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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

While one boy is regretting his want of opportunities, his lack of means to get a college education, and remains in ignorance, another with half his chance piks up a good education in the odds and ends of time which other piks up a good education in the odds and ends of time which other boys throw away. From the same material, one man builds a palace and another a lovel. From the same rough piece of marble, one man calls out an angel of beauty which delights every beholder, another a hideous monster which demoralizes every one who sees it .-

Thought and Action. Thought and labor, idea and energy
by these two human, life is governed.
n point of quantity and of time occuthought and reflection redresent a nall fraction of the lives of most men. the rest being devoted to the active prosecution of the programme they have set before themselves. Similarly in that specialization needful in any community or association of men, those who embrace the life of thought, study or contemplation, bear, and ought to bear, But as these two lives are properly but factors of the whole life of n, as they depend upon one another run into one another, they cannot absolutely be separated without mutual hurt. Thought is fed, stimulated and checked by action; and action is guided inspired and spiritualized by thought-

Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. Folly of Morbidness.

It is a great mistake for any one to allow himself to develop unsociable tendencies, for the results are often far-reaching and grow beyond the con-trol of the individual, who, partly from indifference and partly from inherent daziness, makes no effort to keep his effort to keep his friends or enlarge his social acquaintances. Shyness, too, is often the cause of a person holding himself aloof from the world, and also morbidness, the latter being the worst sequestration of all, as it often results in complete isolation and estrangement from average words of encouagement and inspiration again. At the conclusion of the address, he will determine that he will make more of his opportunities is the tion and estrangement from every one. Unsociability is like the rift within the It begins so gradually-a disinclination to leave home, a half-felt dislike of encountering new people-and so, little by little, and almost uncon-sciously, the feeling is fostered until it becomes so strong that it is almost im-possible to break through the reserve it has built up between the recluse and

A person who begins by being merely unsocial often ends by becoming what is commonly known as "cranky"— a number of examples might be cited in every one's experience to show how is to let one's self drift into eccentricity.

On Opportunity. Lord Stratheona, the grand old man of Canada, in the course of an interview which appears in Young Man, gives the following practical advice to some follows starting in life. young fellows starting in life:

"Be content with your present lot, but always be fitting yourself for higher. Do not despise what you are. Be satisfied for the time, not grumbling and finding fault. If you want to get higher, to a better position, only cheerful perseverance will bring you there; grumbling will not help you on an inch. Your future really depends almost entirely on yourself, and is what you like to make it; I would like to work yourself; don't wait for friends to use their influence in your behalf; don't depend on the help of others. Of course, opportunity is a great thing, and it comes to some men more frequently than to others. But there are very few whom it does not visit at one time or another, and if you are not ready for it and have not prepared to welcome it, that is your fault, and de to do as well as any other, provided the opportunity presents itself and he is blessed with ood health. Much of what I would advise young men to do is contained in the old counsel: "Trust in Provi-

dence, and keep your powder dry.' In the Club Room. Says Father Rathe in a paper read at the recent Y. M. I. conference:
There must be moderation in the There must be moderation in the view we take of the various amusements of members. We must look with a kindly and sympathetic eye on small abuses, for fear of driving members from the rooms and into more danger ous places. It is here, again, that the moderating influence of a kindly and moderating influence of a kindly and genial chaplain can make itself felt. Human nature is weak and wayward. Many of our members are rough, ignor ant men, and often err from the line of strict poverty—nay, even often fall into the snares that beset our path through life. It is for the chaplain to keep a watchful eye on these weaker brethren, to prevent them from falling, if possible; to help them up again when they have fallen, and to keep them attached to the society. It is only when a man has proved himself incorrigible, a danger to others, or a constant dis to the society, that the sword of tion should be used. A kindly separation should word in season will often prevent a man from spending too much of time or money in amusements — will succeed in time, in breaking a man from habits of cursing or swearing, and from ebullitions of temper which would go unchecked, and become stronger elsewhere, if the member were expelled from the Society. What I say of the chaplain applies in a less degree, chaplain applies in a less degree but equally truly, to the officials of the Society and to those whose age and long connection with the society has entitled them to respect amongst the more unstable members. and we must have infinite patience and tact if we are to keep them together and under the good influence of our society. We must take a broad view

the society; let true, gentlemanly, and sportsmanlike habits be taught by the chaplain and encouraged by the officials, and the grand aim of the Young Men's society steadily kept in view, in 's society steadily kept in view, viz., to promote mutual improvement and the extension of the spirit of religion and brotherly love.

Learn Something from Everybody.
One of the most useful success-habits one can form is that learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored.

Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that everyone can teach you something which you did not know before, and which perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him. Daniel Webster once made a great

hit, in arguing a case before a jury, by repeating a story which he afterwards said he had not thought of since he heard it fourteen years before. But Webster was aways picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne the greatest speech ever delivered on a correspondingly small proportion to those engaged in a life of external made up of little reserves which he had made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men, and from ob-

> Manya prominent novelist has collected material for his stories by making notes of his conversations with those he has met and by observation. Charles

has met and by observation. Charles
Dickens got a great deal of the matter
of some of his novels in this way.
One young man will go to a lecture,
and, after spending an hour listening to
the helpful, inspiring words of some
prominent man, will leave the hall or
lecture room without having derived
any benefit from the address. Another young man will attend the same lec-ture with an ambition to learn something. He will drink in the speaker's sentences as if he were never to hear more, study more, be more than he ever was before. Such a young man has a purpose and is determined to learn something from everything he comes in contact with, and from everybody he talks to. The other has no am does not throw himself into what he does, lets his mind wander hither and thither, so that he never wholly understands what people are saying, and therefore never derives say benefit or lets the for these with whom he information from those with whom he converses.—Success.

Reasons of Business Suces When one man grows wealthy or achieves an independence in business, it is a common saying that a hundred fail. The great successes are known because they are few in number. The defeats are unknown because their name is legion. "Bradstreet's" enter into an examination of the causes of business failures. The main things needed for success, it says, are credit, capital and business ability, to which may be added opportunity and luck in it broad meaning.

There were, according to "Brad-treet's" investigation, 1,205,862 constreet's cerns doing business in the United States year, and of this number 10,648, or 0.88 per cent, failed. It was greater than either of the two preceding years, but back of 1899 no per-centage of number failing so small can be found earlier than 1882.

can be found earlier than 1882.

In tracing the causes of the failures in 1901 the great number are, of course, laid to faults of those who failed. Eleven specific causes are assigned. Of the 10,648, 3,223 failed from lack of capital, 2,623 from incompetence, 1,154 because of fraud, 828 by inexperience. Summed up briefly, the three great causes of business failthe three great causes of business failyou are the loser. Apart from that which we call genius, I believe that inexperience, in the order named, the three accounting for 57.1 per cent. of all failures, as against 61 per cent. in 1900, while specific conditions and undue competition, not attributable the trader himself, accounted for 27.3 per cent. of all the disasters. "Specific conditions" cover exceptional and unlooked-for circumstances, such as the steel strike, the corn crop failure, the lowered price of cotton at the South. These specific conditions are credited with 1,755 failures last year. This is one-sixth of the whole num-

ber. The most important thing to have in business, according to "Brad-streets," is good credit. Only 0.9 of 1 per cent. of those who failed were rated in very good credit, and similar statistics for previous years "would seem to absolutely fix and confirm the statement that in normal years, or in years of prosperity, good credit is the st important asset, without

which all success is vain." Lack of capital is a great cause of nearly one-third of the 10,000 failures, with its corollary in the effort to do too large a business. Then the to do too large a business upon the

capital employed, Health and Happiness.

Health is said to be wealth. Indeed, all wealth is valueless without health. Every man who lives by labor, whether of the most valueless possessions. Without it, life would be unenjoyable The human system has been so framed as to render enjoyment one of the prin-cipal ends of life. The whole arrange-ment, structure and functions of the

ment, structure and functions of the human system are beautifully adapted for that purpose.

The exercise of every sense is 1 leasarable—the exercise os sight, hearing taste, touch and muscular effort. What can be more pleasurable, for instance, than the feeling of entire health—health, which is the sum total of the functions of life, duly performed.
"Enjoyment," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "is not only the end of life, but it is the only condition of life which is compatible with a protracted term of existence. The happier a human being is, the longer he lives; the more he suffers, the sooner he dies. To add to enjoyment is to lengthen life; to inflict pain is to shorten its duration."
Happiness is the rule of healthy excan be more pleasurable, for instance, and try to estimate the vast general amount of good done, in spite of occasional defects, errors, and blemishes that occur in the daily workings of the Young Men's Society. Let there, then, be recreations and amusements of every receible kind suitable as far

Happiness is the rule of healthy ex-

tional conditions. Nor is pain al-together an evil; it is rather a salutary warning. It tells us that we have transgressed some rule, violated some law, disobeyed some physical obligation. It is a monitor which warns us to amend our state of living. It virtually says, "Return to nature, observe her laws, and be restored to happiness. Thus, paradoxical though it may seem, pain is one of the conditions of the physical well-being of man; as death, according to Dr. Thomas Brown, is one of the conditions of the enjoyment of

To enjoy physical happiness, therefore, the natural laws must be complied with. To discover and observe these laws, man has been endowed with the gift of reason. Does he fail to exercise this gift-does he neglect to comply with the law of his being-then pain and disease are the necessary con-

Man violates the law of nature in his own person, and he suffers accordingly. He is idle and overfeeds himself; he is punished by gout, indigestion or apoplexy, He drinks too much, comes bloated, trembling and his appetite fails him, his strength declines, his constitution decays and he falls a victim to the numerthe drunkard.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE BICYCLE PRINCE.

BY EDWIN ANGELOE.

"Do you think you will win the race on Saturday afternoon, Ben?"
"I can't say, Fanny," laughed Ben.
"It's a question whether I shall or not. and I expect it's going to be a close race between us.

is over they are going to start a little social club and make either Maurice De Nuse or myself president." "It depends on which of you wins

the contest? Is that what you mean?"
"Yes. And," laughed Ben, "they "Will there be a medal?" asked "Of course. It will have the win-

ner's name and the title engraved on "I imagine you must be fairly dying to win!" exclaimed Fanny, rapturous-

ly. "I should like to win, the same as any fellow would, but I'm in no great enthusiasm over it. I'm quite willing to take defeat if it comes to me. If Maurice De Nuse wins, very well-he's welcome to it. But I'm going to strive my best just the same."
"Did you ever win a prize before?"

asked Fanny.
"Oh, yes," said Ben, going to a
closet and taking out a shotgun. "I
won this at the last bicycle races held won this at the last bleyder races held at the County Fair. It's a beauty, and Rover and I have had some rare sport with it. No, no, doggy." said Ben, as 'is dog looked at him wistfully, "we in't going shooting."

Just then his mother came in and he put up the gun, as she was dreadfully afraid of firearms.

Benjamin Markham, or Ben as the boys called him, was a good-looking fellow of fifteen. He and Maurice De Nuse, whose age was the same, lived in the upper part of

New York City.

Both were looked upon by their associates as expert wheelmen, and son of their friends declared them rivals. All the boys numbered forty, and they were just about to organize a union for social and sporting pleasures, to be named the Young Manhattan dislike being called one."

Club. Instead of choosing a president by vote, they decided that their two candidates, Ben Markham and Maurice De Nuse, should contest for the office through means of a bicycle race.

As Ben Markham was modest and unssuming, Maurice De Nuse was to the same degree vain and pompous. He earned for the presidency with violent ardor, and the thoughts of disappointment made him miserable. Further ore, he wished for victory because it would bring him the championship; and it was his intention, if he won, to see that every one was made aware of his laurels, he thinking they would point him ont as a boy of importance. Saturday afternoon finally came

In a large area of ground, inclosed by high fence, was a broad asphalt track.
It had been laid out at one time by a

cominent club of men, the members of which had since disbanded. The place was seldom used now save

by the young people of the vicinity, who occupied the round space inside the track for tennis and golf. Permission in each case had to be ob-

tained of the owner, a jolly fat old gentleman, who never refused without He and the boys were on the best of terms with one another, so they had

found no difficulty in securing the privilege. And old Mr. Padwick had even gone so far as to announce his inten-tion of being on hand to see the fun. And sure enough, Saturday afternoon found him there on the crowded grand-

stand, fanning himself vigorously, for he felt very warm. "Are they going to shoot a gun off when they begin?" he asked of a small

boy by his side.

'No, sir. They have decided to use a whistle this time. At one race they used a pistol, but the trigger would

not work at the proper moment.

"They are wise not to use firearms," observed Mr. Padwick, with a shake of the head. "They won't be in danger of burning their fingers, and folks won't

think it's Fourth of July." Mr. Padwick entered into closer con versation with the small boy and at

but the small boy yielded to the old gentleman's desire by explaining things in such simple vernacular as "machines." of every possible kind, suitable as far as may be to the respective branches of istence; pain and misery are the exceptions in such simple vernacular as machines of every possible kind, suitable as far as may be to the respective branches of istence; pain and misery are the exception of the exc

This was too much for Mr. Padwick. "Don't!" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me any more. I didn't think they were such deep mysteries.

Preparations were quickly being made for the race to begin. Finally everything was ready and the

cyclists took their places.

The next minute the shrill sound of the whistle pierced the air. The race was started.

It was to consist of fifteen laps.
Once around the track showed Maurice De Nuse in the lead.

The second lap found Ben Markham ahead of him.

De Nuse led again in the third. Ben caught up in the fourth and left De Nuse behind in the fifth and the

In the seventh, eighth and ninth both were equal.

The tenth and eleventh put Maurice De Nuse ahead.

Ben swept past him in the twelfth.

In the thirteenth and the fourteenth
De Nuse was just the least distance

ahead.
Wild cheers were ringing on the air
for both riders. Each seemed to have
as many friends as the other.
Old Mr. Padwick was cheering as
loud as any one, but he differed from
the rest in the fact that he had no par-

ticular favorite.

Della De Nuse, Maurice's sister, was applauding her brother wildly, hoping ardently that Ben would lose. Having a nature that was no better than her brother's, she even hated Ben as she watched him and would have been glad had some accident arisen to dash him

from his wheel.
As Fanny Markham's eyes followed "I can't say, Fanny," laughed Ben.
"It's a question whether I shall or not.
Maurice De Nuse is a very clever rider innocent sort and not the least tainted with evil. She applauded Ben enthus-iastically, but had no spark of ill feel-

"I suppose all the boys are awaiting the race with great interest," said his cousin.

As the two riders passed the grand stand for the last time, the cheers were "Oh, yes," returned Ben. 'When it fairly deafening, and old Mr. Padwick

slapped his sides.

Maurice De Nuse was still ahead. Suddenly, like a flash, Ben Markham made a phenomenal move and gained

an equal line with his rival.

Now the beat of all hearts grew are going to confer on the winner the title of the "Bicycle Prince." Faster and faster sped the riders,

while every one awaited the finish with breathless interest.

Fanny Markham was happily trembi-

g. Della De Nuse was like a little fiend. Mr. Padwick was beside himself. On, on spun the two machines. On, on, on, and then—the race was over. "Hurrah!" people began to shout.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Padwick; "I can't tell who has won." Then turning to the small boy he asked; "Who is being cheered? Who is the

Ben Markham'

It was indeed so. Ben had triumphed But he bore his honors modestly, and when the boys sang out that he was the Bicycle Prince, he colored somewhat and laughingly bade them be quiet. Maurice De Nuse took his defeat as if some heavy thing had crushed him, and his sister shared his feelings.

"I'll get even with Ben Markham for he said to her significantly He'll pay up well for his luck to-day I'll fix him soon.'

"And I'll help you to do it," said she spitefully, "for I hate the sight of

Ben was inducted into the presidency of the Young Manhattans, and was also

resented the honorary medal. At his request they omitted the in-scription of the "Bicycle Prince," for he thought it looked too much like a

I'm not a prince," he said, " and I Maurice De Nuse resolved to indulge his malice toward Ben at the very first

ortunity. A few days after the race De Nuse and his sister were out driving in Cen-

tral Park.

"Look!" exclaimed Della De Nuse, suddenly. "There is Ben Markham riding along on his wheel."

"Where?" he asked eagerly.

"Don't you see him? Right ahead of us."
"That isn't Ben Markham. His biycle suit is blue. The one ahead is

But it's he, I'm sure of it." Della De Nuse was right. It was really Ben in a change of dress.

A clearer view convinced Maurice De Nuse of this. Suddenly his eyes lighted up danger-

"Whip up the horses!" he exclaimed bitting his lip. "I said I'd get even with him and I'm going to do it."
"What do you mean to do?" asked his sister in alarm, for his tone made

her fear something. going to ride him down and

knock him off his machine."
"Maurice are you mad?"
"Keep quiet, Della. I know what I am doing."

m doing "But think of the disaster it will oring upon our heads."
"No harm shall happen to us. I can

do it neatly. He only will suffer."
"But we shall be accused of doing him injury.' "People will say,
Give me the whip."
"No, no. Listen to me." People will say it was an accident.

Hand me the whip. "No, Maurice, no."
Don't vex me, Della. Give me the

whip," he commanded sternly.
"No, no," she cried, holding on to it fast. "I'm afraid." fast. "I'm afraid."
"Then I'll take it from you."
hands and w He seized her hands and wrenched the whip from her clutches. Then he iashed the horses fariously and they

ore along at break neck speed. Della De Nuse sank back pale and trembling in the seat of the carriage, so rightened that she could not speak. Her brother bore down flercely upon Ben who was spinning ahead, utterly unconscious of the danger that threat-

one him.
On whirled the carriage in hot chase.
Suddenly Ben shot off from the main drive onto a side road.



scream and a terrible crash.

A collision had taken place between the De Nuse carriage and another veh-

Great excitement prevailed and Ben joined the gathering crowd.

He was amazed at seeing Maurice De Nuse and his sister lying senseless in the dust.

She had not suffered beyond a severe

shock, but blood was flowing from her brother's temple and his face was hor ribly bruised. Strange to say the driver of the other vehicle got all the blame. His in

toxication, the people said, was the means of almost killing two inoffensive young persons out for innocent pleasure. ne remonstrated that the opposite carriage was more to blame than his, and

in truth it was, but nobody would heed him or his companion riders, who were also under the influence of liquor. All of them were drunk, the people said, and that was enough explanation. They were wretches, all, and the poor

ooy and girl were the victims of their Maurice and Della De Nuse were

taken home.

She experienced a long spell of nervous prostration and Maurice lay in a

high fever.

Maurice had violent fits of delirium in which he believed he had run over Ben and ki'led him.

He would shriek wildly and they

could only pacify him by promising to fetch Ben to the bedside. Ben came before he was asked and the sight of him cooled the sick boy's

brain. "You must hurry up and get well,' said Ben one day to Maurice. "The fellows at the club are anxious to see

you again."
"I shall never get well" he said des "O, yes, you will. You are badly shaken up, I know, but you'll get over it soon."

It was indeed a long time before Maurice De Nuse was able to be about, and when he was his face showed sad marks of disfigurement that were never

to leave him.

Both he and his sister, who recovered her usual appearance, kept the real cause of the accident a secret, and it was generally believed, even by Ben, that they had suffered through other

people's recklessness.

But later on the two made a confes sion of the whole affair, for it troubled

hem to remain silent.

Maurice De Nuse could never after wards be induced to mount a bicycle The sight of one filled hfm with a horrible feeling, he said. His was an excellent wheel, but he

determined to rid himself of it, and ac-cordingly he gave it to a poor washer-woman's son, who was delighted to get

Ben's term as president in time ex pired.

The boys wanted to put him up for a second run, but he wouldn't have it.
"No," he said, "Put up Maurice De
Nuse instead."

The hove agreed to this, but Mau 'ce himself objected.

However, they finally urged him, and he allowed himself to run against one of the other boys who wasn't over-anx-ious for the office.

The outcome of the election was that

Maurice got the chair, and no one envied him The Young Manhattan Club is a bril-

liant success in every way, and the boys' various excursions and pleasures would make many an interesting story. One Common Cause of Headache.

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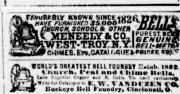
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