JUNE 23, 1906

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Power.

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to know

GO, ILL.

ater.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. What do you do with your leisure moments? The use of leisure moments determines, in a great measure, what a man is and what he will become. In oments when the strain of outside ressure is taken off the natural bent eveals itself. Some men are idlers at eart, and le sure reveals their decided

heart, and le sure reveals their decided love of the do nothing mode of exist-ence. Others turn to special fads that interest and amuse them. Many a man has used his leisure moments to fit him-ther superior work self for superior work.

" Backbone "

Haven't you depended upon clothes, upon appearances, upon introductions, upon recommendations about long enough? Haven't you leaned about long enough on other things? Isn't it about time for you to call a halt, to tear off all masks, to discard every. hing you have been leaning on outside rself, and depend upon your own of y

worth? Haven't you been in doubt about yourself long enough? Haven't you had enough unfortunate experiences depending upon superficial, artificial outside things to drive you home to the real power in yourself? Aren't you tired of learing and borrowing and de-reading upon this thing and that thing pending upon this thing and that thing which have dailed you? The man who learns to seek power

within himself, who learns to rely upon

Genius.

It is interesting to note that the men

emergency. Genius has been well defined as the

infinite capacity for taking pains. If men who have done great things could

only reveal to the struggling youth of

to day how much of their reputations was due to downright hard digging and

within himself, who learns to rely upon himself, is never disappointed; but he always will be disappointed when he depends upon any outside help. There is one person in the world that will rested

ver fail you if you depend upon him, are honest with him; and that is present and and are urself. that will It is self-reliant man that is in demand nent. Then everywhere. endowment

n Life y ?

terially enlfare and at e necessary

led and the satisfactory.

IFE NT.

AIKIE,

President,



emergency or tremendous responsibility. When we feel that we are cut off from outside resources and must depend absolutely upon ourselves, we can fight with all the force of desperation. I know a man in New York who worked for others until he was thirty years of age and never received but a small salary. It always chafed him to

details and dreary drudgery often re quire to produce it would stagger belief.

achievements — nothing surpassing has ever been accomplished without infinite

Go Into Business For Yourself.

We never know what we can do until

we are put to the test by some great

pains and persistent toil.

And so of all other great hunan

think that he must be dependent on the will of another, although he had never made any very great exhibition of power or executive ability while in a subordinate position. But the moment he be made a monument to the dead. Kind started out for himself he seemed to deeds are precious seeds which grow started out for himself he scened to grow by leaps and bounds, and in a comparatively few years he has become a giant in the business world. He has developed a tremendous passion and ability for doing things; his executive bility arms into play when he makes and blossom into the richest perfumed flowers in the garden of life. And let and blossom into the richest perfumed flowers in the garden of life. And let no man who professes Jesus Christ our Redeemer question their virtue. For His life upon earth was a continuous act of kindness culminating in a similar ability comes into play when he makes his own programme, he is also strong in act of kindness culminating in a similar petition and admonishment from the Cross on Calvary. Kindness, therefore, is the greatest magnet for human action. —Church Progress. carrying out his own ideas, whereas he was comparatively weak in trying to fit his individuality into another's pro-

somehow later on. Because somer or later, he must fight the real battle of life himself; and you have the advan-tage. While life has been made easy for him he lacks drill and discipline, which care life addiant must go through

fails. Pluck nearly always wins. To succeed in anything one must overcome obstacles. Force and fibre are built by hardships. Grit is as necessary in the making of a man as gumption. Hard ships are not always handleaps. Often they are helps. You will understand this better in trenty years. Meanwhile permit one who has lived that twenty years and more to advise you in this .-Valdosta Times. One's Special Work,

There is a work for all of us. And there is a special work for each—work which I cannot do in a crowd or as one of a mass, but as one man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibility. There is, no doubt, associated work for me to do: I must do my work as part of the world's great whole, or as a member of some body. But I have a special work to do as an individual who, by God's plan and appointment, has a

separate position, separate responsi-bilities, and a separate work; if I do not do it, it must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, a greater work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him any more than I can hand my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well-ordered or powerful. They have their own work to do, and it They have their own work to bo, and it may be a very noble one. But they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands or with these lips which God has given me. I may do little, or I may do much. That matters

not. It must be my own work. And by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my own sphere to do the work of another, or caling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me.-Ruskin.

who talk most about genius are the men who like to work the least. The lazier the man the more he will have The Greatest Magnet For Human Action to say about great things being done by Would you possess the magic power which attracts men? Would you ac-quire the blessing which binds individ The greatest geniuses have been the greatest workers. Steridan was con-sidered a genius, but it was found that the "brilliants" and "off-hand sayuals in such sturdy bands of friendship that successes nor adversities are able o sever? Would you earn the merited ings " with which he used to dazzle the House of Commons were elaborated, polished and repolished, and put down epitaph that the world was made the etter because of your sojourn Then know that the secret lies in kindin his memorandum book ready for any

1088. Every human heart in some measure is responsive to its influence. It is the the greatest magnet for attracting human action. It is a voice of warning to the wicked; a solace to the sorrow-ful; an encouragement to the strugplodding, what an uplift of inspiration and encouragement they would give. How often I have wished that the dis-To the weak it is strength ; gling. the weary, refreshment and so often the only remedy to draw back the sinful coul into the path which leads to Para-

ouraged, struggling youth could know couraged, struggling youth could know of the heart aches, the head aches, the nerve-aches, the disheartening trials, the discouraged hours, the fears and despair involved in works which have dise. Who, therefore, will measure the who, therefore, will measure the power and influence of a kind word or a kind act? And, alas, how rare both are becoming among men! Nothing illustrates this fact more forsibly than gained the admiration of the world, but gained the admiration of the world, but which have taxed the utmost powers of their authors. You can read in a few minutes or a few hours a poem or a book with only pleasure and delight, but the days and months of weary plodding over details and denorm devices of one of the death.

In this hour there is a profusion of We sympathize and condole, kindness. We sympathize and conduct, are unstinted in our praises of the de-parted; crowd round the bier in testi parted; crowd round the bier in testi mony of our appreciation and upon the grave deposit our floral tokens of re spect. And even these expressions of love and respect frequently stand, in fact, for no loftier sentiment than com mercial chicanery. To the living they may exhale the

perfumes of praise, honor, sympathy and kindness, but to the dead, they, too, are dead. The casket and the tomb are are dead. qually indifferent to the meaning and influence of all. Why delay our expres-sions of appreciation until death? Why not extend the hand of encouragement, speak the words of praise and do the deeds of kindness while they are yet able to appreciate and reciprocate their heavenly power?

A word of praise for a service rendered costs no sacrifice, but is often a priceless gift to the recipient. It is a heritage of the living and should not

his shoulders, while two or three gaudily stained eagle feathers projected from the crown. His countenance was not disfigured by the hideous paint which his people use when they go upon the warpath. He wore the simple insting chirt learnings and hadded hunting shirt, leggings and beaded noccasins common among the New England Indians two centuries ago. buckhorn handle of a knife thrust into his girdle at the waist showed and he grasped the barrel of a long, old-fashioned flintlock rifle, whose stock whose stock rested on the ground at his feet.

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but he never came.

Philip and

and no one is safe.'

from Ipswick.

nown Indian.

entrance.

ow."

would meet with no trouble in securing

It was nearly ten miles to Deerfield,

the distance being greater because of the circuitous course taken by the pioneer.

He was familiar with the route, and

front of a deep, calmly flowing stream,

he remarked, as his wife and

dozen feet or more in width. "We must reach the other side some

"Whither shall we go?"

be left there with a small force, while

rested on the ground at his feet. "What do you want?" fearlessly asked Dorothy Mayfield, after the blue eyes had looked for a moment straight into the black orbs of the Redskin. "Drink water," replied the Indian in fairly good English. Once more snatching up the gourd, the wird disued it into the suring and

girl dipped it into the spring and the

the girl dipped it into the spring and held the dripping vessel toward the dusky guest. The immobile face never changed as he reached out the free hand, took the gourd and held it to his Hugh Lardner, a lusty young man, carrying a flintlock and powder-horn, came to the home of Jacob Mayfield with alarming news. "It will not do for you to remain lips.

That he was thirsty was quickly shown, for he steadily drank, gradually raising the vessel and throwing his head back, while the astonishing Dorowatched the " Adam's apple thy his throat as it bobbed up and down, until not a teaspoonful of water was

until not a teaspoonful of water was left in the gourd. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "I guess you haven't hal a drink since you were a little boy; you don't want any more, do you?" "No," replied the Indian, with a shake of his head as he returned the gourd, sat down on the ground and drew the back of his hand across his moist ling. the rest are busy in the harvest field. The village is only a few miles off, and if you make the most of your time and are very careful you can reach it in safety. Will you do it ?'' "'Yes, with heaven's help. I am greatly thankful to you, Hugh, for your

kindness moist lips. "Dear me ! Haven't you any handhasten.

kerchief ?' asked the little one, turn-ing up her nose in disgust. The Indian was somewhat mystified over the name of the article, but all became clear when the little miss whipped out a piece of spotless linen from the pocket of her dress, and, stepping for ward, carefully wiped away the mois ture that remained. Then she noticed several beads of perspiration on the Indian's forchead-for the day was sultry, and he had travelled far-and she

soothingly removed them. "There," she remarked, retreating a step and viewing her work with satis-faction, "now you look like some-

oody.' It is not often that a member of the Indian race betrays the emotion of mirth; but as this one looked at the little miss and understood her words his mouth moved until his even white

teeth shone between coppery lips. "What your name?" he asked. "Dorothy-that's the name of my doll, too." "Live dere?" continued the warrior,

was hopeful that by following the advice of Hugh Lardner he would avoid pointing a finger toward the log dwell-ing; which showed among the leafy the hostile redmen, who were liable to be encountered at any time. limbs of the trees. "Of course I do. Where do you

live He turned half round, as he sat on

the ground, and pointed behind him. "Off dere, good way. Little girl can't walk. "Yes I can, if I wanted to; but I don't want to. Have you got any little can't walk.'

girl like me ?' Again the dark face was lit by child naused at his side. smile and the head nodded without

speaking. "Won't you bring her to see me with a faint smile.

"Mebbe," was the non-committal but Dorothy? reply. "You mustn't forget it. I'll look

"You must to logge it. In log if for her every day and will feel bad if you don't bring her to see me." "What fader's name?" asked the Indian, who had hardly removed his piercing eyes from the face of the chat-

of us in the middle of the stream." "But you can swim out with us." tering miss. "Why, his name is my father. How "If it is necessary to carry you all across, but it isn't pleas ant to have our clothing wetted." "It will not harm us, for the weather simple you are !" There was a glow of real mirth in the ant

countenance of the red man at this sconful reply of the little girl, and in a voice of wonderful gentleness he

added :

"He fader have oder name." " Oh why didn't you say

several paces before she could check herself. Not Milk for Babies

" There !" called the pleased parent. That is better than trying to jump and falling into the stream. 'But I shouldn't have fallen into

the stream Jacob Mayfield heard a slight rustling behind him, and, turning his head, was confronted by five Indians, one of whom, stooping as silently as a shadow, had caught up the white man's gun from where it lay.

The mother uttered a cry, but it was because of the terrifying sight on the further shore. An Indian warrior stepped from behind a tree, only a few feet away and approached the child, whose back being turned, suspected nothing of her peril, while held speech less by what she saw just across the watched for the coming of the dusky visitor leading his child by the hand,

At the moment when the parent was One soft September afternoon in 1675 unarmed, the half-dozen warriers made

him and his family prisoners. Since all the Indians were armed and in war paint, Mayfield and his wife did ot believe their lives would be spared for more than a few minutes. Their astonishment, therefore, was great when one of them by gestures indicated another hour," were his words to the pale-faced husband and wife. "King that the couple were to leap to the other side and join their child. Since she, too, was in great peril, the curious command was obeyed on the instant. The wife easily leaped across, and was "To Deerfield, Captain Mosely is to followed by her husband, the former being quick to take the trembling hand

of Dorothy. The warriors talked for a few minutes in their native tongue, while Mayfield anxiously scanned each face in turn, in anxiously scanned each race in turn, in the hope of recognizing an acquaintance to whom he could appeal, but all were strangers, though if every one had sat at his board it probably would not have forced the core

affected the case. The chief was saying something, and husband and wife goodbye, the young man hurried out of the house, and, breaking into a loping trot, headed in the act of jesticulating with his free hand, when, to the astonishment of every one, Dorothy Mayfield tugged at oward the camp of the brave pioneers leader

the other arm. The surprised leader turned angrily and glared down in her

water, oh, a good many years ago," For several seconds the painted face was a study. The Indian stared at the than when she had given a drink of upturned countenance, silent, peering and intent. Then the shadow of a smile cold water from the spring to an unplayed about his mouth, he laid his The door was shut behind them, but hand on the flaxen hair, and, in a voice of wonderful tenderness, uttered the The door was shut behind them, but the latchstring was left banging out, in accordance with the hospitable custom of the border. If the Indians chose to visit the outlying cabin, they single word :

Dor'thy !"

"I knew you would remember me You told me your name that day, but I did not hear you ; tell me again !" Pometacum ; white people call me

King Philip." "Why didn't you bring your little

girl to play with me? I watched, oh, so many days, but you forgot all about it, didn't you ?"

it, didn't you ?'' "Too far-good way-little girl can't walk so far." "That was so long ago that she must now be a big girl like me. She can walk it now; will you bring her to see All went went inter the words, marked at times by an indistinct trail, but oftener without any mark at all, had been passed. Finally the father stopped in

me ? "Some time," was the response.

King Philip, the grim hero of the reatest war in the history of New England, had not forgotten the innocent hild who gave him a drink of water two years before.

you jump it?" asked his wife Without hesitation, therefore, he an nounced that no member of this little family should be harmed. Not only "Perhaps, by taking a short run; it how will that help you and that, but, in the face of the fact that h was urgently needed elsewhere by his warriors, he accompanied Dorothy and "I will tell you," replied the child. "Take mamma in one arm and me in the other, and then make the biggest er parents through the forest until they came in sight of the little village jump you can." "I am airaid it would land all three of Deerfield, when knowing danger was at an end, he bade them goodby and hurried off.-Cassell's Little





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8



"It is but a neighborly act. I must Time was precious, and, bidding the

Jacob Mayfield was too wise to disregard the warning of Hugh Lardner. Without encumbering themselves with anything in the nature of luggage, the "Don't you remember me ? I'm the

little girl that gave you a drink father stepped out of the house, followed by his wife, holding the hand of Dorothy, who was now two years older



dded and o serve. NADA BY

S. M., in Success. Work a Great Blessing. Here is something which we want all our boys to read and remember: Do you feel, young fellow, that you have a hard time? Your hours are long. Your task is hard and the wages small. The contents of your weekly pay envel-tope will scarcely carry you over the week. Sometimes you must wear patched trousers or a frayed coat. Your employer expects a great deal from you. Other fellows dress well and always have money. They have coddling fathers and mothers, while you toil six days a week to make a living. Never mind, young man ! You are getting experience that he must get somehow later on. Because sooner or Work a Great Blessing.

ILLS UMPING



won the the world; d by the Royal ngland. There m, British sail al. E ENGINES. RS, ETC.

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gramme. The trouble with working for others is the cramping of the individuality— the lack of opportunity to expand along original and progressive lines—because fear of making a mistake and apprehen sion lest we take too great risks are constantly hampering the executive, the creative, the original faculties.—O. S. M., in Success. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A CUP OF COLD WATER. PART I.

It was a drowsy summer afternoon, a long time ago, that little Dorothy May-field sat in the door of her home play-

field sat in the door of her home play-ing with her doll. Beyond the child through the open door could be seen the mother at her spinning wheel, humming a hymn that was as soothing as a lullaby. "I must have a drink," suddenly said the little one, as if the sensation of thirst had just made itself manifest. "Now, Dorothy, you will have to stay right here till I come back ; I won't be gone long, and you must be real good." With this she set her doll on the step, with her back against the jamb, in order that she might maintain a gen-teel position during herowner's absence, and away the young mistress ran down

teel position during herowner sabsence, and away the young mistress ran down the winding path rear of the house. Dorothy ran every step of the way, because she couldn't help it, pausing in from of the crystalline spring of icy coldness she took a brown gourd from its resting place on a projecting ledge coldness she took a brown gourd from its resting place on a projecting ledge of stone, and, stooping down, dipped it into the water. Then she held it to her lips, while its dripping coolness moistened the corners of her mouth and the tip of her pug nose. Two or three swallows were sufficient, and, with a sigh of enjoyment, she laid down the vessel and was about to whirl round and dash back to the house. when she was

for him he lacks drill and discipling, which every life-soldier must go through. You are preparing yourself. He may go in without preparation — and fall. Work is a great blessing. You can not see it now, but some day you will say you were for unate in your boyhood days because you ware compelled to say you were for tunate in your boyhood days because you were compelled to work, because you can not get power to do things save by doing them. Look over the successful men you know. Get their history. Nearly every one was compelled to work in boyhood. They toughened their muscles by hard work and sharpened their brains by looking out for themselves. Work makes men. Luck usually vessel and was about to whirl round and dash back to the house, when she was abruptly checked by the appearance of an Indian warrior, who came from among the undergrowth, walking as

meant ? He is Mr. Mayfield. Do you know him ?' A silent shake of the head was the

"Sometimes Indians come to our

so right heartily. "I know why you can't eat any supper. It's 'cause you drank so much water that you can't hold another mouthful."

The conversation might have lasted a long time, for the Indian acted as if he were interested in the chatter of

he were interested in the chatter of the little one, whose questions and ob-servations came so fast that little opportunity was given him to do more than answer questions, some of which were of a most puzzling character. Suddenly the voice of the mother was

heard. The prolonged absence of the child had caused disquiet on the part of the parent, and she was calling to

her. "That's my mother," exclaimed the little one by way of explanation. "I shall have to go now. Goodby !" She was off like a flash of sunshine. but had taken only a few steps when she stopped short and looked around.

she stopped short and hooked around. "You won't forget to bring your little girl to see me?" Won't you tell me your name?" The warrior had risen to his feet and

was moving away. He, too, checked himself, and, turning his head, answered both questions, but unfortunately, Dorothy did not catch what he said. She repeated her queries, but the red man, for some reason that cannot be conjectured, did not look round again, nor speak. He struck into his long, silent stride, and quietly disappeared

dash back to the house, when she was abruptly checked by the appearance of an Indian warrior, who came from among the undergrowth, walking as silently as a shadow. He was of medium height, rather good looking for one of his race, his long black hair hanging loosely about

for a straighter place, and met better fortune than they expected. One was found where the width was barely six feet, to leap which was a slight feat, even to the wife, accustomed as she was to the rough, out-door life on the

frontier. Dorothy was equally certain she "Sometimes Indians come to our house. If they are hungry, we give them something to eat. Are you hun-gry? 'Cause if you are it will soon be supper time, and if you will go with me you can have all you want and stay at the house till morning." "No hungry—go back in woods." It suddenly dawned on Dorothy that it was her turn to laugh, and she did so right heartly.

Proclaims its Merits. 2 Trunk, ONTARIO. This with gratiude and host all control of her-heres lines : My wife had lost all control of her-ing the second second second the second the second second second the second the second here days after ward she could come into the partor and sing to the musicand execute the sole at of the days after ward she could come into the partor and sing to the musicand execute the sole at of hymns alone, is also able to do work a bour the house. I am sorry that I did not here of this monderful remedy sooner for i could have bought wenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the did not there god whatever. Pastor Koenig-promie will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommedit. I send to day for another bottled for my wile, and also for one for another hottly wong revers are weak, and whom I to do what your Nerve Tonic had done for us. DEFE Avaluable Book on Nervous Disenser He taid his gun on the ground behind them, and lifted his laughing child, his hands beneath her arms close to her shoulders. Then standing on the edge of the stream, he swung her back and A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bothe to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. Faring Koesne, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the forth with increasing oscillations, hav-ing explained that he intended to throw

ing explained that the normalized states of the second states of the second states of the second states of the second states and the second states are stated as a second state state state state states are stated as a second state state state state states are states and the second states are stat

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