

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To cultivate the mind would really be a very unsatisfactory sort of thing unless we cultivate that which truly makes us men—that is, our moral character. The character is manhood. Character is at the very essence of human life. It is that which gives human life its sacredness, its worth.—Bishop Spalding.

The First Principle of Success. The quality of holding persistently the faith in themselves, and never allowing anything to weaken the belief that somehow they would accomplish what they undertook, has been the underlying principle of all great achievers. The great majority of men who have given civilization a great uplift started poor, and for many dark years saw no hope of accomplishing their ambition; but they kept on working and believing that somehow a way would be opened. Think of what this attitude of hopeful ness and faith has done for the world's great inventors! How most of them plodded on through many years of dry, dreary drudgery before the light came, and the light would never have come but for their faith, hope, and persistent endeavor.—Success.

The Philosophy of Life. This truth comes to me more and more the longer I live that on what field or in what uniform, or with what aims we do our duty, matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certain, and somewhere and somehow to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and turns our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Don't do it "Just for Now." Many young people form habits which cripple and handicap them for life by doing things "just for now." They let things drop wherever they happen to be just for now, thinking that they will put the book, the tool, the letter, or the article of clothing, later, where it belongs.

When these young people grow up to manhood they find that the habit of putting things down anywhere, "just for now," has become a tyrant that fills their lives with confusion and disorder. It takes no more time or effort to put a thing where it belongs, in the first place than it does later—perhaps less; and the chances are that if you do not do so at the proper time, you never will.

Even if it costs you a little inconvenience, at the moment, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything at the proper time, the orderly and methodical habits which you cultivate in this way will increase your power and usefulness a hundredfold, and may save you much trouble and mortification in the future.—Success.

The Enemies of "Catholic Tone." As citizens having an interest in the general welfare, we should join with all right minded people in opposing the growing laxity in morals and resisting the many attacks on the integrity of the family.

Catholics should be more active in diffusing a sound tone and a true opinion. There are, perhaps, as many Catholics engaged upon our secular press as members of any other denomination, and yet there is no positive indication of their influence. It is not enough that the press is not anti-Catholic; it should be more, in so far as possible, Catholic in tone. So far as society and education. The crudest and most illogical ideas are allowed to rule the hour, simply because those who know better are too timid to correct or criticize. Lack of courage, carelessness and want of ability are the true enemies of Catholic tone in this country.—Catholic Citizen.

The Art of Pleasing. The secret of many a man's success is an affable manner, which makes everybody feel easy in his presence, dispels fear and timidity, and lets out the finest qualities of one's nature. Comparatively few people have the delightful faculty of being able to get at the best in others, and of so drawing them out of their shell of reserve or shyness that they will appear to the best advantage.

It is a wonderful gift to be able to reach the heart of a man and to help him to develop powers and qualities of attraction which he did not know he possessed. Such a gift has sealed great friendships for life, and has caused a man to be sought after in business as well as in social circles. By taking a large hearted interest in every one we meet, by trying to pierce through the mask of the outer man, to his inner core, and by cultivating kindly feelings toward every one we meet, it is possible to acquire this inestimable gift. It is really only the development of our own finest qualities that enables us to understand and draw out what is fine and noble in others. Nothing will pay one better than the acquisition of the power to make others feel at ease, happy and satisfied with themselves. Nothing else will make one more popular and sought after.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

"Luck" and "chance" are shorter words for opportunity, and opportunity is useless to the unready. The happy "accidents" which have led so many strugglers to the heights of Mount Success were favorable to those who knew how to climb, and to them alone. Luck is nothing without pluck; will is impotent without skill.

Thorwaldson, the great Danish sculptor, of whom one "luck" story is told, had plenty of pluck and skill, but for a long time fortune passed him by unheeding. After working for many months in Rome without recognition, he determined, in despair, to return home and lay down the sculptor's chisel forever. A chance error by a careless clerk in drawing his passport detained him twenty-four hours. During that interval of waiting Mr. Hope walked into the studio, admired his Jason in

clay and aroused the desponding Dane's hope by ordering a copy in marble. Thorwaldson unpacked his tools and never afterward in his long career lacked patronage.

Rachel, the great tragedienne, was, when a child, a street singer, and as such might have passed into womanhood and old age had not a party of critics dining together chanced to hear her loud, clear voice beneath their window. They observed the child's wonderful face and eyes, and in a kindly spirit proposed to her protectors to place her in the Conservatory as a pupil.

Sir Walter Raleigh would probably have remained out of favor with the court had Elizabeth, on her walk to the Tower, chanced to take a path less muddy. Every reader of history knows the story of how the gallant Sir Walter spread his cloak beneath the royal feet, and was rewarded with his sovereign's smile and speedy restoration to favor.

Often one with the best intentions in the world misses his vocation. No matter how hard he labors, he cannot succeed; he is not fitted for the work, and the sooner he finds it out the better for himself. To paraphrase a maxim of good housekeeping—the world has a place for every one, and wants every one in that particular place which is best suited to him; best suited to his means or his necessity, but to his ability.

Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, by a mere chance escaped becoming a bad shoemaker. His father was poor—a bad shoemaker of great men nearly always are poor—and the young Carl, whom the elder Linnaeus had sent to school for twelve years, at the cost of many sacrifices, appeared to make slow progress in his studies. Nils Linnaeus wished his son to become a clergyman, but Carl was a very stupid theologian. He loved to ramble in the woods and fields, and his little room was always filled with plants, which the boy delighted to study. In his time botany was not taught in the schools, and young Linnaeus could find few text books relating to the all beloved subject.

He was nineteen when his father visited the school where young Carl had spent so many years. "Take him home," said the master, "and make him a shoemaker; he is not intended for a scholar." The deeply disappointed father was actually going to apprentice Carl to a cobbler, when Dr. Rothman happened to question the boy and found that he possessed an amazing knowledge of herbs. The doctor took him in charge and gave the young botanist his first practical education. The rest is well known. In after years monarchs invited the great natural philosopher to settle in other lands but he remained faithful to his native country, which, although slow to appreciate his value, recognized it fully in time, and not only enriched, but ennobled the great Linnaeus.—The Morning Star of Botany.

A certain wealthy banker in New York who was a poor boy when he reached the great city attributes his success to the sight of a pin—a scarf pin. Passing through Union Square one night, he saw in a jeweler's window a scarf pin, the design of which was a bird's claw of black enamel holding a diamond. The pin fascinated him, and he determined to buy it. The youngster did odd jobs by day, went to school at night and feasted his eyes and refreshed his resolution whenever he could by the sight of the jewel. At the end of three or four months the pin disappeared, and he found that he had nearly \$12 in the bank. That \$12 was the beginning of the big fortune that is now his, for the acquiring of the nest egg had taught him the value of hard work and thrift.

Another rich man—a manufacturer of agricultural machinery—says that his "luck" was in making acquaintance with a stray dog. He left his sheep father's house because he was not allowed to harbor a poor yellow dog that he picked up in the street. As he has since related, his one desire was to secure a fitting shelter for his pet, just how or where he didn't know. At all events, he wandered to New York with the dog at his heels, and sold newspapers for a time. Then the dog got lost, he tired of the city, yearned for the country again and somehow or other managed to get to Chicago, where he became office boy with a firm that was booming his way up to a partnership. He worked his "magnate" to-day.

The beloved Joseph Jefferson found his "luck" in "Rip Van Winkle," which won for him fame and fortune when he was poor and unknown. He found old Rip by a happy chance. In his reminiscences the story of the great find is told in his own words:

"In the casting about for a new character, my mind was ever dwelling on reproducing an effect where humor would be so closely allied to pathos that smiles and tears should mingle in each other. During the summer of 1859 I arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. Stray farms are scattered through the valley, and the few old Dutchmen and their families who till the soil were born upon it; there and only there they have ever lived. The valley harmonized with me and our resources.

"On one of these long rainy days that always render the country so dull I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and, lying upon the hay, was reading that delightful book, 'The Life and Letters of Washington Irving.' I had gotten well into the volume and was much interested in it, when to my surprise I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keane's theatre, and that I reminded him of my father in look, gesture, size and make. I was comparatively obscure, and to find myself remembered and written of by such a man gave me a thrill of pleasure I can never forget. I put down the book and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation of this compliment. What an incentive to a youngster like me to go on! And so I thought to myself, 'Washington Irving,' in the author of the 'Sketch Book,' in

which is the quaint story of 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"Rip Van Winkle!" There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story, by an American author, was surely just the theme suited to an American actor. In ten minutes I had gone to the house and returned to the barn with the 'Sketch Book.' I had not read it since I was a boy.

"I was much disappointed with it; not as a story, of course, but the tale was purely a narrative. The theme was interesting, but not dramatic. The character of Rip does not speak in lines. What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play? Three or four bad dramatizations of the story had already been acted without marked success. No thing that I remembered gave the slightest encouragement that I could get a good play out of any of the existing materials. Still, I was bent upon acting the part, and I started for the city and in less than a week, by industriously ransacking the theatrical wardrobe establishment for old leather and mildewed cloth, and by personally superintending the making of wigs, each article of my costume was completed; and all this, too, before I had written a line of the play or studied a word of the part."

The rest of the story is public property. For nearly fifty years Jefferson and "Rip Van Winkle" were inseparably connected. The accidental reading of an excellent book was the "chance" which earned for the actor an immense fortune and undying fame.

The career of Leland Stanford illustrates the fact that there is an element of fortuitous luck in the making of great fortunes in America. In his boyhood he gave an early indication of the self-reliance and mercantile intelligence which he subsequently displayed in his railway and business transactions of the first magnitude.

His father told him that he could sell all the timber which could be cut from a piece of woodland on the farm. The boy made a contract with a railway, hired a force of wood cutters and cleared \$2,000 by his enterprise.

Here was an unmistakable indication that he would be successful in business but no heed was paid to it. He studied law, settled in Port Washington, Wis., and entered upon a career for which he had no special qualification. It was one of those mistakes which young men of clear intellectual discernment sometimes make.

He was settling down to an ungenial business in an unpromising town. Good fortune came in the guise of calamity. His house, office and library were burned. Reduced to great straits, he left the town, joined his brothers in California and laid the foundations of his enormous fortune and his university benefactions.

The same element of chance entered into the life of the founder of the Astor fortune. A young German trader, he crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel with a small stock of musical instruments, which he hoped to sell in New York.

A shipmate was a furrer, who offered him excellent advice during the long voyage. He told him that there was no money to be made in musical instruments but that it would be impossible for anyone to be unsuccessful in selling furs.

The hint was followed. The musical instruments were exchanged for a stock of furs which were shipped to London. It was the beginning of the Astor millions.

O'CONNELL'S DUEL WITH D'ESTERRE. Many conflicting versions are current of Daniel O'Connell's duel with J. N. D'Esterre, says Preuss' Catholic Fortnightly Review, and we believe we shall do our readers a favor by condensing the story of this famous encounter as told by O'Connell's latest and best biographer, Michael MacDonagh, who writes with a full knowledge of the sources and without the usual prepossession of Irishmen in favor of, or of Englishmen against the "Great Liberator."

In an address at a meeting of the Catholic Board, held on January 22, 1815, O'Connell, then a rising young lawyer, referred to the Corporation of Dublin as "beggary." The speech was reported in the newspapers, and three days afterward, O'Connell received a letter signed, "J. N. D'Esterre," objecting to the appellation "beggary" applied to the Corporation of the city, of which he was a member, and asking for an explanation.

O'Connell sent a curt reply, in which without admitting or disclaiming his use of the expression objected to by Mr. D'Esterre, he said: "I deem it right to inform you that from the calumnious manner in which the religion and character of the Catholics of Ireland are treated in that body, no terms at all except to me, however reproachful, can exceed the contemptuous feelings I entertain for that body in its corporate capacity, although doubtless it contains many valuable persons whose conduct as individuals (I lament) must necessarily be confounded in the acts of the general body."

a man of broad views in politics and a supporter of Catholic Emancipation, and, curious to relate, he was the only member of the Common Council who opposed the resolution of the Board of Aldermen requesting the concurrence of the Common Council in that anti-Catholic petition to Parliament which had called forth O'Connell's offensive epithet. There was much in his subsequent conduct which lends color to the supposition that he did not really think O'Connell would fight. He hoped probably to achieve fame and perhaps the retrieval of his broken fortunes by his appointment to a civil office, by publicly humiliating O'Connell in the eyes of the anti-Papists.

O'Connell had already had two challenges to a duel, but in neither case did he actually come under fire. Early in his career at the bar, a relative named Siggerson, whom he had insulted in a speech to the jury, sent him a challenge, which, however, he withdrew the next morning on discovering that he had a valuable portion of his lands under lease for the term of O'Connell's life. "Under these circumstances," he wrote, "I cannot afford to shoot you, unless, as a precautionary measure, you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball, I am your man." The other case ended as ludicrously. In a trial in 1813 O'Connell interrupted his learned friend, Councillor Maurice Magraah, who was engaged on the other side, by exclaiming: "That's a lie, Maurice!" And Magraah replied by flinging the volume of the statutes from which he was quoting at O'Connell's head, and then kicking him on the shins. O'Connell sent a challenge, which, of course, Magraah accepted. When the two opponents stood facing each other with pistols cocked, O'Connell exclaimed in deep emotion: "Now I am going to fire at my dearest and best friend. Magraah was so touched by these words that he lowered his weapon. The duel was stopped and the seconds arrived at a amicable adjustment."

D'Esterre wrote a second scolding letter, but no challenge. At length the rumor got abroad that he intended to inflict personal chastisement on O'Connell, whereupon, the streets being filled with political partisans, O'Connell set out with a huge blackthorn stick to meet D'Esterre, who had sallied forth, horsepimp in hand, from the Mansion House. D'Esterre was no match for his giant opponent, and daunted, besides, by the mob of coalporters who accompanied O'Connell, hung round for a fight, he prudently retreated into the back parlor of a shop.

The next morning, however, Sir Edward Stanley, another member of the involved Corporation, and a friend of D'Esterre, called upon O'Connell, who referred him to his second, Major MacNamara. Stanley expressed a hope that the affair might be amicably settled by an apology or an explanation from O'Connell, but MacNamara declared that course was out of the question. Stanley thereupon delivered a challenge from Mr. D'Esterre to Mr. O'Connell. All that remained now was to arrange time and place of the duel, and that lay with MacNamara, as the second of the person challenged. "Let us, in God's name, have it over as soon as possible," said he. "We will meet at Bishop's Court, in the County of Kildare, at 3 o'clock this afternoon." Stanley was disconcerted and pleaded for a stay. But MacNamara, fearing an interruption by the authorities, refused to entertain his counter proposals, agreeing only to a postponement of one-half-hour. He suggested, however, that as the principals had no personal quarrel, or any feeling of private animosity, their honor would be sufficiently upheld by discharging only one pistol each. "No, sir!" replied Stanley, glad of the opportunity of swaggering a little. "That will not do. If they fired five and twenty shots each, Mr. D'Esterre will never leave the ground until Mr. O'Connell makes an apology." "Well, then," responded Major MacNamara, also warming up, "if blood be your object, blood you shall have by—"

The matter had become noised about, and in the afternoon a considerable number of spectators had gathered at Bishop's Court, twelve or thirteen miles from Dublin. D'Esterre was half an hour late, and O'Connell walked up and down alone at the end of the field, near the road wall, closely wrapped in his great cloak, and engaged in prayer to St. Brigide of Kildare, whose feast-day it was, and on whose territory the meeting was taking place.

"At length, forty minutes past 4 o'clock, everything was ready. While O'Connell was jesting with his friends, D'Esterre declared that, whatever might be the result of this unpleasant business, it did not originate, on his part, in any religious animosity or party feeling. "From the bottom of my heart," he cried, "I can say—and I appeal to God to witness the truth of my words—I harbor no ill feelings against my Catholic countryman."

The combatants, with a pistol in each hand, faced each other, ten paces apart. At the fall of the handkerchief of the man (who were both excellent shots) stood with weapons down for a few seconds, keenly watching each other. Then D'Esterre, maneuvering apparently to confuse O'Connell and make fire at random, moved a pace to the left, took a step forward, and raised his pistol as if to shoot. But O'Connell, who stood still on the alert, anticipated him. Quick as lightning he lifted his weapon, aimed low, and fired. At the same moment the pistol of D'Esterre exploded, the bullet striking the ground at O'Connell's feet. Then D'Esterre staggered, swayed from side to side, and fell heavily forward. At top of the field arose the wild exulting shouts of the peasants. "Down with D'Esterre, O'Connell forever!" they savagely cried.

The surgeons hastened to the aid of the fallen man. He was bleeding profusely, but no one suspected that he had received his death wound.

The participants in the duel and their friends returned to Dublin, and while D'Esterre was slowly bleeding to death, O'Connell sent his brother James to Dr. Murray, the Coadjutor Archbishop, to say now deeply he de-

SURPRISE APURE HARD SOAP.

plored the duel, but that it was impossible for him to have avoided it. But the Archbishop had no fault to find with O'Connell. "Heaven be praised! Ireland is safe!" he exclaimed fervently, on hearing the issue. In gratitude to the Saint whose intercession he had implored—and, he believed, obtained—O'Connell gave his eldest daughter Ellen the second name of Brigide.

"The popular excitement in Dublin was tremendous. Bonfires blazed till midnight in the streets, which swarmed with crowds shouting joyously for the victory of their leader. Next day seven hundred gentlemen left their cards with their congratulations at O'Connell's residence.

D'Esterre died the second day after the duel. Before his death he made a declaration that O'Connell was blameless, as he himself had provoked the duel.

On the day after O'Connell received a letter from Stanley informing him that there was no intention of prosecuting him on the part of the family or friends of the deceased.

As D'Esterre's family was left with small means, O'Connell, with impulsive generosity, immediately wrote to the widow, proposing to make an annual provision for her—indeed offering "to share his income with her," which was declined. However, he arranged for the support and education of one of the children, and was ever ready to afford any kindness in his power to the mother.

"So ended," says our author, "an event memorable in the varied vicissitudes of O'Connell's career. He was the most tender hearted of men, he was of a deeply religious nature, and he had a genuine horror of bloodshed. The death of D'Esterre, therefore, filled him with remorse. When, on his way to or from the Four Courts, he went by Bachelor's Walk, he always lifted his hat and murmured a prayer for his adversary's soul, or for his own forgiveness on passing the heuss in which D'Esterre died. In later years he wore a black glove always on his right hand when he received the sacrament of Communion. 'That hand,' said he, 'once took a fellow-creature's life, and I shall never bare it in the presence of my Redeemer.'"

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