OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our Lady on the Wall. Through a door signt I watched her— Lilly, en the toy-cover'd floor; Giving lessons to her "dearest"— The most precocions dolls of four;

"Hold this book now, and read it—so.
What makes you want to hang your head?
Is you tired? Well, don't mind, then;
I guess 'tis time io go to bed.

. Wait! I'll say your prayers, though, for

you.

Kneel down with me. Be still, that's all:

For Our Lady hears and sees us

From out her picture on the wall.

"Why, Dolly, please don't roll over! I wish you wouldn't act so wild. When you know Our Lord's dear Mother Can never love a naughty child!"

O Lilly, I, too, am praying
No blight upon thy faith may fall,
Nor thine unlifted eyes e'er fear
To meet Oar Lad's on the wall.

Little wise and patient teacher,
Keep, keep thy pure heart undefiled,
Mindful aye our Blessed Mother
Can never love a naughty chilp.
—Dawn Graye in Ave Maria.

Precepts for Boys.

A very successful teacher of boys First .- That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

Second. - That roughness, blustering and even foolbardiness are not manli-ness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most

Third .- That muscular strength is not health.

Fourth. - That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise Fifth. - That the labor impossible to

the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

Sixth.—That the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his

friends and his God.

forty years ago could be seen in a cornehandler's shop in New Orleans, boy employed in labeling sacks which had been filled with corn. Although poor and sickly in appearance he was so wall liked by his employer and fel-low workers as to be generally called "agreeable little Jimmie." the second son of an Irish family, and so poor were his parents that in order to increase the family income they were obliged to take him from school an early age and send him to work. He grew, and continued making the corn sacks. One day his serious and pleasing manner attracted the atten-Father Duffo, a friend of his employer. 'How old are you Jimmie?' Eighteen years, Father.' could not do better, my child, than help your parents, but perhaps you could do it in some other way. Do you go to school? How do you pass your even-The thought of studying in ings?" the evening had never entered Jim-mie's head; but after his conversation he began to continue his studies with After a while he be-Father Duffo. came a self made man, then Bachelor of Arts, then priest, then Bishop, then Archbishop and to day he is Cardinal Gibbons-an American prelate who exercises considerable influence, particularly among the working classes who are justly proud of this man who

came from their ranks. The Cliff and the Brook.

At the foot of a spur of the Allegheny Mountains stood a great granite Cliff. The face was as big as a church and the top rose sheer to the sky as high as a steeple. The summit was covered with pine trees. Its cheek was wrinkled and scarred and bearded with moss and running vines and shrubs, saplings and even flowers were rooted into the open seams.

And the Cliff was old. It was old when the first white man came into the valley, and it was so old that the Indians reverenced it. But that may have been because of the curious signs and figures carved upon one side near

Close by the foot of the Cliff flowed a Brook that gushed out of the mountain higher up the side. It was a happy little Brook and gurgled and played along its pebbly channel night and day the whole year through, not even stopping when the frost came and bound it up in ice, for underneath its frezen bosom it kept hum-

ming its old happy song.
One day its spirits were quite high because of a sweet June shower that had filled its bed. In its merry mood it sang a louder song and went frisking and purling and rippling and prancing, and whisking and whirling and skipping and dancing, and leaping and laughing, and cheeping and chaffing, and ringing and singing and swinging between its banks, as merry-hearted a brook as ever took a

summer holiday on the mountain. said the Cliff, looking " Humph!" down on the little Brook and shaking venerable head until the tree-tops aloft quivered like the hairs on a "You're a pert young Santa Claus. "You're a pert young gadabout, Miss Brooklet, and had better be learning manners-cutting up such capers in the face of your

betters ! He spoke in so gruff a voice that the Breck was startled, and for a moment stood still.

"Oho!" the Cliff went on. "You've little to be proud of, you giddy highjinks! Yet you go giggling and juggling by me with no more rever-ence than if I were a year-old sapling! And I—look at me! If I were to wink one of my eyes and shake down | School Times.

a handful of stones upon you, you would be—well, where would you be? It is easy enough to see where you are running to—down, down, down! running to-down, down, down! Such small fry should'nt hold their

heads so high. "Dear me!" sighed the Brook. How you frighten me! 'Deed and double. I never meant to be impolite. I was only happy, and so bubbling full of thanks that I could not help singing. And really-I-thought-you would like something to liven you up ing. Please forgive me, for I am only a poor little Brook."

And away she ran. But she soon recovered her spirits, and ere she was fairly out of sight of the Cliff began again her merry song and play.
"Whip-poor will!" sang a bird that

had been sitting on a tree near by. It flow against the Cliff and, perching upon a climbing shrub, swayed back forth and pecked at the face of the

reck. Whip poor will! What a grumpy old Chiff you are! I believe your meart is little better than a stone Why were you so hard on that dear little Brock? She's a busy, kind body, and a good friend she is to me. Many a bath the cites main, her sweet clean bath she gives me in her sweet, clean water, and many a drink when I'm thirsty and hot. Whip poor will! I thirsty and hot. take it fil that you should fill with grief and fear the happy breast of my little Brook with your bitter words and your surly look

"Tut!" said the Cliff. "Weat care I for your Brook? She's a stily, in my very face—me! the great trifling minx, who giggled and frisked

"Whip poor will!" whistled the bird. "Holty-tolty! And what have you ever done for the mountain folk, or for any one else, for that you should put on such lofty airs? There should put on such forcy airs? There you stand and there you have stood forever, I believe, silent, grim, frowning down upon us, and—. Whippoor-will! But the little Brook is busy all day long, with a bright word and omlie for all the mountain folk.

The Orphans' Friend has the following sketch of Cardinal Gibbons: About passes, for she waters their roots and less prisoner in that vile dungeon. gives them life. The squirrels and ground hackies love ber, and sip sweet draughts from the dimpled pools in her face, and chatter their thanks as they whisk away. The mountaineers and the children from the valley love her and sit on the mossy stone by her bank and drink and drink her cool waters in the warm summer days. But you-well, I have my opinion such haughty, selfish idlers as you! Whip poor-will!"

So saying the Bird flew away and put her face down to the Brook's face and petted her a bit and said :

"Don't you mind, dear little Brockie but go right on and be as bright and happy and as helpful as you can."

One day a band of workmen came and looked up at the great Cliff and sat down by the little brook and began to make plans. Days passed. A tramway was built down the mountain into the valley. A wooden shed was put up and an engine placed therein. Then the boiler was filled with water -water from the Brook-and the workmen turned a huge, sharp steel drill against the face of the Cilff.

The steam sizzed, the piston-rod thumped, the drill squeaked and buzzed and bored holes all over the rocky surface of the Cliff. Then the workmen brought giant powder and dynamite. There were explosions that echoed over the mountain, and big pieces of granite were shaken down. stonemasons, and soo blocks of building rock were on their way down the mountain in a freight train whose locomotive was driven by steam, made of water from the little

A stone bridge was built. A roadbed was made. The foundations of many houses were laid in the village. The year ran on. A great gap had been made in the face of the Cliff.

Another year passed. A tunnel had been driven through the rock, and the light shone through from end to end. Then came trains of cars from the great valley on the other side of the mountain and from the city beyond and sped on filled with busy people and loaded with merchandise-on to the far West and the Pacific sea.

The little Brook ran by as merry and useful as ever. And the great Cliff stood there as stern and calm as before. Only once in a while he would look down at the tunnel in his breast, and as he caught a glimpse of the stream of light shining through and sniffed the smoke of engines passing to and fro as it curled about his face, he would wrinkle his brow as though in deep thought and mutter something like this:

" Who would have thought it? The little Brook gave the water that made the steam, that drove the engine, that worked the drill, that tore open this tunnel through my very breast, and cut away the barrier that stopped the course of traffic and travel, and enriched the valley on either side of the mountain and made the people of the land rejoice. And she is only a little Brook! Humph! Well, even for old folk like me it is never too late to

Down in her pebbly channel the Brook heard the muttering of the rocky Cliff, and in a sweet, cheery voice cried

"I wouldn't worry over it, dear old You meant well, I'm sure. And mind it a bit. Don't you see, Cliff I don't mind it a bit. all's well that ends well?"

"Whip poor - will !" whistled the Bird, who just then flitted by. But all is better that as it may be. But all is better that begins well. Whip-poor will-Sunday

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these - they never will have the power to do more.

What "They" Say.

Thousands of young men are trying to learn madiness by listening to "what they say." "They" are enemies to truest manhood. The most prevalent and the very worst evil of the time-for it is the father of drunk enness, gambling, impurity, extravagance and the other common sins-is the tendency to go with the crowd. Fear of unpopularity, or desire to be one with the fellows, has led most prodigals into the far country. The foolish notion is inborn in most of us that it is Gulf of Mexico. necessary to do as other people do. Because a craven crowd lowers its standards, straightway we must bring ours to its level. We have eliminated from the Scriptures we practice that wise old text, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

His Own Chain.

Down from the dark ages comes the tory-if memory is true to its chargeof an expert blacksmith, who was such a master of his trade, and withal so proud of his skill, that he often boasted that no man could break a chain made

In time the blacksmith was imprisoned and manacled. With the hope that he might make his escape, he examined the chain to see if it was possible to break it, when, to his horror, he dis covered that the chain was one made by his own hands, which no living man could break, himself included. flowers and ferns and bushes love her The chain forged by his own has

Is it not the same with us? Each of Every bad habit becomes a link in the chain, which will bind, in hopeless slavery, the soul that makes it.

Never too Late to Learn. Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instru-

Cato, at eighty, learned the Greck anguage.
Plutarch, when between seventy and

eighty, began the study of Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age
when he commenced his studies in ight literature ; yet he became one of he greatest masters of Tuscan dialect, Dante and Plutarch being the other

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and

Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek until he was past fifty. ce his Franklin did not fully commen philosophical pursuits until he had

reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

A Lover of His Mother.

one can surpass the true love of a big boylfor his mother. It is a pure lov and noble, honorable in the highest de gree to both.

I do not mean merely a dutifui affect I mean a love which makes boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor a this second love, this devotion of so to her. And I never yet knew a boy to 'turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with fresh-faced girl, and the man, who is gallant with the girl, may cruelly neg ect the worn and weary wife. the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age, is a true knigh who will love his wife as much in the sear leaved autumn as he did in daisied spring-time.-Weekly Bou-

Chats by the Wayside Hasty judgment often means the

destruction of friendship.

A man doesn't have to strike woman to hurt her beyond the hope of

The philosophy of life consists in being prepared for the worst, and, therefore, enjoying so much more the

Many of us are working hard to gather thorns that will press beavily upon our foreheads in the future.

upon our foreheads in the dealthy as There is nothing so healthy as plenty of human nature about one, and middle aged. When young, old, and middle aged. we stay at home too much, or associate entirely with a very limited circle we lose the proper sense of prospective The few individuals whom we like assume giant proportions in our thoughts, and the rest of the world

recedes. A great help to advancement in spiritual life is to have a friend whom you will permit to inform you of your

fanlis. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in virtue; it is above all price to you in Indigestion, nausea are cured by Hood's all times and all places. Hold on to Pills.

your good character, for it is and always will be your best wealth.

Minor Influences Upon Character. Every man has an influence on all the persons whom he knows, and every day he exerts that influence on these he meets. A kind word from him, an encouraging look, a warm clasp of the hand, may leave an indelible impres-sion on the souls of his neighbors, while a shove, or an oath, or a bad example in the matter of temperance or purity or honesty, or truthfulness, may have widespread effects in evil. Care should be exercised that even in little things no scandal but much edification

oe given. Up in the highlands of northern Pennsylvania there is a spring of water which as it issues from the ground is divided by obstructing stones into two tiny streams. They flow away in divergent directions and soon are wide It is said that one feeds the Susquehana, emptying into the ocean through the Chesapeake bay, while the other seeks the Allegheny river and finds its outlet to the sea after a long and tortuous passage by way of the

The stones that thus determine the direction of the flow of water are typical of the minor influences that affect character or determine the course of life of individuals who start out under what seems to be similar conditions These influences are so numerous that they cannot be altogether controlled, for many of them are not even observed until after their effects have been seen.

Some of the unnoticed influences that determine the careers of young men are beginning to make themselves manifest in these war times. A very large number of the enthusiastic olunteers of to day are the sons of who fought in the late wars As children they were interested in the stories their fathers had to teil. hey grew up with more or less know edge of things military; many of hem, by reason of the stories told to them in the home circle, became inerested in war histories. At the time terested in war histories.

of reading they had no thought of
being called upon to fight for their
country, but this training prepared
them for the service, and on the first for volunteers they responded as icir fathers had done before them.
was an influence little thought of by ne father who told his children of the pattles in which he was engaged; still s by the mother proud of her soldier shand and carefully preserving the iles of his military services; but it as an influence more potent than recept, stronger than latter-day araings or pleadings. The boy thus rained cannot be kept at home when here is a new call to arms. Inspired y his father's example, with his im-gination fired by tales of adventure nd hair-breadth escapes, and with he histories he has read, he canno ontentedly remain at home when his country calls him to do battle. The influence of such education remains unnoticed, until occasion brings forth

the effect. There are many other unnoticed in fluences that prepare the child for one course or another in adult life. As the mother has most to do with her children during the impressionable age, the mother's influence is very great. If she is pure minded, intelligent and forceful, the child insensibly receives such training as helps to keep him honest and brave. The father may, but in the nature of things does not us-ually, have as much influence upon his child, but he, too, should be careful Of all the love affairs in the world, that his example and teaching shall be helpful rather than hurtful. No one can foresee what chance word may give direction to the mind of a child as he stones to the rivulet, but we can all guard against bad direction by keeping in mind the often observed fact that trifling causes very often determine the character of a man of his The minds of course of conduct. young children are as impressionable as wax, but the form soon becomes fixed and thereafter it is exceedingly difficult to make a new impression or to remove the old. It is, therefore, im-portant that the influences brought to bear upon the young should tend to make them honest, self-reliant, dutiful and fearless; then when they grow to manhood they will be good citizens and if need be, good soldiers.

UNIVERSITIES MAKE AGNOS-

TICS.

"Universities of to-day lead to agnosticism," declared Archbishop Keane at the cathedral in Kansas City, Mo. last week, before an audience that packed the edifice. The Archbishop lectured in the interest of the Catholic university at Washington, which, he said, would differ much from other "A man there," he universities. "A man there," he said, "will be taught the sciences and the arts, taught everything that makes up a liberal education, but with it all ne will be permitted and encouraged to retain his faith in God.

"Universities of to day lead to ag-nosticism. I was visiting Cambridge, England, not a great while ago and a professor told me there that young men entered with the faith of their fathers. The second year they cared little for any faith and the third year they were rampant agnostics. That is dreadful, but it is true."

Is worth a shipload of argument." What shall be said, then, of thousands of facts? Every cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla is a fact, presenting the strongest, possible evidence of the merit of this medicine. Thousands and thousands of such facts prove that Hood and sand thousands of such facts prove that Hood and the same cannot be such that the same control of the same control of the same control of the same cannot be same control of the same control of

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THE RESPONSIBILIES OF FATH-

We often hear and read of the duties and responsibilities of parents, but it strikes us that the special daties and responsibilities of fathers have not reived the attention which their im-

portance demands. According to Christian teaching, the father is the head of the family. Reason teaches us the absurdity of a There must be a supreme double head. udge and final tribunal of appeal in the family as well as in the state and Church. Owing to the imperfection of everything human, this arrangement may sometimes seem not to be the best.
The wife may be superior to the
husband in wiedom, discretion and
firmness of character. The husband may even be a bad man, while she is a good woman. But such cases must be counted as exceptions, and they no more militate against the Christian principle of the headship of the father than bad judges in the state, and even occasional bad ecclesiastics in the Church disprove the necessity of supreme headship in both state and

Church. The influence of the father is gener ally predominant in the family. He is the stronger party. He is looked up to as the main dependence—the bread winner and the principle provider. If he is a good man his influence will be felt for good upon the whole family; if not, the reverse will be the case. If he is a strictly conscientions and religious mon ; if he is regular in the discharge of his duties, never missing Mass ex-cept for good and sufficient reasons, regularly maintaining family devo-tions, taking pains to instruct his chil dren and encourage them in the dis-charge of their Christian duties, that family will be a religious family. The spirit of religiou will predominate and

But if the father be a careless, world-Ty; if he is not strictly conscientious, obtain more devoted to business and pleasure than to his religion; if he Londo neglects Mass on some frivolous or innize God in the family, except, perhaps, in a careless and perfunctory manner, his influence win certainly be felt by his wife and family to their great detriment, if not to their entire demor-alization. The reficing, purifying, softening influence of religion not being felt in the domestic circle the harmonious relations between parents and children, and among the children themselves, are suid to be disturbed. Instead of the beautiful spirit of domestic peace and harmony, and the affectionate up. detriment, if not to their entire demor-

and harmony, and the affectionate un-selfish devotion to each other's happiness which preside over the strictly religious family, the spirit of selfish ness, jealousy and disobedience will most surely cause endless trouble, mis understanding and unhappiness

We do not forget now that the influence of a good, conscientious wife, or of prudence, courage and tact, may No one sometimes, in a measure, counteract influence of a delin quent husband. But as a general rule, it may be considered certain that the deteriorating influence of a bad or of a careless, worldly husband will be felt upon the wife as well as upon the chil dren. It will have as a constant dead

weight upon them.
Undoubtedly a terrible responsibility rests upon the husband and father. It will not do to try to shift this respo sibility upon the wife and mother God has made him the head, and wil hold him responsible for the faithful and conscientious discharge of ligations. - Sacred Heart Review.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the

In the spring the birds are singing
As they build their summer home,
Blades of grass and buds are springing,
O'er the mead the cattle roam.
In the spring your blood is freighted
With the germs that cause disease,
Humors, boils, are designated
Signals warning you of these.
In the spring that tired feeling
Makes you every duty shirk—

In the spring that fired feeling
Makes you every duty shirk—
Makes you feel like bagging, stealing,
Rather than engage in work.
But there's something known that will a
Man to health and vigor lead.
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