CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The First Situation. " starting on a Beginning life," " starting on a and similar expressions commonly in use describe tae first step taken by the years when he leaves the school or college in which his preliminary training has taken place, and makes his appearance in the house of business. They are significant expressions: they indicate the importance that the p pu har mind recognizes as attaching to the indicate the continuous and a career of work.

Byery boy — with few exceptions—

Byery boy — with few exceptions—

feels the seriousness of the moment

when, for the first time, he is called

upon to undertake real work. He fluds

blasself placed in a novel position,

amid surroundings unlike anything with

which his early experience has brought

him into c natact. He has imaged in

his mind the kind of thing that he is to

encounter: he fluds the reality differ
ence. It is with a certain trepidation nt. It is with a certain trepidation hat he enters upon his duties. He

that he enters upon his duties. He has but a vague idea of what will be required of him, and is not too condent that he will prove equal to the demands that will be made upon him. The first situation is an experiment-The first situation is an experiment-and a test. It may or it may not suc-ceed. The beginner may discover that the duties are distast ful to him, not congenial to his disposition, and that bhe bent of his mind is strongly in some other direction. The employer may be harsh or unsympathetic, or the condi tiene under which the work has to be performed may be unbealthy or unsatis story in other respects. The wise amog in every such case is to change. Semething else should be tried; an other situation obtained. In any case a certain amount of experience will have been gained and this is so much to the good. Sometimes several situa-

The first situation is a test. It put the beginner on his mettle. He has not only to show what he can do, but to discover for himself what he can do. The finds usually some quite unexpected shorteomings, some hitherto unsus peeted weaknesses of knowledge.

We may harn more from our mistakes than from our successes. How does the beginner use his errors? Has he the wis to search and see how the blunder wis to search and see how the blunder originated and how it can be avoided in the future? Or does he merely strug his shoulders and excase himself with the reflection that he "could not help th?" In abort, does be profit by his mistakes or not? . . Ability counts for much; knowledge counts for oh ; but behind them both-more tant than either—is character.

The first situation may be the begin-ning of a long and successful career, or it may be the first of a long series of fallures. To have a sound knowledge

fallures. To have a sound and the start with begets confidence. . . But a sound knowledge is never acquired except by those who possess some good qualities of character, and it Where they are present, the initial immovedge will be steadily supple mented, will grow and increase day by day, and as it grows by use it will strengthen the aptitudes, upon the preser exercise of which success in huminess very largely depends.—Phonetic b these that business life

The Value of an Inquiring Mind. I know of a father who sends his boy at upon a street with which he is not familiar for a certain length of time to see how many things he can observe, and then quizzes him on his return. He sends him to the show windows of great store to see how many of the objects he can recall and describe when he gets home. He says that this gractice develops a habit of "seeing"; things, instead of merely "looking"; at them.

If we go through life with an interre gation point, holding an alert, inquiring mind toward everything, we can assaure great mental wealth, wisdom which is beyond all riches.

When a new student went to Promoter Agassiz of Harvard, he would give him a fish and tell him to look it giv

ever for half an hour or an hour, and then describe to him what he saw.

After the student thought he had told everything about the fish, the professor ald say, "You have belief longer yet. Look at it a while longer ash yet. Look at it a while longer, and then tell me what you see." He wentd repeat this several times, until the student developed a capacity for

Rushin's mind was enriched by the cheevation of birds, insects, beasts, trees, rivers, mountains, pictures of amost and landscape, and by memories of the song of the lark, and that of the break. He healt held thomands of of the sorg of the lark, and that of the brook. Hs brain held thousands of pictures of paintings, of architecture, a wealth of material which be reproduced as a joy for all time. Everything gave up its lesson, its secret to his logaring mind.

The helit of absorbing information of

The habit of absorbing information of A man is weak and ineffective in pro-pertion as he sectedes homself from his pertion as he seclades homself from his ided. There is a constant stream of perce, a current of forces running bepower, a current of forces running be-tween individuals who come in contact with one another, if they have inquir-ing minds. We are all giving and tak-lag perpetually when we associate to-gather. The schlover to day must keep in touch with society around him; he must put his finger on the palse of the great busy world and feel its throbbing life. He must be a part of it, or there will be some lack in his life. A single taleut which one can use

A single taleut which one can use ctively is worth more than ten uts imprisoned by ignorance. Each on means that knowledge has been silated and become a part of the come a part of the measures efficiency and achieve-i. Pens-up knowledge is useless. e. S. M. in Secosss.

Wou may have friends who possess the qualities of friendship, but Jesus Christ alone possesses them all in a perfect degree. When we were His membes, He made us His friends, and a He surrendered like like for us.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Above Revenge. Where is mother? I want her,' said an impatient young voice at the

s:udy door.

The father turned around from his writing and saw a red face, tousled boy standing there with his hand still on the door-knob.
"Your mother has gone to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Clark. What did

afternoon with Mrs. Clark. What did you want, my son?"
Casting a second glance at the lad, and noting his ruffled aspect, Mr. Gra-ham continued:
"You seem to be in trouble, young man. Surely not fighting, I trust. Come in, and let me fill mother's place

He beckened the boy to the low couch near the fire, and wheeled his

owe chair around to face it. Harry walked over slowly, and seated himself; then, in response to his lather's encouraging "Now," burst

out vehemently: "It's that hateful Dan Simmons. He played a dirty, low trick on me this atternoon just because I took away a frog that he was tormenting at noon recess, and flung it over the wall into the brook. I knew he was mad, but he didn't say anything then, so I never had any su-picion of what he was going to do. You see, Miss Hallowell is dreadful nervous an steriky, so she can't bear to look at frogs or bugs or mice or—anything Well, when she cailed me up to the board to explain a diagram in physical geography, what should jump into her lap but a big green frog! He landed plump on her nands. Gracious! Didn't she screech! Then she went off into some kind of a at, and the principal and other tead ers had to come in and look after her. Pretty fine rumpus, I can tell you."

Pretty fine rumpus, I can bell you.

Harry paused a moment for breath.

I fail to see where your trouble sould be, so far," remarked his father.

The boy's eyes flashed as he resumed

his story. "Why, 'twas this way. When Mr Dexter began to investigate, more than a dozen scholars declared that the frog a dozen scholars declared that the frog jumped out of my coat pocket. They were boys and girls whose word was good. It didn't do a mite of good for me to declare that I did not know a thing about it, not at all, for Dan got up and said that I took a frog away om him before school that looked just like that one. That settled it, and to morrow my punishment will be meas ured out, according to the amount of

injury to Miss Hallowell's nerves.

"Then," more slowly, "after school Simmons began to jeer and hoot at me, and I told him just what I thought of bim. He flew at me, and I had really had "—deprecatingly—" to defend my self. I tanoy that he is satisfied that I can, for the last I saw of him he was sixting in a mud puddle, spitting out the sand that he scooped up when he

the sand that he scooped up when he tell," chuckled Harry.

Mr. Graham's moustache twitched in a quer way, but he only said:

"It would be a good idea to call at Miss Hallowell's home presently, apologise for the fright you unintentionally caused, and exclain matters as you caused, and explain matters as you have to me. If your record before this has been clean, I do not think they

has been clean, I do not think they will deal very hard with you."
"I ll pay him back for it, though," muttered Harry, wrathfully. An angry light glittered in his eyes, and be clenched his brown fasts. "If he thinks he can walk over me in this way, he'll and out his mistake year soon, for I'll.

he can walk over me it this way, as in find out his mistake very soon, for I'll be even with h m before long."
"Softly, my boy!" cautioned the father. "Take time to think. What do you propose to do for the sake of

"On, I'll plan some way before morn-

"Are you going to emulate him, and play a low trick on him to make it 'even?'" queried his father. "Be cause by so doing, you will have to lower yourself to the level of his standlower yourself to the level of his stand

his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. This is certain, that a man pardon. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wound green, which otherwise would heal and do well.' Hump! According to that, it's my duty to ignore what Simmons did to me."

"And that would be too hard, eh, Harry?" asked Mr Graham.
"The fellows will think I'm a 'softy' if I pass it over," was the dubious answer. "But I'll try it, and see how Bacon's ideas work applied to grammar school rows."

" A dignified silence may frighten

"A dignified silence may frighten and puzzle him more than any other thing," commented Mr. Graham.

"And the memory of that mouthful of dirt. too," laughed Harry.

"There's a better book and a better rule for such cases. Can't you 'heap coals of fire on his head?" came a goptle anguestion as Harry was leaving gentle suggestion as Harry was leaving

Harry shook his bead, doubtful.

'Most too rough on a fellow, that
would be.' Then, hesitating as he would be." Then, hesitating as he caught the wistful look in his father's "Besides, there's nothing of the face, "Besides, there's nothing of the kind to do unless—ucless I get the place on the ball team that he wants so bad. But we want only decent fellows on it."

"Perhaps that would make him over into one," his father said.

The next moon Harry reported: "I

Into one," his father said.

The next noon Harry reported: "I told Dan last night I d fix it all right about the ball team Never said a word about the frog; but when I got to school, he'd told Dexter about it. You were right, after all, father."—Our Young People.

Little Virtues Few of us get opportunity to do great things or to attain great perfection. We are so cumbered with cares, we are so sure the world will go to smash if we let go for a minute that we lorget to strive after little things. A priest now gone to his reward ones wrote of the gone to his reward ones wrote of the little virtues: "Humility, patience, meekness, beniguity, bearing one an-other's burdens, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, forgiving in

juries, simplicity, candor, all of the lic where everyone enjoys liberty of little virtues, like violets, love the conscience and all good citizens are shade and though, like them they make protected in their rights and privileges little show, shed a sweet odor all

Girls should remember that the home kitchen, with mother for teacher and s loving daughter for a pupil, is the best cooking school on earth; that true beauty of face is only possible where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful consecutor; that the girl beautiful character; that the girl beautiful character; that the girl everybedy likes is not affected and never whines, but is just her sincere. earnest, helpful self. And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a pure, modest, true young girl—one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspira-tion and her sister's ideal. — Sacred Heart Review.

TWO CLASSES-THE LIFTERS AND THE LEANERS.

There are two classes that make up the people of the world. The reader as well as the writer finds his place in one of these. There is the class that lifts and the class; that leans. Those who lift are those who do the work, who "lend a hard" to help others t litt burdens too large for one individual The world's work, the church's work, the family's work, the work of society

is done by the litters

The leaning class are they who de pend upon others. These do the grunting and the growling and the fault finding and the complaining, while the lifting class take help and lift the load out of the mire, or put the shoulder to the wheel and make things

Every church has lifters, but near by stand the leaners. These are worse than ciphers, for they add to the dead weight that has to be litted. The weight that has to be lifted. The lifters are the pew renters, the con-tributors and the workers who give cheerfully of their possessions, of their time and their talents that nccess may mark the result of all nodertakings. The leaners are always undertakings. The leaners are always poor even in courage and in encourage ment. They come from a generation of crawlers or they have evoluted to that class. They are the tares among the wheat, and they might be related to the dogs in the manger. Their room is better than their company, but hang on so as to have an opportunity to growl and grumble.

How many tamilies have leaners!

The grown up young man who loafs and drinks and sponges and permits his father to lift alone the increasing his father to lift alone the increasing family barden. If they will not work neither let them eat, is the wise in junction of divine wisdom. Wise parents and parents who have reasonable love for their children do not tolerate lean ers in the family after they have attained the working age.

attained the working age.

The mother who has spent herself for years in doing the household work and in lifting the family burden may have the misfortune of having a grown up daughter who leans on her mother's strength and on her mother's foolish fondness. The daughter who will not end a helping hand, who is always lend a helping hand, who is arrays preparing for company, or who is get ting ready to go out, or who is seeking to perfect herself by practice to entertain others, is a leaner who ought a perfect of the property of the pro roused to action. Such young women are poor factors in the making of happy homes. The mothers who tolerate such conduct on the part of grown up daughters have not good sense or sound love for these "young

Then in societies how few are the Then in societies how lew are the litters! Many of the leaners who are waiting for benefits, offices and emoluments without giving a quid per quo. Were it not for the lifters, hew many societies would dwindle and die. The leaners pages give vim and vigou to an leaners never give vim and vigor to an organization, but impart a dry rot and death. May the lifters multiply. Catholic Universe.

THE WORK OF THE INFIDELS

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Among the many hundreds who scanned the poster time tables at the Windsor Sta day, was a middle aged woman, garbed in the habit of one of the most exclusive orders in the Catholic Church So unconventional was her habit, that it at once attracted the attention of those about town, who are more or less tamiliar with the dress of the different orders of nuns that have their convents in Montreal. The habit was that of a Carmelite nun, and its wearer had just reached the city from France. Like the Ursuline Sisters and the Sisters of Precious Biood, the Carmelites are cloistered nuns, and, as a rule, are never seen outside their

convent walls. They spend their time in prayer, fasting and needlework, and their rules are so strict, that they are not allowed to speak to one another ex cept when the nature of their work re quires verbal directions. When novice in this order takes the veil, sh novice in this order takes the veil, she ouries herself forever from kith and kindred, and separates herself entirely from the world, with which she never again associates. Hence the unusual spectacle of a Carmelite nun walking within the precincts of a railway sta spectacle of a Carmente nun waking within the precincts of a railway station, alone at d unattended, attracted a great deal more than ordinary attention. The Sister was on her way West. This Sister has been banished from her convent home in France, for no cause tion. The Sister was been banished from her convent home in France, for no cause whatever. The only orime she committed was dedicating her life entirely to the service of her Creator in her cloister of prayer and meditation. A new threat of the so called liberty loving country, is a warning from the new Promier, Clemencean, that French Bishops taking their orders from Rome, the head of the Church in the whole world (and acknowledged by all countries to be such) will loose their nationality and be banished if they do so. That is the present the United States, England, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland and Ireland, the hierarchies of the Church have sent

the hierarchies of the Church have ser

tion of the law providing for the separa-tion of Church and State, M. Denys Cochio, Conservative, sustaining the attitude of the Vatican, protested against the repeated assertion that the Pope had accepted similar legislation Pope had accepted similar registation in Germany and Switzerland, pointing that the laws of associations in those countries, unlike the French law, recognized the hierarchy of the Church. Amid a lively demonstration by the members of the right party, M. Derys Cockie, predicted that the Cource Cochia predicted that the Couren would emerge triumphantly from the fight with its persecutors. A TOUCHING SERMON BY ARCH-BISHOP GLENNON. " Last week I was out giving confirmation in one of the woodland coun-ties of Missouri, and after services in

irres, ective of religion, race or color. During the debate in the Chamber of

Deputies a few days ago, the applica

tion of the law providing for the separa

the church, I wandered out into the little cometery which was here—as it should be everywhere—the 'church-yard.' The long grass was browning over the silent homes there, and many of the tombstones that had done daty as sentinels of the dead were falling there, uninterrupted save by the leaves there, uninterrupted save by the leaves
falling from the trees and the winds
that, like wandering spirits, sang in
the treetops nature's requiem.

"It was a place for meditation, alike

on life's vanities and death's conquest. There, beneath the charitable turf in the democracy of death, the 'rude fore-fathers of the hamlet slept,' their once restiess hearts at rest forever. The leaves from above, like the night dew, leaves from above, like the right dew, tell impartially on the just and the unjust, not despising the unnamed mound of the lowly nor the marble cenotaph that marked the graves of

cenotaph that marked the graves of those of high degree.

"I began to read the inscriptions, 'Here rest in peace,' so-and so. He was born and lived and died; and so to the next tomb, 'Here lieth' so and so. It read like a chapter from the Old Testament telling of the long succession of Judean chiefs, what they did, and concluding always with that most and concluding always with that most integral teature of everyone's biography

and he died. "Everywhere I turned, the evidence was there of death a trinmph and man was there of death a trimph and half of defeat. Death: it was spoken by the falling leat, the sighing wind, the set ting sun. Death; its raucous accents arose from the crunching leaves be arose from the crunching leaves by neath your feet, the distorted flower stumps, the bare arms of the trees

above.

"It was, you would say, a proper place for those who rested there, but not, you think, for the living, for these latter have work to do, and hopes to realize, and duties to perform. Their place is with the quack and not with the dead. Let the dead rest; for the living, their place is in and not with the dead. Let the dead rest; for the living, their place is in the midst of the living world, the world of commerce, of society, of struggle. And so you work and worry and you go to the cemetery only when you can't help it. You are satisfied with the occasional visit which courtesy the their sample with the make, when and charity compel you to make, wh your friends are laid away.

"And yet it is just now that the Church tells us that the dead must not be forgotten, nor their last resting place remain unvisited. We are told that the dead are calling to us, 'to have pity on them,' and to unite with the suffrages of the Church in praying for the extension of God's mercy to them, that they may thereby reach their final

"And far from being a grewsom task, its practice is in the last measure helpful, not alone to the ones who are gone, but equally so in shaping the destinies and chastening the lives of those who remain. You claim to belon to an age that eschews sentimentality and demands realities as the warp of your being what sterner reality can you set before you, what event more definite and certain, than that written there in every mound in the cemetery, 'dust thou art and into dust shalt face the study of life's pathetic mys tery than these, at the goal where all your works and wishes and ways How better c get the proper values beside the open grave? In story books one always hastens to the end and regards it as useless and altogether unsatisfactory inless the last chapter is there with its final solution. In the history of life the same holds good, and they are piti-fully blind who would endeavor to ex clude from their activities and thoughts the certain fatality that awaits them. And, on the other hand, they are the wisest who can see the dust and ashes through the tinsel and the screed, and who know and feel that we have not

who know and feel that we have not here a lasting city or enduring life.

"And, again, led by the Church, we may learn not alone the lesson and the value of life here; not alone the sad certainty of death; but the beautiful lesson of the life beyond. While remaining there in the little cemetery I have been speaking of, an electly couple came from the church with a few flowers, the few that woodlands atill preserved from the ravages of the few flowers, the few that woodlands still preserved from the ravages of the coming winter. It was near the All Souls' Day, so they came to place these flowers over the little mound that marked the resting place of the little one they had 'loved and lost.' Tenderly they set the flowers around and then, kneeling down, they prayed to the Father above to bring to Hishappy kingdom the soul of their loved one. I noted that, though their knees were set in the dull, cold grass, their faces were set toward the skies; and in the transfiguration of them it could be seen that the distant gates of Eden gl-amed, and that they did not dream it was a dream.

For them and theirs, that voice, speakthey did not dream to the total the for them and theirs, that voice, speaking among the bones of the dead and in the hearts of men, was equally potent the hearts of men, was equally potent -'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he be dead, yet shall live.' This is the messages of sympathy, respect and admiration for the persecuted French Bishops. Such is the country of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. What a contrast to the Great American Repub. dead, yet shall live. This is the voice they heard, this is the hope they cultivated, and in the realhope they cultivated, and in the realization of that hope they felt, they be-



Soap. See the red and yellow wrappers.

lieved, they knew, that they would

west their child again.
"So it is in the cemetery, at the very term that for most is counted de feat arises for the Christian the glow of an unconquerable hope, the final de claration that the grave cannot be really victorious, nor death end of all."—Church Progress. There was a great silence

Hawthorne writes: "I bave always sovied the Catholic their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity intercepting somewhat of His awini splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligences. stream upon the worshipper more intelligently to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

Hope is the virtue which most glorifles God Hope has its root in, Faith, its fruit in Charity.



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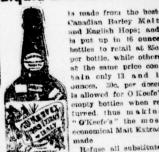
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