### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. NEIGHBOR'S BOYS

When we moved into the neighborhood. I told my husband there was one thing which evidently would prove an insufferable annoyance. The street

was full of boys—horrid boys.

I fancied I never did like boys, and, having none of my own, it seemed shameful to have to put up with such a tribe of other people's as there were

Mr. Wilborn said, soothingly, with a kind of a twinkle in his eye—I suppose the man remembered that he was once a "horrid boy" himself—"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry: perhaps the little chaps won't trouble you as much as you antici-

But just a moment, with a whoop and a bound, came half a dozen of them round our alley; we were at supper, and as I turned to see what was the matter, I was only just in time to see half a dozen pairs of heels flying over the

"Well, did you ever!" I gasped. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Wilborn. "I've shinned it over the neighbor's fences more than a hundred times; my turn to take it now. That's all."

Well, it looked like a terrible trial.

Of course, like every other woman, I wanted to be as popular with my neighbors as possible, so I resolved not to make any more fuss about it than I could help, but I had a guilty suspicion that poor Horace would hear fussing Well, they chattered and raced and

whistled; they tooted and sang and climbed, and were veritable boys, I can assure you; yet at the end of three days, I had not seen or heard anything absolutely objectionable, only the general racket and running fire of sport continon the afternoon of the fourth day.

which happened to be Saturday, a per-plexity occurred. I had just received a note saying some friends were coming to tea, and, as my girl had not yet arrived, there was no one to send on some

necessary errands.

I went to the door and looked anxiforth to see how far off a store t be, and if I could take four-yearsold Addie with me. One neighbor's boy was perched on the railing separating our piazza from the next one.

Another was sitting on the fence. Two or three others lurked in the alley.

As my anxious face looked forth, the monkey on the fence actually took off his cap as he inquired, respectfully: "Have you lost anything, Mrs. Wil-

'Oh, no," I said pleasantly, "I was only thinking of going on an errand, and didn't know just how to."

"Why, send us!" said the merry boy, with a bound off the fence and a nod

towards the others.
"Will you really go?" I inquired,

as railing, fence and alley delivered up their phalanx. 'Why, bless you, yes, ma'am," said a boy with dimples—that 'horrid boy' actually had dimples—'why, that's what

we're for! We hang around just to do errands and be useful. Mamma says that's what boys were made for.'' I laughed a relieved laugh as I produced a basket and told of my wants, and in less than fifteen minutes those locomotives came choo-chooing around the yard with everything I sent

for, and the change all right.

I was proceeding to give a cent or two all around, when, with a whistle, off they bounded, one little chap lingering

to say, with mock dignity:
"We young gentlemen never take
anything till we do something." Two or three days after, just as Horace was starting out to business, we missed little Addie. She had skipped off while we were eating breakfast, and we thought she was with the girl, who came the day before. The child was nowhere to be found. With pale faces,

Horace and I rushed to the door. Boys everywhere. "Oh, boys," I cried, "my little girl has run away; what shall I do?"

"Do! Why, find her, of course!" was the uninterrupted chorus, "She hasn't run away from us, you better besaid one consoling little fellow; "there isn't a corner in the city where sissy could hide and we not probe our noses in less time than you could say

Jack Robinson."
"Oh, bless the dear boys!" I exclaimed, "how they do cheer me." Horace looked at me, but never said a

I put on my bonnet to join the search, reached the end of the long block two boys came around a distant corner carrying Addie "arm chair" on their clasped hands. A shrill whistle

reach the other scouts.

Horace produced a handful of small change, but a low bow from the boy with the dimples was accompanied with

the remarkable speech:
"We coves don't take change until folk know us, and then they never offer

But the time came when I broke down and cried, cried hard. down and cried, cried hard.

Horace came home from the city one day, when we had been in our new home about a fortnight, very ill.

I was terrified at his appearance, he

looked and seemed so sick. When he got to the door, he declared afterwards, he could not manage his night-key, he was so faint. But a ubiquitous boy unlocked the door for him, then two others helped him into the

house, as deftly as if they had been I met them in the hall and understood matters at a glance. A third boy had started with my message to the doctor in a trice. A fourth softly asked permission to take Addie up and down the sidewalk "for a little change,"

blessed the boy's thoughtfulness in the

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blessed the boy's thoughttuness in the midst of my care and anxiety.

The two who helped Horace in staid with me, moving silently about, assisting in little ways until Horace was in bed and the doctor come and reassured me. Then all at once there wasn't a best to be seen; not a low, until about boy to be seen; not a boy, until about half an hour afterwards, when I hap-pened to go to the back door, and there pened to go to the back door, and there perched on the fence in solemn conclave, were seven of my neighbors' boys, so silent I should never have sus-

pected they were round had I not seen

At my appearance one boy spoke up,

cheerily:
"You see, we're only prowling around in case we should be wanted."
"The was when I broke down and That was when I broke down and cried; not because of my anxieties, those were greatly relieved, but because I had called those dear, quiet, helpful little fellows "horrid boys."

Towards night, as a tap came at the outside door, I opened it to see a bright face look up into mine, while a roguish voice remarked: The mourners are about to disperse

for the night: are there any errands: I kissed right into a dimple as I replied, cheerfully:

No, my dear boy, nothing to-night, thank you.'

Now they scamper freely around the yard, perch on and tumble over our fence, coddle Addie and chat with me at the open window, and I think my neighbors' boys are splendid, just splend! The merry boys!
And to my real delight I heard one

of them confide to Addie the other day that the fellows all thought her papa was one of the nicest gentleman they r knew, and he added, heartily: And we all think you've got just the boss mamma."

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; bein it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste ent on the yesterdays.—Ralph Waldo

Hints for Prosperity. Get into a business you like. Devote yourself to it. Be honest in everything.

Save some money every week. Employ caution; think out a thing well before you enter upon it. Sleep eight hours every night.
Do everything that means keeping

good health. School yourself not to worry; worry

kills—work does not.

Avoid liquors of all kinds. If you must smoke, smoke moder-

Shun disputes on two points—religon and politics.

And last, but not least, marry a true

man and have your own home.

Education Needed. "The boys destined to become public then are those who are educating themelves. The great majority are going o reach public office by way of the colege. The other day I was looking at statistics of what are supposed to be the people of attainment in America and I found that nearly four fifths are persons of higher education-graduates of universities, colleges or schools of advanced study. This, more than anything, shows young America what is the foundation for future usefulness. In these days of higher and more complithese days of higher and more compi-cated development of civilization, the man with systematic mental training and who enjoys average health has four chances out of every five to become a leader in some particular line. The fifth chance must come to him who has made an extraordinary effort toward elf-improvement outside the organized educational institutions; who has done an immense amount of private reading and study. In a class of students, where one works with others, there is greater incentive to progress than where one works alone. Here is found the shoulder-to-shoulder spirit which profits so much for the soldier.

Right Away.

more people come to grief through procrastination, indolence, and dillydally-ing, than from almost anything else. There is nothing else quite so destructive to the energy which does things, or which so paralyzes the executive to the energy which the executive which so paralyzes the executive reulties, as a habit of dawdling.

The only possible corrective of it is

to determine stoutly to begin, on the instant, the task before you. Every moment's delay makes it harder and harder to start. It is the beginning which is difficult. If dawdlers could only once be set in motion, many of them would run awhile; but they lack the power of initiative. Shun the fatal habit of "putting off,"

as you would a temptation to crime. The moment you feel a temptation to dawdle come upon you, jump up, and then go with all your might at the most difficult thing you have to do. Never begin with the easiest thing; take the hardest, and hang on persistently until you have overcome the habit. Fear procrastination as a dangerous enemy. It is more than a thief of time; it steals character, ruins opportunity, robs you of freedom, and makes a slave of you.

How can one expect to succeed when his to-morrows are always mortgaged for the debt that should have been paid to-day? The ready boy, the one who is always on the alert for the next thing, who is always prepared to do the thing required of him, and to do it at once, is the one who wins. A habit of one, is the one who wins. A habit of promptness is the most valuable one to form. It unifies and strengthens the faculties, and makes one methodical.

Everybody admires a boy who, like a race horse, is always ready to start. A ready boy makes a prompt, efficient man. Somehow, readiness and promptness seem to brace up all the faculties, and raise their value to the highest power. They follow in line when promptness leads the way.—Suc-

cess. Friends and Friendship. There is no finer test of what a man really is than the way in which he makes and keeps his friends. In the first early bloom of life, friends are easily won and, often, as easily lost. The youth

swift hours cause it to wilt, it is cast aside without a pang. Some other flower will take its place—there are so many flowers ready to one's hand in the bright gardens of acclescence. But, later on when life's powers have, in some sort, arrived at maturity, and its simplest acts are infused with a deeper and sterner meaning than lies on the surface, men and women grow into a truer appreciation of the value and worth of friends and friendships. Those who have been by our side, alike in oys and sorrows, are to us as precious safest places of our love and care. gard them with the reverent affection that the soldier feels for the decoration

on his breast. A jewel to be guarded

and delighted in, a sign of promotion, a guage of merit, is a friend in whom one

nfides without the shadow of a doubt.

Almost insensibly we take on something of the color of our friendships. That "a man is known by the company e keeps" is more than a mere truism Hearing it said, for instance, of an obscure man, that he is the chosen companion and intimate associate of an-other who is eminent in literature, or art, or politics, or philanthropy, we at once decide by an inevitable process of induction that the man of whom we have not heard before must be the peer of the man whose praise is on all lips. Else why should they affiliate? There must be common ground of sympathy before men can meet on equal terms. In all true friendship there is reciproc ity. We give but we also take. We grow, unconsciously to ourselves, like hose whom we love. Thus we not infrequently see happily married people, who, as they grow older, seem to grow liker in countenance. This is not mere fancy, since the spiritual transcends the natural, and the soul-likeness comes out, in time, on every face. All true marriage is the realization of the highpossible type of friendship. So, though originally the features were cast in diverse molds, the eyes of different colors, and the hair in contrast-ing shades; the inner life triumphs, and each face gains somewhat of the other best in expression and feeling. There is something very beautiful to the is something very beautiful thoughtful observer in seeing such transmutation as this. All friendships of whatever kind, are honored in the persons of these serene and satisfied ones, who have reached the broad table-land of middle age, strong in their unquestioning faith in each other, equipoised in their unwavering love. nd fearless of nothing in the future, of even of the parting by the river of death, since love reigns supreme in all God's worlds. In a lesser degree, as opportunity is less favorable, all our friends affect us and we affect them. We catch their tone, and they are set to ours. Our lives move to music, and our daily acts are the librettos which interpret only partially the grand sweeping chords, or the lighter sympwhich are sounding in our

hearts. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly," is one of the adages in that book which conserves with its salt of homely sense the wisdom of the No philosopher, however gifted, has ever crystallized into brief and sententious praise so much of the pith and marrow of profound, good sense as King Solomon of old. The sparkles as if it had been sown with diamond dust. None of its aphorisms are more facile of proof than the one we have quoted. It is not the morose, sullen, disagreeable, or selfish man who has troops of friends who attracts genial and glowing mates among his ac-quaintances, and whose coming in any circle is hailed with gladness.

Such a man may keep the royal love of the wife who fears him, of the sister who played with him, and of the mother to whom he was once an infinite possi bility of joy and delight. But he is "Begin right, and right away," is a motto which would have saved many a youth from disaster. Nothing is more delusive than delay. I have known the most of mourned when he goes the most missed or mourned when he goes away, and his death casts no shadow. To have friends, one must be friendly. One must be willing to make sacrifice to be patient, to think little of self and much for others, and to do it all, not capriciously or ostentatiously, but as benignly and as constantly as the sun whose waves of light encompass us with continual blessing. Because our friendships are so interwoven with all that is closest and best in our lives, nothing closest and best in our lives, nothing hurts like the defection of a friend; disappointment cuts to the quick. By all the sweetness of the past, and by its thousand confidences, by the broken hopes and blighted expectations of the the loss when a friend proves false. It is not that special friend alone for whom we grieve; a blow has been struck at all friendship, and our faith in our kind has been In this pass, if its sad experience ever come to us, we may ga some consolation from the thought that we are lamenting not so much a faith-less friend as a lost ideal, for it is of very essence of friendship that it shall be immortal.

## CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE.

In reply to the assertion so frequent-Protestants that Catholics ly made by Protestants that Catholics do not read the Bible, may be quoted a few paragraphs from a sermon recently delivered at Sacred Heart church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. John E. Gunn,

Father Gunn, "are clear about the Bible; the practice of the Church shows still more clearly how we appreciate it.

All through her history she has ever been the champion, the guardian and defender of the inspired text. In the dark and gloomy ages that followed Christ's crucifixion, the Church gathered the disjointed parchments and scattered books and letters which made up the Bible. She stamped these writings with her authority and declared them the inspired word of God. She preserved them throughout ages of persecution and ignorance. She transcribed all the Bibles that were read

"Why does the Catholic Church not

ise the Bible?
"The Catholic Church is made up of two simple elements—the priest and the people. Now the priest is bound under pain of mortal sin to read his breviary once every day. It takes him at least an hour; often an hour and a half to do this. The breviary is taken al-most exclusively from the Scriptures and so arranged that every day a portion of the Old and a portion of the New Testament must be read, and the whole Bible is read at least once a year by every priest in the Catholic Church. The other element in the Catholic Church is the layman. Now every Catholic who has attained the use of n is bound to hear Mass on Sun-At that Mass portions of the stles and gospels are read in such a y that at least the New Testament s read once a year by every Catholic who fulfils his duty of coming to Mass on Sunday. The Catholic priest is bound under pain of mortal sin to read portions of the Old and New Testament every day. The Catholic layman is bound under the same penalty to read or to hear read the Bible on Sunday— the two make up the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church does not forbid, out commands her children to use the Bible. I do not speak of private readings—frequent meditations of the Bible. I give you the law of the Church which ought to be sufficient to show you how mistaken are those who say we do not use the Bible."

imposition and a fraud, to be done away with as far as possible; who, in short, either looks forward to nothing at all beyond this life, or, if he hopes for heaven, has a different one from hers, and seeks for it in a different way? The only plan that can be followed to secure even a seeming peace and agree ment is to bring down the Catholic religion to its lowest level, to make out that it is not so very different from Protestantism after all: to be content with Mass on Sundays; to eat meat on Fridays whenever it is more convenient; let the Pope and Church generally get on as best they can, and to more about them than can be helped Yes, this mixture even in the Catholic party of Catholic and Protestant is only too likely to be the result of a mixed marriage.—St. Xavier's Calndar.

## LIVER TROUBLES. Life Full of Misery to Sufferers From

this Trouble SYMPTOMS MADE MANIFEST BY A COATED TONGUE, BAD BREATH, BAD TASTE IN THE MOUTH AND PAINS EXTENDING TO THE SHOULDERS.

(From the Brockville Recorder.)

Sufferers from liver troubles find life one of almost constant misery, growing worse and worse unless prompt steps worse and worse unless prompt steps and the proper remedy be taken to restore the organ to its natural condition. Mrs. Joseph Leclaire, of Brockville, was such a sufferer, but has been, happily, released from the trouble by the only medicine known to thoroughly restore this important organ to its normal condition, once disease has fastened upon it. To a reporter, Mrs. Leclaire willingly gave her story for publication. She said:—"For a long time I suffered severely from complications of the liver and dyspepsia I would awake in the morning with pains under my shoulders and pains under my shoulders and in my stomach. My tongue was heavily coated, and I had a horrible taste in mouth, especially was arising in the morning. I was consti-pated, and at times my head would ache so badly that I could scarcely let it rest on the pillow. There was such a burn-ing sensation in my stomach at times that it felt as though there was a coal "The teachings of the Church," said of fire in it. The pain was especially sather Gunn, "are clear about the severe after eating, and for months my life was one of misery, A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did so. After using the first box, there was a material improve-ment, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured. My tongue was cleared, the bad taste left my mouth, the pains dis appeared, and I am as well as ever I was. Before taking the pills I suffered from bronchitis at times, but it has never since troubled me. I can recom-mend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who suffers as I did."
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ary medicines do, but go directly to the root of the trouble. In this way they cure such diseases as liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, heart troubles, sick headaches, anaemia, and the irregularities that make the lives of so many women one of constant misery. Do not be persuaded to take any substitute; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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APPLICATION will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an

Bible. I give you the law of the Church which ought to be sufficient to show you how mistaken are those who say we do not use the Bible."

Archbishop Ireland to Young Men.
Avoid, as you advance in years, the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow men, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every young man to go forth armed; stop at once. Pledge total abstinence. A man is absonitely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say: "I will take only one glass; but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The maderlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control if we practice this self-control if we practice this self-control if we practice of devotion; to whom holy Mass, Benediction, the Saints and Angels, and many other things which are her great helps and consolations in life, are mere idle mummeries and superstitions; who looks contemptuously on her observance of Lent, of Fridays, and fast days; who considers all the teachings and laws of the Church an imposition and a fraud, to be done away with as far as possible; who, in short, either looks forward to nothing at all cal works and appears of the operation of the said railway and vessels and haulage of the said railway and vessels and haulage of same, and for other purposes: with power to purchase or otherwise acquire the shares, debentures, and securities of canal or railway companies, and to sell to, or exchange its own securities with such companies; and to extry on lumbering, milling, transportation and forwarding business; tog ther with such other powers and privileges, including the issue of bonds, debenutes and preference shares, as may be necessary for the attainment of the above abletts.

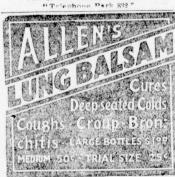
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