

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN HOW TO GET RID OF DRUGGERY

Three things Ruskin considered necessary to that happiness in work which is the right as well as the privilege of every human being: "They" (men and women) must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or, rather, knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it."

No man is original, prolific, or strong, unless his heart gives full consent to what he is doing, and he feels a glow of content and satisfaction in every day's well-done work. If you are in love with your work, and dead in earnest in your efforts to do it as well as it can be done; if you are so enthusiastic about it that you fairly begrudge the time taken from it for your meals and recreation, you will never be bored by it; the drudgery which others feel you will never know.

A fond mother feels no sense of drudgery in her housework, in the infinite details of sweeping, dusting, cooking, mending, and making for her loved ones. The long days and nights of care and toil spent ministering to the crippled, deaf and dumb, or invalid child, have never a thought of unwilling labor in them. What are years of waiting and hardship and disappointment, and incessant toil to an inspired artist? What cares the writer whose heart is in his work for money or fame compared with the joy of creation? What are long courses of seeming drudgery to the poor student working his way through college, if his heart is aflame with desire for knowledge, and his soul is thirst for wisdom?

In the production of the best work, the co-operation of heart and hand is necessary. Its quantity as well as quality will be measured by the amount of love that is put into it. "He loved labor for its own sake," said Macaulay of Frederick the Great. "His exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind."

the whole amount and, in case of death, he ordered his sons to liquidate his debts by their joint exertions. It pleased God, however, to spare his life and, after struggling with a variety of difficulties for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labor, he at length saved sufficient to satisfy every demand. One day the old man went with a considerable sum to the surviving son of one of his creditors, who had been dead thirty years and insisted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heartfelt satisfaction.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE TAMING OF JOHNSON'S NELLIE

I was prospecting for a railroad in Montana, and as the last place where civilization ended was a little mining town, I found it necessary to purchase a horse in order to pursue my journey through the remaining wild and unexplored country. Being a tenderfoot and unused to the ways of horse traders I sought out one of those gentry as a person most likely to have what I required.

"Certainly," said Johnson, the horse trader, "I think I've got just got the beast for you, and if you'll come around in a couple of hours I'll show her to you." Accordingly I presented myself and was shown a large animal with general air of unearned form, but with long rangy limbs that promised not only speed but endurance. Her flanks were wet with sweat and were heaving. Upon my remarking this, Johnson explained by saying that the horse had been having some hard exercise. In the light of what I found out later I haven't a doubt but that Johnson told the truth. I also noticed that the horse was blind in her right eye, a fact which Johnson did not explain. A price was hit upon and I mounted and rode over to the hotel with which a lively stable was connected.

The proprietor was sitting on the piazza as I rode up. Upon seeing me his eyes fairly bulged. "Man alive!" he exclaimed, "you've bought Johnson's Nellie, and ridin' her without a curb! Don't you know she'll kill you?" "I haven't noticed any signs of viciousness," I said, calmly. "Whereas the hotel keeper broke out into a big guffaw. 'I reckon you haven't. Look at her wet flanks. Johnson took all the vim out of her before he ever let you see her, and look at the mark of the rope around her neck. He half choked the life out of her before he could put bit or saddle on her. Just wait until to-morrow morning—it'll be as much as the life of one of my men is worth to go into the stable with her."

"In that case, perhaps, I'd better feed and care for her myself," I said, dismounting. "Well, you're welcome," said the proprietor, adding, "I advise you to buy a quirt and a curb and a new pair of spurs, if you expect to ride Johnson's Nellie." The sarcastic emphasis with which he said this showed his doubt. The next morning I opened the stable door and went straight up to the horse. She stood stock-still and looked at me. It actually seemed as though she were surprised to see that I showed no fear of her. I took out an apple and offered it to her. She sniffed at it, then drew back suspiciously and snorted. I laid the apple in her manger and went on to get the grain for her, and when I came back she was eating the apple. The second day I brought her an apple and she ate it out of my hand. She quivered though when I attempted to stroke her nose. The third day I let her out into the lot. She cleared the stable gate at a bound, then wheeled and looked at me with her one good eye with the most questioning look I ever saw in the eye of any animal. But if she expected that I was going to choke her into submission she was agreeably surprised, and after a little she gained confidence and ran all around the lot kicking up her heels—she was beginning by this time to feed her oats—and after a while she trotted quietly back into the stable. I walked boldly in beside her and began to use currycomb and brush on her rough hair, but how she did flinch when I began on the blind side! It took a week before she would let me put a saddle on her. I began easy, letting it down on her back so as not to startle her. Next day I laid in supplies, saddled her and rode her around to the hotel steps.

standing on the steps staring after me with his mouth and eyes wide open. The first night I made camp I lariatied Nellie out, but the grass was so scanty and the range so limited that she had very little to eat, and the next night I turned her loose. In the morning she came promptly at my call, and I fed her some more sugar. The third night a fierce storm came up, and lightning flashed and the thunder reverberated terrifically through the mountain defiles. I found shelter under some rocks, leading the horse as close as I could. She was only partly tamed, however, and every time there was a flash she trembled all over as if about to break away. I reached out and patted her whenever the dreadful crashes came. At last I fell asleep. It was broad day when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. Nellie was still standing as close to me as she could get with her nose resting on my shoulder.—Dora E. Wilson in Our Dumb Animals.

"HER ONLY SON"

"O God! where is he! Why does he not write? Come more than two months and not a word from him yet." Thoughts like these rushed through the brain of a middle-aged woman, who was standing on the porch of her little home in the small town of Mountain Rock, N. Y., as she watched the mail-carrier walk away from her without leaving a letter. They seemed to carry messages to a "swell"-dressed young man, sauntering along a business street in the city of Buffalo, more than three hundred miles away from her. He stopped a moment and then laughed carelessly.

"She'll soon forget me." The young man just introduced had run away from home and a good mother. The poor lady did not know what she had done to cause her son to disappear. The solitary month lengthened into a year, then two, three, four, and yet no clue came as to his whereabouts. The mother now had to work to earn a living, as all the fortune her late husband had left her had gone to detective agencies in the hope of locating her son. She got a situation in New York City. She was bent with grief and toil.

As the young man could find no employment to suit him in Buffalo, he decided, after a month or so, to leave the city and go to the west where golden chances he was sure awaited him. Having but a few cents in his pocket, he had to "tramp it." By the time he reached Chicago, he was a worn tramp, and determined to stick to vagabondage as it was "fine life."

For a whole year he numbered the days with few thoughts for his mother and what she might be doing. He enjoyed the company of the tramps, old and young, some of whom had wild tales to tell of their tramp life. One day, after a particularly long hike without the assistance of a freight train, he came upon a short man, in dirty overalls, sitting by the side of the track, eating a scanty dinner.

He was surprised that a tramp should eat so clean a refined way, and asked a question that led to a long conversation. The tramp by the roadside proved to be the world-famous wanderer, "A. No. 1." As soon as he learned the facts of the boy's case, he sat still looking at him for a moment, seeming to forget that he had a meal to be eaten. Finally he spoke: "You're a big fool. If I could make it any plain to you, I would, young man. Do you understand what you have done? Don't you ever think that perhaps that mother of yours is sick or sorrowful? Don't you think that she may be died with a wish to see you again?"

The tramp went on with a soft-spoken lecture that went straight to the young man's heart. The man who called himself "A. No. 1" had a way of winning over the boys he met to go back home, and he did so well with the present runaway. "A. No. 1" took him to the city to a good hotel, where he changed his suit of overalls for one of fine cloth, and took him into the kitchen for a square meal. He began to be surprised, and was even more so when the man offered to pay his expenses home. He wrote home but received no answer. No one there knew where his mother had gone.

"But 'A. No. 1' was not to be put in a back seat. He worked a little influence into the game, and the next Monday the former young tramp went into the dry-goods business as a clerk. The boy never saw the quick-speaking, queer but kind-hearted man who called himself "A. No. 1" after that day. But he got along all right and became well-acquainted among the business circles. Then he tried the civil service examination and passed as a postal clerk. He was sent to a small town in Idaho. It had the queer name of Leverywhere.

ROYAL Yeast Cakes BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

FIGHT FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

The Duke of Wellington was at the head of the government of the day but some moderate measures of reform carried at the instance of Lord Russell had offended Sir Robert Peel's supporters and there were several secessions from the Cabinet. The vacant place of President of the Board of Trade was offered to Vesey Fitzgerald, member for County Clare. He accepted the offer, and as the assumption of office necessitated re-election, he immediately issued his address to his constituents. It is possible that he did not expect opposition; it is practically certain that the idea of his not being returned never occurred either to himself or to his friends. He considered his seat for County Clare, to be as much his personal property as his hat.

The Catholics, it is true, had passed a resolution pledging themselves to oppose every candidate who was not sworn to oppose the Duke of Wellington's administration. Even his pledge did not at first appear very inimical to Mr. Fitzgerald's peaceful return. The Whigs as well as the Tories were desirous to see him re-elected. Lord John Russell suggested to O'Connell that Fitzgerald should be allowed to be returned unopposed and for a short time O'Connell hesitated to his line of conduct. But the country was in no compromising temper. O'Connell soon saw that Clare must be contested, and the only question left to answer was: "By whom?" A Major McNamara was suggested, but McNamara was suggested to trouble the peace of Fitzgerald. There was a brief period of suspense and then all England and Ireland were startled by the intelligence that O'Connell himself was coming forward to contest Clare.

At that time it was impossible for a Catholic to enter Parliament. The law did not indeed prohibit him from standing, from being returned, from crossing the seas of St. Stephen; but on the threshold of St. Stephen's he was called upon to take an infamous oath and by a shameful shibboleth he was excluded from his rights. O'Connell could not take

the oath but he saw that the hour had come when the appearance of the Irish Catholic at the bar of the British House of Commons, demanding to be sworn according to his conscience and his creed and supported in his demand by millions of fellow-countrymen and fellow-believers, would have an effect well-nigh irresistible upon the Government. Five thousand pounds were voted by the Catholic Association as a first instalment towards the expenses of the election and \$8,000 was subscribed in a single day by 16 leading Catholics. The country followed the example, and 70,000 was raised in a week. Money continued to flow in during the contest in great abundance. Cork city subscribed \$5,000 in an incredibly short time.

THE PROPOSERS OF O'CONNELL Fitzgerald was proposed by Sir Edward O'Brien, of Droimland, and seconded by Sir Augustus Fitzgerald. O'Connell was proposed by The O'Gorman Mahon, and seconded by Tom Steele, both Claremen. The O'Gorman Mahon, who afterwards sat in the House of Commons with Parnell, played a prominent part in Irish politics. He had been soldier, big, sailing and travelling in all parts of the world for half a century, and took a considerable share in making one of the South American Republics. He was three times in Parliament at Westminster.

Cutlery Easily Quickly Thoroughly Cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser

pledges were kept in a marvellous manner. The correspondent of the "Evening Post," writing in the heat of the contest, says: "I have not seen a man go near a public house for two days." O'CONNELL REFUSES TO TAKE THE INFAMOUS OATH

When O'Connell went to Westminster, the Speaker called upon him to take the infamous oath defaming his religion, an oath which was never again to be offered to a Catholic. He was directed to withdraw, and he did so. An animated discussion at once sprang up as to whether or not he should be heard at the bar of the House in his own defence. The debate was continued upon another day, and for three days in all this matter occupied the attention of the House. O'Connell was finally allowed to speak in his own defence at the bar. He made a long and eloquent speech. The old offensive oath was again tendered to him, and again he refused to take it in words which are now historic. He declined to take the oath because "one part of it he knew to be false, and another he did not believe to be true."

A new writ was issued for County Clare. But the action of Sir Robert Peel had no further effect than of allowing O'Connell a further triumph. He was, of course, immediately re-elected. The Clare election was the last act of the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation. It may be regarded as the preface or prelude to a struggle equally great, equally arduous but not equally successful—the struggle for Repeal, and finally for Home Rule.

Viscount de Cormenin's Eulogy O'Connell is the only foreigner the Viscount de Cormenin ("Timon"), included in his volume of singular and powerful sketches, "The Orators of France." He pictures the Liberator addressing his people. "He lives in their life, he smiles in their joys, he bleeds in their wounds, he weeps in their sorrows," the Viscount writes. "He transports them from fear to hope, from servitude to liberty, from the fact to the law, from law to duty, from supplication to invective, and from anger to mercy and commiseration. He orders this whole people to kneel down upon the earth and pray; to lift their eyes to heaven, and they lift them; to execrate their tyrants, and they execrate; to chant hymns of liberty, and they chant them; to sign petitions for the reform of abuses, to unite their forces, to forget their feuds, to embrace their brothers, to pardon their enemies, and they sign, unite, forget, embrace, pardon!"

"Our Berryer dwells but in the upper region of politics. He breathes but the air of aristocracy. His name has not descended into the workshop and the cottage. He has not drunk of the cup of equality. He has never handled the rough implements of the mechanics. He has never interchanged his words with their words. He has never felt the grasp of their horny hands. He has never applied his heart to their heart, and felt its beatings! But O'Connell, how cordially popular, how entirely Irish! What magnificent stature! What athletic form! What vigorous lungs! What expansion of heart in that animated and blooming countenance! What sweetness in those large blue eyes! What joviality! What inspiration! What nobly he bears his head upon that muscular neck, his head tossed backward and exhibiting in every lineament his proud independence!"

O'CONNELL'S APPEAL TO THE ELECTORS "She then showed me her father and brother; the brother was a fine security for three Oranmen. I told her she acted a noble part. 'Oh,' said she, 'my poor mother that is in her grave could see me this day she would say with joy that her daughter had acted well. Fathers, sons, brothers, honest women of Clare will you support the sworn friend and kissing companion of Peel and Wellington, or will you support me? I come not here on my own account, but yours. I am not fighting my own, but the Catholic cause.' O'Connell never showed his knowledge of the Irish heart more thoroughly than in the above story. A show of hands being called for, the special correspondent of the Dublin "Evening Post" says, about 15 were held up for the President of the Board of Trade, and about 1,500 for the "Man of the People." The show of hands being for O'Connell the Sheriff hesitated to declare him elected, and began to consult his assessor. On being asked why he did not declare O'Connell elected, he said: "I do not know if those people are freetholders."

THE "LIBERATORS" ELECTED O'Connell: "Sir, you do not know that they are not, and you cannot, by your word, disfranchise them." The Sheriff then declared O'Connell elected by the show of hands, and, of course, a poll was demanded by the other side. This was on Monday. On Wednesday night, July 2, O'Connell declared the state of the poll thus: O'Connell, 800; Vesey Fitzgerald, 538; majority for O'Connell 262. He then told them the election was virtually over.

The voting went on to Saturday. O'Connell's majority hourly increasing, until he was returned for Clare by a majority of 1,075, in a constituency not numbering much beyond three thousand voters; so that every available voter in the vast County of Clare seems to have voted on the occasion. Two things were insisted on by O'Connell as essential to success: (1) That no friend of his should enter a public house during the election; (2) That no friend of his should receive during the election. Both

A Good Used Piano is often better than a cheap new one. We have all makes in those styles and instruments there in stock, prepared to play Pianos, and for that and have a good one, at a low price, and a good one, at a low price.

O'CONNELL'S WONDERFUL ORATORY "He knows that the Irishman is at once mirthful and melancholy; that he likes at the same time the figurative, the brilliant and the sarcastic, and so he breaks the laughter by tears, the sublime by the ridiculous. He assails in a body the Lords of Parliament; and, chasing them from their aristocratic covert, he tracks them one by one, as the hunter does the wild beast. He rallies them unmercifully, abuses them, travesties and delivers them over, stuck with horns and ludicrous gibbousities, to the howlings and hisses of the crowd. If interpellated by any of the auditors, he stops, grapples his interrupter, floors him, and returns briskly to his speech."

A CONVERT In a recent issue, The Lamp, edited by Father Paul James Francis, S. A., prints a letter received from a former Anglican clergyman, now preparing for the Catholic priesthood. "It is just a year ago, since I was received into the Catholic Church, and I must write to let you know that it has been a most blessed and joyful one to me. Bishop X— received me into his Diocese, and admitted me to the seminary in September. The life here is very pleasant in spite of, or rather I should say, even though the rules and regulations are strict.

"It surely is wonderful to experience the joy that comes to one just by being a Catholic, to feel sure of yourself, to have no doubts in your religion, to talk with others who think the same as you do, to have your religion taught you in a definite authoritative manner, to have it said 'this is the teaching of the Church,' not 'this is what the Rev. Mr. So and So has to say on the subject, and then to find out later on that hardly any other reverend gentleman agrees with him. But of course you know all this yourself from experience, and realize how I feel. I can only say that I am most thankful to our Divine Lord that in His mercy He saw fit to bring me on, and that my first year has brought me much peace and joy and many blessings."

The editor of The Lamp says he might duplicate this letter over and over again. This feeling of security is an universal experience with men and women who enter the Church.—The Missionary.

Accept and forget a slight. Do not worry about what people think or say of you. There is no happiness away from God, and pain and sorrow borne for His sake are passports to His Presence. The music of the voice has its apostolate. Fabulous prices are sometimes given for a voice. I want it as a gift for the sick and the dying. Sometimes the God of song and music is the first to enter into disconsolate hearts.—The Orchard Floor.



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