

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy — invincible determination — a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it. — Buxton.

The Test of all Things. Live by the life of the Vine. "Whatever ye do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Let that be the test of all things. Do nothing that you dare not offer up in the name of Christ, though it might promise you fountains of pleasure, or stores of wealth, or seeming advantage of what kind soever. The wages of temptation are bitter and delusive at last. Christ alone giveth Peace, and that is above all goods. — Archbishop Keane.

Secret of Success. I was at an early age thrown into a work for which I had no special training, but I had brought face to face with necessity. I had found life sadly real, and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my watchword. To be thoroughly in earnest; to be earnest in all my thoughts and all my acts, became my single idea, and I do honestly believe that herein lies the secret of my success. I do not believe that any greatness can be achieved without it. — Cushman.

Wanted—Ability. So great is the premium on ability that a progressive man, conversant with the dry-goods and kindred trades, could walk into New York and command the capital to start a large department store. Let young men learn that there is a greater premium on ability than on capital, that they should strive to acquire ability, and that they should not be discouraged because they may be without funds. The long run is fixed only on to-day, and not on the future, he will not and cannot succeed.

When is Success a Failure? When you do not overtop your vocation; when you are not greater as a man than as a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a scientist.

When you are not a cleaner, finer, larger man on account of your life-work.

When you have lost on your way up to your fortune your self-respect, your courage, your self-control, or any other quality of manhood.

When it has made conscience an accuser, and shut the sunlight out of your life.

When the attainment of your ambition has blighted the aspirations and crushed the hopes of others.

When your highest brain cells have been crowded out of business by greed.

When all sympathy has been crushed out of your nature by your selfish devotion to your work.

When you plead that you never had time to cultivate your friendships, politeness, or good manners.

When you have lived a double life and practiced double-dealing.

When it brings you no message of culture, education, travel, or of opportunities to help others.

When it dwarfs, cramps, or interferes with another's rights; when it blinds you to the interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When there is a dishonest or a deceitful dollar in your possession; when your fortune spells the ruin of widows and orphans, or the crushing of the opportunities of others.

When the hunger for more money, more land, more houses and bonds has grown to be your dominant passion. — Success.

How to be Happy.

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's.

We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our own modest horse and carriage, because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley ride into the country or a sail on a river steamer, because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us, if we would only make up our minds to make the very best of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that come our neighbor's way.

The Power to Make Ourselves do Things.

Some people are all the time asking for advice when they know perfectly well themselves what they ought to do. It is not advice they want; it is somebody or some power to make them do what they know to be right. They ask for advice because they feel condemned for not living up to the light they have.

We are accompanied through life by an unseen guide which tells us to do this and not to do that, which condemns or approves, says, "Yes," or "No," to every thought or act. But when it says "No," or "That is wrong," most of us take no heed. We are weak, and follow our inclination instead of the admonitions of our guide.

It is a rare thing to find a person who has enough "sand" and force of character to compel himself to do what is right as he sees it. We are not sufficiently manly and spiritual in our make-up, not far enough removed from the brute to be beyond the power of the brutal instincts.

Compelling himself to do what he knows he should do, is what makes a strong man. A weak man is the one

who follows his appetites, who can not say "No" to his passions. It is denying the brute in us that keeps him down. If we feed him he will keep us down.

What can a man hope to make of himself, how can he expect to grow stronger and purer and more manly when he resolutely stifles the warning voice of his guide, and feeds the brutal instincts with everything that excites and makes them uncontrollable? Our state prisons are full of people who followed this course. They knew just as well as any one could tell them what they should do, but they did the very opposite.

They drifted into crime because they would not heed that little inward monitor which says "Yes," to a right act, and "No," to a wrong one.

No, we do not need somebody to tell us what to do half as much as we need the power to compel ourselves to do what we know we ought to do. The victim of gambling, the victim of drink and other life-destroying vices knows very well what he ought to do. He does not need advice. He has learned through untold suffering what he should not do, yet he continues to do it. When a man obeys implicitly that little monitor guide which never leaves him, he needs no advice from others. He can not go wrong. He will grow stronger and stronger each day. Instead of allowing his passions to master him, he will be master over them. He will be king of himself. — Success.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Cultivate the habit of praise. Look for the good traits in your acquaintances. Don't be afraid to pay merited compliments. The honey of speech is sweet and leaves a precious memory.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least, if not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

Are you looking for opportunities? To those who have the right spirit, if opportunities for self-advancement are rare, opportunities to be kind in word and deed to others are numerous. Are you seeking self or practicing Christian love?

Some one says that the habit of cheerfulness is worth \$10,000 a year to a man. It is worth infinitely more than this if it masters all the life. Wherever such a man goes he carries inspiration. His life is tonic and uplifting to all he meets. Nothing disturbs the equanimity of his spirit which is born of the peace of God in his heart.

If you cannot have a long time to yourself, do not fail to profit by the shortest moments that remain to you. We do not need a great deal of time to love God, to place ourselves anew to Him, or adore Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him all we are doing and all we are suffering. This is the true Kingdom of God within us, which nothing can trouble. — Lacordaire.

It is never best to travel in a rut. It is wearisome; it is nerve-destroying. Wise people choose the smoother road, or if that road must be traveled, they try to fill up the ruts with stones and gravel. There is such a thing as getting out of the rut; and the world would be better and happier if more of us did it. — Grindell.

The varying seasons of the year, and the vicissitudes of mortal life, make little difference to him who has God's sunshine in his heart.

When is a Man poor?

Time and again, I have travelled a long distance to visit a very humble home in Annesbury, Massachusetts. The whole property is worth but a few hundred dollars, but the fact that John Greenleaf Whittier lived there makes it absolutely priceless. Men and women crowd continents and oceans to visit it. Enthusiastic admirers of the poet carry away from the spot bits of wood, wild flowers, leaves and all sorts of souvenirs to remind them and those who come after them that a man lived there—one of nature's nobles.

Thousands of people in this country look upon Whittier, the simple poet, as one of the richest treasures America has produced, and yet, considered from a commercial standpoint, all he left in the world was worth but a song.

Be careful how you laugh at men and women who think there is something better in the world than making money, and who refuse to worship it. Their monuments in parks and public places may proclaim the story of their heroic lives for centuries after you, with your millions, have been forgotten. Scoldishness has no immortality in it. Scoldishness has no quality to propagate itself, its children are all short lived. Who ever saw a people making pilgrimages to the homes of millionaires, men who never did anything for the world? Hundreds of men and women have lived and died in wretched homes, in attics, and even in poorhouses who have enriched the world by their lives, who have given greater uplift to civilization than many a millionaire. Men who never had a thousand dollars have left names which the world will not let die.

Do you regard a man as really poor who may not happen to have money, but whose character is so juicy and whose career is so succulent with the sweet things of life and experience that he has enriched a whole community? Do you regard a man as poor whose neighbors feel enriched by his mere presence? Do you regard a man as poor who lives in an attic, but whose very existence enhances the value of every acre of land and every home for miles around him? Do you regard a man as poor when every child in his neighborhood loves him and considers it an honor to be recognized by him on the street or to receive an invitation to visit him? Do you regard a man as poor when his home, no matter how humble, is looked upon as a shrine? — Success.

Every Noble Work is at First Impossible. A successful railroad president was once asked by a young man "What

is the secret of success?" "My boy," he said, "there is no secret: it is just dig, dig, dig." In all likelihood this was not the answer the young man anticipated. He expected to hear of some "get-rich-quick" scheme that meant neither time nor energy.

Last year a young man made application to enter a certain Western college, and, in talking over the studies with the Dean, asked if there were no shorter way to get through and graduate than the course proscribed. "That depends entirely on what you want to be," replied the Dean. "When God wants to make an oak, He takes fifty years; but when He wants to make a squash, He takes six weeks." What a lot of squashes we find in every trade and profession—half-baked, underdone people who seldom succeed, because they refuse to give the time and thought to equip the brain and hand with the training the world is always ready to pay for.

Of course, difficulties, sickness and care of one kind or another enter into the lives of all men, placing, as it were, barriers across the path of progress. This is certain to be the lot of the average human being; and yet a trying circumstance is not a sufficient reason for a man to give up the struggle and take a back seat. If such were the case, what would the world be to-day?

Take one illustration: Elihu Burritt was the son of a poor shoemaker. To save money to secure an education, he worked from daylight to dark in a blacksmith shop. Discontentment stalked all around him, but young Burritt persevered and won a place among his country's successful men. Do you wish to live without trial? Then, if your wish is gratified, you will die a squashed, an underdone man. Without the struggle, you never know your strength. It is the rough seas that make the skillful sailor. Unless you go "up against" the world, you will never find yourself. Hardship is the native soil of true manhood.

The trouble with most people lies in the fact that they require such favorable conditions before they are able to accomplish anything. To-day the men who succeed are the men who do things with very little. When they have a task to perform, they take what is at hand, and without any further delay settle down to work. You who are an engineer, think of James Watt making the model of his condensing engine out of an old syringe; or George Stephenson, the coal miner, building his first locomotive in a little out-house; or Michael Faraday while a bookbinder's apprentice, experimenting in electricity with old bottles. These men's names are household words throughout two continents; yet they were not "born with silver spoons in their mouths;" they attained their training and success through great personal effort. Few young people to-day face the obstacles these men overcame. They were not content to sit and wait until all the conditions were favorable for their work; they made the conditions favorable by untiring effort.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES OF THE ROSARY

The Agency of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden.

By LOUISE EMILY DOBBER.

FIAT.

Still she would try, for it came over her with a wave of horror of all that separation from Alban would mean.

Mrs. Cleve shook her head.

"Besides the expense, you must go on with your lessons, Bernie. I can't have you grow up an ignoramus, and you are so backward. Then you cannot speak French at all well, and are so slow at picking up languages, you would be of no use at all in Switzerland, and Harriet learnt it in France. Then as a last resort it will be a nice plan for you to stay with grandmamma."

"Grandmamma!" murmured Bernie feeling that this indeed was the last straw.

Mrs. Eliot, Mrs. Cleve's mother, was anything but an agreeable old lady and a very distinct trial to her relations in many ways. She and Bernie had never found it easy to get on together during the few occasions when they had met. Mrs. Eliot was even more critical of poor Bernie than her own immediate family, and that knowledge had made the girl miserable when with her. She always knew that she was carefully watched and that her faults were duly commented upon to her parents.

"Will grandmamma like having me?" asked Bernie as a last hope, but a very faint one.

"Oh, yes; I have asked her, and she has no objection at all. Her companion, to tell you the truth, is leaving," Bernie did not wonder, "and you can really take her place for the winter."

There was nothing to be done or said and Bernie's pleading was absolutely of no avail. Mr. and Mrs. Cleve were by no means hard-hearted people, but they had not understood their younger daughter, never gauged in the remotest degree her peculiar temperament or tried to enter into her feelings. She on her side, knowing herself to be misunderstood, shut herself up more and more to herself, the habit reserve growing greater. She was nothing to her parents in their opinion of her. Celia they were quite sure would marry soon, and young as she was she had had a great deal of attention and admiration; but Bernie, who they thought much too plain and awkward to have much chance of marriage, must earn her living when she was a little older. What she should be able to do she had not the faintest idea, and the thought of the future loomed heavily before her. She could never be a governess, for she had never really mastered enough knowledge for that, and she had very vague ideas as to where she should find a niche. Her father had a great idea of girls working for their living, and that she knew she must not be a burden upon the small family income if she could possibly help it. This being some years ago when there were not so many professions or openings for girls of all kinds and all degrees of culture

as there are now, the problem was a difficult one.

Bernie was a slow thinker. That evening she went into the nursery as usual to hear Alban say his night prayers, and then went into her own room for a "think" as she called it.

The double blow of knowing how very delicate the doctors considered Alban and the impending parting from him was forced upon her as she sat there in the dark, and she took in more fully all that it meant. For some months past Bernie had been trying more than before to lead a higher life, to respond more fully to grace and to go to the Sacraments with greater frequency. Alban had had a great deal to do with the change, though she was herself unaware of the agent at work which accounted for her new hopes and desires. But not only had the human love he had awakened in her heart taught her much that love only can do, but it had made her wish to be better for his sake. Her parents and sister were somewhat lax Catholics, and Alban's religious training depended very much upon her.

Bernie took things very literally, and as she said her Rosary, which she usually did at this hour, she tried to make it fit into her daily life. It happened to be a Friday and the mysteries consequently were the five sorrowful ones, which seemed to her very appropriate to her own saddest hour. Upon the Agony of our Blessed Lord in the Garden her thoughts turned in the first of the Mysteries. Bernie had a very vivid imagination, and it helped her greatly to realize a little of what the scene must have been, though no created being could possibly have gauged what the God-Man suffered as the weight of the world's sins pressed upon Him. And yet so close is the union between Himself and His members in the Mystical Body of His Church that He

To the still restings of the lonely heart
He giveth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

For poor Bernie found it then very hard indeed to submit her will to the trial which to her was a very great one, but she had gone the right way to work in her endeavor to do so, and gradually but surely she hoped to be resigned.

Once she knew, as she had done that day, that it was inevitable, it was natural to her to say very little about it. She had been accustomed all her life to such great reserve concerning all that interested or touched her, that as the last few days passed all too swiftly away, she only looked rather paler than usual and said nothing of her feelings. Then came the morning at Charing Cross when she had to hold Alban in her arms for a parting hug, and to look with strange eagerness into the dark blue eyes which she could not hope to see for some months at least.

Mr. Cleve was satisfied at last that the luggage was all right, that he had been given the right change, that the holdalls and bags were safely placed in the netting, and that he had a provision of papers and magazines for the journey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

In the order of grace the Holy Eucharist is the third of the sacraments. By the sacrament of baptism we are reborn children of God and heirs of heaven. By that of confirmation we are strengthened to become perfect Christians, and by that of the Holy Eucharist we are nourished in spiritual life. Hence the third in order of grace.

The sacrament of the Holy Eucharist was instituted by our Lord at the Last Supper. It contains really and truly the body and blood, the soul and divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, under the forms of bread and wine. That is, our Lord is present in the Holy Eucharist by His divine and human nature—not figuratively, as those not of the Catholic faith contend.

Bread and wine are the matter of the Holy Eucharist, while the words, "This is My body, this is My blood," pronounced by the priest at the consecration in the Mass, are the form. This



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