OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

You Will Never Be Forry For doing a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor. For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking. For standing by your principles For stopping your ears to gossip. For bridling a slanderous tongue. For giving an unfortunate personal

For promptness in keeping your

For putting the best construction on acts of others

Polly Earned Her Cracker. A Pailadeiphia writer relates the story of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars, who had entered through one of the front parlor windows. They crept through the hall-room past the bird and began jimmying open the sideboard in the dining room, where the silver was kept. One of the other men gathered up costly Turkish rugs on the floors

and another had taken down the cur-tains when Polly spoke up.

"Is that you, Frank?" she queried.

The burglars stopped as if they had been shot. Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key. The noise of the parrot awakened her master, Mr. Fisher. He grasped a re-volver, which he had bought only a volver, which he had bought only a few days before, and kept under his pillow, and made for the head of the stairs. He pressed an electric button on the wall and lit the lights in the hallroom, where he saw three men strug-gling to open the front door. He promptly opened fire, but they succeeded in getting away. Dr. Fisher then went down stairs, where he found the parrot in her cage under the piano The cage was upset but the bird uninjured. The owner placed her right side upon the plane, when she lifted her frightened head from under her

Holy Guardian Angel, Pray For Her

wing, and asked:
"Is that you, Frank?"

Oh! my dear children, if you only loved and trusted as you ought, your Angel Guardian, how he might assist assist you in your greatest difficulties Here is one instance, of a thousand that could be given, which proves it beyond dispute. It is not an old story, either, for the circumstances occurred in 1843, at Aigen, a small town in the Tyrol, one of the provinces of Austria. It was the 5th of September; a joiner had been piling up some wood which had been brought him; he had built it to a considerable height, and went to remove the ladder on which he had been standing. Suddenly the pile shakes, and the whole mass of wood topples down, and buries under its ruins the joiner's little daughter, but two and a half years old, who was sit-ting on some chips on the floor. Imagine the despair of the child's parents they ran in all haste, but their first word, the first feeling was this: "Holy Angel Guardian of our child, pray for They hastened to remove the debris, using the utmost caution, for fear of new accidents. Every moment seemed an age to these worthy people, who expected nothing else but to find their child lifeless. They were mistheir child lifeless. They were mis-taken; their prayer had been heard; the little girl had not even a scratch. I need not tell you how thankful they were to the good Angel who had protected her.

The Joke on Ellen Ann.

" In a tin pail !" Cicely's voice was so astonished and horrified that it made mamma laugh. "A nice, shiny tin pail," she amended. Come and see your face in And that isn't all there is in it, either !

There were crinkled tarts and delicate sandwiches, and a little golden cup custard, with one of Cicely's little silver spoons to eat it with. was a twisty doughnut that looked like a man, and a little, round pie with pricked into the crust.

"The inside's nice," admitted Cicely, admiringly. "But must I take it in a tin pail, mamma? I'd rather come way home-yes, I would-every single Nobody else but Ellen Ann Tibbets carries a tin pail, and the boys all laugh at Ellen Ann. And, oh, dear, that pail is 'zactly like Ellen Ann's, mamma! Her's is shiny, too. Mamma was fitting on the cover.

She locked rather sober now. "A little girl who loses her pretty lunch basket must carry her dinner in a tin pail, or—go without," she said for her to learn how little Ellen Ann feels to be laughed at."

"I never laughed at her-honest, mamma !- 'cept up my sleeve. "Well, maybe now you won't laugh even there, dear. Now kiss me, and

off with you !" It was a beautiful morning, with sunshine enough in it to make two days. The pall cover jingled a jolly little tune as Cicely walked, and the sun caught the shiny surface of it, and

made it look like a silver cover. Half through the morning somebody came for Eilen Ann Tibbets to go right home, as her mother was sick. So there was only one tin pail in the dressing room at noon recess. That com-forted Cicely a good deal; for it would have been dreadful to see Ellen Ann eating out of a tin pail just like hers !

e took her shiny pail and went out into the sunshine with it, thinking how "deluscious" mamma's custard would taste, and how-

anything, except just two lonesom biscuits sliding round at the bottom ! "Why !" Cicely cried over again. Then she knew what it meant.

was Ellen Ann's shiny pail. Ellen App had carried hers home. "Well, she's mean!" cried Cicely, hotly. "I hope my custard an' my 'nitial pie'll choke her—'most! Yes, I do! I'm 'most starved to pieces, and she didn't even leave any butter on her

old biscuits !" She went off all by herself, to be cross and hungry. It was ever so long before she would be sensible and stop trying to believe Elien Ann had done it just to play a mean joke on her. It was ever so long before she took out the poor little butterless biscults and

oked at them pityingly. Was that what Ellen Ann ate for lunches? And not any butter on 'em at all? Didn't she ever have any custards or tarts or twisty doughnuts? And never any little thin slices of pink

It made Cicely so hungry to think about little thin slices of pink ham that she took a nibble of Ellen Ann's biscuit. Then she slowly dropped it back into the tin pail Cicely would rather go without any dinner than eat bread without a speck of butter on it.

Poor Ellen Ann! Cicely hoped she would like the custard and the crinkly tart-yes, and even the initial pie She suddenly remembered that Ellen Ann's father was an invalid, and Ellen Ann's mother "took in" house cleaning things. And the patched places in Ellen Ann's clothes—Cicely remembered. bered them, too.

On the way home from school, what should peep out at Cicely from the bushes beside the "Halfway Spring" but a dainty little red and white lunch basket! Just where she'd left it to hunt for water cresses

She carried it home to mamma. "But I want the tin pail, too, to mor-row, mamma—this tin pail. I'm going to play a joke on Ellen Ann Thibbets, she said. And then she whispered to mamma, and mamma nodded to her. And the next day two dainty lunches went to school with Cicely, and one of them was in Ellen Ann's shiny tin pall.

-Young People's Weekly.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

It has always been a cherished con viction with us—a conviction which daily experience and a close observance of men and things has only tended to strengthen-that a man should rather accept the decrees of nature and make that his life work, for which he has an inborn aptitude than to choose from out a vast field, a position which vanity or money prospects suggest, but for which nature has not intended him. One had better be a successful shoemaker or hod carrier, than a mediocre teacher or lawyer. Fitness and com-petency in the humblest walks of life, are better than mediocrity and incapacity in the highest position of State or Church. In many cases it is true the choice does not rest with us; and too often the work is thrust upon us without consulting a man's capabilities or leaning toward this or that trade or profession. It is far from my purpose to find fault with a young man in this unenviable position. If this be your predicament you will do best not to stop to grumble or fight with past circumstances, but put your hand and heart into your work and make the best of it. There is a divine purpose in every life and much of truth and strength has the grand old text: Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Who Are Concerned.

s had to that large class who find themselves doing that for which nature qualifies them, but are dissatisfied with their lot, for reasons of money or position. Somehow, their heads have been turned and they grow tired of the old farm, with its great rich fields of staggering grain, its purple hill side of grazing cattle they have discovered that the honest dirt and grime of a hod carrier or stone mason, is not compatible with the modern idea of a so called gentleman, the hand that, in the manly pride of a light, honest heart, drove the nail and planed the board has lost the oldtime enthusiasm, and the owner thinks he has discovered that he can better take care of accounts, in creased trous ers, and leave the sawing and building to some one else; the plumberbut why enumerate more examples? These are sufficient and expose and refute the crude and common sense-de stroying ideas which have found audience among a large percentage of our young men. Hereditary influence is paramount to all other considerations even environment. Every live kernel, whether botanical or human, is stamped with its destiny. An acorn can never grow into anything but an oak. All men are not run in the same mould, and a man's success is handicapped by his mould. If one has been born in the country ten chances to one, his natural apitude is for work a field, and while he is pretty sure to make a thrifty and capital farmer, he will inevitably make a poor and un-successful tradesman. The same successful tradesman. reasoning holds for all the walks of

No one should choose the life-work for a young man. Leave that to his good sense and natural leaning. It does not follow because the father has proved a worthy undertaker that the son will be better fitted for burying the dead than for any other occupation. Prudent advice is in order, but a par Cicely almost dropped the pail, but it wouldn't have spilled much if she had. It was nearly empty! There wasn't any little round pie with "C" on the cover! There wasn't any—

can't do it for us we must do it our-selves. You had better be a farmer because you feel yourself called to the work, than a doctor because you must. You will never know the value of fresh air and honest toil of the hands until you are boxed up in the narrow, dark and stuffy rooms, where "brain-men" earn their bread and mortal disease. There is no reason for the discontent and melancholy of which we hear so much a long as we have God's great gifts of sanshine, fresh air and the flowers. That man's capacity for real enjoyment must indeed be limited, not to speak of his narrow little soul and depraved taste, who does not revel in the warm sunshine and the flowers.

A Pertinent Question Why is it we so frequently meet with young men who have a distress ing impression of life and who cling to it. Only indifferently though at the same time they have not the cour-age to undergo suffering or the wish to die. I do not refer here to those blase youths who have exhausted the entire round of pleasure and are destined to fall from the tree of life faded before their time like unsound fruit. I am speaking of those sensi-tive and morbid souls for whom even the daily round of nervous life has become painful and resembles its normal state no more than the deep and inimit able roar of the ocean resembles the irritating jingle of the stage ocean. Why is it because their pleasures are

artificial and exhausting, stimulating the nerves instead of quieting them. Amusement is excitement. Physical exercise and manual labor are the only remedy for this distressing state of affairs. They alone are the power that can restore and permanently hold the equilibrium between mind and body.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' Advice What the gifted author of "The Gates Ajar," (in McClure's) writes apropos of literature as a profession may, with some limitation be applied with equal force to all the professions. "Do not write," she says, "if you can earn a fair living applied with the professions." Make at electricity or hod-carrying. Make shoes, weed cabbage, survey land, house, make ice cream, sell cake, climb a telephone pole. Nay, be a lightning rod peddler or a book agent before you set your heart upon it that you should write for a living. Do anything honest, but do not write unless God calls you and publishers want you and people read you and editors claim you. Respect the market

Living? It is more likely to be dying by your pen; despairing by your pen; burying hope and heart and youth and courage in your inkstand.

Unless you are prepared to work like a slave at his galley for the toss up chance, of a freedom which may be denied him when his work is done, do not write. There are some pleasant things about this way of spending a life time, but there are no easy ones. There are privileges in it, but there

are heartaches, mortifications, discour agements, and eternal doubts. Had one not better have made bread or picture-frames, run a motor or in-

vented a bicycle tire?"

Money. Every young man should know the use and value of money; but at the same time it is of supreme importance that he learn the whole lesson—that he learn the limits of money. It is an undeniable fact, that our sphere of use fulness and good depends in great measure on our pocket book. We can not carry into execution any great plan for the good of our fellow men or ch to the sacred cause of religion and education, unless we have a certain income. Money is neces-sary,—there is no getting over the fact. But that a great fortune is necessary, that the best of soul and body should be given in the services of this unholy god, that a man's one aim should be to become rich, is the fallacious and sophistical teaching of modern society. This led the poet to exclaim:

"What is that which I turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." Money is the deity in which modern society puts its trust, to whom it instinctively pays its homage. But we would have our young men see the falsehood and the evils of such a system. Do you believe that the rich are fortun ate, are happy, that the best of life has been given to them? Money has the sovereign efficacy to save us from beg gary, from sneers and insults, but you ceive yourselves if you think it can transform you, that it can take away the poverty of mind, the narrowness of heart, the duliness of imagination, which make you weak, hard and com The poor think they are mon. wretched because they think money the chief good; and if they were right it would be a holy work to join with the Socialists to overthrow modern society as it is now constituted. is not the best, and to make it the end of life, is idolatry. Man is more than money, as the workman is more than his tools. The soul, the craving unappeasable element, of every man craves quite other nourishment than that which the whole material universe can supply. Man's chief good lies in the infinite world of thought and righteousness. Fame and wealth and pleas ure are good when they are born of high thinking and right living, when they lead to purer fath and love; but if they are sought as ends and loved for themselves they blight and corrupt.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PROTEST-ANTISM ILLUSTRATED.

One of the most striking illustrations of the true spirit of Protestantism is furnished by the conduct of the Eng-lish Government in reference to the demand of Ireland for a Catholic Uni-The overwhelming majority of the Irish people are Catholics, yet, in obedience to the demand of a small minority of Protestants, the Catholic majority are steadily and persistently refused the important and very neces sary educational institution to which, by every consideration of justice and mined to make an effort to do so. propriety, they are entitled. The minority have a thoroughly Protestant institution — Trinity Cellage—which they seem to think the Cathelies cught trying circumstances, I reached my old home. I was so used up, and protection to the control of the co to avail themselves of, though the pro fessors are Protestant, the text-books are Protestant, and a thoroughly Pro testant atmosphere pervades the whole institution.

Year after year the hierarchy of Ireland have brought the matter to the attention of the government, presenting a strong and incontrovertible claim for an institution in which the Catho-lic young men shall have the privilege of being educated without prejudice to their religious preferences. What agtheir religious preferences. What ag gravates the case is the fact that lead-ing Government officials—those who know most of Ireland and have been brought into most intimate relations with its people—are all in favor of satisfying the Catholic claim in this respect. All the Chief Secretaries of recent years are on the same side in this matter. Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Gerald Balfour have all acknowledged the justice of the Catholic demand for educational equality.

Earl Cadogan, the representative of the Queen in Ireland, appointed and retained in his high position by Lord Salisbury, two years ago declared: "I am convinced that as long as you leave the question unsettled, as long as you do not intend to render justice to those who are not of the same religion as yourselves in this high and im portant matter, so long will Ireland you to health, but be sure you get the have one grievance, and one serious genuine with the full name "Dr. Wilgrievance which will be unredressed. Mr. Baltour, leader of the House of Commons, has more than once declared in the most emphatic manner, his thorough conviction of the justice of Ireland's claim for a Catholic University. Speaking in his place in the House of Commons on a recent oc casion, he did not hesitate to declare that it "filled him with dismay that Parliament should tamely acquiesce in a condition of things which practic

thirds of the population of Ireland of higher educational advantages."

Mr. Horace C Plunkett, in a recent speech, delivered in Dablin to the Protestant Orangemen, proved conclusive ly that the denominational principle was really already recognized in Ire even to some Cathelic institutions, and showed them how absurd it was for them to object to the Cathelic University. It seems he made the matter of plain and according to the Cathelic University. It seems he made the matter of plain and according to the Cathelic University. sity. It seems he made the matter so went to work to deprive him of his seat

ally and substantially deprives two

in Parliament, and succeeded That is true Protestantism. The whole history of the case proves conclusively the awfully tenacious and relentless power of religious prejudice and bigotry. The more plainly and convincingly you present to them the truth which they do not like, the more obstinately do they reject it and the more persistently do they seek to overthrow and destroy it and deprive their opponents of the benefit of

We have been looking for a long time for the coming of the age of reason, of enlightenment, of peace and concord among brethren and of a spirit of brotherhood among mankind. But when will that day dawn upon this wicked world? all the spirit of Protestant bigotry and hate has been cast out, and the spirit of fraternity and Christian charity, or at least of justice and fairness, shall have taken its place.—Sacred Heart Review.

BLOOD POISONING

Follows a Wound in the Knee Caused by a Pitchfork

FIVE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION GAVE THE SUFFERER BUT LITTLE HOPE OF RECOVERY - HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

Brockville Recorder.

Among the old families in the township of Augusta, in the neighboring county of Grenville, there is none better known or more inflaential, than those that near the name of Bissell. The Bissells were among the earliest settlers in the township and have ever since taken an active part in all moves to promote its welfare. The subject of this narrative, Mr. Silas Bissell, is one of the younger members of the family, who some years ago left Canada to make his home in the state of Ne braska. He has passed through ar experience almost unique, and considers that he is fortunate in being

alive to tell the tale.

The story as told in Mr. Bisseli's own words, is as follows: -- "In the autumn of 1898 I sustained a serious injury through having the tines of a pitchfork penetrate my left knee The wound apparently healed, but I did not enjoy the same health I had previous to the accident, and it was but a short time before I was compelled to take to my bed on account of ex-The only important thing in good works is the amount of love we put into them. The soul of an action is its motive. —Father Faber.

and then told me the trouble was blood poisoning. He treated me for some time, but I steadily grew worse, and finally five physicians were called in for consultation. My entire system seemed to be affected, and the doctors said the trouble had reached one of my lungs, and that they could hold out but little hope of my recovery. After remaining in bed for eleven weeks, I decided that I would return to my old home in Canada I was so much run down, and so weak that it was a ques tion whether I would live to reach there, but I was nevertheless deter-mined to make an effort to do so. my friends had no thought that I would recover. I continued to drag along in this condition for several months, when one day a cousin asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was willing to try any medicine that was likely to cure me, and I sent for a supply of the pills. After I had been using the pills for about three weeks I felt an improvement in my condition. From that time I gradually grew better; new blood seemed coursing through my veins, the stiffness in my joints disappeared, and the agonizing pains which had so long tortured me, vanished. took in all ten or twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe they saved my life, for when I returned to

Canada I had no hope of recovery. Mr. Bissell has since returned to his old home at Lincoln, Neb., but the statements made above can be vouched for by any of his friends in this section, and by all of the neighbors in the vicinity of his old home.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such

apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Bis sell's, because they make new, rich, red blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. These pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvellous cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell, this medicine will restore genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box.

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complaint.

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