

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Let young men learn that there is a greater premium on ability than on capital, that they should strive to acquire ability, and that they should not be discouraged because they may not be without funds. The long run is what counts the most. If one's mind is fixed only on to-day, and not on the future, he will not and cannot succeed." — R. C. Ogden in Success.

The Happiest Man on Earth.

The man is to be envied who has a good farm well stocked and paid for. There is no life as independent and as free from care, unless one puts a lot of useless worry in it. The poor farmer deeply in debt certainly has an uphill pull, but even so, he is infinitely better off than his brother in the city in similar circumstances, for with a little effort the soil will give him a living, and the poor man in the city is gambling with fate to a large extent. A well-equipped and well-managed farm, which is capable of turning out every year good crops and good stock, is a kingdom in itself. No capitalist in the city lives better and more comfortably nowadays than the well-to-do farmer who has the telephone and the daily mail. He generally has what the city capitalist cannot buy at any price—peace and contentment.—Farmer's Advocate.

How One Man Won Success.

Eight years ago a youth who resides in Baltimore determined to become a professor of the Greek and Latin languages. He had just entered the City College, after being graduated from a public school.

For five long years he studied in the college until he had passed through all its classes.

Then he sought admission to the Johns Hopkins University, to finish his studies and win his degree. But he was a poor lad, living with his mother, who could no longer afford to support him.

Accordingly he looked about for employment that would leave him some time for study, and found it in the position of night register clerk in the Baltimore postoffice, which he won at a Civil Service examination. That job he has held for five years, going on at 11 o'clock at night and working until 8 in the morning.

But it was not until three years ago that his circumstances were such as enabled him to enter the University. So, in 1901, he took the examinations and passed them finely. Then he chose for his course Greek, Latin, French, German, English literature, rhetoric, history, philosophy and chemistry.

To get through his work and his studies, he had to draw up a schedule for his time.

His hours at the University for the first year were from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. During the next year, they were from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., except on Thursdays and Fridays, when he was in the laboratory until 3:30 p. m. And in his last year they were from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., except on Mondays and Tuesdays, when he was in the laboratory until 4:30.

At first he would eat breakfast just at 8 o'clock, after leaving the post office and before going to the University. But this took up too much of the time needed to get his lessons. So instead of taking any food in the morning, he was wont to go direct to the University and stay there until 3 p. m., unless when he was detained later.

Then he went home and ate a hearty meal.

Between 4 and 4:30, he would go to bed and sleep for about six hours. At 10:30 he used to get up and hurry down to the post-office. About 2 o'clock in the morning, he would eat a light lunch.

That was the rule of his life and those were his only meals five days in the week. There was no time for recreation; no time for social pleasures, for his few hours of free time on Saturdays and Sundays had to be given up to close study to keep up with his classmates.

He used his fifteen days of vacation from the post-office and took them in the winter time for that purpose.

His health kept up, although he ate only two meals a day and slept only six hours, did a day's work of nine hours, attended classes for from 4 to 8 hours, and studied between whiles every chance he got. Yet he is not physically robust and had no reserve strength on which to rely.

He came out so well that he was second on the class roll.

Every year he won a scholarship worth \$150.

At the recent commencement of the University, Charles A. Saylor was graduated with high honors, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

He will return to Johns Hopkins next fall to take graduate work, expecting to receive the degree of Doctor of Arts in 1907 and then to become a professor in some college.

There is grit for you, in real life—a visible specimen of determination, perseverance, industry and ambition.

No wonder the president of the University complimented him publicly but anonymously at the recent closing exercises of that great school.

Charles A. Saylor will succeed because he has deserved success.

When is Success Failure?

When it has dwarfed you mentally and morally, and robbed you of the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth.

When it has made you a physical wreck, — a victim of "nerves" and moods.

When it has lowered your standards and made you a traitor to all your highest and noblest impulses.

When it has hardened you to the needs and sufferings of others, and made you a scorner of the poor and unfortunate.

When you rob those who work for you of what is justly their due, and then pose as a philanthropist by contributing to some charity or to the endowment of some public institution.

When the world is not the better and the richer for your life; when you have hoarded every dollar you have made, and have refused to help your less fortunate fellowmen.

When you have used others as step-

ping-stones to fortune, and ignored their existence when your selfish ends were attained.

When you climb to power, you have trampled on duty, friendship, love, honor, patriotism, and all the most sacred feelings of humanity.

When your example has dragged others down; when your injustice and tyranny have driven men and women to desperation, and destroyed their faith in God and man.

When your absorption in your work has made you practically a stranger to your family. — Success.

Carelessness in Work.

Whatever be the conditions which surround you in your work, do it with high thought and noble purpose. Do not whine and complain because of your unhappy lot; but accept it, humble and obscure as it may be, knowing that it is possible to clean out a gutter with the self-respecting dignity of mantled or to blacken a shoe with the enthusiasm of religion. — Hugh O. Pentecost.

Too Busy to be Polite.

No one has a right to be so busy as to ignore or trifle with the courtesies of life. When a man is so absorbed in his own schemes that he cannot utter a cherry good morning to the family and to every member of it, when he is so wrapped up in his busy and selling or in his professional problem that he never stops to say "thank you," when even a social inferior renders him a personal service — why, that man is altogether too busy. He ought at once to begin to rearrange his programme with a view to making room for the small but indispensable civilities of human intercourse.

Trust If You Would be Trusted.

One's manner of greeting friends is a very good indication of character; it shows whether he is a starved, narrow, pinched nature, or hearty, whole-souled, and generous. Your narrowness or your breadth, the poverty or the wealth of your soul is indicated in your salutation. If you greet your friend with a guarded reserve, or if you shake his hand in a cold, perfunctory way, he very quickly reads your feelings and is chilled by them. On the other hand, if you are animated by a hearty good will and cordial generosity, your greeting will go straight from your heart to the heart of your friend. He will be warmed and cheered by it.

A great many people are too suspicious, small minded and selfish to have real friends. Being narrow and selfish themselves, they can not understand how another can render service without thought of return. They are always on the lookout for motives. They betray their suspicions in their hesitancy and coldness of manner. Always on the defensive, they have their guards up on all sides. Everybody who approaches them or shakes hands with them knows it, and, of course, will be thrown on the defensive also. By cultivating this attitude of suspicion and reserve they rob themselves of the highest joys of life. They trust no one, and no one trusts them. They cut themselves off from all real and permanent friendships. Love and friendship demand frankness, trustfulness and reciprocity.

If you wish to be loved and to have friends, throw away your reserve and your suspicions. Believe in your friends for pure friendship's sake. When you meet one, do not only give him the tips of your fingers, or give your sympathy stingly and grudgingly, as if you would afraid you would commit yourself by being cordial. Grasp your friend's hand warmly. Put your heart into your fingers. Do not give him a cold, formal "How do you do?" but a hearty, whole-souled salutation. Throw your personality, love and good-will into your "How are you?" Do not be afraid to let every moment. Do not be on your guard every moment. Give yourself up heartily. — Success.

Keep at it.

Keep at it. It isn't what you do in a minute, but what you can do in a day, a week, a month, a year, that counts. The man who keeps at it eight hours a day has a right to twice the measure of his right. Just try, for one week, taking account of the time you waste, and figure out your handicap.

And the man who does sixteen hours' work in eight is usually the man who can afford to quit at forty.

The waste of time is not always due to a lack of brain power or energy or ambition. It is just as often due to the lack of system.

System enables you to save the minutes and to keep from doing the needless things. Make your system automatic; make it absorb the mechanical details; make it prevent the waste, and keep at it.

Some Helpful Thoughts.

Don't dally with your purpose. Character is the poor man's capital.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

Character has a commercial as well as an ethical value.

Genius darts, flutters, and tires, but perseverance wears and wins.

The largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement.

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?

We get out of life just what we put into it; the world has for us just what we have for it.

Don't brood over the past, or dream of the future, but use the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

In many an establishment there are successes who are infinitely inferior to the failures from whom they snatch the laurels.

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success, and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

Stock-taking every day is a great aid to advancement. Stop and ask yourself up at the close of each day, how far you have anything to carry over. If you have nothing but ciphers to carry over, something is wrong somewhere.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBNER.

FIAT.

"Tell me, please—what is it?"

"It's about your little brother," said Mrs. Eliot, feeling it a very hard task to tell Bernie the truth.

"Is he—?" Bernie could not go on.

For answer Mrs. Eliot put the telegram into her hand.

"Alban died this morning. Why did not Bernie come?"

Bernie sank into a chair, for she had followed Mrs. Eliot into her bedroom, and read the few words over and over.

"Granny—what does father mean—how could I come—I knew nothing."

"No, I cannot make it out."

"Did there—was there a letter for me and it was forgotten?" said Mrs. Eliot, "and the servants know of nothing of the kind. The letters are given to us at once as a rule, and you know how particular I am about it."

Bernie nodded.

She had often heard her grandmother desire the servants to go at once when the postman knocked and to open the letters which, as the house was so small, she usually remembered the reason for it being so necessary to get them at once. Carlo, even in his old age, being extremely fond of getting hold of pieces of paper and tearing them to rags.

This propensity of his usually caused his mistress a good deal of amusement, but he was never corrected for the trick, but rather encouraged in it. Only it necessitated the order about letters.

"There must have been a letter," said Bernie slowly, "or a telegram that we never had. Now, it's too late."

To the end of her life Bernie never forgot that Good Friday—the awful anguish, the grief that she could not stay, and could hardly realize in its fullness, and the terrible thought that evidently her father had sent for her.

The next morning the mystery was cleared, for by some accident a screen which stood in the dining-room was thrown down, and there behind it together with a couple of bones which Carlo had placed in safety was found a letter somewhat torn and defaced.

The dog had evidently got hold of it and placed it there, and on further investigation, the housemaid owned to not having gone up for the letters at once one evening a week ago.

Let us say that the letter was very ill. He asked so continually for Bernie that they thought she had better come out at once if she could leave her grandmother.

That was all.

It was enough, however, to crush poor Bernie to the earth with sorrow, and she felt at first as if she could never say Fiat to this terrible, unexpected trial that had come into her life.

The Clevees came back soon, and Bernie had to hear all the particulars which she thought would break her heart.

The chill Alban had caught had developed into pneumonia, and as long as consciousness lasted he had repeatedly asked for his Bernie, who, it turned out, he had missed very much more all through the winter than he had ever told Bernie he had done.

It was a dark time for Bernie, and she made herself more than ever miserable because she felt the trial so acutely that she thought would break her heart.

She was so ill that she could not get up, and she was so weak that she could not even get to the door to see her father.

One day in reading Father Palma's "History of the Sacred Passion," she turned to the chapter on the Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden, and this passage comforted her as nothing hitherto had ever done. In referring to Gethsemane he said that Our Lord felt difficulty and sadness under them, to suffer agony according to the flesh to be spared and escape them, does not diminish in the slightest degree the perfection of virtue, for the will remains perfectly subject to and conformed to that of God. After having shown, on the one hand, the sorrow and natural repugnance of His Holy Mother, although He had signified to her, "if it should be possible," and "if His Father's will be done," He did violence to Himself once more in the same way, submitting Himself expressly to the will of God, and as if withdrawing what He had first said. He said on the other hand: "Verumtamen non sicut ego volo sed sicut tuas"—"nevertheless let it be done, O Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wiltest and ordainest."

The time passed on and Bernie missed Alban as much as ever, and found it a struggle to be resigned. It had all seemed very hard at first—almost impossible to endure. First the separation all through that winter, and then the being deprived of those last precious days and moments when the child, wanted her so much. And all through the carelessness of a servant and the mischief of Carlo, and the very sight of which gave Bernie a feeling of horror.

Yet it was through these trivial accidents of every day that the bitterest part of the sorrow came.

At last peace and rest came to Bernie when heart and will said Fiat, and after a while life was happier and brighter. For she found a niche after all, devoting her time to work in a children's hospital. She is shy and sensitive as ever, but makes, as they say, a capital nurse, and wherever she goes she always obtains the love of the little children to whom she is so devoted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Man is a strange creature. All that he possesses he has received from God. Yet it is usually in adversity we see him turning towards God. In success he generally turns from Him.

He that has made you what you are has the right to require that you should be wholly His.—St. Augustine.

MEDITATION ON PURGATORY — DEVOTION TO THE DEAD.

Ever since the light of the Gospel was brought to the Irish they have been remarkable for devotion to the suffering souls. It is as if the missionary spirit, which is so thoroughly developed in the race, impels men and women who are not able to go on the home or foreign missions, to become, as it were, missionaries to that unknown, but much thought of realm of purgatory. They need never leave their homes or their daily labor. Yet every day they can, by prayers, alms and Masses follow in another direction the footsteps of the Irish missionaries, ancient and modern. Can there be a more beautiful deed than that of soothing and relieving pain, especially pain far transcending the bitterest anguish in the world? Yet the very poorest may do this, by an occasional indulgence, aspiration or prayer, by the recital of the rosary, by patient endurance of trials and afflictions of which like winged messengers can penetrate into purgatory, bringing relief to these dearly loved children of God. What mission can be easier, and at the same time so compassionate? Father I Father I tell us that devotion to the dead, "does not rest in words and feelings, nor does it merely lead to action. It is action itself. It speaks and a deed is done; it loves, and a pain is lessened; it sacrifices and a soul is delivered. Nothing can be more solid. The royal devotion of the Church is the works of mercy, and see how they are all satisfied in this devotion for the dead. It feeds the hungry souls with Jesus, the Bread of Angels. It clothes the naked with the robe of glory. It visits the sick with mighty powers to heal, and at least it consoles them by the visit. It frees the captives from a bondage worse far than death. It takes in strangers, and heaven is the hospice into which it receives them. It buries the dead in the bosom of Jesus in everlasting rest."

THE IRISH GETTING OUT OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

We all agree that there are still too many Irish in the liquor business in this country, but they are growing less numerous in that line of trade, and for this we ought to be devoutly thankful. We still see too many Irish names over saloons, and the green flag is displayed over too many rumshops on St. Patrick's day, and other holidays; yet evidence of unimpeachable character is presented to show that there is a gradual elimination of the Irishman from the rum trade. Often, we are informed, a new firm retains, for the sake of trade, the old name above the door, and we know several instances where saloon keepers who are anything but Irish hang out the green flag to "draw" the Irish trade.

This process is going on in all our leading cities. Other nationalities are getting into the saloon business, and the Irish are getting out. This may not mean an improvement in the liquor business, but it certainly denotes an improvement in the Irish race. We see from an exchange, that in one American city, Minneapolis, on the evidence of Archbishop Ireland, there are four hundred saloon keepers, and not one of them is Catholic.—Sacred Heart Review.

HEALING WORDS.

In the days of Christ His look was the cause of repentance, and His word entranced and held spellbound the multitude who followed Him. So after our Lord's ascension, the apostles exercised like powers and swayed thousands by their convincing words and by the miracles they wrought in confirmation of them. Faith—strong, heartfelt, sincere, earnest faith—was the required condition made by our Lord for the exercise of such power, and with this faith even mountains could be moved. We see this faith exemplified and exercised by the people and the apostles after our Lord's ascension and the coming of the Holy Ghost, for numbers, we read, flocked around the apostles beseeching them to relieve them of their maladies and miseries, and the sick were even laid along the wayside, that the shadow of the apostles might fall on them and bring them the desired cure. "Silver and gold we have not," said Peter to the crippled beggar, "but I give thee what I have, in the name of Christ, arise, and walk!" and the man arose and danced for joy, and went into the temple to pray.

The miracles of Christ are renewed and repeated in His Church, and thousands every day are healed or helped by her faithful ministers.

Human loves, earthly pleasures tend to draw us from God. We become absorbed in them; they seem to satisfy us. Then darkness comes; and while we are alone, apparently drifting, we are really being drawn back to Him. Who alone can satisfy. We are always more conscious of God in trouble than in joy. We may say it ought not to be so, but the fact is that it is so.

We should expect to be saved. Our hope should be based on the promises, power and goodness of God. We are His people and are to be admitted into His Kingdom.

SCIATICA CURED.

Another Triumph For Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

MR. ETSALL, OF WALKERTON, SUFFERED FOR MONTHS AND GOT NO RELIEF UNTIL HE BEGAN THE USE OF THESE PILLS.

Of the many employees of R. Truxas & Co., Walkerton, Ont., none stands higher in the confidence of his employers than does Mr. Thos. J. Etsall. He is an excellent mechanic, and has been in the employ of this firm for upwards of ten years. But although Mr. Etsall now ranks among the few who are never absent from their post of duty, the time was when he was as often absent as present, all because of physical inability to perform his work. For

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Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each.

You can get one of the CHATHAM 100 EGG INCUBATORS with BROODER to match for \$10.00 in 1905; \$10.00 in 1906 and \$11.00 in 1907, without interest. These machines will hatch and take care of as many chickens as ten hens. Ten hens will lay sufficient eggs during the time that it takes to hatch and brood their chickens to pay each yearly payment on Incubator and Brooder. Making a moderate estimate of the number of times that the above machine may be used, in each year, as four, you have forty dollars as the earnings, over and above what you would get from the old way, take off ten dollars which is the yearly payment for machine, and you will have left thirty dollars earned on the expenditure of ten—which is gold dollars at twenty-five cents instead of forty cents each. This is only one of the many cases of profit attainable from the use of the CHATHAM INCUBATOR. Head quarters for this district

No. 9 Market Lane, LONDON, ONT.

years Mr. Etsall was a great sufferer from sciatica, and at times the suffering became so intense that for days he was unable to leave the house.

During these years, Mr. Etsall, as may readily be imagined, was continually on the lookout for some remedy that would rid him of the disease, but for a long time without success. Doctors were consulted and although he took the treatment prescribed, it did not help him. Then he tried electric treatment, but this also failed to give relief, and in despair he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless and that he would be a suffering, helpless cripple to the end of his days. Then one day a neighbor advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first he refused, believing they would prove like other medicines, but the neighbor was so insistent, having himself been greatly benefited by these pills, so that at last he consented. The remainder of the story may best be told in his own words.

"When I began taking these pills," said Mr. Etsall to a reporter of the Telescope, "I have been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up, and I could only limp about with the aid of my stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I could not sleep at all during the night, and I was in misery both night and day. At first I thought the pills were doing me no good but after I had taken six boxes I fancied I was feeling better, and was encouraged to continue the treatment. After that I got better every day, and by the time I had taken about fifteen boxes every vestige of pain had disappeared.

"I continued Mr. Etsall, "I have not had a twinge of pain, and although I am forty years of age I feel as well as when I was twenty. Pink Pills cured me, and I have no hesitation in announcing them the best medicine in the world for sciatica."

The cure of Mr. Etsall proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond all other medicines. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW—this is very true in the case of the cure of Mr. Etsall. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk at night, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically ill person, in simple cases, has dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition, and all will be well. Farnham's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

One trial of Mother Gray's Worm Expellers will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold band of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of D. J. Killeen's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

IT HAS MANY OFFICES.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his feet are to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Etsall's Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pick up a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

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