## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Nature is kinder to all men than we commonly imagine; and few there are who can not, with God's blessing, if who can not, with God's blessing, if they strive with a strong and constant will, form their own characters and attain to more than respectability. To tain to more than respectability. To will is always in our power; for will is always free. Will strongly, will nobly, will firmly, will constantly, and fear not but you will execute, in due time, gravely and successfully.—Brownson.

Take Some Regular Rest. Beware of trying to work all the time. The very intensity of your ambition to get on may keep you back. A bow that is bent constantly loses its elasticity. Take the best Indian bow that ever was made, string it taut hang that ever was made; string to the string, and you will find that the bow will remain in the same position. It has lost its throwing power; all its spring is gone. So, the brain that is kept tense during all the waking hours soon loses its responsiveness and effective working It fails to fully grasp all the

necessary phases of a day's work.

I have known college students who looked upon every half-hour of ball looked upon every half-hour of bair playing or other amusement as time thrown away. I have watched these same students in after years, and have noticed that they "went to seed" very early. Although they piled fact upon fact, and added knowledge to knowledge in their student days, thinking them selves infinitely superior to their classmates who allowed the muscles of the mates who allowed the indeed of and brain to relax while they strengthened the muscles of the body by indulging in a little wholesome fun or athletic exercise, they lost ground when they left college. The brain hardened, and their ideas lost vigor and freshness, for the zest of life had fled before they com menced to live. Enthusiasm was killed in the unnatural tension and forced mental activity of their student days.

Everyone should put some recreation

into each day. No day is complete without its period of relaxation. Nothing is truer than that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' Stick at Your Occupation

"I have no idea why that baby should have died," said an old-time physician, who had more zeal than skill, "for I tried everything, gave it every remedy I ever heard of, and yet

A great many people who fail in life are like this old physician. They say they don't know why they have failed, because they have tried everything. They do not realize that it is this very "trying everything" that has ruined them. Young men everywhere, who have plenty of success material in them, are killing their possibilities by constantly changing from one thing to another, shifting about without any definite purpose or plan, "trying every-

Take, for example, one of those bright, typical youths who may be found in every community. He gets a job in a store, and works there for a month or two. Then he begins to grow restless; he thinks there are better opportunities in railreading than in storekeeping, so he secures work on a After a while he tires of this also, and goes to work on a farm for a season. He abandons the farm for the district schoolhouse. After teaching school for a term or two, ho studies law a while, and after that, surveying. Then he throws up everything and to the West. There he works a short time in the mines, but he doesn't strike 'pay dirt," and he begins to grow disheartened and to wonder why he

doesn't succeed. "Succeed! How could be? Could the most versatile genius that ever lived succeed in becoming a practical storekeeper, railroad man, farmer, school-teacher, lawyer, surveyor and miner, all within the space of a few

Concentrate your efforts and be someyou can take your choice.

you can take your choice.

If you want to amount to anything worth while, in the first place, go into the thing that Nature intended you for as soon as you can. Then stick to it, through thick and thin. Don't go into but for a few months or a year or two, but for lifetime. Stick and hang on no matter how hard it goes with you. Broaden, deepen, and enlarge your vocation, whether it is farming or building up a newspaper, until its expansion is equal to the abilities within you. This is the way to succeed. Hold on to your experience. It is valuable capital, and you throw it away every time you change your occupation.

Certain of Employment.

Laying aside all the business houses that insist upon beginning with their employees at the bottom of the ladder, what the other houses that will not employ elderly men really want is not employ elderly men really want is not youth, but interest, energy, willingness and ideas. It is just as possible to have these at forty as at twenty. Therefore, except in the instance mentioned, the remedy lies with men themselves. No man that really masters his business, studies it and has ideas about it is likely to be out of employabout it, is likely to be out of employ-

Provided that he does not make a sot of himself with drink and provided also that he avoids the state of arrested development and mental dry rot, he is

likely to have constant employment.

Ideas are the life of any business in the world. The man that has ideas is absolutely certain of employment.

Entangling Alliances.

Don't tie yourself or your money up. Don't risk all your savings in any scheme, no matter how much it may promise. Don't invest your hardearned money in anything without first making a thorough and searching investigation. Do not be misled by those who tell you that it is "now or never." who tell you that it is "now or never," and that, if you wait, you are liable to lose the best thing that ever came to you. Make up your mind that if you lose your money you will not lose your head, and that you will not invest in anothing until you thoroughly understand. stand all about it. There are plenty of good things waiting. If you miss one, there are hundreds of others. People will tell you that the opportunity will go by and you will lose a great besides her companion she had the covered world—all bore testimony in the society of two extremely ugly cats and a fat spaniel. The former were yellow and black with thin long tails and habits of great familiarity. They lay on the sofas or chairs whenever it from Christian truth and tradition be-

chance to make money if you do not act promptly. But take your time, and in-vestigate. Make it a cast-iron rule never to invest in any enterprise until you have gone to the very bottom of it, and, if it is got so sound that level-headed men will put money in it, do not touch it. The habit of investigating before you embark in any business will be a happiness-protector, a fortune-protector, and an ambition-protectivell.-O. S. Marden in Success. and an ambition-protector as

Some Helpful Thoughts, Business which cannot be conducted on Christian principles is no business which should be conducted by Christian

Be cheerful. Make an effort to be agreeable. Take some pains to be interesting to your associates. Learn to relate some anecdotes, to tell some stories, to sing some songs, to know something worth knowing, so that in the time for social intercourse you can do your part. Don't live only to please

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done.

Be generous. The world loves a nagnanimous soul. Large-heartedness is always popular.

God has never had much use for the oan who was not willing to do little

Many a young man with large capa bilities and bright prospects, has been brought within reach of the guns of the enemy by some chain which has held him down. It may be the chain of passion, appetite, indifference to high purposes, impatience, instability or what not—why be held down by a chain, when a release is promised?

A Better Way.

Use your brain. Study your business. Find out all its details. Find out exactly how it is conducted. Find out ways in which your end of it can be better conducted. There is nothing in the world of the work of men's hands that is not susceptible of improvement if some one will think enough about it. Any one can think about the work he has to do every day, and usually it requires no genius to find a way to better

Habit of Unhappiness. Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, etc. A habit of complaining, of criticizing, of fault-finding, of grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially the contract of the contract ally in early life, for after a while the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.

Buried Under Their Own Rubbish. Some people spend a large part of their lives beginning things and then drepping them. They squander their energy and waste their efforts in rush-ing from one thing to another, without ever accomplishing anything. They have the faculty of beginning things, but do not seem to have the inclination or the ability to finish them. They are the victims of spasmodic enthusiasm. A new plan is suggested, or a new idea strikes them, and they are all vigor and enthusiasm when they first begin to put it in action, but very soon their interest cools, their ardor dies out, and the thing, whatever it is, is left unfinished.

Such people give you the impression f being sufficated by the rubbish about them. Everything is lying around in an uncompleted condition, egging to be finished-half written letters and manuscripts, half executed plans, work of all sorts in various stages development, and all in a state of utter confusion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the

Garder.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. FIAT.

Then the guard shut the door sharply; Mrs. Cleeve came to the window to give parting messages for her mother, and the train slowed out of the station, leaving Bernie with with tearless eyes and an aching heart. She was well accustomed to going about London by herself, and was soon in a third class herself, and was soon in a three district carriage returning to Lurnham Park, the suburb where her grand-mother lived, and which adjoined Warton Green where her own home was.

Mrs. Eliot was an old lady of severe

She had married late in life aspect. She had married fate in fife, and Mrs. Cleeve was her only child. She was extremely prim and conventional, methodical in all things, and with a fondness for routine, punctuality and monotony, which Bernie found very

Mrs. Eliot was a Protestant of the Low Church type, and considered her daughter had done very wrong indeed when she was engaged to a Catholic; and when she became one herself shortly after her marriage Mrs. Eliot was in despair. However, the years had gone by and nothing she ever said influenced her daughter in the slightest degree. The latter, lax as she had be-come, knew the marks of the true Church, acknowledged its authority and knew what was right thought she did not always put her knowledge into

practice.

Mrs Eliot was somewhat of an invalid Mrs Eliot was somewhat of an invalid suffering from chronic rheumatism and was blessed with an even temper. She seldom kept her companions for more than a year, and the last has gone of very suddenly just after Mrs. Eliot was settled into the dull little house called The Canaries. Everything in the house was kept in extreme order, and the furniture did not look as if it was intended to be moved or used. Mrs. Eliot usually sat in the dining-room which overlooked a tiny garden, and besides her companion she had the society of two extremely ugly cats and

pleased them to do so, and to Bernie's intense annoyance perambulated the table even at meal times. They whisked their tails over the bread and butter, they sniffed the meat and food generally, habitually sitting in close proximity to their mistress, one

on each side of her.

Although very fond of dumb animals Bernie did not like those at Canaries, nor their ways, and Carlo the spaniel became her sworn enemy, as he was always of the companion, one whose duties was to comb out his at. Carlo snarled at Bernie until coat. she had to make him understand that she would comb him whether or no, and once a week he was washed—another trying performance. Mrs. Eliot always had Carlo's chair placed at one side of the table at meals, and the cats by this time knew better than to inter-fere with the choice morsels that were cut up for him by Bernie according to

cut up for him by Bernie according to her grandmother's directions.

Carlo had his own red-cushioned basket, and if Tim or Topsy ever ventured into it they were turned out in a very summary fashion by the owner who was by no means too fat to assert his rights.

his rights. A few old ladies came to see Mrs. Eijot, and as their conversation chiefly consisted of the merits and demerits of the parsons of their acquaintance and the immediate topics of their own particular churches, Bernie felt a little out in the cold. She had her lessons at the convent to occupy her, but only went there now in the mornings and as her grandmother did not allow her to ask any of her "Papist" friends to the house, she had little companionship of any kind. Mrs. Cleeve had told her mother that Bernie was not to be interfered with as regarded her religion in any way, and in the letter but not the spirit the old lady kept her promise. So the days went on and letters came but rarely from Switzerland, for the Oleeves all hated letter-writing. However, the news, scanty as it was of Alban, was good, and Bernie's spirits rose as she thought how delightful it would be to have him at home again in the spring well and strong. It cheered her so much that she bore very patiently with her very exacting grandmother, and tried to be as punctual, orderly and methodical as it certainly was not her nature to be. Over her washstand was an almanac, and every day Bernie crossed of a day so as to encourage herself with the thought of spring and having Alban with her again. How much she missed him no one knew, and he was continually in

her mind. It was a very early Lent that year, and in Holy Week Bernie went as usual to the church which was close by and on Good Friday kissed the Cross with a feeling of thankfulness that the trial of the long time without Alban was nearly over, for in the brief letter of the week before last Mrs. Cleeve had said they were soon returning home and that Alban was not to be known he

was so well and strong.

Certainly it would be delightful to see him again, thought Bernie as she walked slowly home. In her room she had a cupboard full of toys which she had bought with her pocket money and at the cost of much self-denial, and she imagined how he would enjoy many a merry game with them in which she

would have a share. The prospect was so delightful that the actually patted Carlo out of sheer delight, which she felt she must express in some way. The two cats with their long thin tails were going upstairs before her, and then Mrs. Eliot came out of her room with a yellow envelope in

her hand. At home owing to Mr. Cleeve's litat home owing to Mr. Cleeve's In-erary work—such as it was—and his own fondness for writing, telegrams were things of daily occurrence, but at The Canaries none had ever come during the whole winter, and Bernic's heart beat fast with fear which was only heightened by her grandmother's inusually kind tone of voice.
"Come in here, Bernie - there

Bernie looked quickly at her grand-

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOVEMBER-A REVERIE.

This, the month dedicated to departed ouls, is the saddest season of the religious as of the natural year. From earth's face the bloom of summer and the rich glow of the harvest-tide have disappeared, leaving no vestige, not one dry leaf of memory behind. The death-old grasp of winter is closing cruelly on the vitals of all earthly hings. Between the light that is gone and the winter darkness that is at hand, the sad November lies dreaming of the right vision that is past, hoping for a life that shall return, yet feeling in the actual present only bereavement and loss of all that makes happiness and

How meetly has not the Church consecrated this sad moontide to the memory of the departed souls that hover beyond in a region between life and death eternal!

Upon no cold and precise formula of doctrine would we dwell when feeling speaks its word and urges its appeal for remembrance of the friends who are gone before us. The Christian mind —nay, the human heart—knows and feels that there is an abode between everlasting life and death beyond the everlasting life and death beyond the grave. Heaven, were it inaccessible here to all, would lose its every charm. Were it accessible here to all it would lose its grace and glory. Heaven is the final goal of man's struggie, the last reward of his victory. None but the clean of heart can enter there. Yet in God's eight is no man elean—no man justified.

ight is no man clean-no man justified. Therefore have all nations proclaimed in their religious rites that there is a place of purgation of souls beyond the grave. The worshipper in the farthest East, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman and even the savage and untaught inhabitant of the undis covered world-all bore testimony in

lied also in their practices this dictate of nature. They were the first to at tempt to wean the heart of mankind the sweet belief in the commun-of souls. They alone would deprive ion of souls. religion of the comfort that lies in the mutually - exchanged succors between the living and the dead. They are

coming back now to nature and to truth.

It is a sweet thought—the thought of Purgatory. It is the only thought that can rob death of its sting and sin of its victory. The true Christian soul would not, if it could, remove the realm of purification that lies as a barrier-land between heaven and the traveled-stained wanderers from earth. Could sin, however slight, survive death and accompany the soul into God's eternal presence, then sin's vic-tory would be complete and the crown and reward of evil would be assured. But were sin that is mere defect but no revolt, to be visited with eternal and irreparable doom, then the king-dom of justice and the queenship of mercy would cease to rule over fallen . The place of purification where faithful departed expiate their faults and prepare themselves for God's presence, is therefore a neces-sary institution in the Divine Economy. It is a place of justice and of right to be blessed and beloved of the Christian

soul. It is a bright land of hope and promise dearer to Heaven than its happy mansions, because therein abide not those who revel in glory, but those who need Heaven's holiest gift mercy. It is the ante-chamber to the palace of the High King, where the poor whom He called blessed await in patience and entreat in prayer the de-light of His unveiled presence. And they are happy even in their painful prison-house, these souls-elect. feel that sense of right amid the sense of pain that renders suffering sweet though it retain its bitter, and that makes hope sorrowful while it retains

While lifting up our thoughts to the faithful departed and rendering our suffrages for their relief, all that sainted of our intention. Yet nature still speaks across the barrier of death and binds us with tenderest ties to our own.

The deepest feeling the heart is cap-able of is aroused by the vision that flits before us of many a loved one that was nearest to us on earth. We see them surge upward from amid that plaintive band, lifting their sad eyes—whose language we know so well—in supplication to ours. We see them stretch their hands towards us as they cry, "Have pity on me, at least you, my friend"—my son, my brother. my friend"—my son, my brother, sis-ter, or my best-beloved on earth. Who can resist such a cry? Who has

not heard it oftimes in the deep silence of the night in the busy din of daylight breaking in on our revels and on

Ah! forget not this month the souls consigned to your care and keeping, till the hour comes—which you can hasten when angels shall welcome them to their eternal rest .- Buffalo Union and Times.

#### AT THE ELEVATION.

"If anyone were to look down from a church gallery during Mass, he would notice," says a writer in the English Messenger, "that the members of the ongregation with few exceptions, bow their heads at the warning bell, and never lift them until after the elevation. In this practice there is a dis-crepancy between what we are taught and what we do, which might and should be rectified, with profit to our souls.'

As a practice to which the writer calls attention prevails to the same extent in this country, a few further words on the subject from this article may not be unprofitable:

Immediately after the holy words of consecration the priest kneels to adore, and then raises the Sacred Host a the Blessed Sacrament before bendon the Biessed Sacrament before bending down in adoration. In a charming little book recently published we read that there used to be in England a popular idea that the sight of

the Host brought joy to the heart, and that when the time approached, men would jostle their neighbor that they might better see the Blessed Sacrament. The Elevation is the control of the second of on is certainly the central and essen-ul ceremony of Holy Mass. It is at e moment of Consecration the Son of od comes down upon the altar. It is en that we should lift our eyes and ook upon Him Whom we have pierced.

Father Cochem's Explanation of the lass, we find these beautiful words: How solemn and sublime a ceremony hen the Sacred Host and consecrated halice are lifted up above the altar ongs of joy resound in the courts of eaven, the earth is visited with salva-

tion, the souls in purgatory experience a mitigation of their pain, hell trembles and is afraid." This is the most precious moment of the Mass. Now is it time to lift up our heads, for our salvation is at hand; now is it time to make our offering to God, of the one oure spotless Victim, Whom the Creator s willing to accept at the hands of His nost sinful creatures. Now is the time o obtain all we need. Let us not lose ne graces of the Elevation by our own

Our Lord Himself revealed to St. Gertrude that " As often as any one



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looks in devout adoration at the Sacred Host, or, being unable, wishes he could do so, his reward in heaven is increased, and he is entitled to a special degree of bliss in the enjoy-ment of the Beatific Vision." St. Teresa also mentions a special reward in Heaven for "reverent contempla-tion of the Elevation." In the ages of Faith going to Mass was son spoken of as "seeing God." spoken of as "seeing God." And in-deed if we have heard Mass devoutly and gaze reverently at the Sacred Host, we have every right to say with Jacob: "I have seen God face to face

and my soul has been saved.' A PURELY VEGETABLE PILL—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots, herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney compliaints and in giving tone tookhe system whether enfeebled by overwork of deranged through excesses in living. They require no testimonal. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend them selves to dyseptities and those subject to billous ness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

ess who are in quest of a benefit.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would ub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas Ecleric Oil they would escape muscular rheumaism and render their nether limbs proof against the cold. Those

### NEURALGIC PAINS

Are the Cry of the Nerve for Better Blood,

ENRICH THE BLOOD AND NEURALGIA WILL DISAPPEAR-IT IS ONLY THOSE WHOSE BLOOD IS POOR AND WATERY THAT SUFFER.

No part of the human system is more sensitive than the nerves. Many of the most exeruciating pains that afflict little higher than his head, in order as the logians tell us, that "It may be seen and adored by the people."

Therefore the correct custom is for us to lift our heads and look reverently to lift our heads and look reverently. which generally attacks the nerves of the face and head, sometimes causing swift, darting, agonizing pains-at other times a dull, heavy aching feeling which makes life miserable. There is only makes life miserable. There is only one way to get rid of neuralgia and other nervous troubles, and that is through the blood. Poor, watery blood makes the nerves shaky and invite disase. Rich, red blood makes the nerves strong and banishes all nerve troubles No medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic; every dose helps to make rich, red blood, and every drop of this new blood feeds and strengthens the nerves and banishes all nerve ache the nerves and banishes all nerve acnes and pains. Among those who offer strong proof of this is Mr. John McDermott, Bond Head, Ont., who says: "A few years ago while working as a carpenter in Buffalo I got wet. I neglected to change my clothes and next morning I awoke with cramps and resize throughout my entire body. I pains throughout my entire body. I was unable to go to work, so called in a doctor. I followed his treatment, but it did not help me. As I was unable to work I returned to my home at Bond Head. Here I consulted a doctor who said I was suffering from neuralgia, but though he treated me for some time, he though he treated me for some time, he also failed to help me. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so decided to try them. I had not used more than three boxes before I felt they were helping me. From that on I gained day by day, and after I had used some ten boxes I had fully recovered my old-time strength and have since been able to work at my trade without any trouble. The pains and aches no longer torture me and I have gained in weight. I me and I have gained in weight. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an in-valuable medicine and shall always have

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