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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Don't Strike—Lift.  
There are backs breaking under heavy burdens and hearts sore with disappointment. Do not break hearts with criticism or break struggling men's backs by adding to their burdens.

The Forming of Character  
The issues of eternal life are at stake upon the battlefields of the heart. Temptation means the molding of character; yielding means its sure and terrible prevention. Consider it a matter of no moment when a tongue of flame destroys a canvas beyond price, break without a thought an infinitely precious vase, but do not call it a trifle when the higher faculties of the soul are doaded, when lofty ideals are eclipsed, when one is severed from the greatness and the glory of life.

How to Gain Strength and Self-Reliance  
Persist in the habit of firm decision until it becomes fixed and you will be surprised to see how it will do for you, both in increasing your confidence in yourself and that of others in you. You make mistakes in the beginning, but the strength and reliance you will gain in your own judgment will more than compensate for these. The power to decide firmly strikes at the very marrow of ability. If you cannot do this, your life ship will always be adrift; you will never be anchored. You will drift about on the seas at the mercy of storms and tempests, and will never make your port.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Some Helpful Thoughts.  
Let your aim be to keep cheerful always. You may fall short of the "always," but you will achieve more by taking this highest standard than by trying to be cheerful merely "most of the time." Learn to make an atmosphere of joy for yourself, and not only for your own sake, but for the good of the people you meet.

Remember that all this world can bestow will be assured by seeking, as God intended we should seek, the kingdom of God. For to seek the kingdom of God consistently, it is as necessary to be industrious as it is to be prayerful, and industry will bring all in the way of worldly wealth, that your capabilities can accumulate. Honesty, truthfulness, candor and sincerity must characterize the dealings of him who really seeks the kingdom of God. And with this array of virtues embodied in practical life, pleasure, honor and culture are assured.—Rev. Thomas A. Powers.

Al! No man knows his strength or his weakness till occasion proves them. If there be some thoughts in the actions of his life from the memory of which a man shrinks with shame, sure there are some which he may be proud to own and remember; forgive injuries, conquer temptations (now and then) and difficulties vanquished by endurance.—Thackeray.

Consistency is Right.  
It has been said of some persons that they are slow to make up their mind, but that, once they have fixed on a course to pursue, they will follow it to the end.

This characteristic is not necessarily to their credit.  
The true maxim is: Be sure are right, then go ahead.  
If a man goes ahead before he is right, although for a while he may feel sure that he is right, it is noble of him, as soon as he perceives that he was not even exactly or altogether right, to modify his decision accordingly. And the more exalted his position, the more he is bound, not simply to justice but to courtesy—to a scrupulous concern for the rights, the feelings, and the interests of those who are subject to him. Noblesse oblige. The obligation to give a Christian example lies first on those who are nearest to Christ.

Consistency is not a jewel which it makes a person keep on in a way that he once thought was proper, but later has become convinced was not fair. The finest consistency is a loyalty of the soul to its own highest duties, regardless of consequences to self-love, and giving the benefit of the doubt always to other men of good will. Better than consistency to self is consistency to right.—Catholic Columbian.

Entangling Alliances.  
"Beware of entangling alliances!" said George Washington to the young (U.S.) nation. There are thousands of victims of entanglements of all kinds in this country to day who, if they could only gain the ears of the young just starting out in life, would repeat to them Washington's words of warning.

Is there a sadder picture than that of a promising young man of great ability, a consciousness of power which he has no opportunity to use to advantage, and mocked by an ambition which he can not satisfy, because he is hopelessly in debt or so bound by other self-forged chains that he cannot extricate himself? Instead of being a king and dominating his environment, he is a slave to his entanglement, or is dogged for years by creditors.

Keep yourself free. Keep clear from complications of all kinds that may possibly compromise your manhood. An entanglement, whatever its nature, is imprisonment, no less terrible because it is voluntary. If your brain is intact, your mind unburdened, your hands and all your faculties free, you can do great things even with small money capital, or, perhaps, even without any. But when you are ground under the heel of debt and are not at liberty to act of your own accord, but are pushed hither and thither by those to whom you are under obligations or with whom you have formed entangling alliances, you can not accomplish much. You are a bond man, not a free man.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Energetic Young Men Wanted.  
It is hard to imagine anything more distressing than to hear a Catholic young man say: "Oh, what is the use of trying? They won't give that position to a Catholic." After an expression of this kind he usually adds, as if it were an admitted fact: "Catholics don't have a fair chance anyway." There was a time—many years ago—

when this last statement was true; and ever since that day shiftless young men have been repeating it, in order to cover up their own inability and to shield themselves from the accusation of indolence.

Catholics nowadays do have a fair chance; often they have the best possible chance. It is true, there are still some instances where young men are kept out of positions because they are Catholics, but these cases are comparatively few. On the other hand, it is also true that hundreds of valuable places give the first preference to men faithful in the practice of their religion.

Young man, if you can not find employment, the fault, probably, is not because you belong to the Catholic Church, but rather because you fail to live up to the teaching of that Church. It is not religion, but a lack of religion, that keeps you from success. If you would conform to the precepts of the Catholic Church, if you would be sober, honest, industrious, energetic, the cause of your complaint would be soon removed.

If you observe, you will see that the world to-day is looking for energetic men—men who can be trusted, men who know how to work and who are willing to make a strong effort to succeed. Are you that kind of a man? Take the energy you are now wasting and apply it to the training of your heart and mind and hand, and you will soon have plenty to do. You may not, at first, find the work you would like; but do what comes, do it well; don't be afraid to spend your effort, and then you will see how false is the statement that "Catholic young men don't have a fair chance."

Humor as an Element to Success  
I am strongly of the opinion that a quick and abiding sense of humor is a great element of success in every department of life. I do not speak merely of success in the more strictly artistic fields of human work, but am ready to maintain that, even in the prosaic and practical concerns of human existence, the sense of humor is an inciting and sustaining influence to carry a man successfully through to the full development of his capacity and the attainment of his purpose. It is so in the art of war—it is especially so in the business of statesmanship. Mortal life, at the best, is so full of perplexities, disappointments and reverses that it must be hard work indeed for a man who is endowed with little or no sense of humor to keep his spirits up through the seasons of difficulty and depression and maintain his energy,—living despite the disheartening effects of commonplace and prosaic discouragements. A man who is easily disheartened does not appear to be destined by nature for the overcoming of difficulties, and nothing is a happier incentive to the maintenance of good animal spirits than the quick sense of humor which finds something which bring but a sinking of the heart to the less fortunately endowed mortal. In the stories of great events and great enterprises we are constantly told of some heaven-born leader who kept alive through the most trying hours of what might have been utter and entailing depression, the energies, the courage and the hope of his comrades and his followers. One can hardly read the story of any escape from shipwreck, any drifting about in an open boat over wintry seas, without learning of some plucky and humorous mortal who kept his comrades alive and alert through all dangers and troubles by his ready humor and animal spirits. Read any account of a long-protracted siege, when account of a long-protracted siege, when besieged had to resist assault from without and hunger within, and you will be sure to be told how the humorous sallies of some leader were able to prevent those around him from sinking into the depths of despair. There are times when no good whatever is done by taking even the most serious things too seriously, and a sudden flash of humor often lightens up the atmosphere as the blast of a trumpet might give new spirits and new energy amid the deepening gloom of some almost desperate day.

No matter how deformed your body may be, it is possible for you to possess such a wealth of character—of love, of sweetness, of light, to you and you will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. A beautiful, sweet heart, the superb personality of the soul, belongs to everybody. We all feel that we are personally related to the man who has these, though we have never been introduced to him. The coldest hearts are warmed, and the sturdiest natures yield, under the charm of a beautiful soul.—Justin Mc Carthy, in Success.

A Young Man's Companion.  
A few days ago the doors of a prison opened to admit a man whom I had known intimately for eighteen years, writes William A. Maher in the Saturday Evening Post. He had been tried and trusted, and was looked upon as proof against any temptation to sin as assailable as iron. His story was told in one sentence by the attorney, as he begged for leniency: the man had made had made evil acquaintances and these had dragged him down to their own level and to his ruin.

The business man who writes to the young men out of his own experience, and a waste of time, to say a word to them about the influence upon their lives of the company they choose—just as he would consider it superfluous to write an essay to prove that two and two make four. Yet every business man, in his dealings with his own clerks, is largely influenced by his knowledge of the men they associate with out of business hours.

The first copy book in which the boy practices writing tells him that "A man is known by the company he keeps." A little further on he writes: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." These sentiments are presented to him in varying forms at every step, until they are forgotten because they are so hackneyed. He agrees with them thoroughly. He believes that they should be the guiding star of

every boy—except himself. He is quite confident that he may make an occasional exception in his own line of action, and run no risk in doing so.

Very few young men settle down to their livelihood in the community in which they spent their boyhood. They seek a change, usually from a small to a larger place, and in going to a new locality have it in their power to make new acquaintances and an entirely fresh circle of friends. A young man is a sociable person. He enjoys being with other people. He needs the relaxation of association after his busy workday, and he looks upon each new acquaintance as a means by which he widens his world and increases the avenues to social pleasure. He imagines that he is safe in accepting every offer of acquaintance that is made to him, because there is nothing to prevent him, at a later date, from winning out the undesirable friends.

But every older man who has passed through this same experience will tell him that this winning process is much simpler in theory than in practice. Some men, yes, many men, do not go to the test, and in looking back see that though they were unable to untangle themselves from associates that were undesirable and becoming dangerous, they shudder at the risks they ran as they also wonder how they escaped. They never recommend the experiment to others.

Not many people know a young man as he actually is. The men he works for and the men he works with know him fairly well—indeed usually far better than he knows himself—but outside of his workshop, of his place of business, men judge him by the occasional glimpses they have of him. They judge him:

By his bearing, whether it is modest or assertive.  
By his manner, whether or not it is quiet, courteous and thoughtful.  
By his language, whether or not it is clean and refined, with evidence of education.

And last, but probably the most important of all by the company he keeps. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that employers are indifferent to what a clerk is or does out of work hours. This state of affairs might be true in very large offices, but these are few as compared with the legions of smaller concerns that cover the business world. One of the brightest men of my acquaintance—one fast working to the head of a large concern, a place that meant a good salary and honors in the community—was brought face to face with this question when those in authority over him demanded his resignation, because they thought a man who was filling his position should not turn Sunday into day of carousal. A man was found with very little trouble to take his place, but the discharged man was out of work for a year or two, and then accepted a situation at one half his former salary.

An officer in an institution who was a marvel of rapidity and accuracy, who never left his desk with any task lying there undone, fancied he had the right to make such acquaintances out of business hours as he pleased; but he lost his position through an unwarranted assumption and his future is probably ruined.

When a merchant sees his employer nod in a friendly way to a man who is known to be a gambler he does not feel so easy in his mind thereafter. He wonders where the acquaintanceship was made and how far it has gone. When he knows that a good friend of his clerk is one who is regular in his habits, he feels that the young man is starting on the same course. When the boon companions of his clerk are a crowd of loud fellows who shift from one job to another at frequent intervals he begins to look for someone else to take that clerk's place.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY  
BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBER.  
The Annunciation.  
DOROTHY.

As soon as they reached Florence they went to one of the best hotels, and began sightseeing in a systematic fashion, as it was their intention to spend only a week there.

On the fourth day of their visit they went to San Marco, and Dorothy looked with especial interest at Fra Angelico's fresco of the Annunciation. It was strange indeed how different the picture seemed to her. Naturally the photograph she had at home was at its best but poor compared to the beauty which lives in the mellowed softness of the original fresco. And not only did it strike her with her new admiration, but it suggested many thoughts to her mind.

She knew now that the devotion she had condemned as commonplace was in reality not so, and that the holy beads rightly used can be a great means of grace to the soul. Even a few days' better use of it had done that.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Bess, as they stood before the fresco.  
"It is, indeed," said Dorothy, who was thinking of many things.  
"That it's very wonderful how one man can take the same paints and the same wall or canvas and paint with them these lovely pictures, while another with the same materials can do horrible pictures that are a long way from art beauty?"

"That's so," said Dorothy. "You're right there, Bess." And as her mind was running very much on her Rosary, she thought to herself that the same principle might be applied to the beads which to her had been so meaningless, and which now seemed so changed by the way she used them. She had never felt much sense in looking at our card very speedily filed, one name being repeated several times.

Before the evening was over Dorothy was engaged to Mr. Stevens, giving only the provisional clause that she needed her parents' sanction, but that she knew she had.

Mr. Fuller was charmed when she

discovered.  
Dorothy had hitherto been so ignorant of her own faults that it was quite a new state of things for her to view herself in the light which flowed from the meditations suggested by the simple use of her Rosary. In sharp contrast to all her pride of life was the Passion of our Lord; beside her own sense of importance was His humility and that of His holy Mother, and as she tried diligently to gain some practical lesson from the thought of the mysteries, she found that she learned to know herself a little better than she had done.

In a sense that first meditation on the first joyful mystery had been as an announcement to her of the new life that might be hers if only her will consented. Although they had only intended to stay a week in Florence, their plans were upset by Mrs. Fuller spraining her ankle so severely that the doctor insisted on her taking complete rest, and not attempting to move, so that they had to remain where they were.

Mrs. Fuller, who was fond of society, was greatly disappointed at being shut up in this way, but eager that Dorothy should enjoy herself all the same, and go out a good deal. They found some old American friends who had come for the winter, and who were well armed with introductions, and so very soon plenty of gaiety was within their reach. But Dorothy now took care to think of her mother and her pleasure as well as her own, and Mrs. Fuller, who could never have imagined Dorothy to need improvement in any way, was struck with the change, and thought herself disloyal to the memory of the past Dorothy in flouting the present one so much more charming. She was all the more attentive to her mother, as Mr. Fuller had gone to America on business, and was not expected to return until March.

"What are you going to wear to-night, Dorothy?" inquired Mrs. Fuller, who was stretched on her sofa one afternoon just after Christmas. She referred to a ball which was to be given by some Italian acquaintances lately made, and to which Bess and Dorothy were going. For the Helstones had elected to remain in Florence with the Fullers.

Dorothy blushed a little.  
"My new white."  
"The one which you sent me two weeks ago?"

"Yes, mamma. But I don't much like going and leaving you." Dorothy Fuller, you're just as well to that ball right away, so don't let me hear any nonsense about it," said Mrs. Fuller. "I shall think of you all the while, and don't fear, I shall be dull any if that's what you are thinking."

"You're too good, mother dear," said Dorothy, who lately had seen how very judicious her parents were to her, and how dearly they loved to give her pleasure. And she bent over her mother's sofa, and kissed her. "I'll loan you my pearls, Dorothy," said Mrs. Fuller, "they will look real well with that white dress."

"Thank you, mamma," said Dorothy, who knew that Mrs. Fuller thought a good deal of lending her precious pearls even to her beloved Dorothy. And Dorothy had her own reasons for wishing to look well that evening.

When in Scotland in the early summer they had met a Mr. Stevens, who was the impetuous heir of a large estate in Perthshire. His father had been in New York once, and had known Mr. Fuller, so that both families were to a certain extent acquainted with each other. Mr. Stevens was very much taken with both girls, and for a time Dorothy made sure that he had set his affections on Bess Helstone, a fact which, as she was very much fascinated with him herself, somewhat deepened her jealous feelings toward Bess. And it was the best of much of the bitterness that she often felt about a certain shyness that existed between the girls had prevented the discussion of this individual between them excepting in the most cursory manner; and Dorothy had noted, not without satisfaction, that Bess was very cold to him, as to all her admirers, and that she had been very mistaken in her idea about him. How, however, as a matter of fact, Mr. Stevens had been very much epais with Bess, whose beauty and charm were certainly greatly above the average, but for reasons of his own, when he came to winter in Florence, it was Dorothy who was evidently the attractor.

On that evening she knew she should meet him, and her heart beat fast under her silk bodice, and her eyes had in them a lovely light, so that altogether she never had in her life looked so well. Accustomed as she was to the society of men in America, and the greater freedom of intercourse that is accorded to American than English girls, her heart had never been touched before, and she idealized Alan Stevens very much indeed. He was a Catholic, a man of good family, and with a personality which impressed Dorothy very much. They had seen a great deal of each other in Florence that winter, and met time after time, while all the while Dorothy was learning to love him more and more. Her mother knew nothing of it all, for she was chained to her rooms; Bess was silent if she saw or suspected anything, and only Dorothy hugged the dear secret to her heart that she was loved just for herself as she had no idea it was possible to be.

Poems took new meaning to her; and she made a pilgrimage to Mrs. Barrer Browning's house, Casar Guido, and her Grove, which is in the Protestant cemetery. Mr. Stevens gave Dorothy a complete set of her poems so marked that she could not mistake his meaning.

As yet, however, no word of love had been spoken between them, but the intuition which Dorothy, like all her sex, possessed, told her that very soon something would be settled.

The ball was a very brilliant one, and Dorothy, who was a conspicuous figure as the rich American heiress, had her card very speedily filed, one name being repeated several times.

Before the evening was over Dorothy was engaged to Mr. Stevens, giving only the provisional clause that she needed her parents' sanction, but that she knew she had.

Mr. Fuller was charmed when she



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heard of it, and she blessed Dorothy with all her heart; the news was cabled to Mr. Fuller, who replied with a cautious "If all things were satisfactory, he assented," and Dorothy's heart was glad.  
"I really thought it was you, Bess, at one time," she said to her friend when she told her.  
"Did you?"  
"TO BE CONTINUED."

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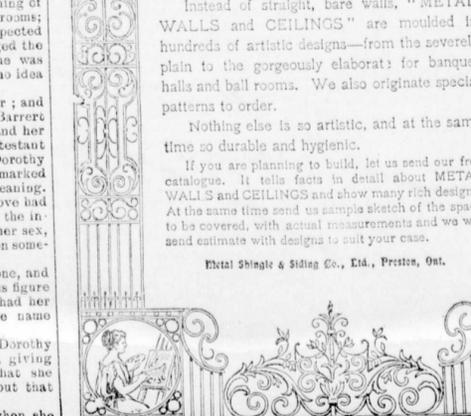
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