

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Plain speaking. Plain speaking is sometimes very wholesome. We heard an instance recently. Four young men were engaged in business. The business was a small one, and not able to support them all as "bosses," but they seemed to think it was. Last summer all four of them went off on a vacation at the same time, leaving the business to two or three employees. On their return, one of them called to his next door neighbor, and said: "Hello, Mr. Smith. Don't you ever take a vacation?"

"Not when I have a large amount of work on hand," he replied. "Well, I think every man ought to take a vacation," said the younger one. "Say," said the neighbor, "you don't get angry when one speaks plainly what he thinks, do you?"

"Of course not. Besides, I wouldn't get angry at you?" Mr. Smith looked at him a moment, and said: "You're an ass!"

The young fellow felt like resenting that, but Mr. Smith said: "See here! There are more 'bosses' in your shop than you have men at work. Each one is drawing out a good salary each week, and putting nothing in. How long can your business stand that? You young fellows need to go to work and hustle, if you expect to succeed."

The advice was good; and it is equally good to our oldest boy readers who will soon go out into the world to gain a livelihood. Almost anyone can do that, for even tramps succeed thus far. One must have the ambition to do more. He must mean to succeed, not only in the business in which he engages, but in building up a character for honor and manliness. The name of being a Christian gentleman is the best capital for a young man to begin life on. That term includes all of the virtues, and if he strives to do his best in whatever department of business he may be engaged, he will succeed.

Success does not always mean riches, and riches does not always mean honesty and integrity; and yet all may be secured when one bears himself upright in all the business of the world. Boys, by being thoughtful, may save themselves much of sorrow and misfortune.—Our Young People.

Intentions that Count. The paving of the road to a very uncomfortable place is said to be composed of good intentions. Nowhere else has this material been tried for paving, though it is plentiful enough for almost any purpose. We all know people whose houses burn when they are "just going to" insure, whose cow or a horse when they are "just going to" mend the fence or close the gate, who are "just going to" buy stock when it goes up like a rocket, who are "just going to" pay a note when it goes to protest, who are "just going to" help a neighbor when he dies, who are "just going to" send some flowers to a sick neighbor when it proves too late. In fact, they are "just going to" do things all their lives, but never get them started. "To be always intending to live a new life, but never find time to set about it," says Tillotson, "is as if a man should put off drinking and eating until he is starved to death."

Under every clock in a factory at Cleveland, O., is the motto, "Do it now!" Such a motto, lived up to by everyone, would spare the world much trouble. It would add thousands of good deeds to daily happenings, save many firms from bankruptcy through bad debts, paint hundreds of pictures only dreamed of, write books without number and straighten out half the tangles of our complicated social life. The habit of putting off disagreeable duties is responsible for more needless unhappiness, for these burdens weigh on the mind and prevent the satisfaction content that comes from duty well performed. Mostly tasks promptly undertaken prove less difficult than we anticipated, and the joy of accomplishment often compensates for any hardship experienced. Don't get to be known for unfulfilled good intentions. Good intentions carried out become the good deeds that make men useful, loved and famous. Doing things rather than just planning them makes all the difference between success and failure.

Vanity is not, like pride, an inordinate idea of our excellence; it is an inordinate desire for honor and praise even when we know that we do not deserve either. It is a kind of voice which is so great, that in order to produce the objects of our desires, we lie to our own conscience. Have you any symptoms?

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily the good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Learn to endure meekly whatever trials may come upon you in your every day life.

Ingratitude is the world's recompense; but sooner or later merit will be rewarded by God.—Western Watchman.

All Past Ages have Worked for You. The man who does not feel his heart throbbing with gratitude every day of his life for being born in the very golden age of the world, and who does not feel that he owes a tremendous debt to the past, to all the people who have struggled and striven and sacrificed before him, is not made of the right stuff. In other words, he is not a man, and he ought to be treated as a drone, a thief of other men's labors.

Everything that has gone before you, enters into your life and time. You enjoy the sum of all the past every moment of your life. Think of the untold thousands who have laid down their lives to make possible the comforts, the blessings, and the immunities of the present. Think of the rivers of blood that have been spilt, of the thousands who have perished or lived in the misery of prison and dungeon to purchase the liberties of speech and freedom of action which you enjoy to-day.

How many lives have been lived in solitude and misery in order to develop sciences which are to day beacon lights of the world! And think what multitudes of people are engaged in producing, manufacturing and forwarding your clothing, your furniture, your food, the tropical fruits on your table, the foreign textiles, the bric-a-brac, and all the things which come from foreign lands to minister to your comfort and convenience.

You buy an orange on the street for 2 or 3 cents, but did you ever think of what it has cost to bring it to you? Did you ever think of the number of people who have aided in its production and its transportation so that you might buy it for a few pennies? You buy a yard of cotton cloth for 10 cents; but did you ever think of the toil and the hardships of the poor people in the South, of the operatives in the mill, the packers, shippers, and clerks who have handled and rehandled, and shipped it by steamship and railroad to bring it to you for a song? Success.

dom of action which you enjoy to-day. How many lives have been lived in solitude and misery in order to develop sciences which are to day beacon lights of the world! And think what multitudes of people are engaged in producing, manufacturing and forwarding your clothing, your furniture, your food, the tropical fruits on your table, the foreign textiles, the bric-a-brac, and all the things which come from foreign lands to minister to your comfort and convenience.

You buy an orange on the street for 2 or 3 cents, but did you ever think of what it has cost to bring it to you? Did you ever think of the number of people who have aided in its production and its transportation so that you might buy it for a few pennies? You buy a yard of cotton cloth for 10 cents; but did you ever think of the toil and the hardships of the poor people in the South, of the operatives in the mill, the packers, shippers, and clerks who have handled and rehandled, and shipped it by steamship and railroad to bring it to you for a song? Success.

Worth Thinking About. A loving heart will make a thoughtful head. The most unprofitable thing to hold in this world is a grudge. What we get from the world depends upon what we give to it. Success is utter failure if achieved by the sacrifice of moral principle. He who wishes to be happier than others must first consider others.

To be a good talker one must first learn how to be a good listener. Good companionship does not depend upon accident but upon selection. Let your means overrun your wants, not your wants overrun your means. Every duty which is hidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

It is more useful not to know things and make people think you do, than to know them and not have anybody believe it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. "Mamma," said Edith, "may I go and spend the afternoon with Alice?" "Have you mended the rent in your best dress, and darned your stockings? If so, you may go," was the answer. "It's a shame for that old mending to spoil my whole Saturday afternoon," said Edith, crossly.

"Why did you leave it so long? You tore that dress last Sunday. I reminded you of the rent twice, but you always prefer doing something else rather than the particular work which is most necessary. I really must insist upon your mending being finished each week before Saturday evening. You know you can always choose your own time, and have yourself to thank if your Saturday is spoiled," remarked Mrs. Skein.

Edith silently left the room, and returning with her dress, began gloomily looking at a long rent in the skirt. "It will take an age to darn that," she muttered. "Edith," called grandma cheerily from the bay window where she had been hitherto a silent listener, "bring your work here, where there is the best light, and I will tell you a story. The girl's face brightened at once. She found a seat near the old lady and said: "You're very kind, grandma, but really I don't think I'm young enough to enjoy 'The Three Bears' or 'Hansel and Gretel' any longer. Why, I'm almost fourteen."

Grandma smiled and said: "Don't you want to hear the true story of how your fortune was lost?" "That's different; of course I do." "Well, then," began the old lady, "my grandfather was a very well-to-do silversmith and jeweler, who lived in Bremen, one of the largest and most important towns in North Germany. In his day it was much smaller than it is now, but he thought it would grow; so he bought a large piece of land lying just outside the town, borrowing part of the money to pay for it.

"A short time afterwards times were very hard in Germany, on account of the wars of Napoleon. People bought only the most necessary things, and of course, no one would buy any jewelry or silverware. So it happened that, when my grandfather was called upon to pay \$100 on this debt, he could not do so, and none of his business acquaintances were able to lend him even so small a sum. Finally, three days before the money had to be paid, he thought of a certain rich friend of his and going to his house, asked him to lend him \$100, telling him how he had failed to get it elsewhere. His friend said: "Why, of course you shall have the money. Why didn't you come to me long ago? I can get it for you from my office at once, if you must have it, but I think you said you have until day after to-morrow? Yes? Well, really, I want to finish this interesting book this afternoon, but, if you will call at the office some time to-morrow morning you shall have the money."

"My grandfather went home feeling happier than he had done for months. Next morning, as he was starting to go to his friend's office, he heard that his friend had been found dead in bed, having died of heart disease during the night. He went to the man who managed his friend's business and asked him for the money, but the man said he had no right to lend it without any order from the owner.

"So the piece of land was sold at auction, and, as no one wanted to buy, the man to whom the money was owing bought it in for just \$100—that is, he took it for the debt, and grandfather lost all the money he had paid for the land, and the land besides. To day there stands upon this land a handsome railroad depot, a fine hotel, and several magnificent residences. The land is now valued at over \$1,000,000."

"Why did you call that my fortune, grandma?" "All that property would be mine, and you and Edgar are my heirs." "And it would have been ours if that friend had not put off paying out the money just because he wanted to finish his book! It's too bad!" said Edith, emphatically.

"Take care, my dear. 'People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones,' you know." The girl looked grave a minute, then said: "I'll move out of my 'glass house,' and mend my clothes by Tuesday every week—see if I don't!"

The Three Portraits. In a convent school in Italy, a very vain and conceited girl, who had been educated. Nature or rather God, had endowed her with rare beauty, but instead of thanking her Creator for so gracious a gift, because of it she displayed her less beautiful looking companions.

Times without number had she been reproved for this serious fault, but to no purpose. Her parents, who fondly loved their child, being anxious for her future welfare, had recourse to a stratagem. When her birthday they sent her three little portraits, on each of which was marked a number. No. 1 on one parcel; on another, No. 2; and on the other, No. 3, thus indicating the order in which they were to be opened.

On receiving the presents, Mary (for such was the girl's name) ran hastily to her little room to open the parcels. When she opened the first she danced for joy, on seeing herself in a beautiful hand mirror. Underneath the clear, bright glass was written: "As you are."

Her overflowing joy being restrained by her desire to examine the other parcels, she opened the second. What was her horror on beholding an empty skull—hideous and terrible it appeared to her—a cruel witness of the insignificance of life. She burst into tears as she read the words written underneath: "As you will be."

How sad for one who has centered all her happiness in this world's pleasures, to think she will one day come to an end so bitter. The poor girl was disconsolate, and with great reluctance opened the third parcel. What a contrast! It contained a beautiful picture of our Blessed Lady, who smiled upon her. Underneath were the words: "As you ought to be."

"Yes, beautiful Lady! dear Mother Mary!" she exclaimed, drying her eyes. "I will begin to serve her faithfully from this very moment, and I shall think more of that bright Land where true beauty never fades, because it is of the soul and where all the saints rejoice forever. And she kept her word.—Our Young People.

A Beautiful Face. A good heart makes a good face—perhaps not a beautiful or classical face, but one that is true, sincere and bold, one that will shine with God behind it.

There are some faces that are quiet that at times even have a warm glow upon them. There are faces that are quiet and uninteresting in repose but that light up amazingly with the animation of talking. There are some people who can never get a good photograph. The subtle sparkle of the eye, in which the whole individuality lies.

There are some who you would not at first call handsome, whose faces grow on you with constant acquaintance until they become beautiful to you, for you see the soul shining, you see the splendor of noble character glorifying every feature. A true beauty in the soul will come out in the sweetness, the brightness, the quiet glory of the face.

PROTECTING THE HOME. Chicago has now a Home Protective League, one thousand strong, secret as to membership and bent on fulfilling the aim suggested by its title. Its aim is not to induce abstinence; what it proposes to do is to put a stop to the practise of some drinkers of drinking up the contents of their pay envelopes in a corner saloon. In other words, it makes an attack on drinking, leaving the moral issue and the physical issue strictly alone. It hopes to protect the home by protecting the pocket-book; the drinker who can afford the indulgence whether such indulgence is right or wrong, will not be interfered with by this league. The names of the members are kept secret in order that they can best pursue the ends sought by name to the public. He is the city attorney attached to the juvenile court, and ahead of the Junior Business College for Delinquent Boys. "The league is made up of one man from every precinct in Chicago with the exception of the first ward and lodging-house precinct," says the city attorney. "We are not going after the habitual drunkards who manage to support their families in spite of drink. We are only going after the men who drink up their wages and make their wives and children suffer in consequence. Precinct members will refer all complaints to me. I shall at once notify the saloon named in the complaint that no more liquor is to be served to the man mentioned. If the saloon keeper does not heed the warning he will be made to answer in court."

AN OXFORD DEBATE. The great and famous University of Oxford, one of the most ancient and renowned seats of learning in the world, has just recently been the scene of a remarkable and significant demonstration in favor of Ireland's claim for National self-government. Oxford is the place where the sons of the British aristocracy, the lords, dukes and earls and merchant princes of England receive their collegiate education. From such a quarter one would hardly expect a declaration in approval of Home Rule for Ireland. Yet so it has been. The occasion was a debate on the Home Rule Question at a meeting of the Oxford Union, a society composed of students of the University, the meeting being held in one of the halls of the institution. John Redmond, the Irish leader, was present by invitation and delivered the closing speech of the debate which was upon the proposal or motion: "That, in the opinion of the House, Ireland should have the right to manage her own affairs."

An interesting feature of the assembly was the fact that the chair was occupied by a grandson of Mr. Gladstone—Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone—who, it is gratifying to know, is as ardent a Home Ruler as was his illustrious grandfather. But the most gratifying fact was that the motion on being put to a vote at the conclusion of Mr. Redmond's speech, was carried by a big majority, the figures being three hundred and sixty-nine for and two hundred and twenty-six against.

This undoubtedly must be regarded as a very important manifestation of sympathy with the cause of Ireland, considering that the young men who voted are all English, and of the class supposed to be intensely hostile to Irish national sentiment. Those of that class who are members of the House of Lords unquestionably are hostile, but evidently their juniors—the young blood of the so-called nobility of the country—are to a large extent imbued with a different spirit, a spirit of just appreciation of the right of the Irish people to the control of government in their own land.

It may be assumed, of course, that Mr. Redmond's speech had much to do in influencing the vote, but this does not lessen the credit and honor due to the majority who in addition to giving the cause a fair hearing, recognized its justice and pronounced judgment accordingly.

CLEAR THE PATH OF OBSTACLES. The following extract from the reminiscences of Archbishop Keane, printed in the Dubuque Apostolate, touch upon one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the faith of Christ. He is speaking of the evils of drink and of saloon-keeping: "The Third Plenary Council, Providence had me as Bishop of Richmond. It was not long before proofs in abundance came to me of the need of combating this great evil. I will mention only two of them.

During my first visitation of the diocese, on arriving in a small town where I was to preside a night and administer confirmation next morning, I found at the house where I was to lodge, a letter awaiting me which was simply this: "List of the licensed liquor dealers in this town at date." It gave their names, and their religion; and out of the seven, six were marked "Roman Catholic." That was considered by the authors of the letter a sufficient reply to anything I might say in behalf of the Catholic Church. Some may think it a bad argument; but to the great majority of the people of that town it was a valid argument, and a refutation of the assertion that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ. Those poor saloon-keepers might protest as much as they liked; the fact remained that they brought scandal on the Church in the minds of those people who considered that they were rightly applying the test given by our Lord Himself: "By their fruits you shall know them." It is easy to imagine what my feelings were in addressing the people that night and the following morning.

Another day, I was walking on a street in Richmond, when I noticed a colored man approaching me. They saluted me respectfully, and I greeted them cordially. One of them, who had the appearance of a preacher, asked me if it was not I that preached to the colored people in the cathedral. I answered him yes, that I preached to them every Sunday evening, that I could possibly be in Richmond. "Well," said he, "I've been there, and I like it. But there's one question that I want to ask you." "Ask it by all means," said I. "Well, then," said he, "if your Church is the true Church of Christ why do your people sell liquor to our people to get drunk with?" "Imagine my feelings!" I could only reply, asking him another question: "Do your people ever do anything which their Church forbids them to do?" Of course he could only

laugh and turn away; but that colored man's question has been like a dagger in my heart ever since.

AN OXFORD DEBATE. The great and famous University of Oxford, one of the most ancient and renowned seats of learning in the world, has just recently been the scene of a remarkable and significant demonstration in favor of Ireland's claim for National self-government. Oxford is the place where the sons of the British aristocracy, the lords, dukes and earls and merchant princes of England receive their collegiate education. From such a quarter one would hardly expect a declaration in approval of Home Rule for Ireland. Yet so it has been. The occasion was a debate on the Home Rule Question at a meeting of the Oxford Union, a society composed of students of the University, the meeting being held in one of the halls of the institution. John Redmond, the Irish leader, was present by invitation and delivered the closing speech of the debate which was upon the proposal or motion: "That, in the opinion of the House, Ireland should have the right to manage her own affairs."

An interesting feature of the assembly was the fact that the chair was occupied by a grandson of Mr. Gladstone—Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone—who, it is gratifying to know, is as ardent a Home Ruler as was his illustrious grandfather. But the most gratifying fact was that the motion on being put to a vote at the conclusion of Mr. Redmond's speech, was carried by a big majority, the figures being three hundred and sixty-nine for and two hundred and twenty-six against.

This undoubtedly must be regarded as a very important manifestation of sympathy with the cause of Ireland, considering that the young men who voted are all English, and of the class supposed to be intensely hostile to Irish national sentiment. Those of that class who are members of the House of Lords unquestionably are hostile, but evidently their juniors—the young blood of the so-called nobility of the country—are to a large extent imbued with a different spirit, a spirit of just appreciation of the right of the Irish people to the control of government in their own land.

It may be assumed, of course, that Mr. Redmond's speech had much to do in influencing the vote, but this does not lessen the credit and honor due to the majority who in addition to giving the cause a fair hearing, recognized its justice and pronounced judgment accordingly.

CLEAR THE PATH OF OBSTACLES. The following extract from the reminiscences of Archbishop Keane, printed in the Dubuque Apostolate, touch upon one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the faith of Christ. He is speaking of the evils of drink and of saloon-keeping: "The Third Plenary Council, Providence had me as Bishop of Richmond. It was not long before proofs in abundance came to me of the need of combating this great evil. I will mention only two of them.

During my first visitation of the diocese, on arriving in a small town where I was to preside a night and administer confirmation next morning, I found at the house where I was to lodge, a letter awaiting me which was simply this: "List of the licensed liquor dealers in this town at date." It gave their names, and their religion; and out of the seven, six were marked "Roman Catholic." That was considered by the authors of the letter a sufficient reply to anything I might say in behalf of the Catholic Church. Some may think it a bad argument; but to the great majority of the people of that town it was a valid argument, and a refutation of the assertion that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ. Those poor saloon-keepers might protest as much as they liked; the fact remained that they brought scandal on the Church in the minds of those people who considered that they were rightly applying the test given by our Lord Himself: "By their fruits you shall know them." It is easy to imagine what my feelings were in addressing the people that night and the following morning.

Another day, I was walking on a street in Richmond, when I noticed a colored man approaching me. They saluted me respectfully, and I greeted them cordially. One of them, who had the appearance of a preacher, asked me if it was not I that preached to the colored people in the cathedral. I answered him yes, that I preached to them every Sunday evening, that I could possibly be in Richmond. "Well," said he, "I've been there, and I like it. But there's one question that I want to ask you." "Ask it by all means," said I. "Well, then," said he, "if your Church is the true Church of Christ why do your people sell liquor to our people to get drunk with?" "Imagine my feelings!" I could only reply, asking him another question: "Do your people ever do anything which their Church forbids them to do?" Of course he could only

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

The Lord's Day. The Lord's day is a day of rest, but it is also a home day for sealing the sweet domestic ties between the members of the family. It is a special day of religion, devotion and prayer. Remember—that word, "remember," seems to ring in our ears—remember that you keep holy the Sabbath day. The Sunday is a day of reflection. Not long will the scrupulous reverence for its sanctity prevail if loud and large gatherings during the greater parts of the day are encouraged, ostensibly, for an elevating purpose, but in truth, only for the purpose of amusements.—Bishop McCloskey, Louisville, Ky.

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH MAGIC BAKING POWDER INSURES PURE FOOD. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bellows Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

1854 The HOME BANK of Canada 1854 Head Office and Toronto Branch 8 King Street West City branches open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night. 78 Church Street Queen St. West cor. Bathurst Bloor St. West cor. Bathurst Alliston, Belle River, Cannington, Lawrence Station, Melbourne, St. Thomas, Walkerville, Fernie, B. C., Winnipeg, Man.

WILSON'S FLY PADS Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

Archbishop O'Brien. (Man and Statesman) We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting life of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katharine Hughes. Orders promptly attended to. Price, postage prepaid, cloth \$1.00, paper 65c.

JUST RECEIVED Beautiful Lace Pictures STEEL ENGRAVINGS ASSORTED SUBJECTS Size 3x4 ins.—30c. per doz. 2x3 1/2 ins.—20c. 1x2 1/2 ins.—15c.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

PROFESSIONAL DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON. Speciality—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 516.

WINNIEG LEGAL CARDS. DONOVAN & MURPHY, HARRISTERS, Solicitors etc. Offices, Altona Building, 221 McDermot ave., Winniepeg, Man., Can. J. Donovan, Thomas J. Murphy. 142-13

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers, Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 543.

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 550

D. A. STEWART Successor to John T. Stephenson Funeral Director and Embalmer Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on Promenade, 104 Dundas St. Phone 450 GEO. C. LOGAN, Asst. Manager.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ART GLASS H.E. ST. GEORGE London, Canada

MONUMENTS GRANITE & MARBLE Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO. 493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON

HOBBS MFG. CO. LIMITED ART MEMORIAL AND DECORATIVE WINDOWS LONDON, CANADA

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep. One bottle every two days in dose of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs By Cardinal Wiseman Paper, 30c; Cloth, 60c., post-paid

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century By Cardinal Newman Paper, 30c., post-paid

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett Price, 85c., post-paid

Just Out The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY THE ONE GREAT STANDARD AUTHORITY. Can it truly be said of any book that WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY that it is: The Standard of the Federal and State Courts The Standard of the Govt. Printing Office The Basis of nearly all the Schoolbooks? Endorsed by every State School Board? Universally recommended by College Presidents and Educators? The Standard for over 75% of the Newspapers? UP TO DATE and RELIABLE. 2380 Pages. 5000 Illustrations. Should You Not Own Such a Book? WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY The largest of our abridgments. Regular and This Paper edition. Unchanged for years and convenient. 1115 Pages and 1000 Illustrations. Write for "The Story of a Book"—Free. D. C. & M. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A. GET THE BEST.