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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Those who forget God in their work seldom prosper in it. Many people are apt to trust to their own cleverness and the skill they imagine they possess, as the giant Goliath trusted in his great strength. As we advance in life we see how necessary, how indispensable, is to seek God's blessing on all we do. The thousand circumstances of daily life are beyond our control; but God can dispose of all things, so as to render them not only harmless, but even advantageous to us.

True Effort is itself Success. Mr. Charles V. Nellany, a former graduate of St. Canisius College, Buffalo, and many years prominent in the legal circles of that city and New York addressed the graduates of that college at the recent commencement exercises. At amongst other interesting remarks we select the following which may particularly interest our young men. Mr. Nellany said to the graduates and others:

The world meets you largely as you are inclined to face it. It is true, it would rather be glad than sad, rather be joyous than sorry, but I rather believe that is human nature after all, in or out of the world, so called; and I promise you with all its wickedness, all its sin, human nature still retains much to show the divine original imprint of man's Creator.

Men, I believe from my experience, are, as a whole, honest, and honest from conviction as often as from policy. A dishonest man or a man tainted with deliberate wrong of mind, is soon known and shunned among his fellows. Errors will find in plenty, religious, philosophical and other. These, throughout the years, you have been trained to detect, to withstand, and where necessary to confute and do battle with. Sin and wrong you will see often and possibly almost everywhere; but they need never sully your steps.

Whether in the professions or in business of one thing we can assure those who send you so confidently into the battle, unswerving loyalty to religion, based on their example, their teaching and your own common sense. God first and then country! And what a country, my friends! What opportunity! What a limitless horizon! The road to honor, fame, wealth, if you wish, and usefulness certainly, in this happy country is open equally to all. This equality of opportunity, in its true sense, must nerve the weakest heart, prompt the noblest exertions and make reasonably certain success to all who shall strive to excel. No matter what his race or creed or circumstances, every boy or youth, by enjoying the means of education, is trained up for what he chooses to attain.

The Church, the State, the professions invite him! To himself is left the fulfillment! Not all succeed equally. Nor is success always the true criterion of merit. It is the true effort that is itself success. Men differ constantly, continually, in genius, knowledge, industry, activity and ability, but all men can strive, and no man who has endeavored earnestly to succeed, but has established himself firmly in the respect of his fellow workers. And in this, too, there is success of no indifferent sort.

With the portals of early manhood opening before you, you stand in the full sunlight of golden opportunity. Clouds will gather, and at times in your lives, as in those of most men, the sombre chords of trouble will sound in sorrow and sadness. For these times you are prepared. With your faith, your teaching strong, your faculties trained, your eyes ever looking where hidden stars are shining, the motto you have written so often, that you are born to greater things, will develop a thousand meanings, giving you strength and ever-enduring courage to persevere unflinchingly to the end. You are armed and equipped in the most splendid fashion, albeit you have not yet tested those arms in actual combat. Do not fear them; they are true, and vigorously used, will carry you to victory.

and markings, on the path he treads, which will endure and make permanent his memory, to those who follow? And now with the curtain of life slowly falling upon the prologue of your lives, let me add my own voice, my fellow graduates, to the chorus already ringing in your ears—"God speed you, good courage and good fortune!"

The Strength of Character. Give us, oh, give us, writes Carlyle, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation are its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, peaceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

When Famous Men Married. Although Raphael, Michael Angelo, Beethoven and many of the world's most famous men remained bachelors, the majority of the geniuses, according to a German writer, entrusted their domestic happiness to women. "We find, however," adds the statistician, "that they seldom married too young and seldom too late, although there seems to be no particular age at which they chose to submit to the matrimonial yoke. Some of them made excellent husbands. Typical examples may be selected in almost any period. Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when he was eighteen years old. Fredrick the Great was twenty-one when he wed the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick to the altar. William von Humboldt married Karoline von Dachsroden when twenty-four, and Mozart and Walter Scott were twenty-five when they chose better halves. The musician married the charming Constanze Weber, who inspired him to write his most beautiful compositions, while the choice of the novelist was Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Dante married when twenty-six the Florentine, Gemma Donati. At the same age Johann Heinrich Voss led to the altar the sister of his friend, Ernestina Bole. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he married the rich widow Josephine Beauharnais, and Byron had attained the same age when he gave his name to the heiress Miss Elizabeth Milbank. The Swedish naturalist, Linnaeus (Linne), was twenty-seven when he married; Herder was twenty-nine, and Robert Burns thirty. Schiller had passed his thirty-first birthday when he wedded Charlotte von Lengefeld. Wieland was married when he was thirty-two. Milton began his unhappy union when he was thirty-five years old. Burger led his beautiful and beloved "Molly" to the altar when he was more than thirty six years old. Goethe gave his name to Christine Vulpius when three years less than three-score. Klopstock, after mourning his Meta thirty-three years, took to himself a second wife when sixty-seven. She was a widow bearing the name of Johanna von Windheim."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The House Opposite. The little girl in the pink cotton pinafore had a full view from her balcony in the buildings of the little girl in the muslin and lace pinafore who played in the garden opposite. She did not play the garden opposite. She was very long and very often in the front. But Betty in the cotton pinafore had heard rumors through the landress and the dustman of a wide garden out of sight beyond the house, with a lawn, and a fountain, and rose bushes, and a great pear tree that in the spring was a bower of white that in the fall was a bower of red. Betty, seated in her little chair in the fifth floor balcony of the buildings, had plenty of leisure just now to contemplate the grass plot and the acacias over the way, and to indulge in a day dream that was rapidly growing into an intention of crossing the road some day and seeking her way into the unseen garden. For, in the little room beyond the balcony, mother lay ill, and often seemingly asleep, and could not bear the sound of the child's chatter and games. This Sunday afternoon Betty's longings were accentuated from the fact of a carriage laden with trunks having been seen to arrive opposite the evening before, the sign of return after a four weeks' sojourn in the country.

It took Betty some time to get down the long stairs of the building, planting both feet steadily on each step. There before she stood the next. There was little traffic on Sundays, and the road was safely crossed. She could just reach the knocker by standing on tiptoes. After several faint, uncertain rappings, the door was opened by a lady in a black gown, with fluffy yellow hair, a lady young in years, with a pretty face, who looked as if she had never learned to smile.

"What do you want, she asked. "I should like to come in," said Betty serenely. "But I don't know you. What do you want?" "I should like to come in," said Betty. The lady looked at her coldly for some seconds. Then she took her by the hand and led her in.

Inside, the place was full of sunshine coming in through the south windows. There were soft carpets and rugs, and china, and palms, and flowers, and through the open French window, a long vista of lawn and rose trees and white fountains. Betty regarded it all for several minutes, well satisfied. "I should like to play with your little girl," she said at length. "Agas, the lady looked at her long. "My little girl has gone to play in the garden," she said. It was Betty's turn to look long at the lady. "Was she sick?" she inquired. "Yes, she was sick, and she suffered. And then God took her into heaven."

"Mother's sick," said Betty. "Is she very sick?" asked the lady. Betty nodded.

Mrs. Monk took her by the hand again and led her into the kitchen. The servant was out for her Sunday afternoon. But the lady fetched cake from the pantry and a cup of milk, and then busied herself getting her own tea. She was silent almost all the time, and the cold, set look in her eyes and mouth did not lessen. But her silence did not seem to embarrass Betty. She munched her cake, and made friends with the cat, and enjoyed herself.

Before she left Mrs. Monk took her into the garden and gathered a bunch of roses for her, white and golden and red, stripping the thorns carefully from the stems before she put them into the little hands. Then she piloted Betty safely across the road to the entrance of the buildings.

The next day the mother of the dead child sat by the bedside of Betty's dying mother. "My husband taken my child taken and now this child's mother—oh, my God, you are hard!" Lucy Monk was saying to herself. Betty's mother was saying aloud, "The child will have to go to the House. I know, when her father died, it would have to be so. But I should like to have known she would be brought up a Catholic."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Lucy, quickly. "Yes." "And have you seen a priest?" "No, not since I married." "And the child has not been baptized, perhaps?" "A faint blush suffused the wan face. "No."

"I will see to that," said Lucy, in a business like tone, and that she is entered on the creed register at the workhouse as a Catholic. "It will be no use," said the mother. "Her father was a Protestant. They bring up the children in the father's religion. It's the law." The hard look in Lucy's eyes seemed to strengthen, though they rested long on Betty.

Upon the following day a priest climbed to the fifth floor. And the morning after the Lord God was carried for the first time up the long stairs of the Buildings. Not many days after Betty's mother lay very still and white, as though nothing could disturb her. Lucy, rising at last from her prayer by the bedside, went out on to the balcony where Betty sat in her little chair and took her up into her arms. "You shall play at my house to day," she said. "Mother is asleep, and there must not be any noise here."

The child had grown used to playing at the house opposite. Lucy had never bestowed any caress or endearment on her beyond leading her by the hand. But when she found herself being carried downstairs by her new friend, it seemed only natural to Betty to put her arm around the lady's neck and lean her sunny head against the unresponsive cheek. "Betty does love Lucy," she said. Lucy held her closer, and turned her head to kiss the little face. Betty had never been invited up stairs on former visits. But to day Lucy took her up to a little room into which the sun was streaming behind spotless muslin curtains held back by wide blue ribbons. The little girl held her breath—was this a toy shop? There was a baby and cradle on rockers. There was a doll of fashion robes and a bride doll, and everything that is useful for the toilet and the house-keeping of a doll. There was a rocking horse with a chair saddle. There was a train which ran by clockwork, and a wagon with a team of four. There was a shop with leaves on the shelves, and a counter with altar with flowers and candles, and a priest and server—Betty gazed at her hostess speechless with delight. The sound of a turning key came from under Lucy's hand. A musical box began to play soft tunes. The child seemed to spend the afternoon in fairyland. She rode the rocking horse, shrieking with joy. She weighed sifted sugar and real currants in the toy scales, and gave Lucy change in bright tin money.



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. (Matthew 5:23-24)

There are few things in common life, my dear brethren, more surprising than the fact that some people seem to consider themselves good Christians, and well worthy to receive the sacraments, who have a grudge against some of their neighbors and never speak to them; perhaps never answer, even if spoken to by them. These people seem to think, I say, that they are worthy to receive the sacraments; and this not only at Easter, but it may be, quite frequently. Some of them, I fear consider themselves to be pious and devout; they say, it may be, long prayers every night and perhaps also in the morning—though, if they really stick in their throats, they are not one our Father. "As we forgive those who trespass against us" ought to speak to those persons who, as they think, have trespassed against them; they wish, then, that God should have nothing to say to themselves. "Forgive us," they say to Him, "as we forgive them; we will not speak to others, so do not Thou speak to us; turn Thy back on us, pass us by; cut us off from thy friendship, send us to hell;" that is what every our Father means in the mouth of these detestable hypocrites when they say, "forgive us as we forgive."

How these people get through their confession and receive absolution as surprising as that they should make the attempt to do so. They are caught, not only, once in a while, but it is to be feared that a large proportion of them slip through the priest's fingers, either by saying nothing about the sinful disposition in which they are or by telling a lie to the Holy Ghost and to their own hearts, if they would but examine them, by putting all the other party appears, that is, we come nearer to the truth. "I spoke to So-and-so," they say, "but got no answer."

Now, let it be distinctly understood that to refuse to answer any one who speaks to us with a good intention; to take no notice of a word or a salute, given with a view to renewing friendship, or even out of ordinary politeness, is in almost every case, a mortal sin. Of course I do not mean that if, through the omission comes from inattention or carelessness; no, I mean when it is intended as a cut to the other party. About the only instance in which it can be allowed is that of a superior, who has a right to take the matter in his own hands, and can put reconciliation for a time, without danger. A father, for instance, may keep his child at a distance for a while in this way as a punishment for an evident offence; but I am speaking of equals, one of whom can have no right to punish the other.

But you may say: "This person has injured me grievously. He or she ought to beg my pardon." Perhaps this is so; though often, if you could see your own heart, you ought to see your God as much as he or she. It is rare that an unprovoked injury is done by any one consciously and without what seems a pretty good excuse to himself. But even granting that the injury is really grievous and unprovoked, do you expect your neighbor to go down on his knees to you, or to humble himself by a formal apology, not knowing how it will be taken? Would you find it easy to do such a thing yourself, however guilty? No, by turning him off in this way you put the balance of injury against yourself, however great may have been the other's offence. No one should dare to go to Communion after a slight unprovoked fault. And yet even brothers and sisters have done such things, and I fear, received. Christ's Body and Blood with this sin on their souls. Let us have, then no more of this. If one is not willing to be in charity



SURPRISE SOAP. A PURE HARD SOAP. with his or her neighbor, let him or her not come to confession, or at least, if coming, take care to state the matter as it really is. "Go first and be reconciled with thy brother; and then, coming, thou shalt offer thy gift."

THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. The Parish Monthly. The month of July is dedicated to the honor of the most Precious Blood, which was shed for the redemption of all mankind, and without which, according to St. Paul, there is no remission of sin. This great festival was established (Feast of the Precious Blood of July 3) in a spirit of thanksgiving by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. while in exile at Gaeta, at the request of the saintly general of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, Moezzani. Earlier in the year, on the Friday after the fourth Sunday in Lent, this devotion has been commemorated by a special office.

Catholic devotion consecrates the month of July to the Precious Blood, that Blood which was the price of our redemption and which still is offered for us in the mystic sacrifice of Calvary daily renewed on our altars in the Mass, and which becomes the nourishment of our souls and bodies when we partake worthily of the Sacrament of the Altar. The contemplation of the sufferings of our Saviour, to which we are called by devotion to the most Precious Blood, reminds us that we are called upon to walk in the footsteps of our suffering Saviour, if we desire to be crowned with Him. As St. Bernard puts it, the members of a thorn-crowned Head must not shrink from sharing in His pain. And so from the beginning of the establishment of Christ's Church the true children of a crucified Saviour have ever had to share in the bitterness of His anguish and oftimes in the agony of His death.

For three hundred years after Christ had ascended into heaven, countless martyrs shed their blood in attestation of their faith and love. Less fortunate than those glorious confessors, cheerfully pouring out their life's blood for Christ, God pitied our weakness and spares us sufferings under which we might have succumbed. But still for us, as for them, suffering patiently borne must be the golden key to open the gates of His Kingdom. "He who does not carry his cross to-day when Jesus first ascended into heaven, will not be able to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." There is no one that is released from treading in that path of tears that leads to Him.

For what heart is without sorrow, we may ask? What life is not, at least, occasionally darkened by it? How many there are who seem to have it as their permanent portion! Some eyes scarcely ever cease from hidden weeping, and some hearts are always pierced with the sword of hidden anguish! We must bear our sorrows with patience for the love of God, for the sake of our souls, and in union with the sufferings of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Sufferings are blessings in the sight of God. They make us nearer to God. They make us resemble our Divine Master. Sorrow will grow lighter with time or entirely pass away—even as the agony, the scourge, the crown, and the cross gave place to the radiant glory of the Resurrection.

Besides the Feast of the Most Precious Blood there are in July the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin (July 2), the Feast of the Most Holy Redeemer (July 16), and the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The chief Saints' days are: St. Bonaventure (July 14), called the "Seraphic Doctor" from the fervor of Divine love that breathes in his writings; St. Vincent de Paul (July 19), whose charity still brings comfort and assistance to the poor, and the allotted through the noble activities of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Priests of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity; St. Mary Magdalen (July 22); St. James the Greater, Apostle (July 25); St. Anne, mother of the

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Blessed Virgin (July 26); and St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus.

Listen to God. You allow yourself to be led away too much by your inclination and your imagination. Apply yourself again to listen for the voice of God in prayer and listen less to yourself. Self-love speaks less when he sees that we pay no attention to Him. The words of God to the heart are simple and peaceful; they nourish the soul, even if they bring death to it; on the contrary the words of self-love are full of inequality, of disturbance, and of emotion, even when they flatter us. To listen for the voice of God, without making any plans of our own, is to die to our own judgment, and our own will.—Fenelon's Letters.

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