### SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

# CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Anybody who enters upon life with e idea that he can attain anything without labor or pain will be sadly deceived. Since the fall of our first parents it has been the lot of man parents to earn his bread in the sweat of his

Catholics and Public Duties. To take no part in public affairs would be as wrong as to bestow no care or labor for the common good; and the more so because Catholics are admonished by the very doctrines they admonished by the very doctrines they profess to be upright and faithful in the discharge of office; but if they remain inactive, men whose opinions give but small guarantee for the wellbeing of the State will easily seize the reins of government.—Leo XIII.

# Avoid Vacillation.

If you are a vacillator, if you have acquired a habit of hesitating, or of weighing and considering and reconsid-ering, never quite knowing what you want, you will never be a leader. This is not the stuff of which leaders are made ; for, whatever else a leader may lack, he knows his own mind. He knows what he wants, and makes straight for it. He may make mistakes; he may fall down now and then, but he gets up promptly and always pushes on. gets up promptly and alway -O. S. Marden in Success.

A Passport to Everybody's Good Graces, A Passport to Everyboar's Good Graces. Every one has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The person who can go without his dinner and not advertise

the fact ; who can lose his purse and keep his temper ; who makes light of a weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without any one being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in his finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in his neighbor's eye into a beam ; who swallows bitter without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up his own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all his friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of man-kind.

#### A Good Citizen

It is important-may, it is vital - to the success and credit of the Church to have her children truly balieve, and forth by their lives how truly show they do believe, that no man can be a they do believe, that no man can be a good Catholic who is not also a good citizen; that the obligations of loyal obedience to constituted civil author-ity, of faithful and zealous fulfilment of the several duties imposed on each amember of society by the law of the land — obligations which have been ever and everywhere unequivocally recognized and emphatically proclaimed by the Church — rest sacredly upon every freeman and forbid any surrender to selfishness or cowardice or sloth, any compromise with iniquity or dishonor, in the work which his country demands of him. It is not enough that this docaffirmed in our catechisms or trine be declared by our preachers : it must be recognized in our lives. When there recognized in our lives. When there shall be no unworthy citizen who is also in name a Catholic, the Catholic

also in name a Cathone, the Cathone Church will have no enemy whom any good man would wish to be her friend. Do not tell me that things such as • these concern not the Church. A Christian can not draw a sponge over his record as a member of civil society: that record will avail to fix his destiny; t does this it concerns the Even if she would she can and if it Church. not limit her mission, can not escape not limit her mission, can not escape dealing with evils by closing her eyes to their existence. For be well assured that if this field be given up to the enemy, his tares will spread to those adjacent. You can not abandon a heart adjacent. You can not abandon a near to sordid passions in the forum and hope that it will be pure and honorable and generous at the fireside. Burke has well said: "There never yet was long a corrupt government of a virtuous people."-Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.

# A Lesson in Time-Value,

# cupiscence burning within his breast, merely to enlighten and to refine him. merely to enighten and to renne him. He wants something more than light; he wants strength, interior strength. Now this power, which is at once light, health and life, is divine grace, and the chief fountain of grace is the sacra-mental system designed by the Almighty to apply to man the all refreshing and to apply to men the all refreshing and vivifying stream of Christ's precious blood. Life is tumultuous and dis-

blood. Life is tumnitious and dis-sipating; temptations are numberless; the world, the devil and the flesh awfully strong, and heaven can be reached only by conquering them all; but let us be of good cheer—sacramental grace dispensed by the Church will give us strength to achieve the victory and win the crown. \* \* \* In the face of the scornful infidelity

of the age, it is a noble, consoling, sub-lime spectacle to see our Catholic young men rising up everywhere to proclaim openly, fearlessly, their whole souled faith in the Roman Catholic Church, her tenets, her doctrines and her practices. Give me the practical, earnest, sin-

cere Cathelic young men, the men of faith and deeds. Give me the men that realize the existence of the better world beyond the grave, the men that love God above all things-men that fears in more than all other evils; men who strengthen their weakness with power from above-and with such men, as with the lever of Archimedes, I

could move the world .- The Monitor. Pointing a Good Moral.

In a talk to one of his confirmation classes recently, Bishop Hartley told the following story : About twenty-two years ago the

Bishop, then Father Hartley, was con-sulted by a Catholic man who occupied a clerical position with a large corpora clerical position with a large corpor-ation. He was discouraged to find that promotion was very slow coming his way, but saw, to his dismay, that clerks less competent were placed ahead of him, all for the simple reason that they belonged to the same secret society as the heads of the firm, and when advancements were to be made these were favored, to his exclusion. He wanted Father Hartley to tell him why the Church was so severe against secret societies. The priest gave him he Church's good reasons-its objection to the ritual which led the members away from their own Church ser-vices, and so on, and advised him to be true to His Church no matter what ame. After some conversation the nan left, satisfied with the reasons given, and resolved to continue to be as he always had been, a loyal son of the Church.

The years rolled around, and some four weeks ago, Bishop Hartley met the same gentleman for the first time since that memorable conversation; and after the first greetings were over, the Bishop's mind naturally reverted to the bishop's mind naturally reverted to the subject then discussed, and he asked the man how he had gotten on. His reply was that he had more than prospered. He is now a member of the orporation of which he was then but a c'erk. Two of his sons are getting alaries of \$2,000 a year each, tw daughters happily married, and two at home with the parents. "No, indeed, I never regretted tak-

"No, indeed, I never regretted tak-ing the advice you gave me that day, Bishop," said the gentleman. "Shortly after that things began to go wrong at our place of business. The clerks in responsible positions became dissipated and grew careless at their work, with the result that the firm soon patiend the result that the firm soon noticed the danger to its standing. After futile efforts to make them attend to business properly, the dissipated ones, whom I had formerly envied for their advancement, were dismissed, and I was given a position of trust, finally becoming a

member of the firm," The popular belief that only the "man with a pull" forges ahead nowa-days, could have no better disclaimer than the above. Integrity coupled with merit, will always win. Some Helpful Thoughts.

There is no eloquence more powerful r persuasive than good examp

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

League Leaflet.

#### A TRUE LOVE FOR THE DEAD OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven. THE PROVING OF JOSIE. When Mrs. Wilcox was left a widow,

when are, when we was left a when when the set of the s f iture. good deal of money, owing to a bank failure just before his death. She had herself and her two girls to think of, and to live as cheaply as possible, and to augument her income by earning money, were two things that she saw

were most imparative. One autumn afternoon, a year after widowhood, she returned to the her widowhood, she returned to the little lodging at A.—, a suburb of London, feeling very sad and with a sigk beart. A heavy fog that had hung over London since morning thick-ening as the day drew to a close, af-fected her spirit as well as her breath-ing. She was sensitive to weather, and She was sensitive to weather, and ing. her environment, and the atmosphere of the lodging-house depressed her as she lot herself in with the well-worn latch-key. Her foot caught in a hole in the oilcloth as she crossed the tiny passage, while sounds of uneducated voices coming up from the kitchen stair fell upon her ear. There were odours of cooking, parafin oil and general stuffi-ness combined, which that evening she felt oppress her more acutely than

ever. Mrs. Wilcox, that evening, was thoroughly tired and footsore, having walked long distances to save train and omni-bus fares, missed her way more than once and, woman like, having had a very inadequate lunch of a cup of tea and a bun.

In Fleet Street she dropped her parcel of sketches, and the string having broken, two or three had fallen, to be immediately spoilt on the pavement. Before dropping her sketches, Mrs. Wilcox had taken them to several publishing houses, where, in some instances she had never succeeded in seeing the art editor, while in others she had done so only to have discouraging remarks made upon them. No one gave her a word of encouragement about them, and she was gradually becoming con-vinced that her hopes of earning money vinced that her hopes of earning money by doing illustrations were doomed to disappointment. It had been a recent idea, for before then she had tried many ways of which she had heard for bbtaining work, and all had been in vain. She had received the ordinary vain. She had received the ordinary education of a lady, but had no certi-deates of any kind, and consequently was unable to compete with those who were well armed with diplomas and guarantees of capability. When she reached the little sitting room on the second floor, the fire was out, and by the light of a small, and by or means oddriess lamp. sat a girl

out, and by the light of a small, and by no means odorless lamp, sat a girl whose dark hair was falling over her hands which supported her head, which was bent over a book. Josie did not hear her mother enter, as she did not hear her mother enter, as sub-was deep in her reading, and Mrs. Wilcox went into the bed-room, which opened off the sitting-room, to find Veronica replacing articles in a trunk which she had been unpacking to get a

some winter clothes. "Oh, mother, darling, here you are," said Veronica. "Are you wet? I am afraid you are. I will help you off with your jacket," and the girl gave with your jacket," ter mother a kiss before she proceede

to help her. Veronica, at sixteen, was even more beautiful than she had been as a child. Her darkly lashed blue eyes contrasted so well with the golden-brown har which curled naturally over her fair open forehead. The colouring of lips and checks was delicate, the features almost perfect, and the expression of the face was sweetness itself. To the tired mother it was very grateful to have those small gentle hands rendering her loving service, and as Veronica, kneeling before her, was removing the

boots to replace them with soft, com-fortable shoes, Mrs Wilcox stooped and kissed the soft silky hair of her favorkissed the soft silky hair of her favor-ite daughter. Josie, who had roused herself from her Shakespeare, and who had just opened her mother's door, saw the action, which gave her at the same time a pang at her heart. "Shall I get tea ready, mother ?" she inquired in a brusque voice. "Yes, certainly, Josie, you know quite well how much I must need it," said Mrs. Wilcox sharply, "I shall have to light up the fire, for it is out," said Josie.

Surprise A true love for the dead is shown not by a vain and inconsolable sorrow, nor yet by the tenderness with which we cherish the memory of their stay with us on earth, but rather by the comfort we take in rendering to them the kindly offices which can benefit them, body and soul, now and for the " Concerning them that are asleep," St. Paul bids us, "be not sorrowful even as others who have no hope." For they are only asleep. Be sorrow. ful, yes, but hopeful too. Do not, therefore, treat the bodies of the dead either as if they are all of the dead either as if they are all that is left of them, or yet as if the quicker we put them out of existence the better. Do not deck them out in gaudy attire, or lavish on them all the worlds, of our orders as if to mock wealth of our gardens, as if to mock the corruption to which they are sub-ject. Do not on the other hand, at-tempt to annihilate or utterly destroy. SURPRISE as some think to do, the corruptible which must one day put on incorrup-tion, the mortal which must put tion, the mortal on immortality. The grave is the fitting receptacle for the dead, not the furnace. The cemetery, consecrated and properly kept as a garden of repose, signifies the place of refreshment, light and peace, in which we trust the spirits of the departed faith-ful dwell. Not content with having the Mass of requiem offered for their souls, we should keep up the good old Catholic custom of the Month's Mind and Anniversary Mass, and occasionally also have the Holy Sacrifice offered for our Soap departed. It is the only sacrifice is common for the living and the dead, and through which we hope to be united with them in a happy immo tality. NEWMAN ON THE PAPACY.

"In the midst of our difficulties have one ground of hope, just one stay, but, as I think, a sufficient one, which serves me in the stead of all other argument whatever, which hardens me against criticism, which sup-ports me if I begin to despond, and to ports me if i begin to despond, and to which I ever come round when the question of the possible and the expedi-ent is brought into discussion. It is the decision of the Holy See. St. Peter has spoken, it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken and has a claim on us to He has spoken and has a claim of us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no pro-jector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all cetures he has procure he has seen all fortunes, he has encour tered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If over there was a power on earth that had an eye for the times, who has confined him self to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from ger e ation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church.

## TO CONQUER WORRY.

Get into gear ! Banish worry ! Rise Get into gear ! Banish worry ! Rise above it. Conquer the disease. Struggle against it until you win. Be not disheartened at repeated failures. Defeat but adds to your strength, if you keep up the fight. The glories of the victory amply repay years of effort. "I never knew what happiness or suc-cess really was until I got rid of worry," says a friend. No matter what may be the cause of your worriment, to worry over it will

No matter what may be the cause of your worriment, to worry over it will do more harm than good. "Then shall we 'let things slide,' and not try to im-prove conditions?" By no means. But instead of weakly worrying about them, tackle them in earnest. Do a good day's work at it, whatever your duty or problem may be; eat well, live simply, do as you would be done by, simply, do as you would be done by keep your head level, use your best udgment, drink in the inspiration of Judgment, drink in the inspiration of nature, seek the co-operation of the Spirit, acquire repossful poise — re-sourceful strength will come, you will sleep like a babe, worry will disappear, each day you will awake in a new world and to a more glorious existence. and to a more glorious existence.



#### ORIGIN OF A FLOWER.

The daisy is an Old World flower adopted into American soil. It is told that when the early Christians of Britain were persecuted and in danger of death, St. Bruon begged his sister, St. Olle, to take her maiden compan

St. Olle, to take her malden compan-ions and flee from their savage enemies. After the persecutions ceased, the good Bishop sought his sister, but could not find her. Then he asked for a sign from Heaven that he might know where she had gone, and in an swer there sprung up in his pathway flowers with hearts of gold and starry

nowers with nearts of gold and starry rays of purest silver. "I will follow," he said. And for days, which lengthened into weeks, he walked in the way those mute guides beckoned. And at last he reached a desert place where hidden behind a rock, was the maiden Olle, with her

rock, was the maiden Oile, with her faithful companions. "Thus," says. an old chronicle, "did the dear Lord lead the good and wise Bishop by a daisy chain of flowers with hearts of gold."

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not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of !"-(Franklin.) Franklin not only understood the " Dost thou love life

value of time, but he put a price upon it that made others appreciate its worth.

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A customer who came one day to his little book store in Philadelphia. Not being satisfied with the price demanded by the clerk for the book he wished to purchase asked for the proprietor. wirchase asked for the protocol "Mr. Franklin is very busy justow in the press-room," replied the clerk. The man, hewever, who had already spent an hour aimlessly turning over books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the news-paper establishment at the back of the

store. "What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir ?" asked the leisurely customer, hoiding up the volume. "One dollar and a quarter" was the prompt reply, "A dollar and a quarter ! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, " and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to better afforded to take a dollar than to

leave my work." The man, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether Mr. Franklin was in as to whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest, said, jokingly, "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this bock." "One dollar and a half," was the grave reply. "A dollar and a half I Why, you just offered it for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now." Without another word, the crest-fallen purchaser laid the money on the counter and left the store. He had learned not only that he who squanders his own time is foolish, but that he who wastes the time of others is a thief.—Success.

thief .- Success.

The Men To Move The World. Father Sasie, S.J.

Father Sath, S'J. The tendency of modern civilization, which ignores the Gospel, sneers at the Church and scoffs at the sacraments, is to substitute respectability, decorum and honor for the horror of sin and the fear of God. But, alast all in vain for and honor for the horror of sin and the fear of God. But, alas! all in vain, for there are wild passions in the human heart which laugh such frail barriers to scorn. It is useless to such a being as man now is, with all the fire of con-

Tread carefully every day the path in which Providence leads; seek no-thing, be discouraged by nothing, see duty in the present moment; trust all with reserve to the will and power of God.

There is only one stimulant that There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates —Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man — up to his heart, maybe — into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing .- Lamartine.

Despise not the poor and unfortunate for in many instances they are God's chosen ones. He Himself was one of them, and by His life of poverty and them, and by HIS HIE of poverty and tribulation opened unto us the gate of eternal joy. In helping them, we are doing His work, and our lives must be sweeter, tenderer, for the act.

In the firm control of our thoughts lies the secret of the most wonderful lies the secret of the most wonderful possession of which we can boast-character. It is quite as much a mat-ter of habit as of will, this being hon-orable, truthful, just, having formed our principles of right living, con-science invariably points to a whole-hearted loyalty to them. And when baser motives plead, why, here is just where your will power may profit by exercise.--M. L. Leibrock. Operchanities do not come with their

Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in a single hour comes, quite like other hours. But in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every onat day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come, whether open faced or disguised.

open-faced or disguised. open-faced or disguised. Everyone of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penum-bra-a strange indefinable something —which we call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it .alls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we want to have it, and then lay aside at will, as we lay

for it is out," said Josie. "How careless of you to let it go out," said Mrs. Wilcox, "but I out," said Mrs. Wilcox, "but I suppose if you were reading you forgot all about it. Well, do get some wood and light it up, for it's of no use wait-ing until Amelia comes. You knew I should be back about 5; you might have the up that of it " have thought of it."

Josie was silent. " If you will light the fire, Josie, I " If you will light the fire, Josie, I will get some hot water from Amelia, and that will boil up quickly," said Veronica, who was wiping her mother's damp jacket. " Now, mother, you must just lie down on the sofa and we shall have tea quite soon. I had no idea it was so late." Very soon Veronica had shaken up

idea it was so late." Very soon Veronica had shaken up the cushions on the hard horse-hair sofa, and, nothing loth, Mrs. Wilcox lay down, watching Josie making up the fire. The water was soon boiling, the table spread, and Josie proceeded to cut some bread and butter, cutting her firear as she did so.

to cut some bread and butter, cutoling her finger as she did so. "Do leave it alone, Josie. Veronica will do it," said Mrs. Wilcox, as Josie wound her handkerchief round her fin-gor. "You certainly are very clumsy. Go into my room, and in the top drawer of the dressing-table you will find some court plaster," and Josie obayad obeyed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

" Death from heart failure, through excessive drinking," was the sad ver dist of a coroner's jury in a Cape Bre ton mining town last week. The young man had been drinking for six weeks, yet those who supplied him free-ly with lignor during that time would weeks, yet those who supplied him ree-ly with liquor during that time would be indignant if told that they were in any way responsible for his death.— Antigonish Casket.

## SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Edmund Burke once wrote a bit of hrewd and kindly advice to the Irish Edmund Burke once wrote a bit of shrewd and kindly advice to the Irish painter Barry, whose pugnacious dis-position was involving him in furious quarrels with the artists and dilet-tanti of Rome: "Believe me, dear Barry, the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are modera-tion, gentlences, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations—in snarling and scuff

soul as to pass away the in blockening and litigations—in snarling and scuff ing with every one about us. We must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, at least very much for our Is it worth while to neglect it? — A. B. O'Neill,

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are fruit juices in tablet form. They contain all the tonic and laxative properties of fresh fruits-and are a certain cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases. At druggists. 50 cents a box.

Whatever the now-and-then personal weaknesses of the Poet Moore, such gems as the following heart-prayer will never allow the brightness of his crown to grow dim :

The bird lei loose in eastern skies, When hastening fondly home. No'er stops to earth her wings, nor flies Where idle warblers roam. But high she shoots through alr and light, Above all low delay. Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

Nor shadow ends her nor every care So grant of passion free. Ald through virtue's purce air, To aid to cloud - no lure to stay My soul as home she springs -Thy sunstine on her joyful way. Thy Freedom in her wings! -THOMAS MOORE.

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y seen. is only necessary to read the testimontals on convinced that Hollaway's Corn Cure is equalled for the removal of corns, warts, It is a complete extinguisher.

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