

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortunes assail you. You will soon find that there is another aspect to nearly all circumstances in even the ordinary trials of life. When the hour of misfortune comes—whether it appears in the form of disease or pecuniary loss—face it manfully and make the best of it. Do not nurse your troubles to the point of despondency and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

The Positive man Always in Demand.
The great demand of to-day is for the strong, vigorous positive man, the man who not only makes up his mind, but does so with firmness, and, when he has considered all the circumstances and conditions of the matter he is called upon to decide, does so once for all, and then throws it off his mind and passes to something else. Such a man usually has superior executive ability. He can not only make a program, but he can also execute it to a finish.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Laying the Foundation.
A few insecure bricks at the base of a foundation wall make the whole unsafe. One day wasted spoils the week. If you live a single year with no higher standard than the wish to please yourself, all the years which follow suffer. Remember that youth is the time for laying the foundation. Do not imperil the future by carelessness now.

The Fable of the Four Men.
"I got off a street car this morning," said a doctor to me, "and being in no hurry, I began moralizing on the actions and probable character of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then half way down the block and was going on with such rapid strides that he had already put a couple of hundred yards between himself and the next man. 'There,' thought I, 'goes a hustler—a man who's bound to succeed in life.' The second man was walking rather slowly, and impressed me as one who would do fairly well, perhaps, in this world. But the third man was just dawdling along in the most shiftless sort of way, very quickly set him down for a loafer."

"Just then an idea came home to me. All three were ahead of me!"—Hubert Johnston.

The Specialized Mechanic.
Is the multiplication of machinery making specialists of workmen in restricted lines? Is it tending to put the old time versatile mechanic out of business? "Look at the carpenter's trade," says Egbert Wilson in the Engineering Magazine. "It is no longer necessary for the carpenter to trim generally. Mills supply such details at a tithe of the expense and of uniform quality throughout. Sashes and blinds, doors, winding-stair treads, transoms, everything required in a house almost is delivered at the carpenter shop ready to hang. The same is true of boiler-making. Details of all kinds that formerly had to be hand made can be purchased in open market. The advent of hydraulic flanging the boiler maker had to execute by hand is now delivered as per blueprint furnished exactly to dimensions. All this is of benefit to everyone except the man who has to sell manual dexterity."

Get a Home.
Every man should have a home. Be it ever so humble, there is a comfort in having a dwelling of one's own. There is also a security when no landlord can come in every month for his rent or order the tenant to move out.

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There are plenty of capitalists who will sell houses on installment payments and there are numerous building and loan associations that will help even a poor man to purchase his home.

Buy a Home. You'll never be so happy in a rented house as you will be in your own. At the end of ten years you'll own it; if you don't buy now, you'll have nothing to show for your money. And the time will go anyhow. But a home.—Catholic Columbian.

One Poor Boy's Rise.
He sometimes, but not very often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, says a writer in Scribner's, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio River. He stopped at the bottom of the street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out to a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked." Who was he? This man who had rolled tallow casks on a Cincinnati wharf? He was Sir Henry Stanley, the famous African explorer.

The Evidence of Victory.
Our civilization is becoming so complicated that a narrow, ignorant man stands a very poor chance compared with a broad, liberally educated, many-sided man. There never was a time in the history of the world when a liberal education counted for as much, when a college degree was worth as much to a young man as to day.

Even a quarter of a century ago, there was a strong prejudice against the average college man, especially in business, but now a great many concerns employ only college men (if they can get them), for they find that they make stronger, abler men—men of wider range. They are not so likely to fall into ruts, not so likely to become narrow. They are

more responsive to the new, to the progressive, to the up-to-date. They are not so bound by superstition and prejudice. They do not cling so tenaciously to the methods of their fathers. As a rule, they are more ambitious, they get a wider vision of life because they have pushed their horizon a little farther away. College men are not, as a rule, ratty men. The lines which they manage are not so likely to become strangled, to stop growing. As a rule, they are better posted in their specialties, better trained, better read, and this is an age when general intelligence pays. Then again, the very reputation of having a liberal education is a great advantage everywhere, provided the quality of the man is susceptible of a liberal education, of taking on a broad culture.

Nothing else will stand you in such good stead, nothing else will do so much for you in the great battle of life as to start on your career with a trained brain, a well-disciplined mind, a well-balanced soul, a well-equipped mentality. Then you are a power wherever you go. You do not have to show people your bank account or give them an inventory of your property. They see your wealth in your personality. They see power in your character. They read the inventory of your real riches in your eye. They feel your power in your presence. You carry the evidence of victory in your very step and in your masterful bearing. You radiate force, conviction, confidence from every pore. This is power which no bank account can give, which no amount of property can convey.—Success.

Standing Fast for the Right.
The very fact that you can come out of a questionable situation boldly and take a stand for the right, regardless of consequences, will help you immeasurably. The greater self-respect, increased self-confidence, and the tonic influence which will come from the sense of victory, will give you the air of a conqueror instead of that of one conquered. Nobody ever loses anything by standing for the right with decision, with firmness, and with vigor.

You have a compass within you, the needle of which points more surely to the right and to the true than the needle of the mariner points to the pole star. If you do not follow it you are in perpetual danger of going to pieces on the rocks. Your conscience is your compass, given you when you were launched upon life's high seas. It is the only guide that is sure to take you safely into the harbor of true success.

Some Helpful Thoughts.
One of the very best prescriptions for good health, stout appetite and excellent digestion is cheerfulness. The effect is electrifying. It lifts out of the shadows and the mists into the beautiful realms of hope. It makes everything bright and warm. There is a world of magic in the cheerfulness of man, and he who has it not should pray for it as his daily bread.

Those who do not know the value of time have been well called the greatest spendthrifts of all.

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did, but what they intended.—Theodore.

Show a helpful spirit toward every body, and a willingness always to lend a hand. Everyone despises a man who is always thinking of self.

Kind words, kind looks, kind acts and gentle handshakes are the best weapons to use in the unseen battles of life.

Young Men and Leisure Time.
No matter how busy we may be, we all have some little leisure, and the use we make of this leisure is of the utmost importance to us. Too many of us are prone to dream of what we might do had we plenty of time and large opportunity, but the time and opportunity, small as they may be, which we actually have, we, all too often, waste. A recent writer says:

"A young man, who ceases to dream about the things he would do if he had plenty of time, and plans the things he will do with the time he has, may go slow, but he will go far."

"Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that by using in a continuous way the time he spent in omnibuses and railway trains he might have a good deal of leisure. This leisure was made up of half and quarter hours at the beginning and end of the day—the odds and ends of time which most people regard as of no account. Taking them separately, they are of little account; putting them together, by treating them as a whole, they furnished a fine opportunity for the liberal education of a young man of business. This young man saw the uses of these odds and ends of time. This was really a them as a whole. This was really a very simple matter, though multitudes of people have never found it out. To utilize these hours, and make them as if they formed a continuous period of time, it was only necessary to make a little plan of work, and to have the material in hand so as to turn every quarter of an hour to account."

"This young man wanted to know German. He sought an elementary grammar and phrase book and some simple German stories. He kept a book in his pocket, and, when a spare quarter or half hour came, he studied

the book. It was not difficult, and in a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading simple German, and from that point his progress was rapid, and the pleasure of the occupation steadily increased. In less than a year he had German so well in hand that he began to study Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure hours; he found it very enjoyable, and every language learned was an open door to more enjoyment. In a few years he was reading German, Spanish, French and Italian easily and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid, and he had secured a very important and lucrative position in a great organization. His studies had not only given him an education, but they had also conducted to his success in practical affairs by the quickening and training of his mind. This is but one among thousands of similar achievements.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES OF THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DORRICE.
The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven.
THE PROVING OF JOSIE.

They usually had luncheon with Miss Linton on Sunday, but on that particular day she had gone out for a day's excursion with some American friends whom she had met casually, and who were passing through Siena.

Mrs. Wilcox was sorting some of her sketches in a portfolio, looking at them critically and comparing them one with another, and examining, with particular attention, two which an artist friend of Miss Linton's had seen the day before, and had praised. He, the artist, had thought they were done by one of the girls, but on Mrs. Wilcox's admission that they were hers he had talked kindly to her about them. He was a long-haired, spectacled German, an enthusiast in the matter of art, not given too much praise, and whose opinion was worth having. Mrs. Wilcox had told him all about her efforts and failures in London, and this artist concurred in the opinion that she would never effect anything much in the way of illustration; but he thought she might do designs if she learned free-hand drawing, and he sprang upon the idea. She was to see him the next day and show him more of her work.

"Mother," said Veronica, who had been writing at the same table where Josie was, as so often the case, deep in a book, "I thought Miss Linton was a Catholic."

"So she is—at least Mrs. Saunders said so, and I took it for granted," said Mrs. Wilcox. "What makes you speak as if you doubted it?"

"She doesn't go often to Mass, mother," said Veronica. "How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Wilcox.

"I thought she didn't, and the other day she talked about having stayed in bed all Sunday because she was tired, and then I told her about the late Masses at the Duomo and the Provenzano, and she did not answer. I did not like to say any more, but when we went yesterday to St. Agostino's, she just sneezed, but did not kneel down or make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament."

Mrs. Wilcox looked grave. She was not a fervent Catholic by any means, not doing more than she was actually obliged to do, but still, the actual laws of the Church she obeyed with conscientious fidelity.

"Miss Linton never approaches the subject with me," said Mrs. Wilcox, "and she is not the kind of person whom I could say anything. I should not have the courage, I shall write and ask Mrs. Saunders if I made a mistake."

In reply, Mrs. Saunders, who is a mutual friend, said she had not met Miss Linton for many years before that autumn in London. When she had known her in Chicago, she was a Catholic practising her religion.

Whatever Miss Linton may have done then, she certainly did not practise it now, as was very evident, but as she maintained strict silence on the subject, never saying anything that could be interpreted as slighting the faith, Mrs. Wilcox felt she could do nothing.

As time went on, Josie found her resolution, made on that October night, was tested and tried in many ways. Temptation, instead of being less felt, as she somehow fancied it would be, appeared stronger than ever. It was really that she was experiencing the truth of the words: "My son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear and prepare thy soul for temptation."

It was hard to Josie to find all the old trials meeting her with renewed force. When the many new friends they made in Siena turned quickly to Veronica with admiration, more or less openly expressed, who she had her fellow-pupils, and she always obliged to take a lower place, it was all very hard to her. At Christmas cards came from old school fellows in England, and those for Veronica were often the prettiest; and Mrs. Wilcox herself, foolishly pleased at their elder daughter's popularity in their little Siena circle, which consisted chiefly of Italians and one or two unimpeachable English, let her old dreams revive, and she wondered whether, after all, some Italian prince, or at least a count, might not, later on, fall in love with her beautiful daughter.

It was so usual for Josie to be found fault with by her mother, and to succeed so seldom in pleasing her, that before that fresh start made in October she had got into the way of taking things as they came, seldom exerting herself to please her mother or show her the many little attentions which came spontaneously from Veronica, but which absent-minded Josie found so difficult to offer. It was not that she would not have done them, and been glad to do it, but she was rather absent minded, living in a world of dreams, her head being full of her beloved books, and it required a great effort to be thoughtful and attentive. When she did try, she had generally either done the right thing too late or at the

wrong time, and the continual blame had crushed her a good deal, until the hard fit had come and she had thought it was no use trying. Now she was different, and she battled against being up in the clouds, falling often but succeeding sometimes, now and then eliciting faint praise from her mother, more often having her efforts pass unnoticed. These slight rows, however, were a different aspect, so did the very pain she suffered because of her own faults, as well as the discontent, the longing for more love and appreciation. These things were all part of the "proving," they were the tests of her endurance, and it was by these that her fortitude was tried. When she examined her conscience, or was sensible of these hateful accesses of jealousy, which seemed to weaken even her natural affection for her mother and sister into what came very near dislike, she was humiliated indeed, and her very faults, struggle and her very very, were the means of teaching her that best of all virtues—humility.

But all this that I write about telling you of Josie's inner life was hidden from human eyes. In outward appearance she was only a very ordinary girl, with faults of carelessness and negligence which irritated her mother and teachers, and very little about her to make her attractive, for she was almost reserved. When Mrs. Wilcox reproved her for carelessness, she little thought of the graver faults with which Josie was doing battle, or of the difficulties she herself made for her little daughter. She carelessly thought it natural that she should care more for her pretty Veronica than for her, and she forgot that she might, by want of thought and tact, be inflicting a good deal of pain.

At Easter Veronica left school, and it was arranged that she should go on for another term or two. For some time during the summer Veronica was very much with Miss Linton, who was making her sit for a picture she was painting. Josie had not seen the picture at all until one evening in the autumn, when she went up to the studio with a message from her mother. The door was half open and, entering, she saw the lovely picture in which Veronica was the central figure. Josie felt as if she had never realized her sister's beauty until then. How exquisite she was! The artist had caught Veronica's expression at its very best and as Josie looked spell-bound she turned her head to catch sight of a reflection of herself. A deep-drawn sigh escaped her, and with eyes filled with tears, the result of many mixed feelings, she drew her rosary out and pressed it to her lips. As she was in the act of doing so, two hands were pressed on her shoulder, and she started to find herself held by Miss Linton.

"You startled me," said Josie, hurriedly putting her rosary into her pocket again, and winking back her tears uselessly, for one large one splashed down. Miss Linton had been behind a curtain at the end of the studio where she kept some of her studio properties, and she had watched the little scene with interest. It had been irresistible to her not to stay and observe the impression her picture made on Josie, for she was an ambitious woman, loving praise and aspiring to make a great hit with this particular piece of work.

"Now, what's it all about?" said she kindly, pushing Josie into a low chair and then closing the door. Josie wiped her eyes and was silent.

"Do you think the picture a good likeness?" asked she, as she saw Josie did not wish to answer her question and she felt it best to change the conversation.

"Yes, it is beautiful—just like Veronica," said Josie, who was looking earnestly at the picture.

"I was afraid that I had made her hair too light, but it has all those golden lights in it, for I have often seen them."

"Yes, so have I," said Josie. "It's just exactly Veronica. She is lovely—how lovely—and I never realised quite so beautifully she was till I saw this."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.

WE SHOULD HAVE RESPECT, DEVOTION AND CONFIDENCE IN THEM.

If it be true, as the Church teaches us, that there is no moment of our lives spent without the unceasing presence of our guardian angel, then surely we must, in St. Bernard's words have reverence for the angelic presence, devotion for the angelic goodness, confidence in the angelic protection. First of all, there must be a profound respect. For who is our God-gifted companion? Nothing less than a prince of heaven, a courier of the Eternal King. No stain of sin has ever sullied his spiritual purity; he has stood from the morning of creation in the presence of the All-Holy Whom he obeys in his ministry on our behalf. The practical test of this outward reverence is thus eloquently expressed by St. Bernard: "Do not hear in his (thy guardian angel's) unseen but most real company, what seeing me present thou wouldst not dare to do if thou couldst see the angel guardian who is watching thee."

Next, there must be real devotion—the devotion that has its root in heartfelt affection. Our guardian angel's care is untiring, his loving watchfulness lifelong. In life he never leaves us for a moment; in death his tender arms embrace us as we enter the chill waters. Though he acts in obedience to God, yet he serves us with a true personal unwearying love. We should indeed be heartless ingrates if we did not show him a corresponding devotion day by day.

Lastly, we must have confidence in our angelic protectors. They are strong in the pure virtue of unselfish spiritual strength, strong in the power that they have from God Whom they serve with inflexible will and whole-hearted love. "Wherefore," exclaims St. Bernard, "should we fear on our pilgrim and weary journeying with



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such guards as these to protect us? They can neither be conquered nor deceived, much less can they deceive us, who are to keep us in all our ways. They are faithful, they are prudent, they are powerful. Why should we fear?"—W. R. Carson in The Dolphin.

The Use of the Crucifix.
Keep a crucifix and kiss and adore every day the Five Precious Wounds. Let your kisses and your prayers be like pearls and precious stones, which you never fire of setting in each of the Five Wounds of your Saviour in the wounds of the feet for having so long and so wearily followed you; in the wound of the left hand for having so often lifted you up and carried you; in the wound of the right hand for having so often blessed and absolved you; in the wound of the Sacred Heart for being a furnace of love, always open to receive you with love and forgiveness.—The St. John's Quarterly.

To Live in the Lord.
How can we live in the love of our Lord? By making of this love, living in the Eucharist, our centre of life, the only centre of consolation, in pain, in sorrow, in deception. He invites us: "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

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