation on that subject. I wrote you a long letter, and now I discover you a long letter, and now that I put it into the pocket of an overcoat I was then wearing and have not worn since! Peccavi! I am very sorry, my dear, for you must be wonder-ing what has become of me, and about your leaving school. I have just real-ized that it is your last term, and that you were coming home for good.

As Magdalen read, the past participle gave her an unpleasant premonition soon to be verified. The letter

went on;

"In my letter, the substance of which I must now repeat, I told you that I have had to let Homeleigh, for my money matters have not flourished during the last couple of years, and it is too expensive a place to keep ur. It is let for three years, and during that time things may right themselves. Meanwhile we must screw a bit, and so I am availing myself of your grandmamma's offer of making the Court our home for a while. If things mend we may take a run abroad next summer on the cheap, but meanwhile we must be quiet and look after our pennies. I am sure you, my dear Maddie, as I know you were looking forward to being mistress of the house, and doing it capitally, as I am sure you would have capitally, as I am sure you would have home. It's no use crying over spilt milk. Had I but known more about the A——shares and the Binkton Rail
the A——shares and the Binkton Railhome for a while. If things mend we the A——shares and the Binkton Railways I should not have put a stiver into either. I have made rather a mess of your money, my dear, too, worse luck. I am afraid I can only give you a very little for frills and flounces, as what I promised you was when I thought all would be well. So you will have to do the best you can on twenty pounds a year. However, you won't want much finery at the Court, and, as you always seem to find things to in-terest you, I hope you won't be dull. Now, don't be foolish about it, and say you will hate it and such nonsense, for needs must,' and though, of course, I am contributing a share towards houseam contributing a share towards house-hold expenses, it's nothing very much and it's a godsend having the Court open to us. You must rub on with grandmamma as best you can, and remember she does not mean all she says, and Aunt Lillie will be glad, I have no doubt, of your society. I have a friend who is on the Stock Exchange and will put mean to a thing or two and we

to London as soon as you get this. Wire your train and I will meet you, for I shall be at the Metrople. Your affectionate father, JAMES WARING.
" P. S.—The investments made with your money may turn out better in time. At least I hope so. Pro tem. it

put me up to a thing or two, and we shall pull round, you will see. Come

is a bad business.' Magdalen read the letter several times until she had fully grasped its contents. All her hopes were dashed to the ground, and as she was turning the matter over in her mind, tears of

lowly with an inward feeling of aston ishment at the inconsistency of a man, who posed as being poor, writing from the Hotel Bristol, where, before she was a Religious, she had often stayed, and going to the Metropole, of which she had heard. But she knew a good deal more of Mr. Waring than his daughter did, for relations of hers had ken much to her of his weakness of acter, love of Monte Carlo and the

Stock Exchanges, and the bad news did not altogether surprise her.
"I am very, very sorry, Magdalen," said Mother Mary Joseph, who was struck with the tense expression of Magdalen's face. "I cannot say how grieved I am. It is a bitter, bitter disposed to the struck with the tense expression of Magdalen's face. pointment for you, my dear child, lit is one for which you have my p sympathy, you know that, don't ?''and Mother Mary Joseph's thin d was clasped in that of Magdalen.

It seems strange for it to have ne so soon after all we were speaking last night, does it not?" said Mag dalen in a low voice, and then, rather to Mother Mary Joseph's surprise, the girl laughed. The Mother was accusned to Magdalen's rapid change of rits, and the short stay that worries vexations had with her, but this was ne greatest trial her pupil had even ad to face.

Oh, Mother, I can't help laughing at myself! I really cannot! There was I discussing with you all I meant to do at Farnton: the church was built in my imagination, and I was going to do no end of things! How silly I was, and yet it never entered my head that anything would prevent my going home have never been poor in my life, and

I am glad you can laugh, Magdalen, it's the best way to take it."
"But I am very, very much hurt,
Mother, all the same, for all my hopes are dashed, and instead of having some hundreds a year to spend as I thought should have this December — well, twenty pounds a year!" "I am afraid it will be hard work at

rst," said Mother Mary Joseph, but three years will soon pass and then your father's affairs may be all

right again."
"Three years seems a century off,"
said Magdaler, for to seventeen time is very, very long compared to fifty five! To Mother Mary Joseph it seemed to

fly.
"Well, I shall want you all the more,
Mother," said Magdalen, "for I shall
not know at all how to manage when I have to be very economical. I shall have to forego all kinds of things presents, little charities, and helping many people. Oh, dear! I may laugh, Mother, but I don't like it." "No wonder, dear. Will you be better off as to a church?"

"No, there is only a temporary church, very much like the one at Farnton, but that isn't the only thing! It will be dreadful living with grand-mamma and Aunt Lillie. I can't imagine how I shall ever bear it! It is all very hard indeed, Mother, it's no use looking sadly at me, for you don't know grandmamma and Aunt Lillie. They just make me feel sufficated when I stay there! I haven't been there for two years; dad and I went for a four days' visit and I counted the hours

days' visit and I counted the hours until it should be over."
"Mrs. Sheldon is your mother's mother, is she not?" asked Mother Mary Joseph who carried most accurately, in her head, all about the children's families.

dren's families.
"Yes, and a Protestant; for mother was a convert, you know. Oh, Mother! really, really I don't want to be uncharitable, but she is decidedly one of the most disagreeable old ladies you could ever meet. I don't think any one loves her. Even Aunt Lillie, enough when I was at the Court for just a few days, but now, to have to live there and be talked at, and talked to, and to have to put up with her—it will be horrid!"

"Perhaps she will be nicer now she knows that you are making it your home," said Mother Mary Joseph, feel. 25 cents post paid. home," said Mother Man, someting the suggestion to be a very poor

Magdalen shook her head. TO BE CONTINUED.

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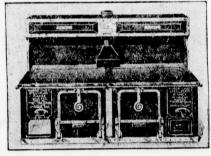
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