

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THE PASSION FOR ACHIEVEMENT.

What are the motives which keep men slaving after they have acquired a competence? "Is ambition a selfish attribute?" These and similar questions have often been asked me.

The passion for conquest, for power, the love of achievement, is one of the most dominant and persistent characteristics of human nature.

We have an instinctive feeling that we have been set in motion by a higher power; that there is an invisible spring within us—the "imperious must"—which impels us to go forward, to weave the pattern given us in the Mount of Transfiguration of our highest moment, to make our life-vision real.

We are dimly conscious that we owe something to the world, and that it is our duty to pay the debt. There is something within us which protests against our living idle, purposeless lives; which tells us that our debt to the race is a personal one; that it can not be paid by our ancestors, by proxy.

It tells us that our message to humanity is not transferable; that we must deliver it ourselves. No matter how much money we may have, we do not feel quite right—really happy—unless we are doing our part of the world's work.

We feel that it is mean, contemptible, to be drones in the great human hive; to eat, drink, wear, and use what others earn by hard labor.

These promptings of humanity and the yearning of every normal man for a fuller, complete life; the craving for expansion, for growth; the desire to objectify our life-vision, to give birth to the children of our brain, to exercise our inventiveness, our ingenuity, to express our artistic temperance; our talents, whatever they may be; the inherent, instinctive longing to become that which we were intended to be; to weave the life pattern given us at birth—these are the impelling motives for a creative career.

One man expresses himself, or delivers his message to humanity, through his inventive ability to give his fellow men that which will emancipate them from drudgery; another delivers his message through his artistic ability; another through science; another through oratory, through business, or his pen, and so on through all the modes of human expression, each delivers himself according to his talent.

The great artist does not paint simply for a living, but because he must express that divine thing in him that is struggling for expression. He has an unconquerable desire to put upon canvas the picture that haunts his brain. We all long to bring out the ideal, whatever it may be, that lives within us.

We want to see it; we want the world to see it. We long to create, to see the children of our brain just as the artist longs to see the children of his brain, his mental visions, on canvas.

It is not so much what men get out of their struggles, as the inherent passion in every normal man for self-expression to do the biggest thing possible to him—that urges them on. This is what keeps men going, always struggling to achieve.

Some savage tribes believe that the spirit of every conquered enemy enters into the conqueror and makes him so much stronger. It is certain that every business or professional conquest, or financial victory, every triumph over obstacles, makes the achiever so much a larger, so much a stronger man.

The exercising of the creative faculties, the stretching of the mind over greater and greater problems and the solving of them, constitute a powerful mental tonic and give a satisfaction and self-complacency which nothing else gives. Think of the tameness, the insipidity, the weakness, the mental flabbiness of the life of the inactive and purposeless man who has nothing special to do, no great life-motives, no "imperious must" pushing him on, in comparison with that of the man who feels all the forces within him heaving and tugging away to accomplish a mighty purpose!

The idle, aimless man does not know the meaning of personal power or the satisfaction which comes to the doer, the achiever.

Those who wonder why men who already have a competence continue to struggle, to play the game with as much zeal and ardor as ever, when they might retire from the field, little realize the tremendous fascination of the great life-game, especially for those who have artistic talent and those who have the ability to do things; men who have great executive powers, qualities of leadership.

With as much reason might we wonder why great singers, artists, actors, authors, do not retire from active life, give up their work when they are at the zenith of their power, when they are just in a position to do the greatest thing possible to them, as to wonder why great business and professional men do not retire in the most fruitful period of their lives merely because they have attained a competency.

The unborn creatures of the imagination of the artist, the author, the actor, the singer, struggling for expression, haunt them until they are objectified, made real. So the ambition and ideals of the business, the professional man, clamor for expression as long as he is able to continue in the game.

Those who have never won big battles in business do not realize what a deep hold this passion for conquest, this insatiable thirst for victory, gets upon

the achiever; how it grips him, encourages him, nerves him for greater triumphs.

A great business man develops the lust of power, the passion for conquest, as did Napoleon or other great warriors. The desire to achieve, to dominate, grows stronger and more vigorous with every new victory.

The ambition for greater achievements is fed by every fresh triumph, and the passion for conquest, which years of winning and the habit of conquering have strengthened, becomes colossal, often abnormal, so that men who have grown accustomed to wielding enormous power shudder at the very thought of laying down the sceptre.

We hear a great deal of criticism of the greed of rich men, which keeps them pushing ahead after they have more money than they can ever use to advantage, but the fact is, many of these men find their reward in the exercise of their powers not in amassing money, and greed plays a comparatively small part in their struggle for conquest.

Of course this is not true of all rich men. Many of them are playing the game, and keep on playing it, for the love of accumulating. Their selfishness and greed have been indulged so long that they amount to a passion, and the accumulators oftentimes become money-mad.

But the higher type of man plays the game, from start to finish, for the love of achievement; because it satisfies his sense of duty, of justice; plays it because it will make him a larger, complete man; because it satisfies his passion for growth. He plays the game for the training it gives, for the opportunity of self-expression. He feels that he has a message to deliver to mankind, and that he must deliver it like a man.

The tyranny of habit is also a powerful factor in keeping men going. The daily routine, the business or professional system, becomes a part of our very nature. When we have been going to our office or business at just such a time every morning, doing about the same things every day for a quarter or half a century, any radical change—a sudden cessation of all these activities, a switching from the daily use of our strongest faculties to comparatively unused ones, is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, nor an easy thing to do.

Every normal man has a dread of the shrinking and shriveling which inevitably follow the change from an active to an inactive life. He dreads this because it is a sort of slow suicide, a gradual atrophy of a talent or power which had perhaps been the pride of his life.

There are a multitude of reasons why a man should not retire when he has a competence. A whole life's momentum, the grip of habit, which increases facility and desire at every repetition; the strong ties of business or professional friendships, and, above all, the passion for conquest, for achievement, the love of the game, tend to keep him in it.

It is the love of forging ahead, of pushing out into new fields, which has grown to giant proportions in the grand struggle for supremacy, the ambition to push on a little further, not greed or selfishness, that keeps the majority of men in harness.

The artist, the business, or professional man is much like the hunter, who will endure all sorts of hardships and privations in the pursuit of game, but loses all interest in it the moment he bags it.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. GRUMBING AGAINST GOD.

"Well, well, it's Sunday again," were the first words uttered by Harry Gray as he woke one morning. "What a long weary day it will be. Yes, a beautiful bright Sunday, and pleasant to some people, no doubt."

There had been a time when Harry might be found punctually at his place in the church this day, telling plainly by his bright eyes and eager, happy face that he found the Sunday a delight. But that was nearly a year before the words I have repeated were spoken.

No boy was more active, merry and healthful than Harry until the work of a few fearful moments made him a helpless cripple. For long weeks he lay upon a bed of pain and misery. After a time he grew strong enough to sit in an easy chair by the window.

What a long, long day! Would it ever end? Longer even than usual, for when Mary came home and Harry found that an evening service of great solemnity was appointed he insisted that she should attend that service also. In fact she said she "was tired," would "rather sit by him," etc. Harry knew that she longed to be there, and made her go.

The sad thoughts he had cherished all day did not flee at nightfall. He could not read in the waning light; he could only sit and endure the pain of body to which he was accustomed, and the terrible sinking of heart that even Mary never guessed. So he leaned back, restlessly twisting and untwining his rosary about his slender fingers, wearily trying to fight down his bad feelings and gazing at nothing—only a grey patch of colorless sky. By and by

Harry was a burden on a frail woman, whom he should have supported. How sad was his case. Too poor to consult any great doctor; too weak to lead a useful life; too ignorant to win bread with his head and hands alone.

The more he thought the worse he seemed. He looked back to the days of his careless active glee, and the contrast made him sad. He looked forward to a life of pain, weariness, weakness.

Mary would never consider him a burden, but the more he thought of his life—past, present, and future—the heavier grew the weight on his heart, the darker everything appeared.

Such a long, long day! Would it ever end? Longer even than usual, for when Mary came home and Harry found that an evening service of great solemnity was appointed he insisted that she should attend that service also. In fact she said she "was tired," would "rather sit by him," etc. Harry knew that she longed to be there, and made her go.

The sad thoughts he had cherished all day did not flee at nightfall. He could not read in the waning light; he could only sit and endure the pain of body to which he was accustomed, and the terrible sinking of heart that even Mary never guessed. So he leaned back, restlessly twisting and untwining his rosary about his slender fingers, wearily trying to fight down his bad feelings and gazing at nothing—only a grey patch of colorless sky. By and by

THINK IT OVER!

There is a distinctive style and finish about a "Curzon" Suit or Overcoat which the "ready-to-wear" or "semi-ready" garments sold in Canada and the States lack. Indeed the "Curzon" cut and finish is hardly equaled even in garments sold by the best Custom Tailors, whose charges are always exclusive, if not altogether prohibitive. This is just that appearance of ease and comfort about our garments which gives the wearer a comfy appearance.

Then there is the cloth to remember: nothing but real British materials every time. The process is simple: merely fill in a post card and address same to us at below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve we return the goods and we will refund the money.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS to measure from \$5.14 to \$20.

CURZON BROS. Co. Ltd. The World's Measure Tailors.

The World's Measure Tailors. (Dept. 58), 60 62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns: For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, LTD. (Dept. 58), 74 76 Queen Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

For Winnipeg and the West: CURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON LTD. (Dept. 58), 875 Garry Street, WINNIPEG. Please mention this paper.

Day and night his strength increased until he could sit with tolerable comfort, spend the whole day in his arm chair, learning the lessons his sister Mary found time to hear at night. Her love invented many ways by which the restless boyish hands were kept busy. Mary and Harry were orphans, and all the world to each other. Everything connected with Mary seemed brisk and cheerful; and so, although she was obliged to work all day and every day, even the clatter and whir of her busy sewing machine, in the window opposite Harry's nook, seemed a song of contentment, like the purr of a monster puss. She was mother and sister to Harry, and oh! how he loved her.

No food was so good as that her hands prepared; none could shake the pillow, arrange the curtains, or do anything in the sick room like Mary.

Discontent was ashamed to show his head where Mary was. But the Sundays—the long, long Sundays, when Harry would not keep her by him, yet could not be happy alone.

Little she dreamed how very dreary and wearisome he found them. He had always a smile for her, but in the evening they sat together reading or talking of the beautiful home where they hoped to meet a glorified mother, where none would ever say, "I am sick," and none would need a physician.

On the morning of which I write! Harry—placed as usual in his arm chair—saw his sister set out to attend a long ceremony of High Mass, with apparent cheerfulness. He hurried her off even waving his little handkerchief gaily until she was fairly lost to view.

Then he took his prayer-book and tried honestly to fix his mind upon the words he read; but alas, the remembrance of the Great Physician, Who healed so many, filled him with strangely bitter thoughts.

What a long, long day! as powerful in heaven as when on earth? Why could not he heal Harry Gray as well as blind Bartimeus and the centurion's servant, and St. Peter's wife's mother? How many boys could leap and run and play who never said "Thank God." How many rich boys were whole while he, who needed strength, was helpless.

Only across the street was a handsome house; the only son of its owner—a lad of Harry's age—seemed to have everything. Didn't God make a mistake and give all the good things that should be Harry's to the rich man's son? He had ponies, horses, carriages of all sorts—everything to make life easy. It God had crippled him, how many friends would delight in picking every thorn from his path.

But Harry Gray was a burden on a frail woman, whom he should have supported. How sad was his case. Too poor to consult any great doctor; too weak to lead a useful life; too ignorant to win bread with his head and hands alone.

The more he thought the worse he seemed. He looked back to the days of his careless active glee, and the contrast made him sad. He looked forward to a life of pain, weariness, weakness.

Mary would never consider him a burden, but the more he thought of his life—past, present, and future—the heavier grew the weight on his heart, the darker everything appeared.

Such a long, long day! Would it ever end? Longer even than usual, for when Mary came home and Harry found that an evening service of great solemnity was appointed he insisted that she should attend that service also. In fact she said she "was tired," would "rather sit by him," etc. Harry knew that she longed to be there, and made her go.

The sad thoughts he had cherished all day did not flee at nightfall. He could not read in the waning light; he could only sit and endure the pain of body to which he was accustomed, and the terrible sinking of heart that even Mary never guessed. So he leaned back, restlessly twisting and untwining his rosary about his slender fingers, wearily trying to fight down his bad feelings and gazing at nothing—only a grey patch of colorless sky. By and by

Harry was a burden on a frail woman, whom he should have supported. How sad was his case. Too poor to consult any great doctor; too weak to lead a useful life; too ignorant to win bread with his head and hands alone.

The more he thought the worse he seemed. He looked back to the days of his careless active glee, and the contrast made him sad. He looked forward to a life of pain, weariness, weakness.

there twinkled out a little star that seemed actually to nod to the watching boy.

The longer Harry gazed the more merrily the star twinkled till at last an acquaintanceship was fairly established. "I am a 'lesser light,' you see," said the star; "noticed only by my light, and that is borrowed. No astronomer ever gave me a name, or 'calculated' anything about me. Professors never point their telescopes at me; I am no guide to sailor or refugee, and yet I shine. Some of my neighbors have said, 'What good do I do the earth people while the King Sun floods the world with light by day and Queen Moon smiles on them from her serene glory by night? I'll hold no penny light at such an illumination.' And out they go, though the earth people never miss them till long after, if at all; yet I shine on," said the star.

"I've some good thoughts to lonely criminals pined within prison walls. I've cheered the watcher by the bedside of the sick; I've painted pictures of wife and children for the soldier far from his home. My service has been made up of little deeds, but I've never faltered, never flagged, never ceased shining or let my light grow dim. I've looked into many homes and learned many a family secret. I've seen those who were courted and admired and called mighty, live their little day, then disappear like a bubble picked, while I unnoticed, held my own.

"I've seen kings who were vile, conquerors, who were cowards, rulers bought and sold, merchant princes who were misers, hypocrites who passed for all they were not; yet I've not lost my faith in human nature.

"For I've seen heavenly grace in garrets, honor in hovels, and the modest flowers of virtue hidden by the rank weed of vice.

"You may read of the victories of Alexander and Bonaparte, but I've seen conquerors far mightier than they, whose battles were silent—fought within their own hearts—victories known only to God and themselves.

"Perhaps you think the rich boy next door happier than yourself, yet the load on his heart is heavier than yours. Guess what he suffers in seeing a mother, dearer to him than all the world besides, abused by a father made brutal by strong drink.

"Rich! He would gladly give all his paltry gold for the wealth of love, devotion, tenderness lavished on you.

"Cheer up, little cripple! Do your work manfully if it is only to bear patiently what the good God sees best to lay upon you.

"There are briefs besetting every path! That call for patient care: There is a cross in every lot, And an earnest need for ever; But a steadfast heart that waits on God Is happy anywhere."

The city clock struck nine as Mary came in. Harry rubbed his eyes. The star was there twinkling as merrily as ever, nodding, as if to say, "Remember!"

Had it really preached a sermon, or was it all a dream? Harry could not tell, but when he got up he learned to bear his trials bravely, and ever after Sunday brought holy thoughts that made it a day of rest full of comfort and sweetness.—Young Catholic Messenger.

ANCIENT MEXICAN CHURCH. SANTO DOMINGO AT OAXACA, BUILT CENTURIES AGO.

Larger than Westminster, larger even than Saint Paul's, is the Church of Santo Domingo. This great edifice, renowned in many countries, is known not only for its size, but for the beauty and magnificence of its decorations and the many historic events entwined in its history. The church was built on consecrated ground, having been the site of the martyrdom of two Dominican priests, who were killed by Indians in the time of Cortez.

By 1550 there were a number of Dominican friars in Oaxaca, and the question of erecting a church and convent for the use of the order was agitated. The exact date of the beginning is not known, but it must have been shortly after the middle of the sixteenth century, they began the work with a few laborers, who gave their services, and every member of the order worked hard collecting more funds. A petition was sent to the king of Spain for assistance, to which he responded generously. From time to time, the king sent other contributions and there was no halt in the work.

Saint Paul's Cathedral in London measured 510 by 250 feet and cost \$747,954 or 7,497,540 pesos, or some 5,000,000 pesos less than Santo Domingo. Some idea of the size of the structure can be obtained when it is considered that four buildings, the size of Westminster Abbey could be set on the ground covered by this Dominican temple. At the present time, however, only a small part of the church is used for worship, the other portions having been converted into barracks by the government. Owing to the great height and thickness of the walls of the church, it has been used for a fort on any and every occasion when necessary. No wars, however, marred the serenity of the early Dominicans and each year

the church increasing in wealth, the library was ranked among the greatest in the republic. The interior of the church was decorated in many places with pure gold. Santo Domingo was turned into a barrack by the French army of occupation and the gold decorations, the fine paintings and costly adornments were ruthlessly stripped from her walls. The friars were driven out and for six years the church was a fort and nothing more. The accumulated grandeur of 300 years was undone in a few brief months.—Mexican Herald.

The importance with which sobriety—nay freedom from the very suspicion of drinking intoxicants while on duty—as viewed by railroad men may be gathered from a recent incident given as follows by the Springfield Republican:

"There was an incident connected with a recent railroad wreck near Bristol, Va., that will appeal to railroad men everywhere, and the public no less. It is typical of the men of a calling. The engineer, Samuel Bush of Knoxville, Tenn., died of his injuries, but not before his manliness had been established in a striking way. Bush was painfully working his way out of the wreck of his engine, scalded and frightfully bruised, when the few passengers who retained their senses dug into the burning and twisted mass to rescue him. He was lifted out upon the ground, and as there were no doctors on the train, passengers went to their suit cases in search of whisky which to stimulate him. When they came with the whisky the engineer begged them to look after the comfort of the passengers. Being told that no passenger had been greatly injured, he said: 'That's good. But before I take this whisky I want you men to smell my breath and testify, if it need be, that I had not been drinking when this happened.' Although suffering agonies, Bush would not touch the stimulant until four of the men had smelled his breath and promised to bear witness to his sobriety. 'All an engineer has is his record,' said the dying engineer, 'and he can not afford to have anything against that.' So it was that Engineer Bush passed away with an unblemished record."

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal. Useful for five hundred purposes. Sold Everywhere E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont. (MADE IN CANADA)

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

MADE IN CANADA

Professional.

D. P. J. MUGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office, 720 Dundas Street. Hours 11 to 12 a. m. 1 to 3; 5 to 8 p. m. Phone 2038.

JOHN F. FAULDS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Ac. Money to Loan, Robinson Hall Chambers, Opposite Court House, London, Canada. Telephone 997.

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 58.

A SPLENDID GIFT "CANZONI" BY T. A. DALY

These poems, mainly in Irish and Italian dialect, are full of the spirit of humor and pathos.

PRICE \$1.10 POST PAID Catholic Record Office London - Canada

Where the Fishers Go The Story of Labrador by REV. P. BROWNE

Member Historical Society of Nova Scotia. 160 Half-tone Illustrations with Map and Index. "A volume of fascinating literature." (Acadian Recorder) "The greatest contribution to colonial literature in recent years." (Sports, Halifax)

Written by a man who knows his subject not from hearsay but from actual experience." (Chronicle) "The author is literary to his finger tips and a master of Classical English—The volume reads like a romance." (Toronto Register)

For Sale at RECORD OFFICE Postpaid \$1.50 1603-17

saw the church increasing in wealth, the library was ranked among the greatest in the republic. The interior of the church was decorated in many places with pure gold. Santo Domingo was turned into a barrack by the French army of occupation and the gold decorations, the fine paintings and costly adornments were ruthlessly stripped from her walls. The friars were driven out and for six years the church was a fort and nothing more. The accumulated grandeur of 300 years was undone in a few brief months.—Mexican Herald.

THE ENGINEER'S RECORD OF SOBRIETY.

The importance with which sobriety—nay freedom from the very suspicion of drinking intoxicants while on duty—as viewed by railroad men may be gathered from a recent incident given as follows by the Springfield Republican:

"There was an incident connected with a recent railroad wreck near Bristol, Va., that will appeal to railroad men everywhere, and the public no less. It is typical of the men of a calling. The engineer, Samuel Bush of Knoxville, Tenn., died of his injuries, but not before his manliness had been established in a striking way. Bush was painfully working his way out of the wreck of his engine, scalded and frightfully bruised, when the few passengers who retained their senses dug into the burning and twisted mass to rescue him. He was lifted out upon the ground, and as there were no doctors on the train, passengers went to their suit cases in search of whisky which to stimulate him. When they came with the whisky the engineer begged them to look after the comfort of the passengers. Being told that no passenger had been greatly injured, he said: 'That's good. But before I take this whisky I want you men to smell my breath and testify, if it need be, that I had not been drinking when this happened.' Although suffering agonies, Bush would not touch the stimulant until four of the men had smelled his breath and promised to bear witness to his sobriety. 'All an engineer has is his record,' said the dying engineer, 'and he can not afford to have anything against that.' So it was that Engineer Bush passed away with an unblemished record."

Regular Price 50c., now 35c. Rover Davis, Loyalist; by Frank Baird. Clive Forrester's Gold, by Charles R. Kenyon. The Story of a Log House, by Mary F. Outram.

Regular Price 35c., now 25c. Indian Life in the Great North-West, by Egerton R. Young. Billy's Hero, by M. L. C. Piekthall. Lost in the Backwoods, by E. C. Kenyon. In Paths of Peril, by J. Macdonald Oxley. Sunshine and Snow, by Harold Bindloss. The Old Red School-House, by Frances H. Wood.

The Red House by the Rockies. A tale of Reil's Rebellion; by A. Mercer and V. Watt. The Frontier Fort, or Stirring Times in the North-West Territory of British America; by W. H. G. Kingston. The Valley of Gold, by Marjorie L. C. Piekthall. The Straight Road, by Marjorie L. C. Piekthall. John Horden, Missionary Bishop. A Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay; by Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A. Donaldblaine of Darien, by J. Macdonald Oxley. Away in the Wilderness, or Life Among the Red Indians and Fur Traders of North America; by R. M. Ballantyne. Past in the Ice, or Adventures in the Polar Regions; by R. M. Ballantyne. Over the Rocky Mountains, in the Land of the Red Skins; by R. M. Ballantyne. The Pioneers, a Tale of the Western Wilderness; by R. M. Ballantyne. Dick's Desertion, by Marjorie L. C. Piekthall.

Regular Price 7c., now 5c. Duck Lake, by E. Egerton Young. Cedar Creek. A tale of Canadian life. Athabasca Bill, by Bessie Marchant. North Overland, with Franklin, by J. Macdonald Oxley. The Giant of the North, or Pokings Round the Pole, by R. M. Ballantyne. Norsemen in the West, or America Before Columbus, by R. M. Ballantyne. Big Otter, a tale of the Great North-West, by R. M. Ballantyne. The Young Fur Traders. A tale of Adventure in North America, by R. M. Ballantyne. Off to Klondike, by Gordon Stables. On the World's Roof, by J. Macdonald Oxley. In the Swing of the Sea, by J. Macdonald Oxley. The Specimen Hunters, by J. Macdonald Oxley. Regular Price 7c., now 5c. Adventures in Canada, by John C. Gekkie. Snowshoes and Canoes, by W. H. G. Kingston. The Romance of Ramoree, by J. Macdonald Oxley. The Young Ranchman, by C. R. Kenyon. The Empire's Children. The Young Moose Hunters, by C. A. Stephens. The Fairhope Venture. An Emigration story, by E. N. Hoare, M.A. A Family Without a Name. A story of Adventure with North American Indians, by Jules Verne. Rambles in the New World, by Lucien Biart. Under the Sea to the North Pole, by Pierre Macl. Peter the Whaler, by W. H. G. Kingston. Norman's Nugget, by J. Macdonald Oxley. Roger the Ranger, a story of Border Life Among the Indians, by Eliza F. Pollard. The Red Mountain of Alaska, by W. Boyd Allen. Ice Bound, or the Anticosti Crusoes, by Edward Roper. My Dogs in the North Land, by Egerton R. Young. The Forest Drama, a story of Muskoka, by Louis Pendleton.

Regular Price 50c., now 35c. Rover Davis, Loyalist; by Frank Baird. Clive Forrester's Gold, by Charles R. Kenyon. The Story of a Log House, by Mary F. Outram. The Search for Molly Marling, by Emily P. Weaver. Phil's Hero, or a Street Arab's Resolve; by Charlotte E. Baron. The Prairie Chief, by R. M. Ballantyne. The Red Man's Revenge, by R. M. Ballantyne. The Wild Man of the West, by R. M. Ballantyne. Dr. Grenfell: The Man on the Labrador, by Rev. J. Johnston.

Regular Price 35c., now 25c. Indian Life in the Great North-West, by Egerton R. Young. Billy's Hero, by M. L. C. Piekthall. Lost in the Backwoods, by E. C. Kenyon. In Paths of Peril, by J. Macdonald Oxley. Sunshine and Snow, by Harold Bindloss. The Old Red School-House, by Frances H. Wood. The Red House by the Rockies. A tale of Reil's Rebellion; by A. Mercer and V. Watt. The Frontier Fort, or Stirring Times in the North-West Territory of British America; by W. H. G. Kingston. The Valley of Gold, by Marjorie L. C. Piekthall. The Straight Road, by Marjorie L. C. Piekthall. John Horden, Missionary Bishop. A Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay; by Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A. Donaldblaine of Darien, by J. Macdonald Oxley. Away in the Wilderness, or Life Among the Red Indians and Fur Traders of North America; by R. M. Ballantyne. Past in the Ice, or Adventures in the Polar Regions; by R. M. Ballantyne. Over the Rocky Mountains, in the Land of the Red Skins; by R. M. Ballantyne. The Pioneers, a Tale of the Western Wilderness; by R. M. Ballantyne. Dick's Desertion, by Marjorie L. C. Piekthall.

Catholic Record Richmond St. London, Canada

Position?

Assurance Company If you are that with the Head

M. GOVENLOCK Secretary

Life ANY

Its financial position is unexcelled.

"Solid as the Continent."

TORONTO

ED ARTISTIC GEOGRAPHS

25c. Post-Paid

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Family. Dolorosa.

Kellogg's—The Result of Years of Research After years of scientific research for the purpose of discovering a delicious Cereal which in itself must be a remedy, Kellogg's chemists discovered a process of retaining "The Sweetheart of the Corn"—all the nutritive elements. That's why Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is a body-builder—a brain refresher—a delightful, appetizing dish, with milk or cream. Be sure it's 10c. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal. Useful for five hundred purposes. Sold Everywhere E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont. (MADE IN CANADA)