but his heart was never in it. His artistic nature yearned for expression,

he would have to encounter if he answered the call that ran in his blood.

He kept resolving to break away and to follow the promptings of his ambition, but he also kept waiting and waiting

or a more favorable opportunity, until, after a number of years, he found other things crowding into his life. His longing for art became fainter and fainter; the call was less and less im-

perative. Now he rarely speaks of his

early aspirations, for his ambition is practically dead. Those who know him

feel that something sacred and grand has gone out of him, and that, although he has been industrious and honest, yet

he has been industrious and honest, yet he has never expressed the real mean-ing of his life, the highest thing in him. I know a women who in her youth and early womanhood had marked musical

like a prisoner, ceased to struggle for

freedom. A songstress of international

She has been dragging out an unhappy, dissatisfied existence, always regretting the past, and vainly wishing, that, instead of letting her ambition die, she had struggled to realize it.—O. S. M.,

Must be Cultivated.

nature, there are certain social rules which must be observed in addition to

Little Virtues.

GIORDANO BEUNO.

was for nim 'a nympn of heavenly essence, a grand Amphitrite, a divinity of the earth, worthy to rule not only this but all other worlds.' His ideas of woman are so foul and revolting that they will not bear quoting; his description of the messes or the threads.

they will not bear quoting; his description of the masses, or the 'proletariat' consists of a long string of abusive ad jectives, and he exhorts the nobles of Wittenberg' to crush those ferocious beasts, the peasants.' His comedy, 'il Candelaio,' so reeks with filth and observity that it would not be tolerated.

scenity that it would not be tolerated by the lowest audience in any English

by the lowest authence in any speaking country."

"The simple fact is," remarks the Ave Maria, "that the monument to Bruno, erected in Rome in 1889 is nothing but a symbol of anti-clerical to the Christian of t

hatred of the Papacy and the Church. To laud the apostate friar of the six teenth century as a martyr to freedom

of thought is to avow one's ignorance of his life, his work and such influence as he may be thought to have exerted."

Progress.

SAINT"

SECULARISTS.

People save money. Some save millions, some thousands, some hundreds, and some quarters and dimes. The penny itself is not disdained, and the metal savings bank comes into play for those who cannot hold money unless some one else holds the key.

But time, who thinks of saving it? Where is the metal bank to hold the hours, the minutes?

We meet people every day who say:

We meet people every day who say:
"I'd like to do that, but I haven't I haven't a minute to call my The more leisure a man has, as own. The more leisure a man has, as a rule, the less time he has in which to do things. The man of action rarely complains of lack of time. Why? Because he husbands the moments and catches them before they are on the

It is a momentous question, the ques-ion of how we spend the quarter of the This use or disuse of the half hour, the quarter hour, or the five min-

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hour, the quarter hour, or the five min-ntes, means either success or failure. There is a firm in Chicage to-day that is staying ahead simply by its use of time. The firm is a small one, a bindery. but new machinery constantly is added and new men, as the increase of business requires. The firm consists of four brothers, and they do their own solicit ing, make their own estimates on work, and are their own advertising agents. These men work from twelve to fourteen hours a day every day, and on holidays spend half the day at the office. Time

them is money. The office man who voluntarily gets The office man who voluntarily gets to his office a quarter of an hour earlier and stays a quarter of an hour later, to keep up his work when it thickens, is the man who wins. 'Twas the Duke of Wellington who said that he owned all he had achieved to his being ready a quarter of an hour before it seemed necessary, and that this was a lesson learned in boyhood.

Many a man out of work has found out to his sorrow that in applying for

Many a man out of work has found out to his sorrow that in applying for a desirable position early Monday morning another more fortunate has secured the job by beating him perhaps only by the margin of a minute.

The train waits for no man. Time

passes on. Fortunes are won and men's names are written in marble while the dreamer has let time, like water, pass through life's sieve and leave nothing behind.

The dector who wing is the man who.

The doctor who wins is the man who has time to study, time to keep abreast of the times, time for original research, as well as time in which to cure his patients. One doctor translated Lucretius while going his daily rounds among his ration? rounds among his patients.

Take the most prominent clergymen

of any city. They are engaged in the most useful works. They give their time up to worthy causes, but they do not fritter it away.

Geniuses never keep the eight-hour

day rule. They are not unionists.
Elihu Burritt, the blacksmith, mas
tered twenty-two dialects and eighteen
languages, and did not plead lack of

languages, and did not plead lack of time or advantages.

George Stevenson, while a brakeman, took time to learn every detail of the engine. And at night he worked over and over in his mind the mechanical problems that perplexed him, and often spent more time in bed thinking than sleeping. Thus do great men attain

their heights.
William Gladstone's life was a living example of what a man can do with time well spent. His words are still a bugle call:

a bugle call:
"Believe me, when I tell you that
thrift of time will repay you in after
life with a usury of profit beyond your
most sanguine dreams, and that the
waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings."

boy, he fulfilled as a matter of course. This generally happens when, having left school, he secures a position in left school, he secures a position in some store, shop, or factory and begins to rub elbows with the various kinds and conditions of men who go to make up the work-a-day world. Though he does not suspect it, he is influenced by the atmosphere of carelessness in matters of religion that is characteristic of places where men work. He is worse influenced still if his lot be cast among those who are hostile to Cathworse innuenced still it his for be cast among those who are hostile to Cath-olicism, or to all religion, and who revile or ridicule the things that he has been taught to hold sacred. To a young Catholic thus placed there is young Catnone thus placed there is nothing so strengthening to heart and sonl as frequency in the reception of the sacraments. Assailed as he is, day after day, by temptation in all forms, it is absolutely necessary for him to renew and repair the bulwark of his spiritual defenses. But it is at this renew and repair the bulwark of his spiritual defenses. But it is at this most critical period, when his faith and morality are hanging in the balance, that the spirit of the world weans him from the observance of his religious duties, which are his only safeguard, and he begins to neglect or avoid the monthly confession and Communion that kept him loyal and undefiled as a boy. The most insidious form of attack upon the faith and morality of Catholic youth is ridicule. The covert sneer of non-Catholic fellow workman or companion has too often a most deplorable

panion has too often a most deplorable effect upon a Catholic young man; and effect upon a Oatholic young man; and it is generally found to do more damage to his convictions than an open and undisguised tirade against the teachings and practices of the Church. A well-informed Catholic will recognize in this ridicule only a sign of ignorance or malice, but an impressionable and imperfectly instructed young man al most unconsciously begins to apologize mentally for being a member of a Church of which such things may be said, and, instead of seeking information to offset them, from the proper source, he allows instead of seeking information to offset them, from the proper source, he allows himself to be assailed by doubts; and already the thought suggests itself that perhaps, after all, the Church is wrong, and this shallow pated carper beside him is right. This is the time for that young man to turn to the Church for help and guidance; and many a one has developed into a well-read and highly

The Call That Runs in the Blood.

A giant would be a weakling if he were confined in so small aspace that the did not have room to exert himself with freedem. The great majority of with freedem. The great majority of with freedem. They do not unfavorable environment. They do not get rid of the things that rob them of power.

I recall the case of a youth with

artistic talent who let precious years go by, drifting by accident from one vocation to another, without encouraging this God-given ability or making any great effort to get rid of the little things which stood in the way of a great career, although he was always haunted by an ansatisfied longing for it. He was conscientious in his everyday work, but his heart was never in it. His CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be Saving of Time.

People save money. Some save millions, some thousands, some hundreds, and some quarters and dimes. The and some quarters and dimes. The hold the fair unweakened and united to the save disdained, and the wavering. Using those preservatives, he soon recognizes how foolish it is to allow even a shadow of suspicion con-cerning the divine mission of the Catholic Church, and the truth of her teachings, to darken the mind .- Catholic Citizen.

Sign of Deterioration of Character When you are satisfied with medic-When commonness doesn't trouble

When you do not feel troubled by a

poor day's work, or when a slighted job does not haunt you as it once did. When you are satisfied to do a thing 'just for now," expecting to do it bet ter later.
When you can work untroubled in the

midst of confused, systemless surround-ings which you might remedy. When you can listen without protest to

incecent stories.

When your ambition begins to cool and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once

did.

When you do not make a confidante of your mother as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you begin to think your father

when you begin to take yet associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and you would not want the members of your families to know that you know .- Success. Opportunities For Young Men,

Opportunities For Young Men.

The empty handed country youth comes to the city for his opportunity. He can do nothing at home, get nowhere. He becomes a clerk or operative in the employ of a corporation. He can study, prepare himself, observe his surroundings and chances and lay up money. Gradually such a one wins promotion, or if he finds some different and special bent and has it in him to rise he will and does strike out and succeed. If he lacks any particular force or genius, his clerkship is the best place for him. The world is not closed to talent. It is urgently demanding it, and the only real complaint

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

" Keep Cool !" A train dispatcher noted for his steady nerve and steady hand frequent-ly gives to young aspirants for promo-tion this bit of his own training: We were twin brothers. He was "Philly," I was "Billy."
When a little lad Philly's favorite

play was molding mud pills, while I ran daily races barefoot with the loco-motives that passed our home. I loved the black, swift-traveling monsters, and considered an engine a thing of beauty. When we were twelve years old, Philly and I bought an inferior battered set of telegraph instruments. Mother knew how to keep boys home in the evenings. She let me set up my telegraph office in a corner of our sitting

In another corner was Philly's apothecary shop and operating room, and when not in use this was cunningly

when not in use this was cunningly hidden by a pretty curtain.

I was extremely nervous and excitable. Mother gave me many talks on the need of cultivating command over this weakness. Philly, loyal soul, constituted himself my guardian. When he saw the color flame into my face,

he saw the color name into my moc, he'd call out in a sing-song tone:
"Kee-ee-eep coo-oo-l, Billy. Steady, steady, boy!"
Our station agent kindly gave me A Bad Sign.

It is a very bad sign when a young man begins to shirk the duty of monthly confession and Communion, which, as a

ing something a bit difficult.

Mother and Philly continued trying

Mother and Philly continued trying to aid me in my endeavor to cultivate a steady hand. Necessity compelled me to begin work when a mere boy. On a number of trying occasions Philly's "kee-e-e-p cool" did me a good turn. There came a day when mother lay in the churchyard beside father and Philly was away "tending medical lectures." A distressing accident had occurred in an isolated, swampy spot. A heavily loaded excursion train had gone over a weakened bridge into a deep over a weakened bridge into a deep stream swollen by recent storms.

I was the only available operator near, and was hastily summoned to the scene. I was expected to improvise a temporary wire connection with the main line.

The cries of the wounded were pitifully appealing; the night was moon

With Philly's old-time encouraging cry ringing loud in my ears, I began work beneath a beech-tree growing near

to the road-bed. The work of rescue was energetically pressed, but it progressed slowly. On every hand there were difficulties to every hand there were difficulties to overcome. The night was a long one. A time had arrived when I must not fail in my duty and needed a steady hand. I knew how much depended on me, and that nervousness meant more than failure. In fancy I was again my mother's little lad, listening to her ad-

monition:
"When need demands, my son, forget
everything save duty."
With a final and successful effort I

With a final and successful effort I closed my ears to everything save orders from my superior officers, and Philly's old piping cry: "Kee-a-c-p cool, Billy! Steady, steady, boy!"

It was done at last. The connection was complete, and I had conquered a weakness that had nearly conquered ne.-Our Young People.

The Call That Runs in the Blood.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

The world was never more unkind The world was never more unkind than it is to day, for differences in creed entail differences in charity, and as there were never more creeds, there was never less charity. In such a bitter hour a new leaven was needed for a society so un-Christian, and Christ met the necessity in detailing to Blessed Margaret Mary the reasons for devotion to His Sacred Heart. artistic nature yearned for expression, to get away from the work against which every faculty protested, and to go abroad and study; but he was poor, and, although his work was drudgery and his whole soul loathed it, he was afraid of the hardships and the obstacles he would have to encounter if he

devotion to His Sacred Heart.

Why should we be devoted to the
Sacred Heart? For the same reason for we adore the sacred humanity— for we adore the sacred humanity not because of itself, but for the divine Person in whom it subsists. The heart is an essential to humanity; from it goes forth the warm blood of life, in it are centered all the feelings that thrill in life's activity. Christ had a perfect humanity—necessarily, then, a perfect human heart—divine because of His personality. Yes, in that orb of flesh was doomed all the love that decked Eden with its beauties and Adam with his superior gifts. There dwelt the love that could not be influenced by human hate, for love loved even hate and thus made love itself all the more lovable. There dwelt the love that prompted the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, at which nature stands Sacrament, at which nature stands amazed, saying—I saw God walking on earth clothed in the seamless robe His mother knit for Him, and at the wonderful vision of the "Word Made Flesh," I was in my thought beaten flat to the earth; now am I utterly undone, when I see Him in an humbler garment early womanhood had marked musical ability—a voice rich, powerful, divine. She had also a handsome, magnetic personality. Nature had been very generous to her in bestowing rare gifts, and she longed to express her remarkable powers, but she was in a most discouraging environment. Her family did not understand her or sympathize with her ambition; and she finally be came accustomed to her shackles and, like a prisoner, ceased to struggle for to the earth; now am I utterly undone, when I see Him in an humbler garment still, the appearance of bread—when I see Him borne up by the two fingers of the priest, the Being Whose one finger mapped the course of the stars—Whose wish made them—Whose smile sends enumers ripoling to the world!

summer rippling to the world!

Oh, what heart loved like our Lord's Ch, what heart loved has out local to the Heart, and yet could, because of its delicacy, feel as keenly the touch of pain and scorn! What heart so pure, and felt so deeply the ruinous consequences dimpurity! What heart so freedom. A songstress of international fame, who heard her voice, said that she had it in her to make one of the world's greatest singers. But she yielded to the wishes of her parents and devoted as to leave peace in Nazareth for weariness in Jerusalem! What heart so sacrificial as to shake in sorrow, to the fascinations of society until the ambition gradually died out of her life. She says that this dying of the great She says that this dying of the great passion was indescribably painful. She settled down to the duties of a wife, but has never been really happy, and has always carried an absent, far-away look of disappointment. Her unused talent was a great loss to the world, and a loss indescribable to herself.

so sacrificial as to shake in sorrow, to shiver in cold, to turn in anguish, to break in death!

Oh, grand Heart of Christ, from the abundance of which His mouth spoke such kindly gospel! Oh, generous Heart, giving every day new zeal to the missionary who goes far off to darkest Africa to pray in action "Thy kingdom come"! Oh, constant Heart, loving us still, though here you had a chilly cradle and a plank deathbed! Oh, patient Heart, bearing with us whose hearts are as hard as the rocks of Gol gotha, crimsoned with deicide. Oh, immense Heart, full of the love that thrills from pole to pole in eternity! immense Heart, full of the love that thrills from pole to pole in eternity! Oh, Heart of our God, which though drained of Thy blood, can never be emptied of Thy divinity! While unselfishness is the foundation of good manners, which are but the outward expression of one's inner

well may the Heart of Christ be adored, for it suffered more than all Christ's other members. Down His the effort to please if one would really have good manners. From the very beginning, therefore, children should noble forehead, and blinding eyes that be taught to observe all social rules in the ignominy of Calvary robbed not of their mild majesty, came blood from His torn temples. His hands, 'tis true addition to the cultivation of respect for old age and of unselfishness in inter-His torn temples. His hands, 'tis true were pierced, and felt not in agony the gentle touch of love, but the cold, hard iron of cruelty. His feet were pinioned so that the great God of heaven could be the cold of heaven could be the cold. course with others. The best of any-thing never comes naturally, but must be striven for. The secret of good manners is the desire for them.—Church not move. All this is terrible to con template, but it was His Heart inten-sified the pain of head and hand and foot; it was His Heart multiplied its own dolors until nature could stand no Few of us get opportunity to do great things or to attain great perfection. We are so cumbered with cares, more, and the great Heart-divine-mighty in its sorrows, infinite in its tion. We are so cumbered with cares, we are so sure the world will go to such it we let go for a minute that we forest to strive after little things. A priest now gone to his reward once wrote of the little virtues: "Humility, patience, meckness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, softness of heart, cheerfulness condibility foundings in nighty in its sorrows, infinite in its loves—broke in the breast of Christ. Oh, what pain must have succeeded sorrow! what woe followed pain, to break a Heart so mighty—a Heart whose last throbbings, judging humanly, one another's burdens, softness of heart, cheerfulness, condislity, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor, all of the little virtues like violets, love the shade and though, like them they make little show, shed a sweet odor all around." should have gone forth in hate and yet were the outcome of a love that died not with Calvary's death! "Behold, not with Calvary's death! "Denoid, then," ye worshippers of the Sacred Heart, in June dedicated thereto, "the Heart which has loved mankind so much"—a Heart not far away, for while we are writing it is beating on the altar as St. John heard it pulsating with enthusiasm at the in SOME FACTS CONCERNING THE "PATRON stitution of the Blessed Sacrament indeed, as the gentle Mary heard it, as she fied through the desert—not, indeed, bruised and blue and broken, OF MODERN INFIDELS AND Here are some facts given by Rome, the new weekly published in English in the Eternal City concerning the "patron saint" of modern infidels and as the centurion's lance found it, but substantially the same Heart with the same affections that the angels see and feel in heaven, bright with its light and "patron saint" of modern infidels and secularists:

"Bruno's writings show with horrible clearness the kind of a man he was. He ocillated—in turns between athiesm pantheism, skepticism—very much after the fashion of his modern admirers. He loved freedom of thought so much that he pronounced other heretics who differed from his way of thinking to be worthy of persecution, nurder, extinction, less to be pitied than wolves, bears or serpents. He was such a hater of tyranny that he could hardly find language to express his ad a plation of the miserable Henry III. of Valoir, or of Elizabeth of England, who was for him 'a nymph of heavenly essence, a grand Amphitrite, a divinity essence, a grand Amphitrite, and in only loveliness. - Catholic Union and Times.

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O'CONNELL AND THE MASS,

The importance which Daniel O'Connell attached to the discharge of religious duties is revealed by a letter which has just been discovered, and which Mr. Maurice Murphy of Castleis-land, has sent for publication to the "Kerry People." The letter is dated Jan. 15, 1836. It has been found by Miss Leahy amongst papers left by her father, who was an innkeeper at Abbey-feale. O'Connell wrote to Mr. Leahy intimating that he would be at his house about 2 o'clock on the following Sunday, and asked that four horses should be ready for him by that hour. He added: "Take care the driver hears Mass. I will not arrive until hears Mass. I will not arrive that after the last Mass, and will not allow any man to drive me who lost Mass."
This language was not used from any affectation of piety. O'Connell was deeply sensible of the necessity of live ing up to religious tenets, and by his acts set an example of the utmost reverence for the precepts and observances of the Church. Difficulties, however great, never prevented him from fulfilling the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation.

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By order of the Board, Toronto, 124th April 1907.

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