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" Reserve 348,268
" Income 352,571
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its ratio of expense
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CHURCH,
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& OTHER BELLS

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.
Great Emergencies Discover Great Men.

There is enough latent force in a Max-
imite torpede to tear a war-ship to
pieces. But the amount of force or ex-
plosive power in one of these terrific en-
gines of destruction could never be as-
certained by an ordinary concussion.

Children could play with it for years,
pound it, roll it about, and do all sorts
of things with it; the shell might be shot
through the walls of an ordinary build-
ing, without arousing the terrible dynam-
ic energy. It must be fired from a
cannon, or set off by a steel plate armor, before it
meets with resistance great enough to
evolve its mighty explosive power.

Every man is a stranger to his great-
est strength, his mightiest power, until
the test of a great responsibility, a criti-
cal emergency, or a supreme crisis in his
life, calls it out.

Work on a farm, hauling wood, working
in a tannery, store-keeping, West Point,
the Mexican War, doing odd jobs about
town, were not enough to arouse the
sleeping giant in General Grant. There
is no probability that he would ever
have been heard from outside of his own
little community but for the emergency
of the Civil War.

There was a tremendous dynamic
force in the man, but it required the
conception of the great Civil War to
ignite it. No ordinary occasion touched
his slumbering power, no ordinary ex-
perience could ignite the dynamic pow-
er in this giant. Under common cir-
cumstances he would have gone through
life a stranger to his own ability, just as
most of the great dynamite shells now in
existence will probably never be ex-
ploded because of the lack of a war em-
ergency great enough to explode them.

Farming, wood-chopping, rail split-
ting, surveying, store-keeping, the State
legislature, the practice of law, not even
the United States Congress, furnished
occasions great enough, resistance strong
enough to ignite the spark of power, to
explode the dynamic force in Abraham
Lincoln. Only the responsibility of a
nation in imminent peril furnished suffi-
cient concussion to ignite the giant
powder in perhaps the greatest man that
ever trod the American continent.

The School of Necessity Makes Giants.
There is no probability that Lincoln
would have gone into history as a
very great man but for the crisis of the
Civil War. The nation's peril was the
responsibility thrust upon him which
brought out the last ounce of his re-
sources, his latent power of achievement,
the resources which he never would
have dreamed he possessed but for this
emergency.

Some of the greatest men in history
never discovered themselves until they
lost everything but their pluck and
grit, or until some great misfortune
stertook them and they were driven to
desperation to invent a way out of their
dilemma.

Giants are made in the stern school of
necessity. The strong, vigorous, fore-
ful, stalwart men who have pushed civiliza-
tion upward are the products of self-
help. They have not been pushed or
helped, but they have fought every
inch of the way up to their own loof.

The stalwarts, the men of iron, of
stamina and grit, are self-made. They
are giants because they have been great
conquerors of difficulties, supreme mas-
ters of difficult situations. They have
acquired the strength which they have
overcome.—O. S. M. in Success.

The Lure of "Big Things."
It is easy to be ambitious for great
things, and it is hard to content oneself
sometimes with the small. We all love
to be men who plan large. Too often
we think it a mark of greatness that our
minds can not come down to details.

The correspondence schools are always
telling us about the "room on the top,"
somehow, gloriously assuring us of the
necessity for finding a room at the bottom
of the way up. The boy who starts out to
be President of the United States often
ends by being a "ward-heeler." The
lad whose ambition it is to be a Car-
negie, and who has scorned the things
that made Carnegie, often ends as a
coal-shoveler for a big furnace.

The age needs thoroughness, and
thoroughness demands a knowledge of
detail. The big things are always
beckoning and the lure is responsible
for the ill-success of countless thousands.
That which is true in business life is
also true in the Church, and we are
waking up at this day and age to realize
it. There are some things born out of
time and we begin to pay the penalty.

Brick-and-mortar success was, we often
felt, the strong life of the Church and
no man would do things in any but a
big way.

It is a grand thing to see thousands of
marching men join in the celebration to
the music of a hundred bands. It is a
gorgeous thing to see the pomp and cer-
emony carried out in the presence of a
hundred Bishops, but the rosary of suc-
cess will not be gone over with these as
beads. There are other marchers who
are not with us and they are the millions
that perhaps I even our sacrifice for
magnificence has caused us to lose.

God sees them and God knows that the
lure of the "big things" has cost us more
than we can afford to pay.

There is a punishment which every
fault imparts whether we will or not,
and the big "things," have brought their
punishment. It is true they have done
good and much of it. They have influ-
enced thousands, but how many sorrow-
ful gray heads is bowed because of them?

Let us make a prophecy: Put your
self one hundred years into the future
and act as judge. No matter now what
you think of the "big things," you will
know that the works which went down
for the neglected little ones; which
went out into the pioneer districts to
prosper the Faith; which followed them
into the forests; which helped them to
build their little chapels for the honor
and glory of God; sent them Fathers
for their souls; these will be the works
that last and that will be to the per-
manent glory of the Church universal.—
Extension.

The Man Who Sings.
Give us, oh! give us, writes Carlyle,
the man who sings at his work. Be his

occupation what it may, he is superior
to those who follow the same pursuit in
silent sullenness. He will do it better,
he will persevere longer. One is scarce-
ly sensible to fatigue while one marches
to music. The very stars are said to
make harmony as they revolve in their
spheres. Wondrous is the strength of
cheerfulness; altogether past calcula-
tion are its powers of endurance. Efforts,
to be permanently useful, must
be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine,
peaceful from very gladness, beautiful
because bright.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
Her Valentine.

Here and there gay groups of laugh-
ing girls were talking fast and excit-
ingly, schoolgirl fashion—always "valen-
tines, valentines" or St. Valentine's
Day, which was fast approaching. Grace
was not talking, but she was thinking of
what she was going to get. On her lap
lay an open book, but her eyes had long
since ceased to scan its printed pages;
instead, they were gazing tenderly at
the card, held tightly in her hand, and
her lips trembled as she gazed. 'Twas
a little card on which was a simple spray
of June roses, tied with a delicate
word "Grace, from Mamma." What a
host of memories that little card awak-
ened! Once again, she saw the dear
dead face; once more, the soft grey eyes
overflowing with love, just as they were
when, of old, she had stooped over
Grace's bed to kiss her child good-night.

The tears came freely now, but after
the storm came a calm. She picked up
the card which had dropped unnoticed
to the floor, while a strange, but pecu-
liar expression grew upon her counte-
nance, and, she said, half aloud, "See,
the roses are twined about with thorns,
the roses are the joys, the thorns the
sorrows of life, and the thread, the silken
cord of life. Oh, Mother!"—she
breathed the name softly. "I will learn
the lesson you would teach me; since
roses have thorns, thorns also have roses
and my sorrow, great though it be, has
also its joy." Stopping, she kissed the
words, "from Mamma," then closing her
book, set forth to greet her companions
with a merry smile.

St. Valentine's Day arrived. Some
fifty expectant girls filed into the re-
fectory, to find there, as they felt they
should, long envelopes and short envel-
opes, daintily tied boxes, long and short,
like the envelopes, square, round, boxes
of every size and shape, and suggest-
ively near each girl's place. Grace
gave a glad little cry as she reached
her place. Papa had not forgotten her,
for there on her plate, daintily tied with
blue ribbon lay a box about two inches
square, but what could it be?

Blessing was asked and then such a
chatter. "Oh see mine!" and "mine,"
and "mine," resounded from end to end
of the refectory. Meanwhile Grace,
with trembling hands, was untying the
ribbon. "What a dear little box!"
"What could it be? Surely Papa did not
tie it so daintily." It takes much long-
er to write these thoughts, than it took
them to course through Grace's mind.
Her sweet face flushed with joy and a
glad little exclamation of delight told
how Papa had pleased his little daugh-
ter. There on a cushion of palest blue
lay a little gold locket, the locket, that
she had seen on her father's chain, hung
on Papa's watch chain and she knew
how Papa had ever told her, that
though she opened it, the face of her dear
dead mother would smile up at her.
She touched the spring and there before
her lay, as she had known it would, her
mother's face, but not worn and thin as
Grace had last seen it beneath the
coffin lid, but bright and rosy, with the
flush of youth still on her cheeks, and
some faint sunshine to every corner of
the dear Convent School, the winsome face
of the Grace Norton, Our Lady of the
Angels had known twenty years before.

Half an hour later, one passing the
Study Hall might have seen a little
head bent industriously over a school
desk, and heard a busy little pen go
scratching over the paper, for Grace
was sending a "valentine" in return to
her dear, thoughtful Papa. Open before her
lay the golden locket, and smiling up
at her was the sweet, winsome face of
her valentine.—Ruth Cooper Reeling,
'11, in the Nazarene.

Where Girls Make Mistakes.
Many girls think they are demeaning
themselves if they are approachable.
They cultivate an icy manner as a hall-
mark of respectability.

Don't be afraid of being pleasant. It
cannot hurt you and will be good as a
tonic for all you meet.

What though you do think yourself
superior to most of your acquaintances,
is it good taste to placard your belief by
a freezing countenance?

There is nothing like affability to
conceal one's family skeletons. The
haughty manner is a direct bid for the
rest of the world to rake up ancestral
secrets that you thought buried under a
mound of gold.

The secret of many a homely girl's
success is an affable manner that makes
every one she meets feel as welcome as
a cold snap in the dog days.

Not every one has the happy faculty
of drawing the best out of others, but
one need be guilty of the vulgarity of
consciously seeking to put them at a
disadvantage.

Girls have a way of coming home to
root that is as surprising to the snub-
ber as when her pet Tabby avenges a
tweaked tail with her claws.

Be affable. Most of us can forgive an
injury quicker than a rudeness.

Be affable. There is no one so lowly
that her "good-will" can be scorned, and
nothing so quickly makes ill-will as
haughtiness.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot
reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a local
inflammatory disease, and in order to cure it you
must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure
is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood
and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a
quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the
best oculists in this country for years and is a
regular prescription. It is composed of the best
known tonic, combined with the best blood-purifier.
The perfect combination of the two ingredients, what
produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh.
Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ARE CATHOLICS COWARDS?

WHAT AN IRISH DOMINICAN FATHER
THINKS.

"Do we act enough in the aggres-
sive?" is the question Father McNeer,
O. P., asks in the January "Irish
Rosary." He answers the question in
the negative and says:

"We should be wise if we initiated
the Protestant plan of campaign with-
out, of course, overstepping the bounds
of charity and justice, as Protestant
writers so often do. Protestants have
invaded every inch of our territory.
There is not an episode in the history of
our Church which they have not mis-
represented, nor any Catholic personage
whom they have not libelled, nor a
single doctrine or practice of ours
which they have not arrogantly car-
ried off to the enemy's country. "Ever
since the beginning of their history,
Protestants seem to have recognized the
fact that aggressiveness is indefinitely
preferable to remaining merely on the
defensive. The dullest of sectaries
have instinctively recognized that the
policy of aggression is really the effec-
tive policy. Yet, even at the present
day, the majority of Catholic writers
seem to content themselves with adopt-
ing a merely defensive attitude—some-
times even a halting, timorous, and in-
effective one."

**THE DANGEROUS PERIOD OF A BOY'S
LIFE.**

SIGNS OF THE PERIOD.

That there is a dangerous period in
a boy's life all will agree, but teachers
and parents. This period varies as to
time with the individual. I think it
fair to say it usually occurs between the
fourteenth and eighteenth year. This
is the period when the average boy lays
the foundation for good or evil for future
years. It can be said that this is the
time the man is made.

The previous life and good habits make
but little if any impression on him dur-
ing this period. A new nature, entirely
foreign to the old, has appeared and the
training, temporarily at least, of the
past seems lost. I do not mean to say
that all is lost. It has kept the boy clean
and strong for the struggle, but it will
not meet the new conditions. It has done
its work and its immediate usefulness is
past. Should the boy pass the danger-
ous period well he will return to his ear-
lier traditions and begin again where he
left off.

This period appears to me to be the
"lapse in our civilization" and the re-
turn to savagery. It is the call—the
demand of our savage ancestry to return
to old conditions. So strong is the
"call" that the anxious mother feels
almost hopeless. The father recognizes it
and remembers that he "came out all
right" and laughs at the mother's fears.
He should not laugh. He should take
notice. This is his time in the training
of the boy. The mother has worked and
for thirteen years in rearing him.
So long and so well has she done her
work the father has gradually ceased to
think of doing anything. But now he
must. She can not hope to cope with
these new conditions. Man, and only a
man, can do the work. Many a boy has
met bitter sorrow because of that
lapse into savagery. The mother's boy is
now changing into his father's son. You,
father, must act. The scene has
changed from the nursery to the world.
You know the world, its temptations, its
sorrows, as the mother knows the nur-
ery. If your boy fails during his danger-
ous period you and you alone are to
blame.

The anxious mother knows the signs
of the beginning of this period. Nature,
always faithful to her Maker, marks the
beginning with plentiful signs. The
father, less observant, sees "no differ-
ence from other boys;" he has become
used to these outward manifestations
from the young boys he meets in busi-
ness life. The fond mother, however,
realizes her "darling" boy is not the
same.

What are these signs? There are so
many and so varied in form one hardly
knows where to begin in naming them.
Let us take the physical ones first. The
small body, almost girlish, begins to
shoot up, the small hands seem now to
have become almost "as large as his
father's"—all legs and arms—he out-

PRaise FOR CHURCH'S WORK.

Rockefeller is much impressed with
the safe and economical business methods
of the Catholic charities of this coun-
try, and does not stint his praise of the
work and the spirit of the Church's
philanthropy. Sir Robert Hart has a
similar testimony to bear as to the con-
duct of the Church in China, where he
has spent almost a lifetime as Inspector
General of Chinese Customs and Ports.
In an address at the Wesleyan Mission-
ary Exhibition at Leeds, Eng., he said:
"Although many of you may not agree
with me, I can not omit, on an occasion
such as this, to refer to the work done
by the Catholic missionaries, among
whom are to be found the most devoted
and self-sacrificing of Christ's followers.
The Catholic missions have done great
work in spreading the knowledge of our
God and our Saviour, and more especial-
ly in their self-sacrifice in the cause of

**You cannot possibly have
a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S**

A delicious drink and a sustaining
food. Fragrant, nutritious and
economical. This excellent Cocoa
maintains the system in robust
health, and enables it to resist
winter's extreme cold.

COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in 1-lb. and 3-lb. Tins.

Some people lack affability because
they want to be disagreeable, others be-
cause they are naturally stiff and re-
served. The former might as well re-
spond to the latter; the latter should
take a course in cordiality.



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grows his shoes—his suits seem to
shrink, he grows so rapidly. That sweet,
gentle voice now becomes strident—it
cracks, breaks. He never speaks in a
whisper, he almost yells. These are
some of the physical signs placed as
warning to the command that the
crisis, the dangerous period, is approach-
ing.

Mental signs are not wanting. The
confiding, open-hearted boy now becomes
secretive. He never says where he has
been or where he is going. He is going
"out," that is all. He has been "all
around." He holds his eyes from you
when you question him. He may have
done no wrong. He simply feels superi-
or to control.

His character makes manifest the
change going on within him. He reads
only the sporting page of the paper. He
knows every pugilist by name and repu-
tation. He eagerly drinks in the story
of every cruel battle in history and in
life.

"My boy never used to fight," said a
mother to me, "and now he never seems
to be out of one. First a black eye, a
tooth out, it seems as though he was
fighting all the time."

So one could enumerate forever, al-
most the signs of the coming struggle,
for it is a struggle and a great one—the
contest is for a soul—the greatest con-
test in the world.

Now is the time to prevent future fail-
ures. Money and time spent later in
correcting may or may not be successful.
Prevention in time is always successful.

"Now is the acceptable time." "Arise from
work, O Fathers of youth!" "Arise from
your lethargy!" your boy is in dire
peril.—Robert Roughan in Extension.

NO BIGOTRY IN WEXFORD.

CONDITIONS THAT EXIST IN A TYPICAL
COUNTY OF IRELAND.

Speaking recently at a meeting of
the North Belfast Liberal Association
the Right Hon. T. W. Russell, M. P., re-
ferring to the false and exaggerated
reports of the state of Ireland spread
broadcast through Great Britain by the
Unionist press said:

"The County of Wexford in which I
speak three days recently, has a popula-
tion of one hundred and four thousand.
Ninety thousand are Protestants; the rest
are Catholics. It is a county where the
national spirit is extremely strong, where
memories of Vinegar Hill, and
Scullabogue and the Rebellion of '98
still linger. This is a typical county to
prove the truth or the untruth of the
several charges leveled against Ireland.
To begin with, three-fourths of the
land of Wexford has passed from owner
to occupier. Please note this fact. It
accounts for much. The men, therefore,
who till the soil own it, and they till it
to a very large extent. It is not in
grass. Again, Wexford is a county
where the temperance movement has
long had a very strong hold, where the
consumption of drink is less than in
other parts of the country; which had
a Sunday closing law for itself long before
the Sunday Closing Act was passed, and
where drunkenness does not bulk to an
abnormal extent. It has also many
prosperous industries, apart from the
land, employing considerable numbers of
the people.

There is absolutely no intolerance
or religious bigotry among the people.
There are four Protestant county and
borough councillors. Some of the
traders who do the largest businesses
in the county are Protestants. There
is no boycotting, no cattle-driving, no
disorder of any kind. It was the guest
of a farmers' banquet in the barony of
Forth the other night. The parish
priest was in the chair; the Protestant
belonging to a Catholic could not be
had for the agricultural show this year,
the rector gave the grounds of the re-
ctory and his house for the purpose.
And all through that county, predomi-
nantly Catholic, strongly Nationalist,
this is the state of feeling which pre-
vails. Would any one gather this from
the distasteful or from the lurid pictures
drawn by correspondents of the Hams-
worth press?"—Philadelphia Catholic
Standard and Times.

There's no need to drug yourself. Let Oxy-
gen cure you.

Oxygen is nature's great purifier. It literally
burns up disease. Blood impurities, disease
germs, unhealthy conditions of any kind simply
cannot exist in a system charged with Oxygen.

OXYDONOR—applied at home while you
sleep—creates in the whole body a powerful
affinity for Oxygen, so that it is absorbed freely
from the air. This surplus of Oxygen, in blood
and tissues, immediately attacks whatever dis-
eases may exist, and if no vital organ is destroyed
it quickly restores perfect health.

The Mother Prioress, Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunts Point, New York,
writes:—

"I deem it a personal gratitude to Dr. Sanche to state my appreciation of
the wonderful discovery made by him to his persevering scientific efforts.
I have been ill for five years and have made every effort to restore my
health through medical science. I have in the last few months obtained far
better results through the exclusive use of OXYDONOR 'VICTORY'
than I ever expected to reach. I now feel confident that with perseverance
I shall, through the very precious OXYDONOR, regain the priceless
treasure of health."

Thirteen years later, on May 13th, 1908, the Mother Prioress writes:—
"In response to your request I would say that during these past years our
OXYDONOR has done good service. I think it is in good order, as lately
myself and Sister Mary who has suffered several years from Rheumatism, has
used it with marked benefit; she scarcely knows that she was ever thus
afflicted."

WRITE TO-DAY for our Free Book telling about the OXYDONOR treat-
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