

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Get out of the ruts. Put new life into your work. Not to make progress is to go backward.

The Quick Voice of Conscience. At the least murmur of disapproval of the "still, small voice," halt and ask yourself what you are about to do and whither you are going.

Your Own Self is Your Only Capital. The real material with which you build your career is in you. Your own self is your greatest capital.

For the Young Man's Eye. Young man, did you ever put your arms around your dear old mother who has loved and cared for you and told her that you love her and are grateful for the tears she has shed and the prayers she has offered for you?

Victory Increases Confidence. Every victory over obstacles gives additional power to the victor. A man who is self-reliant, positive, and optimistic, and undertakes his work with the assurance of success, magnetizes conditions.

It is interesting to watch the growth of power and strength in a young man as he wins a series of successes in college, or in his business or in his profession. His self-poise, assurance, confidence and ability increase in a direct ratio to the number of his achievements.

A Successful Blind Physician. Almost any day at the noon hour passers by in the down town districts of Chicago turn to look at a strange couple threading the busy corner of State and Washington streets.

I have seldom known any one, who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

I was helped, I suppose, by my ignorance of the obstacles in my way. Once I began, I kept on doggedly determined not to be halted.

Dr. Babcock did considerable dissecting in his student work, and now handles many instruments which it would seem impossible that a blind man could use.

The Trade-Mark of Superiority. Men spend large sums of money and a great deal of thought, nowadays, in protecting the products of their brains and their hands by patents and copyrights.

The name of Graham on a chronometer was protection enough, because no body else at that time could make such a perfect timepiece.

Joseph Jefferson has been all the protection the play, "Rip Van Winkle," has required for a quarter of a century, for he has stamped such superiority upon his part that no one else has ever approached it.

The name of Huyler, who, as a boy, began by peddling molasses candy from a basket in the streets of New York, placed upon a package of confectionery has been a protection almost equal to a patent, for a great many years.—Success.

We sometimes hear it said of young people, "Let them have a good time now. If they do not enjoy themselves while they are young, they never will."

It is wise to speak thus? May we not attribute the sowing of many a crop of wild oats to such and similar unwise expressions? Each stage of life has its own duties and demands, and is but part of the whole.

"The loom of life never stops" it is said; "the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up. If we pass over the opportunities of to-day how hard it is to grasp those of tomorrow.

But may we not continue within that state of childlike confidence toward all, toward the future that is hidden from us, over looking forward to doing something better than we have done? Surely we have reason for hope.

And when it is all over, the youth and middle life, the years of old age, what will it matter whether we are known as victors or defeated in the eyes of the world? Is there not a court within our own breasts that gives us peace or unrest—the peace which passeth understanding, or the gnawing unrest of "the miggot thought," that torture, "whose worm dieth not?"

I asked a wise man saying: "Who is the fortunate man and who is the unfortunate man?" He said: "That man was fortunate who spent and gave away, and that man unfortunate who died and left behind."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE. The Ascension of Our Lord into Heaven, THE POWER OF HOPE.

Faith, Hope and Love took her by the hands along the road of life and helped her along. It was Faith which made her obey her church as knowing better than she did what was good for her; it gave her a tender conscience with regard to avoiding sin, and it obliged her to deny and sacrifice herself, because she knew that she did, united to the merits of her Lord, would one day be rewarded. In her simple soul graces were developed, as there was little in

her Lord had ascended, far more than those of earth, and when there was a choice between the two, it was more often than not that she chose the harder, which would bring grace to her soul, rather than earthly riches.

When things were going very badly and there was trouble in her family, when the boys were wild and the girls troublesome, and there was much wrong which she could not prevent, and which made her heart very sad, she used to find time to go into some church where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and to think about heavenly things.

Her anxieties increased very much when she had the two grandchildren in the little home she had made for them. Their ingratitude to her was one trial, and they resented being kept up to the practice of their religion.

"I am going to bed," said Teresa, later on the same evening in which this story opens. "I am tired. Are you coming, Agnese?"

"I am not sleepy, Nonna," said Agnese. "I will come presently."

"And mind you say your prayers before you go to bed, in case I am asleep and do not remind you."

"Yes, Nonna," said Agnese, and the door closed behind Teresa, who went into the adjoining room and prepared to go to bed as if saying her prayers with great attention.

"I could not tell you before Nonna, as it is a secret. Will you keep it?"

"What is the way—oh, tell me!"

"Listen, then. A fortnight ago an English lady came to buy flowers at the padrone's and wanted them sent home, so I took them; and when I did so the servant did not think they were the right ones, so she made me wait. It was at a pension. I waited in a little room by the door and presently the lady herself came; she spoke quite intelligible Italian, though it was a little curious sometimes, and we had a little talk. She was very much interested in hearing all about you, and my work, and how poor we were, and she told me there were some nice evening classes where I could go and learn English for nothing. Just imagine! Not a soldo to pay!"

"For nothing? How delightful! Will you be able to go?"

"Yes, I think so. They do not begin till late and I can get off pretty early now, the padrone's very easy-going."

she finds it out, she will not prevent my going. It will be fine learning English, won't it? then I can get a much better post than I have now, as I must work. I wish I was the Signorino over the way—ah, me! I'll add—I will try nothing to do but amuse myself!"

"Well, I am going to bed," said Agnese. "Good-night." And she went away to the next room where her grandmother lay fast asleep, her rosary tightly clutched in the withered old hands which bore the marks of hard toil.

For a month Antonio attended the classes, until one day his grandmother told him she knew where he went, and she disapproved of it.

"Why, Nonna, why should I not learn English?" asked Antonio, who, always rather inclined to resent his grandmother's rules, had been lately more independent than usual.

"Learn English if you will, Antonio, and if you were set upon it, and I could afford it, you should learn, for I hear that many young people are learning it. I did not know it before," said Teresa sadly, "but they teach you other things than English at the room in the Via Arragli. Ah! I know all about it, and that was why you kept it from me, telling me lies to hide where you were going, and making Agnese as bad as yourself, for she invented reasons for your absence."

"Ah, yes! the English ladies there are all very kind and nice, but you have to hear a sermon every Wednesday from a Protestant minister—I know all about it—and he reviles the Church and our holy faith, and tells you lies about our religion."

"One need not listen much. I am half asleep as it is," said Antonio. "What does it matter what he says? and I darsay some of it is true," he added boldly.

"True!" exclaimed Teresa, her whole frame quivering with righteous indignation. "How dare you say that? I am not clever, and I cannot argue, but to be a Catholic is the greatest blessing it is possible to have, for it helps one to live and gives one hope beyond this poor world."

"Well, don't excite yourself, Nonna," said Antonio. "It won't hurt me what they say, and I am very much obliged to them for teaching me English. I am really getting on a little."

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT. As we embraced the ninth commandment in our review of the sixth, further comment upon the same is not necessary at this time. Hence we shall pass to consideration of the tenth, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

It will be observed that between this and the seventh commandment there is a very close relation. In fact the tenth commandment may be considered an amplification of the seventh. As will be remembered, the latter prohibits every possible kind of thievery and robbery. The other forbids us to covet the things which belong to others. That is it forbids us even to wrong our neighbor in desire.

The reason for the commandment is quite evident. For if we covet the goods of our neighbor and feed upon such desire, we may be led to secure their possession by ways that make us amenable to the seventh commandment. Nothing is more dangerous than covetousness. It is at the bottom of all evil. When it takes hold of the heart, it will induce a man to protect the property of our neighbor. Hence we see the wisdom of God's law, which prohibits it and enjoins upon us the necessity of keeping our hearts pure. He who keeps the law will not only be the possessor of honest thoughts, but he will also find the greatest contentment in his station of life.

Perhaps, too, a careful examination might show us not so free from violations of the commandment as we fancy ourselves. The ruling passion of modern commercial life calls for a rigid enforcement of the law. In fact, men in all pursuits need its protection. There may be thousands who correctly boast that they have never robbed or cheated their neighbor. But have they never coveted his goods in thought? Hence the necessity for the law.

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CLEANING HOUSE TIME. In case of a fire, the question of what to do with your walls has to be decided. You will not want to use kerosene, because after it has been on a short time it runs off everything that comes in contact with it; and then when you wish to do it over again comes the nasty mess of washing off the oil coat, which costs as much as to put it on in the first place. Wall paper with its mummy face is unsatisfactory, and does not last long.