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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Long distance Co. rage.
Many people are courageous at a distance. They will write, telegraph, or say disagreeable, cutting things over a telephone which they could not possibly get up courage to say to your face. But, when these long distance courage people meet you face to face they wilt, their courage oozes out.
Even towards are courageous at a distance. They will sometimes call us up on the 'phone and give us a terrible raking over the coals for some fancied wrong or mistake; but when we call to see them the fire is gone out of their courage and they are extremely tame and docile. Their bluster is all gone. You would think, by their cutting, sarcastic letters, that they must be very ferocious; but they are usually very tame by the time they get into your private office. They are like the dog which sometimes makes a terrible fuss when you approach his master's grounds, but when you get close to him they seem very savage and ferocious at the other end of a telegraph or telephone line, but when one gets close to them they are very docile.

The Difference in Men.
During the depression in the life insurance business following the legislative exposures concerning it; when a great many insurance agents became discouraged and went out of business, and while others were hanging on the ragged edge, barely existing, a branch manager of one of the large insurance companies shut his teeth, clenched his fists, and resolved that he was going to beat his biggest record.

The result was that during the most discouraging year in the history of modern life insurance, this young man qualified the best record he had ever made. This is what grit did.

He thought he had worked hard but his unprecedented record when he put forth all of his efforts shows what a man can do when dominated by a mighty purpose—one unwavering aim.

Mr. Wade had said to himself, as many others did during this historic "slump," "Now, the situation looks pretty bad, but I am going to buckle down to it and do my best," he would have done fairly well, no doubt. But his grim resolve to do better than he had ever done before, regardless of the hard times and the dark outlook, quadrupled his power of achievement.

Nothing else stimulates us like the spur of a great resolution to do some definite, some particular thing.

To have merely an understanding with ourselves that we are going to do our level best is not enough. To do the best thing possible to us we must have a great aim, a mighty purpose, an invincible faith in ourselves. This will call out all our reserves.

Napoleon had said to himself, before some of his great battles, "Now, I am going to do some great fighting; we are going to do our level best to beat the enemy," he would have been beaten himself. But he resolved that when he went into the battle he would beat the enemy at all hazards. He had fought the battle over in his mind before a gun was fired. He did not start out with a loose determination to do his level best, but with a grim resolution to win the battle if it took his last man. This is the kind of resolution that calls out a man's last reserves.

It is astonishing how difficulties get out of the way of a man who carries resolution and determination to his task. There is everything in facing life in the right way. The way we approach our problems, the attitude of mind in which we face obstacles, the grit in our aim, has everything to do with our success in life.

We must face difficulties as an animal trainer faces the wild beast. He knows that the slightest indication of fear is fatal. His eye must carry power, his manner must indicate that he is a conqueror.—Success.

Much Talk, Little Work.

The strength of industry is calm, not boisterous. Much talk and little work generally go hand in hand. Those who boast loudly of the great things they will accomplish, who make a stir and commotion whenever they attempt anything, who work violently and restlessly at one time and not at all at another, who think that in order to be earnest they must be noisy, and to be enthusiastic they must be violent—such persons cannot show forth the power of industry. That is reserved for the calm and steadfast toiler, who, without boasting or flourish, or confusion, or overstrain, patiently and carefully pursues his work, aiming at excellence rather than at plaudits, and fidelity rather than glitter.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.
By Rev. George Bampheld.
CHAPTER X.
CHRISTMAS AT THORNBUURY.

Less and less contented did poor Johnny grow with his school-life. It was not that his matters were unkind; it was not that he had any special complaint to make; it was that in his little world he was not so great a man as he wished to be. The unsuccessful fight with Joseph Muttelbury had tribally pulled him down; and the blow was the severer by reason of the lasting feud between the two houses, and the decision had always claimed over the lower race of the Muttelburys. A schoolboy's happiness depends upon his school-fellows far more than on his masters, and schoolboys are generally just upon the whole, and treat a boy according to his deserts. Poor Johnny! Their criticisms both on his skill in the art of self defence, and his conduct towards a sovereign, ladies come in workwood to him.

"Popwick! my son!" said Jagers, "I must administer to you a series of salutary instructions in that chiefest of all human knowledge, the pugilistic philosophy."
"I'll pay you, you cheeky young boggler," said Johnny to a smaller lad who was thus addressing him.
"Wait a bit, Jack," cried the urbin making ready for instant flight, "here's Joe Muttelbury coming!"
But still graver censures had to be endured from older and more thoughtful companions for his insolent words about Muttelbury's mother. "Whatever he said of Joe, he might have left his mother alone," was the unanimous opinion. "Popwick is jealous of him, because he's cleverer and has got up higher." "Joe Muttelbury was altogether in the right; plucky to fight a bigger boy than himself;—he fought well too—of course he could not help sticking up for his mother." Johnny had lost caste; and he knew it.

However, happily for our hero Christmas-time was at hand, and the thoughts of the boys were turned to other things. Even the remembrance of a fight cannot be forever. And Johnny's own thoughts were drawn out of himself and away from brooding so wretchedly over his fallen greatness.

Christmas time was a merry time at Thornbury. The boys did not go home; but for all that they contrived to amuse themselves and each other fairly well. Evening after evening there was some amusement contrived out of the brains of masters or pupils. To-night it was a concert; the never failing reed band, which gladdened the streets in the summer with its marches, was now equally at hand to play beautiful music from the best composers—not too loud, though so many of the instruments were brass, for the Thornbury school-room.

A string band also did its endeavor, not altogether without success, to vary the proceedings; and then there was singing. Johnny was himself a bit of a singer, and when he went up upon the platform to sing the doleful and tragic ditty of the "Three Cock Robins," and was called upon by his playmates with screams of laughter, he became almost reconciled to school life once more. It had its triumphs as well as its defeats.

Another night came a body of kind friends disguising their faces in Ethiopian blackness, and making the absurd jokes and most astonishing grimaces, singing however not un sweetly; and both jokes and songs lingered in the boys' memories far into the next half year. There was one song of the "Mulligan Guards" marching to Dublin Bay. Poor Father McLeady! For many a day after some of the younger children were marching round the playground, attired in the most wondrous costumes of their own invention, and playing barbaric music with pans instead of banjos, and broken crockery and sticks by way of violins, in such imitations as they could manage of the tune of the "Mulligan Guards." Johnny in some of these marches to Dublin Bay acted corporal, and was in much glory. The noise was trying; but noise is the happiness of children, and those who teach them must welcome head-aches like the other troubles of life with a glad heart.

But! night of nights! I came from a neighboring Mission a company of gentlemen and ladies, with capital voices for singing, and no mean skill in acting. The delight of the boys was a thing to see and hear. The school-room rang with shouts of laughter. Especially was there one, who in the piece performed delighted in the name of "Snuzzles," and whose very appearance sent the boys into mad convulsions. "Snuzzles" became a household word, and a term of affection. Shocking to relate, the gentleman himself could never make his appearance thereafter for years without the boys exclaiming "here comes snuzzles;" they declined to believe that he had any other name; at least no name he could possibly possess by the right of his parents would suit him so delightfully as "Snuzzles." Nor, whatever character he assumed in after years, could it possibly efface the remembrance of that first delicious "Snuzzles."

Then there were some merry apprentice lads who with their masters devised an evening amusement of an original and wonderful description. Then did men who had seen many winters sing with uncertain voices, sweet nevertheless for the most part, and tuneful, for the English are not more melodious after all than other nations, songs of their childhood, long and pathetic, touching on family affections, and delighting in allusions to daisy-crowned graves beneath spreading elm or in other romantic spots. Then did youths blacken their faces as amateur negroes, and essay jokes not fit above the usual schoolboy wit. Then did a leading singer, planting himself in tender attitude, sing plaintively of the time "When other lips and other hearts," etc., albeit his gravity was for a moment disturbed by a fellow Ethiopian enquiring wickedly what was the price of that song per yard. Then were performed by stalwart soldiers or by active tailors dances of miraculous energy, in which legs were twisted as if they could be hurled away, and toe touched heel, and heel touched toe, as if they were instruments wholly independent of the owner's body.

Then came a farce, original, coined on the moment from the author's brains. Shall we tell the plot? A cross, hot-tempered husband, who keeps a shop, but going out to work himself leaves his wife to mind it, so punctual, and as it seemed, at unreasonably short intervals, to find invariably that his wife has been too busy to prepare him anything to eat. The miseries of a wife so distracted are energetically portrayed. Just as she is getting potatoes ready customer after customer comes in, boys to change a sovereign, ladies come in workwood to him, and to add to her troubles, a monster baby of some five years old such as even in Brogdign would have won a prize at a baby show being once

other than a huge apprentice of some fourteen years attired in appropriate baby costume, falls into the fire—cries aloud to be washed—tumbles off his chair—and does all other things which a well behaved baby would not have done. Enraged beyond all patience, and starved into notions of divorce, the husband stops at home and wife goes out to work. The result is still more disastrous. The unhappy man can find meals neither for himself nor her, and is driven to the verge of madness by the exasperating babe. The humor was rather tame, but the laughter was great, and the atrocious infant lives still in the memory of the Thornbury scholars.

In such amusements ran the Christmas nights away; and the Christmas days were spent in the religious exercises which become the Christmas time, and largely in preparation for the Christmas nights. And Johnny's discontent began to wear away again. His vanity was soothed by his victory over the Robin song and other not less glorious achievements; and the thoughts of running away, and going home, his father would let him, going anywhere if he would not, began to melt away before the joys of Christmas-time, and his rising again in the opinion of his school-fellows.

"I don't know what to make of him," said Corsey Wrangle who had amusingly assumed the position of father to Johnny. "I'm half afraid I shan't like him. It's a pity too; he's a fine lad."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DANGEROUS ERROR.

We are rather accustomed to hear non Catholics say that it makes very little difference what a man believes. Protestantism has so far yielded to this cry of modern indifference that positive teaching has been almost eliminated from the churches. Right living is insisted upon and right believing is left out of account.

Since Protestant churches do not claim to be infallible in matters of faith, and, therefore, cannot presume to say that the little they do teach is the truth, we naturally expect them to get away from the question of dogma and doctrine as far as possible. It is only the natural tendency of the sects to their logical end in their doctrine at all and some of the sects are coming to this very fast.

The point of view of the Catholic is different. Promising that God made a revelation of divine truth to man, he holds that it cannot be a matter of indifference whether he or any other man chooses to accept or reject God's revelation. To refuse to accept it is to refuse to believe God. Himself speaking to us. No greater insult could be offered to God than this. The Catholic, then, knows that right believing is a part of right living for the Christian, and that indifference is only another name for irreligion. Truth in the domain of religion is all important. To allow men to go wrong in a matter of faith without warning them of their error would be intolerable. Hence it is that the Church, the living teacher of divine truth speaks frequently in regard to matters of faith. She condemns error when it springs up and warns her children against it. The condemnation of Modernism is a case in point. The Church cannot tolerate error since she was commissioned to teach him and guard the divine truths committed to her keeping.

The Catholic who finds fault with the Church for refusing to tolerate error within the fold only shows that he does not know his religion. A little instruction in the catholicism would at least teach him that the Church knows her business as well as he does. His pleas for "tolerance" in matters of faith is not even a well concealed indifference. The spirit of the age has claimed him for its own when he can regard error in religion with no concern.—True Voice.

THE STATE A THIEF.

A PROTESTANT EDITOR'S ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

From the Charlestown (S. C.) News and Courier.
According to a correspondent of the New York Sun, discussing the question of Church and State in France, the Church has lost nothing by the separation from a religious point of view. "Probably that was because the State could not take it. But, says the correspondent, the Church 'has suffered a serious loss of property,' and that is the point of view from which the State should consider the question. What the State has done to the Catholic Church in France it would do to any other religious establishment. In our opinion, speaking as a Protestant of the most extreme inherited type, we regard the State in France as a thief. It would steal from the Protestants to-morrow just as it has stolen from the Catholics in the recent past, and as it continues to steal from them from day to day.

Easter and St. Patrick's Day Post Cards.

Plain 10c. per 100. \$1.00 per 1000.
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The separation that has been forced in France cannot be defended on any ground of moral or political expediency. The State has taken the property of the Church; that was stealing pure and simple, stealing that in this country or in Great Britain would not be condoned by the people for a moment.
In the course of time, we suppose, the Church will be compensated in a financial way for the losses it has sustained by the seizure of its property. We do not quite understand in this country French methods in dealing with this question. What would be thought in South Carolina for example, if the property now owned by certain of our parishioners should be seized by the State and converted into the public treasury because this property, or any part of it, came into the possession of a religious order by a grant from the crown or from the State? The thing is inconceivable. Yet this is precisely what has been done in France, and done with a brutality and a disregard of national honor and national honesty which has shocked the Christian world.

DO CATHOLICS WANT A CATHOLIC PAPER.

Sometimes we doubt it. And it is not without reason we doubt it. We look around us and we see the welcome accorded the secular press; we cannot help but notice how eagerly Catholic people purchase the daily papers. We read through these papers, and, alas, we find many of them but a tissue of scandals, sensations, gross exaggerations, evil suggestions, false principles. Some of them are so unclear that they are not fit reading for any Christian eyes; some of them are deliberately designed to carry their filthy message into the hearts and homes of the people. Most of them are not proper reading to put into the hands of children. And yet our Catholic people eagerly buy them, read them, carry them to their homes, hand them to the little ones, spread their contagion, inoculate their friends and associates with their virus.

But when it comes to subscribing for a Catholic paper, how slow these eager hands are to pay the price. It is for the most part dry reading; it has none of the exaggerated flavor of the scandal or the crime; it does not flatter with silly praise or pander to self love or foolishly dismiss all responsibility and open the door to ease, to pleasure, to wilfulness, to sin. It tells of things that are sweet and pure, it teaches the beauty of self-repression; it speaks holy doctrines with becoming gravity. It dares to tell the truth; it protests against the wild opinions and false principles that men eagerly drink in, because they excuse or palliate human wickedness.

But under present conditions in our country, is it not simply a duty for a Catholic to take into his home a Catholic paper? A Catholic paper is a gift of the pure fresh air of heaven. It brings with it life and health. What better missionary labor may any Catholic do than to spread Catholic papers? They are the most practical antidote to the poison of the daily press. The danger to Catholic faith and morals is not from sectarian pulpits. That day is past. The biggest pulpit of our time is the press; the danger is from the press. Every Catholic who buys a secular paper erects a pulpit of error in his home; for the papers are not satisfied with giving us the news and corresponding comment; but they insist in giving us our theology and our creed. They take our conscience into their keeping. Time and eternity belong to them. Every issue is a new creed. And the creed changes with every edition.

Who can doubt the absolute necessity of the Catholic press? What home is secure without a Catholic paper? We must meet pulpits with pulpits. We must meet paper with paper. We must speak truth without ceasing, for the mission of error are loveless.—Newark Monitor.

FREQUENT CONFESSION.

As God's grace is the means of our happiness, inasmuch as no one can be really happy unless united with God, it follows that frequent confession is one of the chief means of becoming and remaining happy, as together with Holy Communion, it, more than anything else, keeps us and binds us to God. Although frequent confession is so useful and so necessary to our happiness and advancement, it is strangely enough neglected by a great many, and even the fairly good are lukewarm with regard to it. This can be best accounted for by the fact that Satan, knowing its very usefulness and necessity to us, does everything in his power to keep us from practicing frequent confession. Thus we are led to forget our confession, to put it off for little or no reason, and instead of seeing in it a comfort and consolation we are led to look upon it as something to be feared and abhorred.

To the good and holy, frequent confession is one of the joys of the soul; for it permits the soul to humble itself, to relieve it of its fears, to purify itself and unite it more closely with God. The habit of mortal sin and frequent confession, we are told by spiritual writers, can not exist in the soul as one and the same time; we must either give up one or the other; and evil mortal sin is the greatest of evils, separating us as it does from God, and maybe forever, should we not gladly take this easy means of keeping us united with God here on earth, that we may insure ourselves union with Him in heaven?

We find time for so many things which do us no special good, and too often in many cases for things that are sinful and harmful to us, and yet we can find no time to go to confession. It is a happiness and happiness for time and eternity, and yet there are comparatively few who go to confession frequently. Now what should we understand by frequent confession? Is it going to confession several times a year? Surely not when

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cleanses so easily that wash day is like child's play. There is nothing in it but pure Soap cannot injure the clothes and gives the sweetest clearest results. To wash the Surprise way.

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obligation, binding under sin, commands us that we confess at least once a year. Nothing short of going every month, or at the farthest, every second month, should be called frequent confession. It is easy to do this; little time is required; the priests are ever at the call of the people for this important work. As confessors, they are the physicians of the soul. As judges of those accusing themselves, they are the most merciful and indulgent, and as fathers of those they forgive, the kindest and most benign. If any one will acquire the habit of frequent confession, he will find it so comforting he will never give it up. "Taste and see how sweet the Lord is."—"Seedlings."

A REMARKABLE CONVERT.

In a series of articles on the London churches, written for the Catholic Weekly, of that city, Wilfrid Wilberforce thus describes the conversion of the remarkable man, Father Herman Cohen, who founded the Carmelite Church, Kensington:

"In 1820 there was born in Hamburg a man who combined in a happy degree the robust and determined nature of the German with the rich, varied and artistic gifts which so often distinguished a Jew. Herman Cohen, in the early years of his vigorous manhood, had been rescued by a signal act of Our Lord's mercy from the errors of Judaism and brought in a moment into the clear light of faith. Like so many of his race Cohen was a brilliant musician, and his services were frequently called into requisition in churches. During the month of Our Lady, in the year 1847, he was conducting Benediction in the Church of St. Valerie, in Paris. All at once, as was St. Paul on his road to Damascus, he was struck by the arrow of Divine Love.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, Father Herman went to Germany and devoted himself to the French prisoners of war in that country. They were his country's enemies, for he was of German birth, but Father Herman was as free from racial antipathy as was the great saint to whose conversion his own bore such a like name. Ministering to the sick and wounded Frenchmen, he contracted small pox and died on January 20, 1871. A panel in an altar of the church in Kensington represents him engaged in this last of his apostolic labors."

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VICTORIA, B. C.—For some years I suffered from a lame back, which some mornings was so bad I could hardly dress myself. I used a number of different medicines, but without benefit, and at last became discouraged as it seemed to get worse. One day I noticed the V-O advertisement, and the remedy seemed to me to be just what I needed. I bought a trial package, and now I feel like a man of 24 that has gained in flesh and am now free from all such troubles. With the best of health, I will always praise it. It is a boon to humanity. B. G. GIBSON, 1111 W. PETER ST.

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Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world-famous mineral springs derive their health-giving and healing virtues. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water flows its way, only a very small portion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits. Vitae-Ore consists of a number of elements, including iron, sulphur, and magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in many of the world's famous mineral springs, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral, sulphur, and magnesium, is a cure for many of the most common ailments, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and other conditions. It is a powerful mineral water, drunk fresh at the springs.

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