

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The man who spares no pains to make himself a closely knit bundle of good habits will usually be found ten times as hard to down in the battle of life as he who has drifted along relying for success upon the dubious nervous organism provided him by nature and accident.

Genius. Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

Nothing is ever gained by postponing duty. Disagreeable situations, and even trouble itself, accumulate a sort of interest, the longer it is shirked. Don't borrow bother, but don't dodge it. Face it, and have the difficulty out early in the game. Meet duty also promptly, and it will never be irksome.

To be a Recognized Force. The honest ambition of every man should be to do something, to do so some one thing. If possible, to be a representative man in a community, to be an active force in the intellectual force that surrounds, supports and give life to material progress and prosperity.

Moulder of Character. The inspiration of a single book has made teachers, preachers, philosophers, authors and statesmen. The first good book read by one, has often appeared before him through life as a beacon, which has saved him from many a danger. On the other hand, the demoralizing effects of one book has made thieves and criminals. Many youths, adults, now in prison, trace the beginning of their downfall to the reading of a bad book.

Our Estimate of Ourselves. We are our own best advertisements, and if we appear to disadvantage in any particular, our standard in the estimate of others is cut down. The great majority of people who come in contact with us do not see in our homes; they may never see on stocks and bonds, or lands and houses; they know nothing of us, unless it be by reputation, but what they see of our personality, and they judge us accordingly. They take it for granted that our general appearance is a sample of what we are and what we can do, and if we are slovenly in dress and in personal habits they naturally think that our work and our lives will correspond. They are right.

The Whole Secret. What is the secret of riches? Saving. Why do men wish to be rich? Chiefly because of the feeling of independence it gives. When does one's financial independence begin? When he commences to have—that is, when he earns more than he spends.

The late Collis P. Huntington says that in his first year of work, he earned \$84 besides his clothes and board, and he saved every cent of it. He was always very proud to refer to this fact. "At the end of the year," he once said, "I have been a capitalist as I have never been since. Start two young men upon the road of life. If one earns \$75 the first year and saves \$50, and the other, earning the same amount, saves nothing, it seems an easy problem to figure out the probable difference at the end of twenty years. Nothing is more surprising than the result, for while in the second instance the twenty years will have produced no growth, in the other the pennies become the most finely tempered and useful tool in his possession, and the growing capital is a servant which from a child grows into a giant for his master's advantage."

It is remarkable with what unanimity rich men recommend saving as the pathway to riches. As a matter of fact, the means is better than the end; for the habit of saving (if it is not carried to excess—of which there is sometimes danger), promotes every domestic and social virtue—prudence, comfort, peace of mind and good citizenship. These, after all, help to make life more worth living than the mere accumulation of wealth. All may not become rich, but all may save. And this higher blessing, like all the best blessings of life, is not beyond the reach of the poorest man.—Catholic Citizen.

Helpful Thoughts. It is the things we do under adverse circumstances that show the metal of which we are made. He that respects himself is safe from others; he wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.—Longfellow. Odd moments well applied will turn failure into success and open the way for happiness and life. The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things in life. No one knows what he can do until he tries. The genius of success are in every nature, but hard work is required in order to mature them. It has been said that genius is infinite patience. He who fixes his eyes on a certain goal, be it ever so high, and makes for it with all his strength, is pretty sure to rise above the difficulties that beset his path. This is true in the moral, as well as in the intellectual world. To-day is going. Do in it all the good possible, for if it goes away blank of merit, it will have that record for eternity. Cheerfulness is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life, that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its

happy influence.—E. V. B. Alexander.

Hard Work The Secret of Success. The young man who receives from kind and loving parents the opportunity of a high school or college education is more favored than perhaps he knows or appreciates. Education is a splendid weapon wherewith to fight the battle of life, and he who possesses it has an immense advantage over his less favored fellows who have to face the world, as it were, unarmed. Yet the boy who has had few or no opportunities for schooling need not be discouraged. Every community can show men who have wrested success from life under the most discouraging circumstances. The college-bred youth has not the whole field to himself, by any means. In every walk of life, and in every profession, men have succeeded whose early education was obtained not in school or academy save the school of hard work and the academy of the world.

The late Wilson Barrett, the eminent English actor, playwright, and manager is an example of one who rose to a foremost place in his chosen profession despite the handicap of a youth which knew little or no schooling. His death the other day makes his example apposite. At the age of thirteen we find him hard at work in the office of a wholesale corn merchant, who paid the lad six shillings a week. Out of this sum his parents allowed him two shillings and sixpence with which he was expected to clothe and feed himself. He had only a bed and a cupboard at home. His hours of labor were from seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night, with a half hour's rest for breakfast and another half-hour for lunch—the larger portion of which time he employed in reading whatever he could lay hands upon, especially anything about plays or the stage. Every cent that he could spare from his tiny weekly stipend, or could gain in any extra way, he spent on books. His duties at the corn merchant's were numerous and varied. He would carry money to the bank on foot and convey grain to a purchaser with a horse and cart, and more than once, when about fourteen, he actually lugged sacks of corn or flour for certain distances, the sacks often weighing two and a half hundred weight. About this time, when he used to have to go to the wharves for flour, the men, seeing him do men's work, put lindrines in his way, drove their teams into him, and jered at him. But he did not mind them. He kept on at his job in all weathers, although sometimes so thinly clad that he had his hands frozen.

When young Barrett was fourteen he begged his master to let him leave work at 8 o'clock for one evening in each week in order that he might attend evening school at a charge of twopence. This request the merchant granted to him for about six weeks, but at the end of that time, finding that the boy was too much missed, he withdrew the permission. And this was the extent of the schooling of Wilson Barrett. Despite all this, however, he made a name and a place for himself in the world. And it is pleasing to recall that in a profession beset with unusual dangers and temptations his name was never associated with any scandal such as darkens the fame of so many actors.

Wilson Barrett's case is only one of many. We cite it here not to inspire all our young men to be actors, but simply to show how persistent and patient effort will succeed no matter how unfavorable and unfriendly the conditions of a boy's early years may be.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven.

THE PROVING OF JOSIE.

Mr. Wilcox made no favourites with his children and Josie knew that, whereas her sister was her mother's pet, her father's affections for them both was quite equal. If it were not so even she could not have found it out. But that was all over now, and Josie, though she shed so few tears at his sudden death that her mother thought her heartless, grieved for her father with deep sorrow, missing him in every way so much. Mrs. Wilcox did not understand Josie, and it must be confessed, did not make much effort to do so, Veronica was to her so much more attractive and sympathetic.

Before Josie left the church that night she drew out a chain she always wore round her neck and kissed a medal of Our Lady which was on it. It had been blessed by the Holy Father, and Mr. Wilcox had brought it back from Rome, whither he had gone on a pilgrimage. She remembered his giving it to her, and her asking him—she was a child of ten then—if it would really help her to wear it, and his explanation reminded her of some words she had come across a few days before and which I will quote here: "We always try we are ever the too ready dupes of any one who pretends to have found some trouble-saving method of salvation; something we can get through with once for all and have done with it; some substitute for vigilance and tiresome perseverance and bitter mortification. We clutch eagerly at a miraculous medal and a girdle, an infallible prayer, a scapular, a novena, a pledge, a vow—all helps if rightly used as stimulants to greater exertion, greater vigilance and greater prayerfulness; but, if adopted as substitutes for labour, for the eternally necessary and indispensable means, no longer steps, but the most hurtful superstitions."

The act of kissing her medal that night was an outward sign of sorrow for much that was wrong, of neglected prayer, unwatchfulness and general laxity, as well as a heartfelt resolution for the present and the future. If the growth was to be striven for she must work hard, endure being "proved" and in these labours and toils ever seek the help of her whose "continual prayer availeth much."

When Josie came home that evening

she found a stranger sitting with Mrs. Wilcox and Veronica.

"This is Miss Linton, Josie, who wrote to say she was coming this evening—in that letter you forgot to give me."

"I am so sorry, mother," said Josie in a gentler voice than that in which she had expressed her regret the first time.

Miss Linton was an American lady whose youthful face contrasted very much with her white hair. Josie shook hands with Miss Linton, who thought how different the sisters were. She had known Mrs. Wilcox many years ago and had lost sight of her since.

"If I had not gone to luncheon at my friend Mrs. Bray's at Richmond the other day, I should never have heard of you and all your happenings," said Miss Linton. "I wanted to come right away and see you, but I had to go to Brighton for two days, so wrote that I'd come to-night, and when I got no answer I thought I'd just come all this same."

"I am so delighted to see you," said Mrs. Wilcox, who had told Miss Linton all about her widowhood, loss of fortune, and search for work while Josie was in church. "You can understand now how anxious I am to get work. I must earn something, we cannot go on as we are doing, and the girls must have some more schooling."

"Yes, I see clearly how you are placed," said Miss Linton, "and if you asked my advice, I should say come right away with me to Siena. I am going there next week, for I have an apartment there, and I'm going to work hard all winter, I can assure you, and it has just struck me that it would be ever so much better for you than being here in London, which is just overcrowded with people wanting work."

"I should love to go back to Italy," said Mrs. Wilcox, "for part of my youth was spent there, and I have always longed to return. Why do you say Siena? What chance should I have of work there?"

"Two questions, my dear lady, that are easy to answer; I wish everything was as easily explained," said Miss Linton, with a half sigh. "I suggest Siena to you because it's a very cheap place and one of the few in Italy where you can live all the year round. August is rather hot, but there's generally quite a lovely air all the time. I don't propose your going there on the chance of work, but that, strangely enough, I have a friend there who has written to ask me to get a governess for her little girl, just to teach her English."

"But would she want me to live in the house?"

"No; that's just the question that you could settle easily; she had rather have some one who could live out and give only half the day, and the pay she offers is not at all bad. You see for that you don't want any certificates and diplomas, only just your own language, and I daresay you know a little Italian, as you say you have lived in Italy."

"I used to know it a little when we lived in Milan, but a few it's very rusty. It sounds most delightful, Miss Linton; I hardly dare think that such good fortune should come so unexpectedly. I had almost given up hope."

"Well, you see, it's the unexpected that happens," said Miss Linton, "and she wants a Catholic, so that you will suit in that respect. Her name—my friend's name, I mean—is the Marchesa Amidei. She is a widow, with one little girl, and it will be just the thing for you, for as you have had other English lessons and the girls can go to a convent. I know a nice little apartment next door to me. Now, you think it over and let me know; you are coming to luncheon to-morrow."

"I need not do so, I can decide at once," said Mrs. Wilcox. "I think money would go further abroad, and I should be able to get lessons, as you say. I am too thankful for words, Miss Linton. Won't it lovely, girls?"

"Oh, mother, so lovely," said Veronica. "I should so like to see a new country."

"And this girl, what does she say?" asked Miss Linton, turning to Josie, whose eyes were shining with unexpressed joy. To her Italy was a dream she hardly had dared hope would ever be realized, and visions of pictures and sculptures, churches and lovely scenery and shrines passed quickly through her mind.

"I should like it so much," she said shyly. "I was reading about Siena lately, and the cathedral must be very beautiful."

"Certainly it will be delightful to live with beauty round us after this dreadful suburb," said Mrs. Wilcox. "I have always heard that Siena is very quaint and picturesque."

"The country round is charming," said Miss Linton. "Well, if you decide to come you'd best tag on to me, as I am starting in ten days. The Marchesa left the decision to me."

apartment which was next door to that of Miss Linton. Mrs. Wilcox spent her mornings with her pupil, and after a while she got some more teaching to do at the same convent to which the girls went. For a time at least their difficulties seemed to be smoothed away, and Mrs. Wilcox, though not an provident woman, did not cross bridges till she came to them, and felt now she need not be anxious, at least for the present.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVANCED CLASSES IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

The love of Christian Doctrine, proposed as the special intention for our prayers by the Apostleship this month, is an object to be referred to more than once in these columns. For what is much needed in our day is not alone a knowledge of Christian Doctrine but a real love for it. We need them both.

What more ennobling, what more beautiful, what more truly instructive, what indeed more necessary, than to know of God and of the things of God? All else is transitory; these are eternal. Of these facts, too, we are certain that they are really true.

Herein may be found the value of "advanced classes" in Christian Doctrine, as kept up in some parishes among the young people who, as children, have finished the small Catechism and have been confirmed. Such classes are of the greatest possible practical value in strengthening, broadening and developing that knowledge of the Church's teachings which the study of the small catechism in Sunday-school has given them. The instruction is in the form of lectures delivered by the priest, and it is so systematized and arranged that a four years' course corresponds to the course given at Catholic colleges and academies. In an advanced class such as this Sisters might be present to keep account of attendance and the like; and the students could have special seats reserved for them among the parishioners at Mass, thus giving much edification by their regular and reverent attendance. In our day when there is so much danger of young people being led astray by false notions, it is easy to see how important becomes special endeavor on the part of their elders to see that they have a clear knowledge and real love of Christian Doctrine, and may be able to impart it to others. What a blessing for parents, priests and Sisters, to know and feel that they have done their part in keeping our noble youth in the path of truth and in the old eternal truths, and instilling into their minds a love for all the things that God commands and loves.—Sacred Heart Review.

A BEACH INCIDENT.

The recent sad accident at Atlantic City in which Life Guard Davis met his death in a heroic effort to save others was marked not only by the noble work of the beach physician and the life guards to resuscitate Davis, over whom they worked unceasingly for over an hour and a half, but here, as is usual, the Catholic priest was in evidence, alert to the duties of his holy calling. Shortly after the crowd had gathered around the dead or dying man, a tall and commanding figure in clerical attire approached. In the lines, spoke a few words to a policeman and passed down the beach to where the physicians and life guards were laboring to save a life. While some of the more thoughtless of the crowd were actuated by idle curiosity, and still others sought their pleasure and pastime, even shouting and throwing balls in the presence of the shadow of death, the priest, who had spoken to several of the guards and to the physician, and no doubt learned that the dying guard was a non-Catholic (as he was), stood with his hand in a naturally reverent attitude, which was not unnoticed even by the non-Catholics, who viewed the scene from the beach, the boardwalk and the steel pier, beside which the accident occurred.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE DAY OF ETERNITY, AND OF THE MISERIES OF THIS LIFE.

When shall I enjoy a solid peace, a peace never to be disturbed but always secure, a peace both within and without, and a peace every way firm. O good Jesus when shall I stand to behold Thee?

When shall I contemplate the glory of Thy kingdom? When will Thee be in all in all to me? Oh, when shall I be with Thee in Thy Kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for Thy beloved from all eternity?

I am left a poor and banished man in an enemy's country, where there are wars every day and very great misfortunes. Comfort me in my banishment, assuage my sorrow, for all my desire is after Thee; and all that this world offers for my comfort is burdensome to me.

I long to enjoy Thee intimately, but cannot attain to it.

For a sex (says the Tablet) that has only six sacraments at its service (being excluded from Holy Orders) a Swiss girl who died the other day at Zurich may be said to have achieved an experience perhaps unique. On her deathbed, which was attended by a prelate, she was baptised, was confirmed, made her First Communion, was married to her attendant lover and received Extreme Unction.

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Noble Thoughts. As a contrast to the light and flippant tone in which too many young men are wont to speak of the other sex is the noble tribute from an eminent clergyman, who says: "I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in the world." It is the glory of Christianity that it sanctifies all suffering and makes it sublime. The Church, as it has been remarked, attaches a value even to unconscious suffering, in the celebration of the feast of the Holy Innocents. In the scheme of God's provident goodness nothing is lost, but every sentient thing which is sacrificed to the machinery of the universe benefits the world and is never lost sight of.—Rev. D. J. Stafford.

Why go limping and whining about your corn when a 25 cent bottle of Holway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it. Cucumber and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints. SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Do you feel lightheaded and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parley's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

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