

of Prices named Below we and to any address. Address The London, Ont.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Gifts For Jesus.

Little children! There are many who have neither time nor skill, Gold nor silver, yet may offer Gifts to Jesus if they will.

There are ways—Jesus knows them, And His children all should know How to find a flower for Jesus.

How to give the rarest offerings, Costing something—but not gold—How to buy, and buy it dearly!

Gifts that He will love to take Not to grudge the cost, but give it cheerfully, for Jesus' sake.

Does this seem so strange, dear children? Yet 'tis surely nothing new!

All may give Him noble presents, Shall I tell you of a few?

Well, sometimes 'tis hard to listen To a word unkind or cold, And to smile a loving answer—

Do it, and you give Him—gold! Thoughts of Him in work or playtime, Smallest grains of incense rare,

Cast upon a burning coals! Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer, There are sometimes bitter fancies,

Little murmurs that will stir, Even a loving heart—but crush them, And you give your Saviour myrrh!

Flowers—why I never could finish Telling of the good they do. Yet I'll tell you how to plant them, In what garden plot they grow.

Act-of-love and deeds of grace, Holy lilies white and pure, Loving tendril, herb of healing,

If they will—such flowers fade not, And they will—such flowers fade not, They are not of mortal birth!

And such garlands wreathed for Jesus Fade not like the flowers of earth, And I think you all must see that

They are emblems, and must trace In the rarest and the fairest, Act-of-love and deeds of grace,

Now, dear children, can you tell me Have you still no gifts to lay At the throne of our dear Saviour,

Any hour or any day? Let us give Him—now—forever, Our first gift—the purest—best, Give our hearts to Christ and ask Him How to give Him all the rest.

The above lines were written by a little deaf and dumb girl.

"Noblesse Oblige." A pretty story is told of the late Duchess of Teck, who from her child hood was a favorite representative of royalty to the English people.

When she was a young girl some action which she thought unworthy of her birth was suggested to her.

"No," she said, smiling, "I am the Princess Mary of Great Britain and Ireland. And"—touching her breast—"I feel it here."

Among the royal families, it is said, the Swedish sovereigns, descendants of Jean Bernadotte, most strongly insist upon the high duty which the king owes to his rank.

Noblesse oblige was taught to all the sons of Oscar I. by their father as the chief rule of their lives.

One day, says the author of "Cameos and Curtains of Court Life," the King was driving with his son Charles, when a poor boy attracted the attention of the Prince.

"Let me throw a franc to that fellow, father," he pleaded.

"You may hand him a franc; you must not throw it to him. He, too, may be a prince some day."

Prince Charles was anxiously trained by his mother, the Princess Josephine, in the highest code of good manners.

One day she found him loitering at full length on the sofa.

"That is not a becoming way of taking your ease," she said.

The boy's eyes twinkled. "But, mamma," he said, "I learned this attitude from Herr Bestrom"—his tutor.

The Princess was silenced for a moment. Then she said: "When you are as learned and good a man as Herr Bestrom you may do as he does; but not before."

One day the sentry on duty barred the way to the Prince into a courtyard which was absolutely interdicted to the royal children.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, in a fury.

"You are Prince Charles, but I cannot let you pass," said the man, firmly.

"Then you make sure of your twenty-five, according to law!" and the boy ran to his father, demanding that the man should have twenty-five lashes, the usual punishment for insulting a member of the royal family.

"Here," said the King, "are as many riksdalers." Give them to him for doing his duty."

Prince Charles carried them to the sentry. "Here are the twenty-five, as I promised you," he said. The soldier bowed low, but there was a twinkle in his eye and in that of the Prince which showed that they both understood.—Youth's Companion.

Using Opportunity. Opportunity knocks at every one's door at least once in a lifetime, but some do not trouble themselves to open the door to their good fortune.

A story told in the Sunday School Advocate illustrates the truth of the old saying that none are so blind as those who will not see.

A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign that told him messenger boys were to be had inside. He hesitated and then went in.

"How many boys have you in now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply. "It's dull to-day."

"Then they're all here," said the gentleman, looking around, while the boys themselves were all attention, wondering what was up.

"Boys," said the gentleman, eyeing them scrutinizingly, "I suppose you know there is to be an exhibition of trained dogs to-night?"

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give him some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it."

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as "A blind man!" "You're foolin'!"

"What could a blind man see?" and "You can't guy us that way."

"I'm not guying; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who said nothing, he asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?" "I think I could do it," was the reply. "Yes, I'm sure I could, sir."

How do you propose to make him see it? "Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theatre, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves where they could disturb no one; but Mr. Davis, from his seat in the audience, knew that the boy was telling what went on, so that the blind man could understand, and others in the audience became more interested in the messenger boy and his companion.

Through carrying on an animated conversation, seemed absorbed and excited in everything that went on. In deed, not one applauded more heartily than did the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and after a few words with the manager, said:

"Boys, there was a chance offered every one of you yesterday—a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world—but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report intelligently. My stopping here yesterday was with the thought that possibly such a pair of eyes could be found here. It was an opportunity held out to every one of you, but only one understood and grasped it; for the rest of you it was a lost opportunity, for my friend is delighted with the experiment—says he is sure I hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. And yet you might—well, you see, that boy, though he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came he knew how to manage it. It is the only way to keep good opportunities from slipping away, boys; you must be on the watch for them."

Start at the Bottom. Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems, successfully passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, and some commendatory letters to a large ship-building firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have any thing of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion:

"You can go in and leave your address."

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do any thing that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron.

One week passed and the president meeting the superintendent asked:

"How is the new man's getting on?"

"O," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was main taining his dignity as a "clerk" in a lively stable, washing harness and carriages.

Morally Educated. The call for educated men was never so great as it is this very moment. That worthy periodical, "Success," tells us that they are in demand everywhere. They are wanted in the professions, in business houses, in manufacturing establishments, on the farms of the country. The educated farmer will be the farmer of the future; the farmer who understands, for instance, chemistry, whose training enables him to analyze the forces of nature; the farmer who can, in a word, supply brains to soil, is to be the successful agriculturist in the near future.

There is, on all sides, too, a noticeable demand for college educated men. We do not believe that a college education can do everything for a young man, but it is a great factor of intellectual development and character culture for the great majority of young people enabled to enjoy its benefits. Recent developments concerning two important financial institutions in the East prove, if any proof were needed, that no education is of any real value unless accompanied by the development of a sound, moral character.

Too many men nowadays pose as educated because their reading has extensive, their travel varied and their purse well filled. These things have all a value, not to be ignored or minimized, if well used, but they do not, in themselves, constitute an educated man. For true education there is required moral as well as mental and physical development.

The honest farmer who has never had the benefit of education, or travel beyond his country seat, is really a better citizen and a really better educated man than the bank embezzler or the expert forger, who uses his knowledge to defraud the public. Our educational system needs, in its every department, more of solid character culture.

Persistence of Purpose vs. Talent. We hear a great deal of talk about genius, talent, luck, chance, cleverness and fine manners playing a large part in one's success. Leaving out

luck and chance, we grant that all these elements are important factors in the battle of life. Yet the possession of any or all of them, unaccompanied by a definite aim, a determined purpose, will not insure success. What ever else may have been lacking in the giants of the race, the men who have been conspicuously successful, we shall find that they all had one characteristic in common—doggedness and persistence of purpose. It does not matter how clever a youth may be, whether he leads his class in college or outshines all the other boys in his community, he will never succeed if he lacks this essential of determined persistence. Many men who might have made brilliant musicians, artists, teachers, lawyers, able physicians or surgeons, in spite of predictions to the contrary, have fallen short of success because they were deficient in this quality.

Persistence of purpose is a power. It creates confidence in others. Every body believes in the determined man. When he undertakes anything his battle is half won, because not only he himself, but every one who knows him, believes that he will accomplish whatever he sets out to do. People know that it is useless to oppose a man who uses his stumbling blocks as stepping-stones; who is not afraid of defeat; who never, in spite of calumny or criticism, shrinks from his task; who never keeps his compass pointed to the north star of his purpose, no matter what storms may rage about him.

The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

The success of a dull or average youth and the failure of a brilliant one is a constant surprise in our history. But if the different cases are closely analyzed he shall find that the explanation lies in the staying power of the seemingly dull boy; the ability to stand firm as a rock under all circumstances, to allow nothing to divert him from his purpose, while the brilliant but erratic boy, lacking the sturdiness of a firm purpose, neutralizes his power and wastes his energy by dissipating them in several directions.

Lethargy of our Young Men. The most depressing sign about us, says the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, is the inactivity of young men in religious matters. The St. Vincent de Paul Conference offers a splendid opportunity for the fruitful exercise in the direction of charity of the energies of those young men whose religion is more than a name. Yet how few there are who seize at such an opportunity! The percentage of those actively engaged in the work of the Conference, who are between the ages of eighteen and thirty years, is but small. We have one parish in mind where the Conference, composed of about twenty-five men, numbers among its members several above the age of gray hairs, but not one we believe below the age of twenty-five. Yet in this parish are probably two hundred young men born in the fold of good Catholic families and trained in the exercise of their religion. Most of them are of a class who have at least a fair amount of spending money for theatres, to subscribe to dances and to comply as regards personal decoration with the latest whims of fashion. Their names are absent from the list of those who contribute to the def fund of their church, nor are they to be found generous donors to the care and adornment of the sanctuary. If a drama is proposed for a worthy object, they are willing to take part, providing it be a leading part that is given them, that their expenses are paid even to the last penny and that a supper and dance be given out of the proceeds to the participants.

But when it comes to personal service in the highest sense, to the fulfillment of the corporal works of mercy, our Catholic young men are unaccountably absent. They are strangely unwilling to give either of their time or money.

There are exceptions of course, but oh, how few and far between! The few exceptions there are of Catholic young men, Catholic in spirit and in their lives' actions, as in creed, but render the more noticeable the almost total absence of the works of the vast majority.

The Catholic press is not doing its duty when it does not call attention to this lack of endeavor on the part of our young men to their failure to participate in the mission of the Church by works of zeal and charity. Pastors would everywhere facilitate the success of their labors and enlarge the scope of their parochial activities by enlisting the energies of the youths of their flock. The work of the Church must be carried on by the coming generation. The sloth of the young men of to-day is not a promising sign. A determined effort should be made all along the line to rouse them to a right appreciation of their duties as Catholic Christians.

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IMITATION OF CHRIST. The Thoughts of Death.

Very quickly must thou be gone hence; see then how matters stand with thee: man is here to-day, and to-morrow he is vanished.

And when he is taken away from the sight, he is quickly also out of mind.

On, the dullness and hardness of man's heart, which only thinks on what is present, and looks not forward to things to come!

Thou oughtest in every action and thought so to order thyself, as if thou wert immediately to die.

If thou hadst a good conscience, thou wouldst not much fear death.

It were better for thee to fly sin than to be afraid of death.

If thou art not prepared to-day, how wilt thou be to-morrow?

To-morrow is an uncertain day; and how dost thou know that thou wilt be alive to-morrow?

What benefit is it to live long, when we advance so little?

Ah, a long life does not always make us better, but often adds to our guilt!

Would to God we had behaved ourselves well in this world even for our day.

Many count the years of their conversion; but oftentimes the fruit of amendment is small.

If it be frightful to die, perhaps it will be more dangerous to live longer.

Blessed is he who hath always the hour of his death before his eyes, and every day disposes himself to die.

If thou hast at any time seen a man die, think that thou must also pass the same way.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART. Not one of them that are consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, will be lost.

The Heart of Jesus contains infinite treasures of grace and benediction. There is no exercise of piety in the spiritual life better calculated to raise a soul in a short time, to the highest sanctity than the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Everything for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is impossible to practice true devotion to the Sacred Heart without at the same time increasing in love, reverence and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Peace and contentment are enjoyed by all who have consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart. They know and enjoy a happiness, the world with all its glitter and glare cannot give or cannot take away. They enjoy the true liberty of the Sons of God, and are free from the slavery of the world, the flesh and the devil. Their existence is an ideal one that the votaries of wealth might well envy.

WHITHER GOEST THOU? Many visitors to Rome travel down the Appian Way and see the church called "Domine, Quo Vadis?"

Here, tradition says, St. Peter, fleeing from the persecutors in the reign of Nero, met his Master, going into the city. Recognizing Him, he inquired: "Domine, Quo Vadis?" i. e., "Lord, whither goes Thou?" To which Jesus answered, "I am going to be crucified again."

Thereupon St. Peter, ashamed of his flight, turned back to the city to meet his death.

A marble slab in the church gives a copy of Our Lord's footprint, the original being in the church of St. Sebastian, one of the seven churches so much frequented by pilgrims.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.—George Washington.

Keep Yourself Strong. And you will ward off cold, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise to begin taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's Pills are non irritating. Price 25 cents.

NEURALGIA SAVED AND PAIN RELIEVED by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, head a sore, neuralgia or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day nor night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandraka and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Liverpool, P. Q., writes: "I had Parmentier's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

INDIGESTION, resulting from weakness of the stomach, is relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the greatest stomach tonic and cure for DYSPEPSIA.

DR. PARMENTIER'S PARSAPARILLA PILLS are certainly preserving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any other medicine that could equal Parmentier's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmentier's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves Worm Expelling Syrup relieves, by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. K. Llogg's Dysentery Curdial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

AMERICA'S Greatest Medicines is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it possesses unequalled curative powers and its record of cures is GREATEST.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Go on With a Will. When things go hard with you, when everything seems to go against you, when you are thwarted on every side, when the sky is dark and you can see no light, that is just the time to exhibit your mettle, to show what you are made of. If there is anything in you, adversity will bring it to light. What a man does in spite of circumstances, rather than because of them, is the measure of his ability.

The successful man, who brings successful things to pass, grows stronger and more determined when the way looks darkest. Instead of being discouraged as the obstacles which bar his progress grow more and more formidable, he arouses himself like a lion to meet and finally overcome them. When you have a disagreeable, perplexing thing to do, do not put off the doing.

Remember Mother. The late Dr. John Hall once told of a poor woman who had struggled to send her son to college. When graduation day came, he wrote to his mother to come and witness the exercises, but she declined because of her shabby dressed clothes, thinking he would be ashamed of her. Finally, in response to his entreaties, she came. On the day of his graduation he accompanied his mother down the aisle, and placed her in one of the best seats in the house. He was the valedictorian of his class, and had won a prize. As soon as it was given to him he went down to his poor mother, and before the whole audience kissed her, and said:

"Mother, here is the prize. It is yours. I would not have it, if it had not been for you."

That young man possessed the element of true greatness, for he owed much to the love and sacrifice of his mother. Thousands of young men and women are away from home at our schools and colleges. They are the constant objects of a mother's prayers and thoughtful remembrance. Their parents are toiling and sacrificing for the purpose of furnishing them an education which shall equip them for life's work. Every day, from their entrance to the hour of graduation, students should gratefully think of what they owe to their parents who cheerfully sacrificed to make it possible for them to secure a good education.

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A Contented WOMAN

isn't contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap;

but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness.

It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Preserve Your Teeth

And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., & 1 lb. 5s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s., and 1 lb. 5s.

They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.