

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If success in life means all sunshine, then failure is the lot of everybody; but there is something higher than pleasure and pain, than sunshine and storm, to which these are only incidental, and that is doing God's will. That is supreme. That touches everything in life and makes the best of it and the making of the best of it makes the best of us. That is what we are here for, to glorify God—to make Him glorious in the doing of His will in every relation of life.

## True Manhood.

It is not always the coat that tells.  
Nor the collar your friend may wear;  
It is not only the shine of the shoe,  
Nor the finished touch of his hair.

It is not all in a silken hat.  
Nor the fitting neat of his gloves;  
It is not merely his cultured air,  
Nor the circle in which he moves.

It is not his temper, his pride nor smile,  
Nor yet his worshipful mien;  
It is not even the cause he bears  
In the world that is shallow and mean.

Ah, no! after all, 'tis the man himself,  
Who stands with his God alone,  
'Tis the heart that beats beneath the coat,  
The life that points to the throne.

The eye that cheers with its kindly glance,  
The arm round a brother's waist;  
The hand that points to a hope beyond,  
The love that endures to the last.

## When Danger Appears.

The man who complains that life isn't worth living is always the first to make an effort to save himself when danger threatens.

## In Spite of his Blindness.

Half a century of blindness did not cause Arnold Scott, of Barnardston, Mass., to tire of living. Scott's death at the age of seventy-eight closed the career of one of the most remarkable blind men in the country. He lost his eyesight in a fire of July accident when he was twenty-one years old. He was foreman of a large machine shop at that time and his prospects were bright.

Scott spent no time bemoaning his fate. He decided that he could save wood; and by this means he made a living for several years. For thirty years he delivered the mail to more than half of Barnardston, earning thereby the sobriquet "The blind letter carrier." He announced his coming with a whistle. Rain or shine, often when the snow was waist deep, the whistle was heard. Scott was able to deliver his mail without a mistake after it had been sorted for him.

He was a skillful trout fisherman and seldom whittled the brooks without results. He delighted to work in his small garden, and it showed no traces of being the handiwork of a blind man. It is related that he rescued from drowning a stranger who fell into a pond beside the road on a dark night. Scott owned considerable real estate, and his ability to present himself as becoming a public charge was a source of keen satisfaction to him. Death was due to Bright's disease.

## The True and the False.

Names which are synonymous with honesty, are equal to any trademark or patent whenever and wherever they are found. Nobody thinks of going back of them, or inquiring into the quality or reliability of goods so marked. The names stand for character, which is the consummate protector and best advertisement, and they are mentioned with respect and awe. How often is the contrary noted—a contemptuous reference to a man or a firm whose name is known to be synonymous with inferiority, and who tries to palm off just as paltry goods or talent or service as for force acceptance. We never have respect for a man who deals in imitations, or who manufactures or sells shoddy, as we have for one who deals in genuine articles. The human mind loves the actual, the real, the genuine, the things that ring true, and hates the false.

Note the difference between the character of the maker and seller of articles of merchandise that are noted for their superiority and that of the man who spends a lifetime in the barter of cheap make-believe goods, who constantly tries to make things appear what they are not—to cover up base mental with a thin wash of gold, and to imitate diamonds with paste.

To spend a life buying and selling lies, or cheap shoddy shams, whether in jewelry, clothing, furniture, stocks or bonds, is demoralizing to every element of nobility—to excellence in any form.

There is a vast difference in the character of even their employees. It does not matter that they do not make or sell imitations, the very fact that they deal with false things affects them. The quality of the shams is caught by the employees through familiarity with the inferior, and through need of employing pretense in dealing with customers.

It is demoralizing to have any share in dishonest, shoddy work. There is enough of the good, the true, and the beautiful to do, so you need not ally yourself with their opposites. Ally yourself with a house that stands for something high, and makes and sells substantial goods.—Success.

## The Use of Money.

The Catholic Citizen concludes an excellent article on The Use of Money thus:

"Had Burke not lived so vastly beyond his means; had Scott realized that contingent obligations are obligations nevertheless; had Thackeray shunned speculation; had Dickens resolved that fame with a moderate competence was enough, these men might not have been led captive to the money god. Their lives might have been lengthened and made happier. But the mistakes they made were made before and have been as men fail to realize that money must always be a servant and never a master."

This is precisely along the lines of the address recently delivered by Mr. John D. Rockefeller to a Sunday school class. "Make money your slave," said he. It is not for us to say that the multi-millionaire always "practiced what he preached," since as a result of his ceaseless striving after the filthy lucre, he must perform great manual labor in order that he may safely eat a graham biscuit. But that does not detract from the soundness of his advice.

He is one of the few who have risen from slave to master, and the transition cost him vastly more than it was worth. He would be a happier man to-day had he constituted himself master from the beginning.—The New Freeman.

**Bribed From Success by Comfort.**  
Many a man has bought his comfort at the cost of the achievement of his aims. Few people are willing to be incommode, or to submit to discomforts, even for the sake of future blessings. They would succeed, if they could do so in easy and pleasant way; but the moment they have to sacrifice their ease or their comfort they shrink from the effort.

It is astonishing what people will sacrifice in order to get comfort, or even temporary relief from whatever annoys or harasses them. They will let golden opportunities slip, by procrastinating, for the sake of their comfort, until the chances have gone. They do not like to get up early in the morning, because they are so comfortable in bed. They do not like to go out in a storm or in cold weather, because it is so cozy at home or in their offices—and so they lose many a chance.

Many people can be brought by comfort, when hardly anything else will tempt them. They think so much of their ease that they cannot bear to exert themselves. Love of comfort and ease must be classed among the great success-hinders.

People like to do pleasant, easy things. They cannot bear to take pains, or to put themselves out in any unusual way, if they can possibly avoid it.

Thousands of people are earning small salaries to-day, because they cannot bear to exert themselves to win promotion. They prefer to remain on a low rung of life's ladder, for the sake of temporary comfort and ease, rather than to put forth the efforts that would carry them upward.

**Study Your Face.**  
"Beauty is only skin deep." This ancient falsehood has been repeated so often that many people have come to believe it a truth. But it is not. Nothing can be false. Beauty is heart deep, soul deep. I have seen faces perfect in outline and coloring, yet so dull and cold, or hard, or expressionless, that they stirred no feeling of admiration; nay, in many instances they aroused a feeling of antagonism or repulsion.

Every human countenance registers with the accuracy of a phonograph the dominant sentiments of the soul. Study your face carefully, then, and see what it says to the world. Has charity softened its outlines, and has magnanimity left a trace there? Has the spirit of love and helpfulness illuminated it with a divine light? Have selfishness and the love of truth made it aglow with a beauty that no mere flesh tints can give? Is it refined and spiritualized by high thinking and noble doing? Or is it growing hard and coarse and brutal by familiarity with base passions and motives?

All real and enduring beauty must come from within. Notice how angry passions, evil emotions, worry, fear, hatred, envy, jealousy, malice, even though they be but momentary feelings, will distort and destroy for the time being the most perfectly fashioned face. If evil thoughts or deeds be persisted in, the transient effects will become lasting.

The story of the two paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, one that may be paralleled every day in actual life. The great artist had painted the face of a lovely child, and was so fascinated by the picture that he kept it constantly before his gaze in his studio. The sight of the beautiful child face tranquillized his soul in sorrow or in anger. He resolved to paint a picture which should be its opposite. Long and hard he searched for a model, but could find no face bad enough to parallel in hideousness the angelic beauty of the young face in his studio. Many years afterwards, when he had given up the search, he looked upon the almost inhuman countenance of a criminal, lying in despair on the floor of a prison cell. At length he had found the model for whom he had been looking. He painted the terrible face, and then learned to his amazement that the crime-hardened man and the angel child were one and the same. Brutal passions had transformed the seraph into a demon. The body had been refashioned by the mind.

Many a so-called successful business man would be shocked if he should compare his hard, greedy, bulldog visage of to-day with the photograph of the sunny, responsive, generous, optimistic boy he was at the time he was graduated from school or college. He never dreamt as he stood on the threshold of active life that his face of selfish avarice and anxious striving for place and power.

Subtle and sure beyond all other forces is the power of thought to make or mar the beauty of the face. The thoughts which dominate you, the motives which are strongest in your life, will reshape your face, will speak aloud in your manner. Your very gait will tell the story of your life.

**Master Your Business.**  
If you are eager to rise in the world, consider yourself in relation to your employer's business from his standpoint. Try to get at his aims and difficulties and consider your work in relation to those aims and difficulties.

Do you not contented to remain a cog-wheel in a big machine. The first thing to do is to master your employer's point of view so that you can work intelligently step by step toward the ultimate goal of your ambition. By putting yourself in touch with your employer's ideas and methods you are able to give him your most valuable service. Instead of pulling the wrong way, as you might do if you did not know his point of view, or at best working at haphazard, you can put your energy to the best account, accomplish the greatest possible amount of work with it.

But, more important from the standpoint of your ambition, you will be able to take advantage of any special circumstances that may arise. You will

be able to make any accident or emergency that may come up, your opportunity; you will be able to take the lead without hesitation if you have mastered your employer's methods and aims. It is ideas that count; if your ideas are great enough you can buy the world with them. The steady, unthinking plodder will accomplish something, but the steady, persistent thinker will pass him on the road. The subordinate who in the time of an emergency can take the lead becomes a marked man. There is no surer way than this to attract your employer's favorable attention, to win even his confidence and friendship. After making these by the display of a thorough understanding of his business you have the best kind of a chance for advancement when the opportunity arrives.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE.  
THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD INTO HEAVEN.  
THE POWER OF HOPE.

The Ascots were such good customers of his that he was pleased to do them a service, which also was in his own interest, for he was well paid for it.

Jim Ascot was one of several sons who were, as their father had been, Catholics. Mrs. Ascot, now a widow, was a Protestant in name, but nothing at all in reality. She was a woman entirely given up to gaiety and amusement, and, though fond of Jim, she found his sick-room very dull and was glad to be out of it a good deal. The boy had friends who came to see him, for his brothers were at Stonyhurst, and he, the eldest, was alone with his mother; and he valued the visits of the old Italian priest who had been his confessor during the last four years when they had wintered in Florence.

Tonio and he soon got to talk about a great many different things, and one day the former said:

"I can't understand it, Signorino, that you should be so patient when you suffer so much. And you never grumble about the accident at all."

"I am not patient," said Jim flushing up. "Don't fancy that I am, for indeed—Well, I can't talk of it."

"Excuse me, Signorino, I should not have mentioned the subject," said Tonio readily, seeing he had touched on a sore point. It puzzled him so very much to find Jim so brave, enduring all his suffering with patience that he had felt sure he would not have manifested had it been his case.

Jim lay silent for a moment, his eyes closed. Then, with an effort, he said: "No, I should not mind speaking of it; it will have to be talked of, and I must get used to it."

Tonio was silent. "I hoped at first it would not be so bad," he said, "but I have had a celebrated surgeon from Rome. He came to-day, and it seems I shall be a cripple for the rest of my life. I may be able to get about with crutches, but that is all."

"I am very sorry, Signorino," said Tonio. "Perhaps if you saw other doctors—"

"Never mind, it's no use complaining; only it seems hard."

"Indeed it is hard," said Tonio, for his old envy of the young man before him had lessened since he had really become acquainted with him, and it had dawned, too, upon him that the rich had their sufferings as well as the poor. He would have liked to have poured out a volley of fiery language in abuse of the trials and troubles of life, but somehow he felt that his hearer would object to it, so he took refuge in silence.

"Ah, well, to-morrow morning will help me," said Jim. "They are going to bring me to the Blessed Sacrament. Did I tell you?"

"No, Signorino," said Tonio. "Well, you're a Catholic, so you know," said Jim briefly, with a smile. Tonio flushed up and said nothing.

"One never knows till one comes to a bad place like this what a splendid thing it is to be a Catholic, for there's ever so much to help one."

"Certainly, Signorino," said Tonio stiffly. "There was something in Tonio's voice which struck Jim, and he looked at him sharply.

"You are a Catholic, of course?" said Jim, quickly.

"Oh, of course, Signorino," said Tonio, glancing round the beautiful room as he spoke, and not meeting Jim's steadfast blue eyes.

"Oh, that's all right. I only asked because I know there are lots of Protestants about who are trying to get Catholics to give up their religion, telling a lot of lies about the faith. It is my blood, too," continued Jim, "for it is so abominable of them to come to a Catholic country and then try and rob the people of their faith."

Tonio was silent, and as Mrs. Ascot came into the room at that moment the conversation ceased, and Tonio took his departure.

"Isn't it sad about the Signorino?" said Giuseppe the porter, as Tonio stopped to exchange a "good-evening" with him.

"Yes, indeed," said Tonio. "I am very sorry; it seems that he will be a cripple for life."

"Yes, so Doctor Leuki says, and he is a clever man and knows all about it," said Giuseppe. "Ah, he is a fine young fellow and it is very sad, for he was so fond of going about on his bicycle, and riding too, and they say he was a great climber and went up mountains in Switzerland much higher than the mountains about here."

"Well, good evening," said Tonio, and then he stopped, for a funeral was just passing by. They take place in the evening in Florence, an hour after sunset, and it is a strange and picturesque sight which compels the attention of the passer-by. The crucifix is borne before the priest, who is saying the prayers in a low voice, men clad in white alb-like garments, with white hoods drawn over their heads and their hats hanging by a string down their backs, carry flaming torches, dripping fire, while the bier on which the coffin is laid is carried past with its black pall and flowers, which usually forms

an ugly garland encircling the coffin. "Ah! that's the funeral of Giusto Cappani," said old Giuseppe, raising his hat as the procession passed the house and went down the street. "He was a good man and minded his religion, so I suppose it's all right with him now."

"Goodnight," said Tonio, who had no mind to stop and chat to Giuseppe, for his head was full of other matters and he was glad when he found himself in bed, free to be alone with his thoughts.

Lent passed on and spring made great advances, warm weather coming suddenly, and gladly welcomed after the cold of the winter and the winds which had prevailed so much in March. As Easter approached Tonio went through much anxiety on Tonio's account, fearing lest he should not make his Easter duties, but he would not discuss the subject with her and she could not find out if he had done so or not. She was very uneasy about Tonio, fearing that he did not go to Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, but she was quite in the dark as to his doings. She was sure he went to the Protestant school to learn English, but she was powerless to keep him from it. She prayed a great deal for him, and felt sure that God would guard and protect him.

Tonio continued to go to Jim Ascot, who had been very ill and suffering all through Lent. They were both of the same age, and a curious kind of friendship had sprung up between the two young fellows of different nationalities, talking much about religious matters, but still his faith was a great deal to him, and he made himself say a little word now and then, for he had had his suspicions of Tonio for some time back.

"Tonio," said he one morning when the latter arrived, "do you know that you dropped those yesterday?" and Jim held two tracts in his hand. Their contents were all against the Catholic faith, and Tonio crimsoned when he recognized them.

"Yes, Signorino," said he, holding out his hand for them.

"I shall not give them to you," said Jim gravely, "but I shall destroy them." So saying, he tore them in bits.

"How can you read such things? you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"There is a great deal of good reading in those tracts," said Tonio.

"They are full of abominable lies," said Jim.

"How did you come by them?"

"I found them in the street, Signorino," said Tonio meekly, for lies at all times came naturally to him.

Jim did not believe him for a moment.

"You are risking your hope of Heaven if you have anything to do with these lies about the Church," said he. "Do you know any Protestants here who meddle with your faith? Come, Tonio, you and I are good friends, won't you tell me?"

Tonio was silent. "I think I can guess about it, Tonio," said Jim gently. He was in great pain about the accident. Later they had found that the accident had caused more internal mischief than had been at first supposed, and Jim had much suffering to bear, but he endured it with heroic courage which had his secret source unknown to the world in general.

However, Tonio would not answer, and as all Jim's persuasions could make him speak.

The next morning, instead of Tonio came old Teresa to say that Tonio had gone away, she had no idea where, but Jim quickly suspected the truth, namely, that those who had been tampering with his faith had got him a situation out of his home and Catholic influence.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD.

Every child in the country needs, at some time or other, a medicine to correct the ills incident to childhood. If Baby's Own Tablets are kept in the house and occasionally given to the little ones they will prevent illness and make the little ones rugged, strong and cheerful. Mothers should insist on having this medicine because it contains no opiate or harmful drug, and children take the Tablets as readily as they take candy. If you have a neighbor or who has used the Tablets ask her and she will tell you what splendid satisfaction they give. Here is what one mother, Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, Hebron, N. B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with so much satisfaction that I do not feel safe when I have not got a box in the house. I am sure that little ones they will be quite as well other mothers will. You can get the Tablets through your druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

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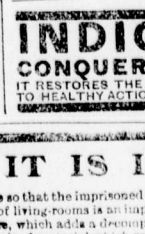
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