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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The realization of a great purpose in life is always the inspiration to earnest effort. The weak become strong and the diffident bold under such an influence, and every age in the history of the world has witnessed its great heroes impelled to noble, self-sacrificing and often most hazardous deeds by recognizing the divine call to service for their fellow-men. — Rev. John M. Schiek.

A Fatal Habit.

A great many people seem to have a mortal dread of deciding things. They do not dare to take the responsibility, because they do not know what it may lead to. They are afraid that if they should decide upon one thing to-day, something better may come up to-morrow, and cause them to regret their first decision. These habitual waverers so completely lose their self-confidence that they do not dare to trust themselves to decide anything of importance. Many of them ruin naturally fine minds by nursing the fatal habit of indecision. — O. S. Marden in Success.

Nerve Force as Working Capital.

The man who hunts yesterday's hare over again or who dwells upon yesterday's letter or who suffers his thoughts to linger upon the more effective manner in which it might have been possible to terminate last week's interview is giving his substance in exchange for that which is naught. He is squandering his nerve cells in a fashion which can yield him no return and which not only by so much diminishes his power of using them fruitfully in other directions, but also, in all probability, converts some portion of the waste into material of a more or less toxic character. A man's brain cells are not only money but capital, and it is just as possible to dissipate them foolishly as to use them in the work of building up a career. — London Lancet.

Questionable Methods of Making Money.

How often we hear a young man say: "I do not like the business I am in. I know it has a bad influence over me. I do not believe in the methods used, or the deceptions practiced. I am ashamed to have my friends know what I am doing, and I say as little about it in public as I can. I know I ought to change, but it is the only business I understand in which I can earn as much money as I need to keep up appearances, for I have been getting a good salary and have contracted expensive habits of living, and I have not this force of character to risk a change."

Do not deceive yourself with the idea that disease has got to do this questionable work, and that it might as well be you. Let other people do it, if they will; there is something better for you.

The Creator has given you a guarantee written in your blood and brain cells, that, if you keep yourself clean and do that which He has indicated in your very constitution, you shall be a man, shall succeed, and shall belong to the order of true nobility; but, if you do not heed edict, you will fail. You may get a large salary, but this alone is not success. If the almighty dollar is dragging its slimy trail all through your career, and if money-making has become your one unvarying aim, you have failed, no matter how much you have accumulated. If your money smells of the blood of innocence, if there is a dirty dollar in it, if there is a taint of avarice in it, if envy and greed have helped in its accumulation, if there is a sacrifice of the rights and comforts of others in it, if there is a stain of dishonor on your stocks and bonds, or if a smirched character looms up in your pile, do not boast of your success—for you have failed. Making money by dirty work is bad business, gild it how we will. — O. S. Marden in Success.

Opportunity Speaks.

Yes, I am Opportunity;
But say, young man,
Don't wait for me
To come to you;

You buckle down
To win your crown,
And work with head
And heart and hands,
As does the man
Who understands
That those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate—
Or luck, to call it so—
Sit always in the "way-back row."
And yet
You must not let
Me get away when I show up.
The golden cup
Is not for him who stands
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.
I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye,
The ready hand
That grasps me passing by,
And takes from me
The good I hold
For every spirit
Strong and bold.
Work on,
Good hands, good heart,
And some day you will see—
Out of your effort rising—
Opportunity.

—WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Wants to be Lifted up.

Many a man who knows there is room at the top sits down and waits for the elevator.
Some Helpful Thoughts.
God sees better than man sees and he sets a higher value upon character and a clean conscience. His own kingdom and righteousness. These are very absolute and eternal, the gifts to be sought above all others. — Rev. S. O. Roche.

How little heed is given to the power of thought in character building!

Men shift the blame for moral and spiritual defects to the influence of circumstances, environments, heredity, physical incapacities. These are very real, and their effects can not be denied, but we determine for ourselves whether they shall work upon us for good or ill. — M. L. Leibrock.

They are slaves to the things of time and sense who look no further than the end of their street.

Would you be free? Look to the end of God's great plan. With no future before us it is difficult to be patient, to suffer long and still be kind, to keep on working even though results are small, but one can labor without flinching to the end of the day if once assured that his labor is not in vain in the Lord. — Rev. Charles E. Jefferson.

Cheerfulness.

"In the maintenance of health, and the cure of disease, cheerfulness is a most important factor," says Dr. A. J. Anderson. "Its power to do good like a medicine is not an artificial stimulation of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life giving influence through a normal channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eyes, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner forces by which life is sustained. The blood circulates more freely, the oxygen comes to its home in the tissues, health is promoted, and disease is banished." A great many people have brought sick, discordant bodies back into harmony by "the laugh cure," thus substituting cheerfulness for fretting, worrying, and complaining. Every time one complains or finds fault he is only acknowledging the powers of his enemies to hold him down and make his life uncomfortable and disagreeable. The way to get rid of these enemies of happiness is to deny their existence and drive them out of the mind, for they are only delusions. Harmony, health, beauty, success—these are the realities: their opposites are only the absence of the real.

"I try as much as I can," said a great philosopher, "to let nothing distress me, and to take everything that happens as for the best. I believe that

this is a duty, and that we sin in not doing so."

Sir John Lubbock has said: "I can not, however, but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty and happiness as well as on the happiness and duty: for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is the most effectual contribution to the happiness of others." — Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

The Scourging at the Pillar.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

A FAILURE.

As Mrs. Jervis sat in her little back room in one of the poorest parts of London, she often let her thoughts wander back to the days of her youth, instinctively contrasting past and present. As the only child of a well-to-do Hampshire farmer she had been brought up in comfort and had led a free, happy life. At the village school she had been taught the three Rs, and by the aid of keen observation and a genuine love of Nature in all her moods she had taught herself a great deal about natural history and botany. Every season brought with it fresh sources of interest or enjoyment, and unfettered as a young colt she lived in the open air as much as possible, strong, healthy and happy.

In the spring the sheep-shearing was a great function. Forty or fifty men, headed by their captain, came and worked hard for three days, and there was a big supper at which all kinds of good things were provided. The wool was all sent away in June to be sold, and in that month there was the rook-shooting, but Polly did not like those days, and shuddered at the sound of the guns. Haymaking was of course a glorious time, and autumn meant blackberry-picking parties, and making the most of every fine day.

Early in every December her parents went as usual to the cattle show, and that was a very important event, for Farmer Lumsley had won many a prize, of which he and his wife were very proud.

So the first early years passed—such long years as they are in childhood! Has not some one said that at that time from one summer to another seems an eternity to look forward to; that in months; later still just three hundred and sixty-five days? Ah! this latter period was the time to which Mrs. Jervis had come, and it seemed a far cry from the old farmhouse with comfort and plenty, surrounded by wide lands, to the poor little room in a London slum. However, to return to the past.

When Polly was ten years old her parents announced to her that she was to be sent to a London boarding-school. The village school might be all very well as far as it went, but still she was a Lumsley, and must have even a better education than that which had answered very well in her mother's days, and as Farmer Lumsley said emphatically, she should have the best that could be got.

It was Polly's first big trial, and she cried like a baby when informed of her fate by her mother, whose eyes were not as bright as usual as she spoke, and she blew her nose rather loudly when she had finished her communication. Mrs. Lumsley painted a glowing picture of all Polly would learn at the Clapham establishment of the Misses Skeggs, but Polly at first would not be consoled at the thought of leaving home.

The Sunday before her departure came Polly went silently and sadly to church, picking her way down the lane, though the oval stool rings under the soles of her pattens kept her well out of the mud. She took them off at the door of the church and then followed her parents into the big square pew, which was comfortably furnished with

red reupcovered seats and a little table on which the farmer placed his hat, and long straw mats on which only Polly knelt.

Polly did not pay much attention to the service that day. The bass viol and clarinet squeaked and grunted, the preacher read a sermon for a good three quarters of an hour, but her thoughts wandered and she was deaf to the sounds around her. The labourers in their smocks rubbed their hard horny hands with a rasping noise; the farmer snored peacefully; Mrs. Lumsley nodded gently and then pulled herself up with a little start; Polly wiped her eyes now and then, thought of school and wished she need not leave home.

But consolation came on the morrow, and she could not but be pleased with her new new hair-covered trunk and the nice dresses that were put into it. By the time the actual day came her spirits had risen a little; she bade farewell to all the animals, putting her paws into the charge of Jock, and wondering who would look after her special flower-beds, with more fortitude than she expected to possess. Farmer Lumsley and his wife, who were going to take her themselves to school, were arrayed in their best. Mrs. Jervis could see them now as memory lit up the old pictures!

Mrs. Lumsley had a long, black lace veil hanging over her rubicund face framed in its brown sausage curls kept in place by little combs. It was a bold Easter, so she had on her emerald tippet which came down to her heels, and a green silk dress which, as she expressed it, could stand by itself. It had yellow flowers on it. In one hand she had a silk umbrella and in the other a bandbox containing her best cap, which was trimmed with real lace and had cost two guineas.

Farmer Lumsley wore a big hat, breeches, below which, high gaiters, and a snuff-coloured coat with brass buttons. Then the coach as it neared their gate stopped for them, the hair-covered trunk was hauled up, with a small box for the farmer and his wife, who intended to stay a couple of days in London before depositing Polly at the Misses Skeggs, and they were off.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Strike While the Iron is Hot.

From the Ecclesiastical Review.

It is worthy of note how closely public opinion is approaching to the teaching of the Church on some important questions. Scarcely a week passes without our hearing of some Protestant convention of similar body, or some leading thinker, taking the attitude which the Church has always preserved upon divorce, temperance, public education or some other matter of equal significance. Now is the time to strike, while the iron is hot. The Catholic preacher cannot do better than to give a clear, simple exposition of the Church's

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position on these questions, so that the faithful may not be moved by extremists on either hand, but may hold always to the rock of Peter. So that the world may recognize the fact that she always has and always will, having Christ for her guide, be on the right side.

A MOTHER'S PRECAUTION.

There is no telling when a medicine may be needed in homes where there are young children, and the failure to have a reliable medicine at hand may mean much suffering, and perhaps, the loss of a priceless life. Every mother should always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. This medicine acts promptly and speedily, cures such ills as stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, simple fevers, colds, worms and other little ills. And the mother has a guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. One wise mother, Mrs. Geo. Hardy, Fourchu, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children. I am not satisfied without a box in the house at all times." If your dealer does not keep these Tablets in stock send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and you will get a box by mail post paid.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the cancer root and branch by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

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Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and to the great precaution to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruits, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Pills as the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.



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