

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Worth While.
The easy enough to be pleasant.
When life flows along like a song.
But the man worth while is the man who will
smile.
When everything goes down wrong;
For the best of the heart is trouble.
And it always comes with the years.
And the smile that is worth the praise of
earth.
Is the smile that shines through tears.
It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing seems to you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is urging your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire.
And the life that is worth the honor of earth.
Is the one that resists desire.
By the eye, the ear, the fallen.
When the soul is striven for the strife
The world's highway is cluttered to-day;
They make up the item of passion.
And the virtue that comes with passion.
It is these that are worth the homage of
earth.
For we find them but once in a while.

—E. Wheeler Wilcox

There has never been a great and
beautiful character which has not
become so by filling well the ordinary
and smaller offices appointed of God.—
Horace Bushnell.

How Character is Built.

It is a part of the all-wise plan that
runs through and above all planning
in matters pertaining to the up-
building of character, the improving of
the talents lent us, each must stand for
himself, but none need stand alone;
that will be impossible if the will is on
the right side—God's side. And with
such a Helper, success is sure.

How to Live Long.

The venerable Senator Pettus of Ala-
bama, says: "The secret of living is to
be happy as a boy. I notice
happy and healthy who got rich and
retired are dead. I never got rich and
retired. I tell you, the most
fatal disease I know of is to quit work."

To Preserve The Enamel.

A complaint often made by wheelmen
is that the enamel of their wheel is dull
or worn. If worn, there is little hope
for it except in a new coat, but this
latter can be much improved by a little
attention. Take a large, soft linen rag
and lukewarm water. With these wash
your wheel carefully and dry it with a
soft rag. Then polish it with a solution
of beeswax melted in spirits of turpentine.
Wipe it with a chamois cloth.
Avoid soap, hot water, and a brush.

Alone in a City.

It is a sad and lonely life and one full
of temptation that a young man experi-
ences, living alone in a great city. If
he is not made of the proper stuff, he is
liable to go to the bad. If he spends
his evenings in some reasonable and
right recreation, he is better for it.
All work and no play makes a man dull
and unresponsive to impressions. The
numerous libraries and young men's
associations are open to him. Let him
seek out the proper stuff, he is
liable to go to the bad. If he spends
his evenings in some reasonable and
right recreation, he is better for it.

Training is Necessary.

The time has come when, to be master
in any line, it requires long years of
careful training and preparation.
It is true that the opportunities open
to young men are greater to-day than
they ever were before; but, on the
other hand, there never was a period in
the world's history when the qualifica-
tions requisite for success in any line
of worthy endeavor were of a higher
character.

The artisan, the farmer, the business
man, the clergyman, the physician, the
lawyer, the scientist, each in his var-
ious rank, must prepare to reach up to
ever-enlarging ideals, if he would
attain his full height.—O. S. Marden,
in September "Success."

Indecision.

A great judge has said that, in
deciding a case in which the evidence
seems very clear, one is but casting in
probabilities, after all, because absolute
certainty is impossible to the finite mind
of man. Yet all men must come to
decisions constantly, and he who
decides correctly, most frequently, is
apt to be the most successful man. A
prompt decision often puts into instant
service all the character it has taken a
lifetime to build up, as well as the
knowledge it has taken years to acquire.
Indecision is not only the cause of many
failures, but it is also the cause of the
trouble that leads to fortune, but it even
adds to the danger of crossing a crowded
street. For the formation of a habit of
decision three things are required:
sound principles, which enable one to
decide what is right; knowledge, which
enables one to decide about facts; and
energy, without which there can be no
decision at all.—Success.

Good Advice to the Graduate.

Twenty-five years ago, Hon. Wm. P.
Green of Fort Wayne, Ind., was the
valedictorian of his class at Notre
Dame University. Recently he deliv-
ered the commencement oration—the
following passages of which are so
appropriate for this season that we
quote them here:

"The man who steps beyond the con-
fines of the college, walks not uncharged
with responsibility—the responsibility
of doing his best with the gifts with
which nature and education have en-
dowed him, and of doing that for which
he finds himself fit with all the strength
which God has given him. Work is the
college man's imperative duty. It is
the touchstone of success. With-
out work of the brain, or work of the
heart, or work of the hand, you cannot
have true manhood, true nobility of
soul. In the economy of successful life
this proposition is fundamental, un-
changeable, indisputable. * * * Of
him it is expected that he will infuse
staunch character into civic life,
that he will uplift the moral plane of
social life, that he will broaden the in-
tellectuality of those about him, that
he will elevate our educational methods,
that he will energize the spirit of cul-
ture until it shall have mantled in its
folds every citizen of this country.
Which, we pray God, may grow in in-
tellectuality, in glory, in morality and

in splendor until the end of time."—
Catholic Citizen.

Helping Others.

It is narrow and selfish spirit that
never seeks to help others. Persons
with such motives can never be happy.
Happiness cannot exist in a heart
where such feelings dominate. God has
placed us in this world for things higher
than the gratification of selfish aims and
purposes. A selfish man must be mean.
A man whose supreme ambition is his
own aggrandizement, so he may rise, he
cares not over how many prostrate
forms is a selfish man. Such men are of
no good to God or man.

They may arrogate to themselves
honor and distinction, but right think-
ing people look on them with disgust.
They are an offense in the eyes of those
who are kind and generous. Nothing
so elevates men as a disposition to
extend the helping hand to others. The
development of generous impulses is the
greatest lever to spiritual elevation.
The Christ Spirit brings us into sym-
pathy with every form of need. The
barren field, when cold, is an
object that excites our sympathy.
Every form of want, physical or moral,
arouses our entire being. To no cry
can we turn a deaf ear.

Agriculture.

Nine times out of ten the best answer
which a physician can give to a patient,
who, with direful look and dolorous
tone, inquires, What shall I do? is,
Go to work!

The most important injunction that
can be given to this fast age,
whether in regard to solid financial
prosperity, or to enduring personal
enjoyment, or to gladness of heart, or
health of body, is, be content with a
slow and moderate increase in your sub-
stance.

The crying educational error of the
age is, allowing so many boys
to reach adult life without the knowl-
edge of some handicraft, by which they
might earn a living in any country,
in case they were reduced to penury.
There are scores of thousands of persons
in this country who are living from
hand to mouth, whose loss of a single
day's labor would be followed by a
dinnerless day, who might live in care-
less comfort on a single acre of land,
but for the want of a little patience
and self-denial. Look at it!

A single acre of land will really
afford room for forty apple trees, and
forty bushels to a tree is not an uncom-
mon product, making sixteen hundred
bushels of fruit, which in midwinter, in
any of our large cities, will readily
bring, if in good order, 50 cents a
bushel and sometimes \$1, by the barrel.
A plain, industrious and economical
family in the country can live comfort-
ably on half that amount of money.

A New England farmer, of forty
years' experience, writes that he
raises six hundred bushels of onions on
an acre of land; that at the last weed-
ing, in August, he sows turnip-seed, and
gathers a crop of four hundred bushels;
each of these sell in New York, and
other large cities and towns, and sell
readily, by wholesale, for eighty cents
a bushel, in almost any year.

An acre of cold, marshy, sandy land
will yield forty barrels of cranberries,
which often sell for \$30 a barrel.

An acre of the common white bean,
which is easily cultivated, requires but
little skill, and which is not affected by
frost or rot, and which is always a salu-
table article, will yield an equally pro-
fitable crop, if well managed.

J. W. Manning says he cultivated a
piece of ground "on which was an
orchard of apple trees, some of them
four inches in diameter; one hundred
and fifty grape vines, part of them in
bearing; a hundred and thirty current
bushes in bearing; fifty hills of
rhubarb; and one-third of the whole in
the Cutter strawberry, which, in a sea-
son of thirty-five days, yielded five hun-
dred quarts. And all on one-fifth of an
acre of ground!"

With these facts before us, we say to
all, if you want to live long in health
and quiet and independence go to
work in the love of it, be satisfied with
moderate gains, cultivate moderate am-
bitions, practice self-denials, and you
will reap a rich reward here and here-
after.

Converts are Thankful.

A correspondent of the Catholic
Standard and Times of Philadelphia,
writes to that paper recently to the
following effect:

A remarkable instance of the thank-
fulness of converts when they get in-
side of the storm and stress of shifting
opinions that exist outside of the Catho-
lic Church may be found in a letter
just received from a bright literary man
of New York city. He had been re-
ceived into the Church last spring after
some years of harassing doubts and try-
ing anxieties in the pursuit of the truth.
He writes:

"It is very difficult for me to find ex-
pression for the peace, the joy and the
hope kindled in my heart by my en-
trance into the Catholic Church. Dur-
ing the past winter and before I was en-
tering on a sea of doubt and study my
compass. As I look back and study my
heart during those months I wonder
that I saved from shipwreck my belief
in a loving and watchful God. But now
I am at home, in peace and absolute
content in mind and heart. How my
heart bleeds for the thousands of others,
who are out in the night of doctrine or
buffeted by every wind of doctrine or
wild vagary!"

"The profoundest catas-
trophe of history was the cataclysm that
separated the English-speaking world
from the Catholic Church."

ALCOHOL AND DRUG USERS.

Victims of the above habits will be in-
terested in the discovery of a harmless
antidote which quickly and permanently
removes all desire for liquor and drugs.
This medicine has been publicly endorsed
before Congress of Bishops and at Father
Matthew's Anniversaries, also by Clergy-
men from their pulpits and by temperance
societies of all denominations. Interested
persons can obtain full particulars from
Mr. Dixon-St. Wilfred St., Toronto, Canada.

There are a number of varieties of corns
Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of
them. Call on your druggist and get a
bottle at once.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Always Say Grace.

A clerk and his country father en-
tered a restaurant Sunday evening and
took seats at a table, where sat a tele-
graph operator and a reporter. The old
man bowed his head and was about to
say grace, when a waiter flew up, sing-
ing: "I have beef-steak, pork chops,
and codfish balls." Father and son
gave their orders, and the waiter again
bowed his head. The young man
turned the color of a blood-red beet,
and touching his arm, exclaimed in a
low, nervous tone: "Father, it isn't
customary to do that in a restaurant!"
"It is customary with me to return
thanks to God wherever I am," said the
old man.

For the third time he bowed his
head, and the son bowed his head, and
the telegraph operator paused in the
act of carving his beef-steak, and bowed
his head, and the journalist put back
his fish-bowl, and bowed his head, and
there wasn't a man who heard the short
and simple prayer that didn't feel a
profound respect for the old farmer.

How Charlie Edison's Genius Moved a Street Car.

One day he said to his father: "May
I have that old car that stands in the
yard?"

"Yes; if you will take it away and
get it up to the house," said the father,
with a smile. He evidently thought
that such a proposition would daunt
the youthful experimenter. The
Edison home is about seven hundred
feet from the laboratory, and stands
upon a hillside, the grades of which are
very steep.

Many a man with plenty of mecha-
nical power at his disposal has been
withdrawn from an attempt to get the
old car up the steep hill, but not so
with Charlie Edison.

The next day, he appeared at the
laboratory with an old white horse, a
lot of rollers, and another boy to act as
his assistant. He borrowed from the
laboratory some jack-screws, and began
to raise the car from its short strip of
track. His father saw the initial
trick. He thought that Charlie might
move the car across the level road in
front of the laboratory, but expected
him to give up when he should reach
the steep hill. The lad went to work
in a masterly fashion, got his car on
rollers, and moved it across the road.
By working carefully for several days,
moving the car a little at a time, and
keeping it blocked so that it could not
roll back down the hill, the boy gradu-
ally got the cumbersome vehicle, with
its trucks and everything else intact,
and without even a broken window, to
the lawn in front of the Edison house.

But this did not satisfy him. He
built a track for the car, and before
many weeks he had a successful single-
railroad in operation. He and his
boy companions experimented to their
hearts' content, and the railroad was
kept in efficient working order until
every experiment known to Charlie
Edison had been tried. This exhibi-
tion pleased the senior Edison greatly,
and Charlie said to me not long ago:

"Mr. Edison said to me not long ago:
"He appears to take an interest in
science, and works hard at whatever he
undertakes. The father seemed to
lay considerable stress on the size of
Charlie's head, explaining that the boy
already wears a hat 7-8" in size—
large number for a boy eleven years
old. Mr. Edison's hat is 7-14" in
size.—W. B. Northrop in Success."

The King of Birds.

This is the way a Gaelic writer in
"St. Patrick's" tells the tale of "the
king of all birds":

Of course you have all heard how it
was. The world would not satisfy the
birds without crowning a king, for
themselves and having a grand shout-
ing round about him. And they all
gathered from every quarter to the top
of that hill.

"We want a fine, supple, active
king," said they all.

"We would not like a fat old duck
like you to be king over us," said the
stone-chat to the drake.

"Nor a double-breasted mass of fat
like that one over there," said the
cock-sparrow, looking at the turkey.

"Look at that goggle-eyed fellow
beyond," said a flock of small birds,
piercing with their eyes an old, half-
blind hawk: "We would hate the like
of him for a king over us. Did you see
those red pimples on his forehead? He
has been sucked out of his friends' bodies."

But a start was taken out of the birds
with a shriek in the air, and a dark
weight fell out of the clouds into their
midst.

"I am the eagle of the crags," said he.
"Give over the controversy. Choose
as king over ye the one who shall fly
the furthest towards the stars."

They all bowed their forked toes to-
gether for joy—for birds have no palms
to make a noise with. They sprang
into the air—"Let the old gray (bird)
catch the last man." Head to head,
wings beating, necks outstretched, up
with them.

The mother goose had only given a
new leap when she fell to the ground
backwards; it was not long for her
spouse till he had to do the same. The
wagtail and the hen-sparrow, the robin
and the lark did very well, but what
was the good of it for them, for the
maggie and the crow got tired also.
The great eagle gave a sly glance over
his shoulder, and there was none of the
whole company in it but the raven, and
he with his head in his mouth from ex-
haustion. "He is nearly done" [lit.,
"It is, e. e.," the end] is a short way from
him," said the eagle. But however
long he was the night, the day comes. The
eagle himself got tired at last. He
spread out his wings; it was not in his
power to put shriek out of him and he
looked down.

"Ye are satisfied, I suppose, that I
am your king? There was never a bird
created that could outdo me."

"Oh, you do. Come on," said the
wren, springing out gaily from under
the wing of the eagle.

"There is not a stir in me," said the
poor spent eagle, sadly falling feet
downwards.

All the birds put a whistle out of

them. They made obedience to the
wren, and they pretended that he was
powerful and brave, for people do not
and fault with a king.

Little Heroes.

What do you think of a boy eight
years old—only eight, poor little man—
who has been supporting his mother and
two little sisters for the greater part
of a year? He did a man's duty man-
fully, but it was too much for the child,
who perhaps lies dead at this writing—
lead of overwork and starvation. Here
is his sad, brave little story, as the
newspaper despatches have told it:

"Jimmy" McCabe, eight years old,
was taken to-night from his home in
Far Rockaway to St. John's Hospital,
Long Island City, so weak that it is
feared he cannot live until morning.
The little fellow became ill because of
a struggle to provide a living for his
mother and two tiny sisters as little
much and ate too little.

Jimmy's father, Dr. McCabe, former-
ly owned three drug stores at Rockaway
Beach. He lost his money and then
disappeared. Mrs. McCabe worked to
support her three children until she
lost her health, and then "Jimmy"
took up the burden and began to sell
newspapers.

For eight months the youngster main-
tained the battle with the world, but
to day he fell unconscious in the street.
Dr. Slocum, who was summoned, shook
his head and said: "Poor little chap;
I'm afraid he can't last long. Dying
from want and work at his age."

A little hero?—A little saint?—The
Lord Viceroy said to save!

For over the sea comes the story of
two brave English lads, Philip E.
Viney, aged twelve, and Arnold Viney,
aged thirteen years. These little
brothers were rewarded recently with a
certificate of the Royal Humane So-
ciety of Great Britain, in recognition of
their bravery in saving an elderly man
from drowning. The society is very
particular only to give testimonials
when it is absolutely certain that the
danger has been very great, both to
the rescuer and the person rescued.
It is that fact which makes the distinc-
tion in this instance particularly re-
markable, considering the ages of the
young life-savers.

The lads are the grandsons of the
late Sir Edward Creasey, who for many
years was the Chief Justice of Ceylon.
While staying at Swanage, England, re-
cently, they saw a man who could not
swim go beyond his depth. He was
being carried out to sea, when the
elder of the boys, realizing the great
danger the man was in, immediately
drew the man to him, and, holding him
under the arm, pulled him under, but
the little fellow, with wonderful skill,
and endurance, finally managed to reach
shallow water with his charge. They
would undoubtedly have been drowned
but for the fact that the younger boy,
realizing that great risk succeeded in
reaching his brother in time to help
save the man. A display of such brave-
ry and presence of mind is certainly
deserving of the recognition it has re-
ceived.

The finest courage is that which de-
mands self-sacrifice. A really brave
boy is almost sure to be unselfish and
generous, and such boys as he grow up
to be the men of whom every nation is
proud.

The Emperor and the dog.

She was only a little cur, of no breed
whatever, but most affectionately true,
and beloved of the two ladies who had
brought her with them for change of
air from Karlsruhe to Baden-Baden.

In the beautiful Lichtenhaller Allee
she delighted to frisk about while her
mistresses sat busy with their knitting,
and there it was that one morning she
made the acquaintance of the great and
good old German Emperor, William I.,
who, after drinking the waters, was en-
joying a short stroll beneath the trees.

She bounded forward immediately upon
perceiving the royal presence, for she
was of a remarkably discerning nature,
and with the ball of worst d in her
mouth, which one of the ladies had
allowed inadvertently to fall to the
ground, she leapt upon him, and in her
excitement somehow managed to un-
twine the same and twist the threads of
wool round the legs of his Imperial
Majesty.

The ladies were naturally in great con-
sternation, but to their relief the Em-
peror speedily released himself, ex-
claimed at the same time: "So, my little
fascial, you wish to ensnare me, do you?"

But from that time, whenever he met
her, the dog was always noticed and
caressed by the Emperor, and later on
he was the means of saving her humble
little life.

It happened one afternoon that some
young fellows got possession of little
Aime, who in her innocence was ready
to make friends, threw her into the
river Coes and amused themselves by
pelting her with stones. The brave
little dog strove hard for life, in spite
of its hopelessness of it. But help was
at hand, and, to the surprise and no
less dismay of her cowardly persecut-
ers, from a most unexpected quarter it
came. Suddenly her piteous cries at-
tracted the notice of the Emperor, who
happened at that moment to be cross-
ing the bridge a little higher up.
Quickly he appeared upon the scene,
and the young men fell back abashed,
their obsequious salutes he did not
acknowledge, but glancing at them
with withering scorn made his way to
the water's edge and called the little
dog by name, and as almost exhausted
now she crawled forth, he lifted her up
—dripping wet—into his arms, while
he nestled close to him, trembling in
every limb.

"My poor little friend," the Em-
peror exclaimed, "you are safe now."
Then, again in contemptuous silence,
his Imperial Majesty passed the group
of crest-fallen young men and gave the
shivering little Aime to the ladies, who
by this time had heard of her peril and
had rushed off to her rescue.

Years have gone by. The noble old
Emperor who did so much for Germany
is dead. But his memory will never
lie, and it is always with tears in their
eyes that they tell now the story of the
little dog Aime.—E. White in our Dumb
Animals.



SURPRISE
is
SOAP
Pure Hard Soap.

The White Violet.

One day an aged man and woman
escaped out of the city and wandered
away past meadow and hill and brook
until they came to a great woodland.

It was spring, and many flowers grew
within the deep, cool woods, and there
were little streams therein that ran like
threads of gold, and here and there
brooks that twisted about like serpents
of silver; and little birds sang in the
branches, and there were perfume and
light and melody through all the valley
glades of the afternoon.

And the two ran from glade to glade,
peeping into the hearts of the flowers
and chasing the skirt of Beauty as little
children chase a bright-winged butterfly
across green meadows; and anon they
came upon a solitary white violet growing
amid a tuft of grass above a trickling
rivulet, and so modest and beautiful
was it that they sat down before it
on a fallen trunk to admire its beauty.
And after a pause she said:

"You, who are so wise in many
things, can you tell me why that deli-
cious, yet beautiful, little flower should be
doodling alone in this lonely hollow, sur-
rounded by poisonous weeds, and never
seen by men? Do you not think it mis-
placed in the order of creation? Do
you not think it were better up yonder
on the hill amid the homes of men?"

But he, knowing her words had a dual
meaning, and that she spoke of her own
lonely life as well as of the existence of
the violet, answered:

"Nay; I can see this purpose: I can
see that it dwells here, giving forth odor
and light in the dark, making the little
glade fragrant. And I can see now the
reason why it is so glad because it is here,
and how its big brother-trees are glad,
and how the little birds are glad, and
how it rejoices in their songs and is
happy, even in its lonely place."

But she said: "The answer is not suffi-
cient. Evidently it was born to fill a
higher place; why is it not there?
Think of all the good it could do strug-
gling far off and not bound to those
common things."

And again he said: "But I look for-
ward a year—ten years. I see it again
reproduced in a multitude of white
violets, all shedding fragrance and
giving forth light, and making glad the
shadows of the wood. Is this nothing,
O friend?"

But she answered sadly: "So far as
she is concerned I fear it is nothing. It
does not make her life happy to know
that after while others shall come into
place and be misplaced as she. It is
again the riddle of the universe."

And they arose and went forth out
of the wood both sadder because of the
mystery.

But at night, when the moon came up
and all the trees began a low chant in
the south-wind, the white violet said:
"Behold how little mortals know! I
am here because it is God's will I should
be here. Of old, David sat on his
throne for the same reason. Wherever
we are placed it is God's will, is it not,
O brother-trees? and is it not our duty
to do His will in ministering to the
lowly near us faithfully, contentedly,
knowing that if He find us worthy He
will uplift us to higher place, or keep
us where we are and bless us because it
is for the best that we abide among the
humble. Is it not so, great brothers?"

To
God's will in one place is as great a
thing as it is to do it in another. If
you say a queen on the throne of Asia
you couldn't do more than you are doing
here, in doing your duty as He had
intended."

And the white violet loaded the
shoulders of the passing southwind with
perfume, and the latter bore the
fragrance to the head of a child sick in
the city, who, breathing it, was
refreshed and glad.—Cahal in Connacht.

Three things to delight in—beauty,
frankness and freedom.

Although the medicine business
should, above all, be carried on with the
utmost conscientiousness and sense of
responsibility, the unfortunate fact is
that in no other is there so much hum-
bug and deception. The anxieties of the
sick and their relatives are traded upon
in the most shameful manner; impos-
sible cures are promised; many prepara-
tions are also utterly worthless, and some
are positively dangerous to health.

As a consequence, all proprietary
remedies are regarded with suspicion
by many people, and the good suffer
for the bad.

For these reasons we announce that
our proprietors are the principal share-
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which will, we are sure, be an ample
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OF CANADA

Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life.

This Company issues every safe and do-
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at reasonable rates. Best guarantee.
An income to Yourself for life.
An Income to Your Wife if you have
outlived her life.
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W. H. RIDDELL, Secy., Waterloo, Ont.