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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is not the sturdy, self-reliant chap who needs the helping hand so much as the youth who is spiritless, trifling and vacillating, whose manner seems often to be an apology for living and who is rated a failure in everything he undertakes. His case is by no means hope-takes. His case is by no means hope-takes. less. He has either not found his start-ing point or has lost his way. A sym-pathetic guide is found in the Rev. Dr. Feeney, whose article following was written especially for this department:

written especially for this department:

A Word to the "Ne'er-do-Weel."

The strong-willed, energetic young man must not absorb all our attention.

Let us say a word to the weak-kneed, despondent youth who has many noble impulses, but no more backbone than a jellyfish. If I am driving up a long stretch of mountain road and have place in my buggy. I do not offer a seat to stretch of mountain road and have place in my buggy, I do not offer a seat to the stalwart young fellow who is breast-ing the brae with a firm stride and a cheerful song, when I see one of the same age fallen by the wayside, weary same age latten by the wayside, weary and footsore. This one without a help-ing hand or lift, will never reach the top of the mountain; so I call out to him to jump in, and I take him through

him to jump in, and I take him through the hardest stage of his journey. In a somewhat similar way, I wish to help the "ne'er do weel"; but, first, I must tell you what kind of fellow he is. anust tell you what a noble impulses; but they effect nothing. They are like the thin, dribbling flow of the halfdried mill-race that may wet the old wooden wheel, but have no force to wooden wheel, but have no force to move it. He is easily led by downward influences; but it would take a ton of dynamite to raise him up to a plane of consistent, steady, self-respecting life. He makes good resolutions, but the first puff of temptation blows them away. He promises not to enter a saloon; yet when that Smith asks him to come and have a drink, he dares not to come and have a drink, he dares not refuse, although he knows that most probably a drink will be a "drunk" in his case. Then again, he is soon discouraged by difficulties. He is scarcely a week in a position till he grows discontented, longs for a change, does his appointed work in a half-hearted way, and eventually either resigns or gets

Is a young man of this kind a hope less case, a dead failure, a standing object lesson of incompetency and shiftlessness to all who know him? means. He can make his life a great success if he hold sternly to a few simple rules. It is characteristic of such a one that he can in some things be very stubborn. Let him, after choosing a life career, hold to it with all the tenacity that is in him. Let him hope and strive and persist in spite of checks, and sneers, and disappoint-ments, and repeated failures. Let him narrow his thoughts and desires, his aspirations and longings to success in that career. Let him never look behind him, nor right or left of him, but straight ahead to the one object he is determined to attain. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, one who acts thus ultimately reaches the goal of his orts; and who will say that the remaining case is a failure, seeing the manly, noble qualities evoked in the

Struggle?
You will say, perhaps, that a "ne'er-do-weel" is incapable of such sustained effort. But he is; and you will see that he is, if you watch how doggedly he insists on some trifle, though pliant as a reed in a much more important matter. What he wants most is a strong

But he must safeguard his resolution to succeed, by keeping aloof from adverse influences. Old companions will try to win him back to old courses. Brown will laugh at him, and Jones will reconstructions of the succession of the s sneer at him, and Robinson will ridi-cule him. He must take their banter lightly, but avoid them as much as possible. When they see he is in earnest they will cease annoying him and

position. Outside his working hours, let him have some definite employment for every moment. Perhaps reading in a line with his chosen life-work is the

Most advisable.
Above all, I would recommend him to be sincerely and unaffectedly religious.
No natural firmness of character or habit of self-control can ever compare with the grit, the stamina, the moral backbone developed by religion. The daily prayers, the weekly or monthly sacraments, the examination of conscience, and the systematic reading of spiritual books have saved and are saving thousands of "ne'er-do-weels" to society, the Church and God. — Rev. Bernard Fagnay St. Panl's Seminary. Bernard Feeney, St. Paul's Seminary, in Catholic Columbian.

Do Your Every Day Duty First. "A good many people," says the Southern Messenger, "do not seem to realize that the faithful performance of the plain duties of everyday life is the first requisite of Christian perfection. 'Obedience is better than sacrifice; to fulfil the duties of our state of life, is to obey the will of God Who placed us there."

Ways of Failure. The selfish mortal who never considers anyone but himself.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES. No. 1.—The Resurcction. AN ACT OF FAITH.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mr. Vanderman, looking at Ida with an expression on his face she had never seen before. "I am sorry at the result, but no power on earth would have made me swear to such a promise. To have my wife practising Popery in my house, to have my child a Roman Catholic, taught all that I believe to be abominable and contrary to the plain teaching able and contrary to the plain teaching of the Bible, no, a thousand times no!

Tise out of the S." The diary then ceased for some years. Notes were made of leaving the convent, of plunging into society, of living a life of amusement and gaicty.

The religion of the child had not material and developed, and she had soon, never regretted my refusal. Now, my dear Ida, you know the whole painful business, and for Heaven's sake let the subject drop. It upsets me to think of

"I know, father," said Ida softly, but with a firmness that she herself was astonished at, she continued, "I must ask you a little more. Are my

"They both died of typhoid fever a year after your mother died," said Mr. Vanderman.
"Did my mother practise her religion at first-I mean just after you were

on at hist—I mean just after you were married?"

"I told you that we were yachting most of the time. When we were on land she went a few times with her maid to a church when there was one for her to go to, but she did not speak much of religion, and I hoped that I had influenced her more than I discov-

ered was the case."
"Was she like that picture you have in the library ?" asked Ida.

"Yes, very like. Now, my dear, I think you know all that there is to know. She had no money on her marriage, and her parents left very little indeed when they died. That little is

yours, as you know."
"I am afraid I don't know much about my money matters, father. I always left it to you and Robert."

"It was better so. Women had far better not meddle in money matters. I must go now, my dear, for I have a good deal to do before dinner. I have a great many letters to write, and a programme to draw up of a meeting at Newcastle. Mr. Jay, the converted priest I told you about, says he knows a woman who was thirty years in a convent, and only lately escaped and became a Protestant, and he can get girl,

her to speak, he thinks.
"I was able to give a little pecuniary aid, for she is very poor, and a deserving case altogether, I think. Don't look so grave, Ida; it is of no use your fretting over what I have told you about your poor mother, her eyes were

'Oh, father, it was not that," said Ida wiping awap the tears that would

"My own action I do not regret, and Any own action to hot regret, and I don't want to discuss it any more. I hope your mother is saved in spite of the delusions in which she believed, for she believed in the Lord." So saying Mr. Vanderman left the room.

Ida sat where he left her, and she remained until the sound of the dressing gong roused her. After dinner she ent to a small dance in Park Lane, and she was unable to study the books as she was longing to do, until the next morning, when, her father having gone out to lunch with an old friend, she had the time to herself secure from inter-

ruption.

1da was by no means a clever woman, but she could see very clearly how wrongly her father had acted throughout, and she judged him far more severely than he had any idea of.

It had been a revelation to her to hear her father speak of his broken faith to her mother. Whatever his views might have been, it seemed strange to her to think that he had will let him go his own way.

He must also guide himself by a fixed rule of life. Such a rule, advantageous to every young man, is absolutely necessary to one of a pliant, easy disposition. Outside his working hours. glamour of his love for her mother, and though it seemed to do so at first. she turned quickly from that thought to the consideration of the books, the manuscript one in particular.

great day.

"It is so near now. I am so looking forward to it, and I pray much and offer all my work and my lessons that I may make a good Communion. I hope I shall be really devout and that I shall prepare properly in the Retreat. Our Lady will help me. I know she will. I don't want to be a nun when I leave school, but I do wish to be good, to serve God and to go to the Sacraments and to think a great deal about

to serve God and to go to the Sacraments and to think a great deal about Him. . ." Then a date later on: "I made my first Communion yesterday, Easter. I had a great many presents, but not as many as I expected. They were all very nice. Mother gave me a turquoise brooch, my friends Francesca and Isidora a prayer-book and a bracelet, then I had a lovely borsa to hang at my side to match my dress—it was white satin—and Elena Nardi gave me a ring, and there were many other The selfish mortal who never considers anyone but himself.

The young man who always spends has more yelfore be gets it. The lazy person who dishonestly applied to a money before be gets it. The lazy person who dishonestly applied to a money before be gets it. The lazy person who dishonestly applied to a more profiled late, leaves early, grumbles continually at the firm that employs him. The lazy man who allows his faculties to rest, doing as little as possible, allowing ambition, energy and self-respect to go up, literally and figuratively, in smoke.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

What They Contribute.

"The man who will spend fifty cents for beer or whiskey on Saturday night will toss a dime into the collection for foreign missions on Sunday," says the Catholic Advance, "and the woman who trails up the middle size in a twenty-dollar hat will keep her eyes bent on her prayer-book and contribute nothing at all."

I half find many clurches and and the was not really was white satin—and Elema Nardig specific and now. Henry set things to a more things to a more things the made in the was not more withing to a more writing in the diary. I the diary is a specific and the present set of the profile and the woman in the work of the profile and the woman of the province of the profile and the woman who trails up the middle asiae in a twenty-dollar hat will keep her eyes bent on her prayer-book and contribute nothing at all."

I half find many churches when when we when we when we when we had to teach me when we had to teach me when we when we was not more writing in the diary. I the diary is find that we want diary is specified in the province of the profile and the was and the woman who trails up the middle asiae in a twenty-dollar that will keep her eyes bent on her prayer-book and contribute nothing at all."

I shall find many churches when when we when we when when we had to take me things to the diary. I had to keep them,

thing mamma let me come to the convent. At home, when my education is finished, it will be harder than here; however, that will not be for some time yet. I know my head is very full of dress, and fun, and amusement, but

dress, and fun, and amusement, but I don't want to be taken up entirely with those things. Padre Leonardi told us that saying our rosary would be a great help towards reminding us of heavenly things. He told us a great deal about the Resurrection, and he said we should rise out of the grave of slothfulness and of our faults." The diary then ceased for some years. Notes were made of

tured and developed, and she had soon, as was evident, become careless. Then came a note of her engagement,

and the outpourings of her love for her fiance. "Really it is very hard even to have time to say a prayer now and then, my head is so full of my happi-ness. I have been very careless about my religion since I came out into society; it is all so gay and charming, prayers and church seem so dull. netimes I think of my first Communion; oh, how long ago it seems! It is easy to be good in a convent, in the world it is hard. Of course my conscience tells me that I neglect the means—yes, perhaps it is so. . . .

"We are to be married soon, and Henry—ah, how difficult it is to pronounce his name!—and I are to go for a long cruise. I wonder if he will let me go to Mass when we are married! He promises me, but will not talk much about it. He is so strong and so clever I think we shall be very happy, for I am not clever, and he will teach me many things. . . I shalt put this book away in my olive wooden box, and my rosary with it, for I seldom say it

The next entry was just before her own birth, and Ida was much moved when she read of the uneasiness and distress, the suffering of mind and soul that the writer had been undergoing. Much was written of her love for her husband—so much her senior—and the conflict between her admiration for him and her desire to return to those practices, which she had neglected so long and which now her husband forbad to her. He had read and argued against her holy faith all in vain. He was a clever, able controversialist and she was a not very clever and most imperfectly educated

girl, in whose soul, however, the faith, buried by carelessness and neglect, was raising again. Much was written of deep repentance for the careless years between her leaving school and the time at which she was writing. Then came an entry dated a week be-

rinen came an entry dated a week before her mother's death:

"My little baby and I, how happy
we are! She is such a sweet little pet,
her dear eyes are so brown and like
mine, so Henry says, but they will be
more beautiful than mine. My little
darling, she does not know how dear she
is to be, mother's heart, but, oh! I is to her mother's heart, but, oh! I fear she will be a cause of much suffering and much unhappiness between Henry and I, for you must, oh, you must be brought up a Catholic! Henry will, I fear, be very angry when I talk to him about it, as I shall do when he returns from Edinburgh, where he has gone for two days on business. I shall tell him, too, that I must go back to my duties. Ah, Dio mio! I have not been to my duties since my marriage—even at Easter. What should I have thought of that at the convent! How much this difference of faith will be to us! for I am now so sorry for all the past. He will never think I care as much as I do knowing me as he did as being such a careless girl, and still more so since my marriage. . . I found my poor old rosary again to-day. I must say it. I have not done so for a very long time.

was so madly in love with him that I listened to anything he said, though I did not half understand it all. I know

"He has returned, and will not let Ida be baptised or brought up a Catholic. It was all very dreadful. Last night I said my rosary, and as I was saying it, a beautiful thought came into my mind, and that was that I would baptise my baby myself. I know how it should be done, for Sister Wilfred, an English Sister who was at the convent taught us all one day; she said it an English sister who was at the convent, taught us all one day: she said it might be useful to some of us. . . I have baptized her, and my sweet baby is a Catholic. May Our Lord bless her and Our Lady take her under her pro-

"To morrow I am going to speak to Henry again. I shall use every persuasion I can think of and ask him to leave me free. We are leaving this house soon and going to London, where I shall find many churches and an It-alian priest, though that does not really

her eyes that night she had resolved, come what might, to learn all she could about her own and her mother's religion, and this without loss of time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARIA, REGINA MISERICORDIA

(From the German of Simrock.) lived a Knight long years ago.

Years rolled, and found him still the same, still draining Pleasure's poison bowl;
Yet he felt now and then some shame;
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hopes to appease that sternes
Averger cry, and more in carnest,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone, and loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one Grown grey at heart; and oft with tears, the tried, but all in vain, to win From the dark desert of his years.
One flower of hope; yet, more and elening, the still cried, but with deeper meaning, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A bappler mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit ruled him now:
No more in thrail to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim staff in hand,
And under a religious vow.
Travelled his way to Pommerland,
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowled, he laid his cares
Aside and wrought for God atone.
Albeit he sang no chors! prayers.
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell couch at night, but still said only,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And thus he lived long, long; and, when lod's angels called him, thus he died. Canfession made he none to men.
Yet, when they anointed him with oil, its seemed stready giorifed.
His penances, his tears, his toil,
Were past; and, now, with passionate sighing.
Praise thus broken from his lips while dying.

Praise thus broken from his lips while dying, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!

They buried him with Mass and song Aneath a little knoll so green; But le! a wooder-sight!—Ere long Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound, The tairest lily ever seen; And, on its petal edges round, Relieving their translucent whiteness, Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness.

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!" And, would God's angels give thee power, how dearest reader, mightest behold

And, would dod a large give the power.
Thou, dearest reader, mightest behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold;
Then wouldst thou choose the better part
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
O Mary Queen of Mercy!

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Having now briefly reviewed the various ways in which one offends against the eighth commandment let us now look to the penalties attaching to these transgressions of the law. First, then, as to that of bearing false witness in the way of giving false testi-mony against our neighbor. Those guilty must repair the injury done if guilty must repair the injury done in they would really secure forgiveness. How really horrible is the sin may be judged by the penalty provided under the under the Old Law, which inflicted the same penalty upon the guilty party as the latter sought to in-flict upon his neighbor.

lict upon his neighbor.

Next, as to that of lying, by which we establish a relationship with satan, who is the father of this vice. It makes us abominable in the eyes of God, for we read in the Book of Proverbs that "Lying is an abomination to to the Lord." And again in Psalm v. Thou hatest all the workers of inquity; Thou wilt destroy all that iquity;

peak a lie." As to the sin of calumny or detrac-traction: Those guilty of the first must recall what he has said and remarriage. . . I found my poor of the rosary again to-day. I must say it. I have not done so for a very long time.

"I am so grieved about the past, for I am seeing all so differently now, and Henry, though he is so good and clever and learned, is not a Catholic, and all he has said has not shaken my faith, though it seemed to do sat first. I though it seemed to do sat first. I become a party in guilt. This much, at least, we can always accomplish by

expressing our displeasure. In the preceding commandment we saw that one of the penalties required restitution of the thing stolen. By derestruction calumny and belying our neighbor, we are guilty of robbing him of his good name. Therefore, by the eighth commandment we are also bound to restore the same as far as lies within our power; in a word, therefore, the purport of the commandment is for the protection of reputation, the preservation of peace and the establishment of mutual confidence among mankind. How wise and ennobling the law!—

Thought for To-day.
Says Father Dignam, S. J.: Heaven is the home for which we were created, it is there God dwells: it is, therefore. there we shall meet Him. As we look into our Father's eyes He will look into ours, and the reciprocal looks of love will be more tender than those exchanged between parent and child.





ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

" Keep your little ones stomach and powels right, and they will be healthy appy and grow well." This is the deliberate opinion of a physician of world-wide reputation. One mother who followed this advice—Mrs Albert Boisvert, St Claude, Que., proves the truth of it. She says:—"I have the greatest faith in Baby's Own Tablets for young children, and I always keep them in the house. Both wy little ones. them in the house. Both my little ones were troupled with constipation and sour stomach. I gave them the Tablets and they are now perfectly well. Once in a while I still give them a dose to prevent the trouble coming back." If all sensible mothers follow this advice there will be fewer cross, peevis, sickly babies in the land. These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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