

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Anybody who enters upon life with the idea that he can attain anything without labor or pain will be sadly deceived.

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.

Avoid Vacillation. If you are a vacillator, if you have acquired a habit of hesitating, or of weighing and considering and reconsidering, you will never be a leader.

A Passport to Everybody's Good Graces. Every one has a welcome for a person who has the good sense to take things quietly.

A Good Citizen. It is vital to the success of our country that the Church to have her children truly believe, and show forth by their lives how truly they do believe.

It is important to say, it is vital to the success of our country that the Church to have her children truly believe, and show forth by their lives how truly they do believe.

Do not let me tell you that things such as these concern not the Church. A Christian can not be a member of civil society; that record will avail to fix his destiny.

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.

What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir? asked the leisurely customer, holding up the volume. "One dollar and a quarter" was the prompt reply.

The man, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest, said, jokingly, "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half," was the grave reply.

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.

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.

There hangs about us a sort of pneumonia—a strange indefinable something—which we call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls.

cupiscence burning within his breast, merely to enlighten and to refine him. He wants something more than light; he wants strength, interior strength.

In the face of the scornful infidelity of the age, it is a noble, consoling, sublime 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, sincere Catholic 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 fear sin 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.

Painting 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 consulted by a Catholic man who occupied a clerical position with a large corporation. 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.

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 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 corporation of which he was then but a clerk. Two of his sons are getting salaries of \$2,000 a year each, two daughters happily married, and two at home with the parents.

"No, indeed, I never regretted taking 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 noticed the danger to its standing.

The popular belief that only the "man with a pull" forges ahead nowadays, could have no better disclaimer than the above. Integrity coupled with merit, will always win.

There is no eloquence more powerful or persuasive than good example. Tread carefully every day the path in which Providence leads; seek nothing, be discouraged by nothing, see duty in the present moment; trust all with reserve to the will and power of God.

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In the firm control of our thoughts lies the secret of the most wonderful possession of which we can boast—character. It is quite as much a matter of habit as of will, this being honorable, truthful, just, having formed our principles of right living, conscience invariably points to a whole-hearted loyalty to them.

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, and comes, quite like other hours. But in comes, quite like other hours, the chance of that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOHRKE.

The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven.

When Mrs. Wilcox was left a widow, she found herself with a very small income indeed, most of that belonging to her husband having died with him.

One autumn afternoon, a year after her widowhood, she returned to the little lodging at A—, a suburb of London, feeling very sad and with a sick heart.

Mrs. Wilcox, that evening, was thoroughly tired and footsore, having walked long distances to save train and omnibus 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 spilt 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.

When she reached the little sitting room on the second floor, the fire was out, and by the light of a small, and by no means odorous lamp, sat a girl whose dark hair was falling over her hands which supported her head.

"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 her mother a kiss before she proceeded 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 hair which curled naturally over her lips open forehead.

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"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 it up for you, if you are so careless of me to let it go cold," 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 waiting until Amelia comes. You know I should be back about 5; you might have thought of it."

Josie was silent. 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 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 finger as she did so.

"Do leave it alone, Josie. Veronica will do it," said Mrs. Wilcox, as Josie would her handkerchief round her finger. "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 obeyed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

A TRUE LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

Longue Leaflet.

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 future.

"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 sorrowful, yes, but hopeful too.

Do not, therefore, treat the bodies 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 wealth of our gardens, as if to mock the corruption to which they are subject.

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 departed. It is the only sacrifice which is common for the living and the dead, and through which we hope to be united with them in a happy immortality.

NEWMAN ON THE PAPACY.

"In the midst of our difficulties I 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 supports me if I begin to despond, and to which I ever come round when the question of the possibility of the expedition 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 trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth that had an eye for the times, who has confined himself 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 generation 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 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 success really was until I got rid of worry," says a friend.

No matter what may be the cause of your worry, to worry over it will do more harm than good. "Then shall we let things slide, and not try to improve conditions by 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, keep your head level, use your best judgment, drink in the inspiration of nature, seek the co-operation of the Spirit, acquire reposeful habits—your daily 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."

SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Edmund Burke once wrote a bit of shrewd and kindly advice to the Irish painter Barry, whose pugnacious disposition was involving him in furious quarrels with the artists and dilettanti 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 moderation, gentleness, 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 as dignify our noble kind, and such as contribute to our peace and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickering and litigations—in snarling and snuffing with every one about us. We must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, at least very much for our own." Excellent advice!—A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.

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Surprise Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text: Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day. The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

Maypole Soap advertisement. Text: Dye at Home. Buy a cake of that famous English Home Dye—Maypole Soap and do the work at home—safe, easy, pleasant dyeing. Use it as you would soap—clean soap! The days of powder dyes are over. Maypole yields fadeless, brilliant colors and dyes to any shade wanted. No streaks. A few minutes time only needed in your own home with Maypole Soap. Made in England but sold everywhere. See for Colors—see for Black. Book all about it free—address Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

GOLD DOLLARS advertisement. Text: DOES IT PAY TO BUY A CHATHAM INCUBATOR? Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each. You can get one of the CHATHAM 100 EGG INCUBATORS with BROODER to match for \$10.00 in 1905; \$10.00 in 1906 and \$11.00 in 1907, without interest. These machines will hatch and take care of as many chickens as ten hens. Ten hens will lay sufficient eggs during the time that it takes to hatch and brood their chickens to pay each yearly payment on Incubator and Brooder. Making a moderate estimate of the number of times that the above machine may be used, in each year, as four, you have forty dollars as the earnings, over and above what you would get from the old way, take off ten dollars which is the yearly payment for machine, and you will have left thirty dollars earned on the expenditure of ten—which is gold dollars at twenty-five cents instead of forty cents each. This is only one of the many cases of profit attainable from the use of the CHATHAM INCUBATOR. Head quarters for this district: No. 9 Market Lane, LONDON, ONT.

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. Olla, to take her maiden company 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 answer there sprang up in his pathway flowers with hearts 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 Olla, with her faithful companions. "Thus," says an old chronicler, "did the dear Lord lead the good and wise Bishop by a daisy chain of flowers with hearts of gold."

A Poet's Heart Prayer.

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 is loose in eastern skies, When hastening forth to home, Never stoops to earth her wings, nor flies Where idle waters roam, But high she floats through air and light, Above all low delay, Wins a noisier earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care And strain of passion free, Aloft through virtue's purer air, To hold my course to face! No sin to cloud—no lure to stay My soul, as home she brings— Thy sunshine on her joyful way, Thy Freedom in her wings! —THOMAS MOORE.

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