

JEATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Low Wallace and Whitcomb Riley.

It is worthy of note that two men of Indiana who have distinguished themselves in the realm of literature should be wholly without a college education, said the South Bend Tribune. The late Gen. Wallace, historical novelist, and James Whitcomb Riley, the people's poet, have attained their high positions in the literary world without the benefit of the classical training that institutions of learning grant. It is remarked of Gen. Wallace that he had but two years of schooling in his life, although his father paid for fourteen years. He was averse to text books and to the drudgery of the school room, preferring rather to drift out in the fields and forests with an entertaining novel and spend his time in that way. He entered Wabash College, but his stay was brief and of no value to him as affording him any intellectual culture. Riley has declared that he never had any idea of the rules of grammar, but he knew an adverb or a correctly parsed sentence were he to meet them face to face on the street.

The Opportunity-Makers.

The trouble with us is that we look too high and too far away for our chances. We forget that the greatest things are the simplest. In hunting for roses, we trample the daisies under our feet. We are blind to the chances and blessings near us because we are looking so far away for them. Everything depends upon the power of the mind to see opportunities. It is the eye that can see the chance, the pluck and determination to lay hold of it and wring from it every possibility that we lack, rather than the chance "to make good."

You may be sure there is a man somewhere, not very far from you, who would make a name for himself and a competence out of your situation in which you see nothing. There are poor boys who would get a substitute for a college education out of the time and opportunities which you are wasting because you see nothing in them.

You think that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and unusual; but the fact is, the stepping stone to the place above you is in the very thing you are doing, in the way you do it; it does not matter what it is.—O. S. M. in Success.

Some Helpful Thoughts.

If every morning, by a resigned and simple prayer—by that quarter of an hour of meditation which only seems difficult when we do not practice it—we would open our hearts to God, as we open a window to the air and sun, God would put there for the day that sweet, calm joy which elevates the soul, causes it to feel less the weight of sorrow, and makes it experience the desire to overflow in kindness.—Golden Sands.

There is always some hope for the mind of a person who has the habit and love of reading. However slight may be his pretensions to genius or talent, the chances are enormous that he is a more cultivated man, better educated, and more thoughtful than the people whose talk is purely worthless.

There is no accomplishment, no touch of culture, no gift which will add so much to the alchemical power of life as the optimistic habit—the determination to be cheerful and happy no matter what comes to us. It will smooth rough paths, light up gloomy places and melt away obstacles as the sunshine melts snow on the mountain side.—O. S. M.

Education is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them.—John Ruskin.

The real test of worth of character is not so much the outward show as the readiness to make sacrifices for the sake of others. The genuine politeness, some one has said, is but the visible flowering of a gentle, unselfish nature; the counterfeits are the mask that covers selfishness and vulgarity.

Much danger makes great hearts most Resolute.

It is a mistake, grown all too common, to measure service by the magnitude of the task whereon it is expended. Quantity can never be an indicator of quality. The most precious of all the products of earth is the diamond, which is also the smallest in point of size. Likewise the most valuable service that one may render his fellow men lies possibly in the faithful doing of something in itself small and of low degree.

Cultivate the habit of cheerfulness. Regard your blessings, count them over, be thankful for them; and some day the blessing may be yours also that you will gratefully return thanks for the cross which so irks you now; for while it is not given to us our narrow vision here below to recognize the blessed need of the trials which come to us, our faith teaches us that one day in the Heavenly dispensation we shall see and understand.

Strive, hope, venture, try again, and be confident of ultimate victory.

Confidence is an aid to success. The optimist usually wins. A strong heart does not go slow because difficulties arise. Hope nerves the cheerful man to victory.

You Owe it to Your Mother

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Not to forget that, though she is old and wrinkled, she still loves pretty things.

To make her frequent, simple presents and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her your full confidence, and never to do anything which you think she would disapprove.

To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To lift all the burdens you can from

shoulders that have grown stooped by waiting upon and working for you.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different, or that you feel in any way superior to her.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and to cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To consult her and ask her advice in regard to whatever you are about to do, even though you have no doubt as to what your course should be.

To be on the lookout for every occasion to make whatever return you can for her years of sacrifice and planning for your happiness and well-being.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect, even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college education.

To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes, and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into old age.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a little trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.—Success.

"No Chance" Young Men.

It is hard to imagine anything more distressing than to hear a Catholic young man say: "Oh, what is the use of trying? They won't give that position to a Catholic." After an expression of this kind he usually adds, as if it were an admitted fact: "Catholics don't have a fair chance anyway!" There was a time, many years ago, when this last statement was true; and ever since that day shiftless young men have been repeating it, in order to cover up their own inability and to shield themselves from the accusation of indolence.

Catholics nowadays do have a fair chance; often they have the best possible chance. It is true, there are still some instances where young men are kept out of positions because they are Catholics, but those cases are comparatively few. On the other hand, it is also true that hundreds of valuable places give the first preference to men faithful in the practice of their religion.

Young men, if you can not find employment, the fault, probably, is not because you belong to the Catholic Church, but rather because you fail to live up to the teachings of that Church, that keeps you from success. If you would conform to the precepts of the Catholic Church, if you would be sober, honest, industrious, energetic, the cause of your complaint would be soon removed.

If you observe, you will see that the world to-day is looking for energetic men, men who can be trusted, men who know how to work and who are willing to make a strong effort to succeed. Are you that kind of a man? Take the energy you are now wasting and apply it to the training of your heart and mind and hand, and you will soon have plenty to do. You may not, at first, find the work you would like; but do what comes, do it well; don't be afraid to spend your effort, and then you will see how false is the statement that a Catholic young man doesn't have a fair chance.

Some Attractions to Avoid.

No young man truly lives who does not, sooner or later, through his own efforts, provide for his maintenance and development, as well as for the maintenance of those who are justly dependent upon him. A life of idleness or of dependence upon wealth accumulated by others is a mockery. While it is true that every young man should earn his living as he goes, it is equally true that, during the period of his manly vigor and greatest opportunity, should lay aside systematically, either in bank account or safe investments, a sufficient amount to care for him in times of emergency and in the days of his decline.

Young manhood seems blighted to-day by the pernicious habit of living in advance of one's income, anticipating in a dangerous way the uncertain future. The expending of money on useless frivolities, the loading oneself down with desirable but oftentimes unnecessary things purchased on the installment plan, the careless loaning of money and reckless investing, together with the waste of gambling—these things so common in our days—are steadily eating the financial reserve of our young men and keeping them constantly facing the menace of poverty.

The young man who is always at his wife's end as to how to get money enough to meet his abnormal obligations is subject to severe temptations to unfairness, dishonesty and theft. The man who lives within his income, who does not mortgage the future, who constantly lays aside something, even at a sacrifice in present comfort, is, after all, the man freest from temptations, the most settled in his life and the most contented in his work.

The second form of improvidence—failure to improve oneself by the best use of all opportunities and the wisest employment of one's leisure time—is not less serious than the failure to save. One cannot help seeing on every hand large numbers of young men, who, having gotten employment that pays a fair living wage, begin to live lives of destructive self-indulgence

and seem to forsake any hope or purpose of growing into a more perfect manhood with greater powers for service.

It must be remembered that one works in order that he may live, and that he does not live for the simple sake of working. No man has a right to be simply a human attachment to a machine for eight hours a day, and a mere animal for the next sixteen hours. God intends him to be more than that. No man has a right to become an abject slave of commercial ideas—making figures, moving goods, counting money, eating, sleeping and dying. There are higher uses for many powers. A young man who ceases to grow, to improve himself physically, socially, intellectually and spiritually, who ceases to grow into a more highly perfected manhood day by day, will soon show signs of dry rot, and before long he will be scheduled with the mass of human junk, which so encumbers every community.

Vitality and Laeguer. For both health and attractiveness one should avoid all slovenly habits which, in several forms, are becoming almost a fashion of late. Whether one stands, walks, sits or talks, he should not appear languid or lazy, as if he were always seeking an easy position. He should stand erect, throw back his shoulders, move with a firm step and a lively tread. He should be alive and keep active while awake, and relax only when sleeping or resting. He should not show weakness in any part of his body while he has anything to do.

A shrewd observer of human nature can quickly pick out a live and energetic person by his mode of handling himself. One should go directly for what he has to do, and waste no time in round-about movements. He looks better, as well as does better, when he is brisk. One who is always alive to his work soon gets done with it, and can take his leisure and throw off care when he wants to rest.

One can easily cultivate habits of animation, so that lively and graceful conduct will be natural, and in time become easy. To acquire this spiritedness, stand on both feet, instead of lazily throwing your weight on one. Don't lean; but learn to make a straight position your habitual one. Don't swing when walking, or throw yourself from side to side; that is the tramp's movement. Keep your body rigid, and walk only from the hips down. It is the easiest way to move, and will not tire you as quickly as an unsteady gait. Soldiers are instructed to march in this way. Don't move your shoulders up and down, raising one after the other, but keep them even, and keep your head in the same line, holding both head and shoulders as steady as if you were carrying eggs on them.

Walk straight, too. Don't go from one side of the pavement to the other, like a drunken man. You can often save half a mile by taking a base-line in walking. Don't appear weak kneed. All sagging is a sign of infirmity. The hinges of the body should be firm like steel. To bob up and down is as much a symptom of dilapidation as sagging from side to side. And don't fold your arms, whether standing or walking, or cross them on your back, or rest them on your hips, or in any way show that you are tired of carrying them and want to prop them up. They should never be a burden to you, and should not be allowed to appear so. Keep your hands out of your pockets; your hands were meant to be supported, but to support you. Look as if you were all alive, and not ready for a collapse.

And even when you sit down, sit as if there were some life in you. Don't cross your legs. It is not only a mark of good breeding, but a sign of strength. Don't sit down with, and don't give the impression that you are seeking the laziest way to rest. Sit erect, and don't lean all you can. Don't take the rocking chair too much. That article of furniture, which is almost unknown in Europe, has done much towards making Americans lazy. We lean too much when sitting, in fact almost lie. We should not rest on our backs when we are seated, but keep our back for support only when we are sleeping.

In short try to keep wide awake when awake, and tight asleep when asleep, then each state will help the other, and it will soon show in both your health and your appearance, giving you vivacity, firmness and grace, and keeping you from falling into the appearance of vacillation and indolence.—Austin Bierbauer, Vm.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Crucifixion. A FOOL'S PARADISE.

Christ was in His death-agony. He had been scourged, and the very manner of death, let alone the bearing of the Cross, must have torn open the wounds which never had time to heal. Consequently, blood must have flowed very freely, and the wounds and sores, I think, must have been rather as I have painted them. Don't get so white, Cora.

Cora sank into a low chair, and Giles went on: "Do you know you remind me rather of the old woman who had been hearing a Good Friday sermon and who remarked, as she left the church, to a friend: 'Ah, well, it all happened so long ago we must hope it isn't true.'"

"Of course, I know it's true," and she looked up at the picture again, for in spite of all she had said, it had a kind of fascination for her.

Certainly it was a contrast to her beautiful ivory crucifix!

On the holy face of Christ was a strained look of mental anguish as well as physical pain. The sufferings of Gethsemane, the shame, the insults, the mockery, the impending separation from the Father had all placed an indelible mark of concentrated suffering, while the throes of bodily pain never ceased. But the death hue on the Sacred Countenance

told that the end was near, but not come yet; for life, tortured, anguished life, borne with unmatched heroism, was depicted there. It was really a wonderful representation of Him of Whom indeed in that hour it could be truthfully said: "There is no beauty in Him nor comeliness." "No sightliness." "From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head," there was no soundness there. He was "as it were and lacerated by the thongs of the soldiers, the buffeting, the thinnings, the refined cruelty aggravated to its utmost limits, were an index to the pain of soul, the dolours of which no earthly mind could describe, or even approach to comprehending. These wounds and bruises, that drooping head, those closing eyes all seemed to be saying: "Forget not the kindness of Thy surety, for He has given His life for thee."

And as Cora looked at it she felt that she had "forgotten," and to her it was like a startling discovery. Those words, "Is it nothing to you?" seemed to sound from the outstretched canvas as if she had never heard them before.

The realism of the painting was true and accurate in every detail, and Cora, although she had expressed her dislike to the picture, felt obliged to look at it; and she apprehended, as she never had done before, that although as yet uncreated she had herself been present during the Passion. It was as much for her as for any other being that her sins had required the shedding of the Precious Blood—in the thought of the incarnate and suffering God man, she had had her place, and consequently her life, as a member of this mystical Body, should be lived wherever placed in the full recognition and practical facing of these facts. He had been scarred and lacerated that healing and restoration might flow to her whole being; by His bruises those wounds of sin on her soul could be healed. He had been crucified to be despised and in Him made it to enter that Heaven into which nothing "defiled" can find a place. For the first time in her life she well understood the feelings of St. Elizabeth of Hungary when she tore off her coronet and threw herself down at the foot of a cross in the public square of Wurzberg, there to spend her grief over the Passion of Christ!

All this passed through her mind more swiftly far than it has taken to write it, and she was recalled to the present by Giles' voice.

"One often wonders—"

"What?"

"What the whole bally show was for?"

The commonplace words jarred. "Oh, don't talk of it in that way," said Cora, with freshly awakened susceptibility.

"Well, you know what I mean," said Giles, blowing clouds of smoke into the air. "You are a Roman Catholic, and I suppose religious and all that—perhaps you know all about it. But you see I am out of the running altogether."

"I thought you believed in—well, your own religion," said Cora, "Church of England, I thought, though of course I was sorry you were not a Catholic," she added lamely.

Giles shrugged his shoulders. "Never troubled myself about it much one way or the other. I believe in these historical facts of the life and death of Christ, and I am tempted to ask 'Qui bono?' that's all."

"To save us from our sins," said Cora shyly.

"Oh, yes, of course. Even a heretic like myself has that pat enough. Not that my sins trouble me much, for though I don't think pupkins of myself, I've not been a worse Johnny than the rest of them—rather better, in fact, than some. But as a matter of argument, you know, Cora, it comes to this. Supposing—"

"How is the salvation to reach us? Don't look so astounded, Cora! I am not on an inquiry bench at a Wesleyan meeting seeking salvation," and Giles laughed.

"In the Church the Precious Blood is applied to us individually," said Cora, rather puzzled at the turn the conversation had taken. At that moment, however, Lady Charrington, whom both had completely forgotten, came in to the studio nearly out of breath, and in a fat, cheerful voice declaring she should sit down before looking at a single thing, the conversation of course became general.

As Cora was having her hair brushed one night a week later, Dolphine's face struck her, for the girl's eyes were red and she was very pale.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Lady's Favor.

A missionary Father once related the following: In one of our missions, after the sermon on Mary, which it is our custom to preach, a very old man came to one of the Fathers of our congregation, had a confession. He was full of consolation, and said: "Our Lady has done me a favor." "And what favor has she done you?" asked the confessor. "For thirty-five years, Father I have made sacrilegious confessions, because I was ashamed of one sin, and yet I have passed through many dangers, and have been several times at the point of death, and if I had died then, I certainly should have been lost; and now, our Lady has done me the favor to touch my heart." And when he had said this, he wept bitterly, that he seemed to be with tenderness. After the Father had heard his confession, he asked him what devotion he had practiced, and he answered that he had never failed on Saturday to keep a strict fast in honor of Mary,



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