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greater interest in them, if we have formed the good will habit. We feel that if we only had the opportunity of knowing them, we should like them. In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit makes us feel more symptomic and the state of the s pathy for every body. And if we radiate this helpful friendly feeling, others will

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

The Good Will Habit. The habit of holding the good will, kindly attitude of mind toward every body has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above

character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it en-riches and enlarges the whole life.

Wherever we meet people, no matter it they were strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them,

reflect it back to us. On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interests our own comforts, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while,

others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and marbleize the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic, and uninteresting.

Try this year to hold the kindly, good will attitude toward everybody. If your nature is hard you will be surprised to see how it will soften under the new influence. You will become are symmathetic, more charitable to sympathetic, more charitable to ward others' weaknesses and failings, and you will grow more magnanimous and whole souled. The good will atti-tude will make us more lovable, inter-esting, and helpful. Others will look upon us in the same way in which we regard them. The cold, crabbed, unocial, selfish person finds the same qualities reflected from others.

How much better it is to go through

with a warm heart, with kindly feelings toward everybody, radiating good will and good cheer wherever we Life is short at most, and what satisfaction it is to feel that we have scattered flowers instead of thorns, that we have tried to be helpful and kind instead of selfish and churlish. The world builds its monuments to the unselfish, the helpful, and if these monuments are not in marble or bronze. they are in the hearts of those whom their inspirers have cheered, encour-

aged, and helped. All of us, no matter how poor we may be, whether we have succeeded or failed in our vocations, can be great successes in helpfulness, in radiating good will, good cheer, and encourage

good will business, and it is infinitely better to fail in our vocation and to succeed in this, than to accumulate great wealth and be a failure in help ess, in a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward others.

The habit of wishing everybody well,

of feeling like giving everybody a God-speed, ennobles and beautifies the character wonderfully, magnifies our abil-ity, and multiplies our mental power. We were planned on lines of nobility; we were intended to be something grand; not mean and stingy, but large

and generous; we were made to God's image that we might be God like. Selfishness and greed dwarf our natures and make us mere apologies of the men God intended us to be. The way to get back to our own, to regain our lost birthright, is to form a habit of holding the kindly, helpful sympathetic, good will attitude toward

When Hate is Met with Hate, How little we realize when we hur thunderbolts of hatred toward another that these terrible thought shafts always come back and wound the sender, that all the hateful, revengeful, bitter thoughts intended for another are great javeling hurled at ourselves

How many people go through life lacerated and bleeding from those thrusts which were intended for others! Think of what people who refuse to speak to another, because of some fancied grievances or wrong, are really doing to themselves! How this venom intended for another poisons their own

minds and cripples their efficiency A kindly feeling, a feeling of good will toward another, is our best protec tion against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind. Nothing can metrate the love shield, the good ll shield. We are unharmed behind

It does not matter what feelings of revenge and jealousy a person may have toward us, if we hold the love thought, the charitable thought toward him, his javelins of hate will glance from us, fly back and wound only him

How easily, beautifully, and sweetly some people go through life, with very little to jar them or to disturb their equanimity. They have no discord in their lives because their natures are harmonious. They seem to love every-body, and everybody loves them. They have no enough the second little suffering no enemies, hence little suffering or trouble.

Others, with ugly, crabbed, cross-grained dispositions, are always in hot water. They are always misunder-stood. People are constantly hurting them. They generate discord because they are discordant themselves.—Suc-

The Only Sure Way.

"The only sure way of avoiding the abuse of alcoholic beverages is not to use them at all," says Father Lambing in the Observer. "Many young men, scarcely more than boys, seem to think that beginning to drink makes men of them, when in many cases it makes beasts or fools instead. Occasionally, but not often but not often, one hears middle aged men declare, and with evident expressions of satisfaction, that they have never tasted alcohol in their life; and they have good reason to felicitate themselves, for they avoided an evil that

speaking; in disease it is neither a food nor a poison, but may be a suitable and helpful drug, but in practise it can be just as well done without. It should be called what it rightly is, a drug, and not a drive. Its pupe as a drug, and not a drink. Its use as a drug will then be rightly restricted, as in the case of other drugs, to the intelligent direction of physicians. If alcoholic everages are to be given to the sad or distressed, or to deaden pain, they should be given, as other drugs, by a physician; for their disadvantages so far outweigh their useful effects, that their use must be emphatically con-demned. For the foregoing «tatements, see the Catholic Eacyclopedia and Doctor Edward's 'Hygiene,' both conservative Catholic works; and for their truth, to use the doctor's words, 'I refer you, without fear of contradic tion, to any intelligent physician.
-Sacred Heart Review.

The Night Life of Young Men. From Father Dunne's Newsboys' Journal

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keep-the day forever empty. Night is sin a harvest time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored lights are ablaze with attrac tions; the saloots and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends are brillantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment, the gay gambling dens are allame; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness and ope out of thousands of lives.

The city under the electric light is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a handred fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming. Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out a chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your

name.

It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman pacing the beat, what of the night? Where do these young men spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and at what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit? Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in a morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for new and newer sinful pleasures. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare go to their place of business; some would not return at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young man, that in the retina of the All Seeing Eye there is nothing hidden but shall be revealed one day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

BY LADY HERBERT.

Many people complain that faith in these days has grown cold: that the reason why our Lord works so few miracles is on account of our material-ism, and that we are too much absorbed

"Father W--- was once assistant north of England. The regular chap-lain was ill, and he went to supply his duty for a time. He said he was rather discouraged at first by the number of Methodists about the place, and felt how difficult it would be to make many con versions amongst them. Still the Catholics who attended the chapel were very fervent, and many of them had been received into the Church, they told him, during the last few years so he resolved not to be easily dis couraged, but to work and pray. At the bottom of this gentleman's park a poor boy, living in one of his cottages, was dving of consumption. He was the son of very respectable working people who were Wesleyans: but he had him self been brought up in the Church of England. He was a singularly nice lad: and the lady of the big house used te go and see him constantly and sup-ply him with every little thing he wanted. As she saw his hopeless state she was very anxious that he should be brought into the Church, and asked Father W--to try what he could do, while she would have a novena prayers said for him. Father W went accordingly: but though the boy was very good and liked his visits, he did not show the slightest sign of wish did not show the slightest sign of wish ing to become a Catholic. One day when they had been talking to gether for some time, and Father W—— had been telling him some stories, the lad said very simply: 'Well, I can't see why people fancy Catholics can't be saved. I think they can (when they are good like the people you have been telling me about) quite as much as we Protestants!'

not touch on any disputed points. A few days later Father W—— while saying his Mass had a certain strong

On his return he passed by the door of your health ?'

Church, whatever that might be, would

", Yes! yes!' answered the boy,

eagerly. ... Well, then, I am going to say a little prayer for you to that effect, just as if Our Lord were present and on were speaking to Him. And you oust repeat it after me and say it with all your heart, mind !' The boy nodded ! assent. Father W-- took the pyx out of his breast and put it in his two hands, which he closed, and then said hands, which he closed, and then said a little prayer, invoking in his heart the Hely Host he was holding, for the ethree things; in which the sick boy fervently joined. He then gave him the pyx to kis, and solemnly blessed him with it: which the boy reverently accepted, not knowing what it all meant, but thinking it was simply a Catholic ceremony. When the priest got home, and had replaced the Blessed Sacrament in the ciborium, he blessed Sacrament in the ciborium, he Blessed Sacrament in the ciborium, he went to his room, and found, to his dismay, a summons from the Bishop to go immediately to a neighboring large town to supply for a sick priest who had been taken dangerously ill. This he was reluctantly compelled to do, leaving the sick boy who had so deeply

"The lady flew to the chaplain's nouse, who was fortunately at home and who, putting on his hat, ecompanied her directly to the boy's bedside. Ho was not like Father W—, but rather a 'rough and ready' though a good man: so he said straight out: 'Well, my boy, you have sent for me and here I am. But what do you want? Do you wish to become a Catholic?' 'Yes,

sir, was his instant reply.

"The lady left and went downstairs to speak to his mother: 'It's very odd, ma'am,' said the poor woman, sobbing. "I can't make it out, but ever since Mr. W --- came that last time he has thought of nothing else. He had never been for the Catholics before at all. And I've heard all Mr. W-- said to him, and it was only about Oar Lord and the Gospels. But it's all his own doing; he told me last night he never could die in peace if he wasn't a Catholic, and now nothing else will content him!'

"Then and there the boy made his confession to the priest, and told him that ever since that prayer and blessing of Father W——'s he had never been able to rest. He was so exhausted that evening that the priest went to fetch the Holy Oils and the Viaticum. His state of mind was quite beautiful; he seemed to understand everything without instruction, received baptism and the last Sacraments with the greatest faith and devotion, and died the next day, a heavenly smile resting upon his features as if he were already in possession of the Beatific Vision. And the holy old priest, Father W—— (in the midst of his labors in the big town where he had been sent) felt his heart full of joy and thankfulness at this fresh proof of our Lord's mercy and love, and a still greater confidence the Blessed Host which had worked so great a miracle."

DO CATHOLICS WANT A CATH-OLIC PAPER ?

Sometimes we doubt it. And it is not without reason we doubt it. We look around us and we see the welcome accorded the secular press; we can not help but notice how eagerly Catholic people purchase the daily papers. We glance through these papers, and alas we find many of them but a tissue of scandals, sensations, gross exaggera-tions, evil suggestions, false principles. Some of them are so unclean that they are not fit reading for any Christian eyes; some of them are deliberately designed to carry their foul message into the hearts and homes of the per Most of them are not proper reading to put into the hands of children. And yet our Catholic people eagerly buy them, read them, carry them to their homes, hand them to their little ones. spread their contagion, innoculate their friends and associates with their virus.

But when it comes to subscribing for a Catholic paper, how slow those erst-while eager hands are to pay the price. while eager hands are to pay the price. It is for the most part dry reading; still Father W—— persevered, and the poor boy used to look forward to his bright, pleasant talks, though they did not touch on any disputed points. A not touch on any disputed points. A self-love or foolishly dismiss all responsibility and onen the door to ease, to sibility and open the door to ease, to pleasure, to wilfulness, to sin. It tells of things that are sweet and pure, it Think, young men, when at seventeen you are asked to take your first drink, how proud and happy you will feel at forty if you can truthfully say that you do not know the taste of alcohol.

"Modern knowledge justifies the belief that in health alcohol is always a poison, biologically or physiologically

the sick boy, and a something, he knew not what, impelled him to go in, still bearing in his breast Our Blessed Lord. olic paper? A Catholic paper is a bearing in his breast Our Blessed Lord. He began to talk to him about the miracles, in the Gospels, of which the lai was very fond, and then said:
'You believe, don't you, that our dear Lord has just as much power now to work miracles as the had when He was at Jerusalem?' The boy replied 'Yes.'
Well,' continued the priest, 'if you were to meet Him now, and could ask in the form anything you wanted, what would you ask for? The recovery of your health?'

believe paper? A Catholic paper is a whilf of the pure air of heaven. It whilf of the pure air of heaven. It brings with it life and health. What better missionary labor may aty Catholic dath to spread Catholic paper? A Catholic paper is a whilf of the pure air of heaven. It whilf of the pure air of the pure your health?

The boy shook his head and said:
No, I would rather leave that to Him.'

Quite right,' replied Father
W——. 'But you would like Him to grant you tuil fergiveness of all your creed. They take our conscience into faults and a peaceful death bed, and their keeping. Time and eternity bealso that you might die in the true long to them. Every issue is a new creed, And the creed charges with

every edition.

Who can doubt the absolute neces sity of the Catholic press? What hom is secure without a Catholic paper is secure without a Catholic power must meet pulpit with pulpit. must meet paper with paper. We must sow truth without ceasing, for the missions of error are countless.—New

THE CONVERT'S ORDEAL.

It is in many cases a difficult and trying ordeal for such men, their sub mission to Rome, the long struggle, the uncertainty, and the breaking of many close ties. This month's Catholic World publishes a portion of The Diary of an Anglican Clergy which, while it makes intere ading, is at the same time very painful, manifesting a serious process though here and there the tenseness of

the parrative is relieved by an unco scious vein of humor, as for example "I had my interview with the Bishop. Towards myself he was most Bishop. Towards myself ne was allowed in the kind and sympathethic, stroked my knee and purred over me, quoted Scripture and proposed to engage in prayer, etc." He says in another par prayer, etc. "Who is to tell me the leaving the sick boy who had so deeply interested him without being able to see the result of what he had done. But he went to the lady of the house, told her about it, and implored her to go and see him as soon as she could. The lady went the next day and found the lady went the next day and grant and proportion. It can get no clear him much worse. As soon as she came and uncertain. I can get no clear in he cried out: 'Oh, Mr. W—— is answer from them. Rome, on the gone and the other chaplain passed by other hand, does give a clear answer, gone and the other chaplain passed by other hand, does give a clear answer, my door this morning and never looked and puts before me a definite, systemmy way! But I wanted him so much!' my way! But I wanted him so much!'
The lady replied: 'That was only natural, you know, as you are not one of his flock. But do you really want to see him?' 'Yes,' replied the dying boy. 'Please fetch him as soon as you can.'
"The lady flew to the chaplain's ledge of what the Anglican Church he." ledge of what the Anglican Church be-

lieves and teaches.' That is in a few words a clear picture of conditions, and yet how many struggle along year in and year out, daily ing with the important matter, and here and there alone does the brave one make the move and join Rome, alas! too often to find all his old time friends

perhaps forever estranged.

One peculiar feature in the lives of such brave souls is that once within the true fold, once secured and at rest, mentally, once they have felt the full effect of our Lord's words, "Peace be still," they are almost beside them selves with joy and without patience when their former friends do not follow. One may presume the cause for this feeling is their loving anxiety for the yet the number is daily growing and the "Road to Rome" is crowded, and the footprints of the brave and heroic

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

am reminded while recording these leasant facts, of a little story often told y one who went through the same ordeal while enroute to Rome, sub-sequently becoming a priest and event-ually a Bishop, and leaving his impress pon the pages of our missionary istory. It is something like this: Ie said he found while the Church was livine, it was also intensely human: and that in his earlier years as a Catho lie he always felt the faithful looked pon him with more or less suspicion. way. Even when as a Catholic Bishop he was confirming children it often struck him that the little children away. oked wistfully into his eyes as if to say, "are you sure you are a genuine successor of the Apostles?"

Then he would say he felt very often like the cow, that a son of Erin pur-chased from an Irish Protestant, who ssured the buyer that it was t t gave him no trouble enroute, follow d him peacefully and gently. His evening it was on their farm, but the husband insisted that it was better he should do so; which duty he began and everything went along smoothly until the milk-pail was nearly filled with the rich yellow fluid, when without warnng the animal reared up her heels and th a bold movement struck the pail, spilling the contents and spattering the milk over the Celt. He rose up in all strength, gave the animal a hearty whack and cried: "Hang ye! ye haven't all the Protestant out of ye yet!"—R. C. Gleaner in Catholic Columbian

In contrasting England and Ireland Mr. Birrell said: "No Irish Protestant ver becomes a A Catholic.' pondent in The Tablet remarks that there pondent in The Pablet remarks that there are at least five conspicuous proofs to the contrary in Limerick alone. They are: The Earl of Dunravin, who was Lord Lieutenant of Limerick, a gifted antiquary and scholar to whom Montalembert dedicated one of the volumes of The Monks of the West record. Six The Monks of the West ; second, Sir Stephen de Vere; third, Sir Aubrey de Vere; fourth. William Monsell, Postmas-ter General of England, and first Lord Emily; fifth, Mr Considine, of Dirk, D. L, perhaps the most popular man in

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DWELLERS 'MID TEMPEST AND CONFLICT.

A recent sketch of MacMaster, once ated the greatest of Catholic American ournalists, states that toward the close of his life he lost prestige owing to a singular circumstance. He first attracted attention because of the violence of his literary style. Later, there came a charge in Catholic public opinion—a fact which he failed to notice. As Catholics became better educated they grew to dislike intense journalism. His violent, abusive methods ceased to attract. The public he addressed began to sigh for Christian peace and finally egan to desert him. It was not a whi less Catholic than at first, but it had grown weary of the endless flashing o is journalistic long-sword, the crush of split skulls and the constant spatterng of blood.

The analysis is probably correct, but was it not true in the case of the great Brownson, also? He was a mighty fighter and unquestionably did preat ork, but eventually he grew into a Then he ceased to be a constructly oroe and his public began to desert fuller of hope and certainly fuller of

The late William Henry Thorne was an other disciple of violent journalism. The first issues of his Globe Review excited something akin to a sensation. But the interest didn't last. He might sereech like a fishwife, finally, but he couldn't attract attention. His public dropped off and finally his magazine suspended. It was dead several years before he gave it up, only he was not aware of the fact.

The moral of it all is that a journal ist must beware of degenerating into a common scold. There are evils which he must reprove, and injustices against which he must war, but he must also be pleased with something that exist upon this earth. He must fight for truth when truth is assailed, but he must be wary of the ancient method of violent onset. The cultured world soon soon grows tired of spectacular journal ism, and turns elsewhere to escape the ceaseless clash and clamor. A few months ago Cardinal Gibbons asserted that the great defect in the American Catholic press of the past and present is that often it is so violent in its championship of right that it defeats the good it intended to do by making the truth repellant. We do not know; it is certain, in any case, that the man who builds a great edifice is a mightier in our age, we will not live to see a general or national movement of the Anglicans to Rome, such as Cardinal Wiseman so sanguinely predicted. World.

> Catholic boys and the Daily Papers. The danger to faith and morals that lie in waiting for our young Catholic boys selling daily papers on the streets have long been recognized by pastors, says the Toledo Record. They see only too well the baleful effects of such employment.

ment. It was with the view of counteracting these effects that a Franciscan Fathe in Indianapolis warned Catholic parents against permitting their boys daily papers in the streets. There is no doubt that the one or two dollars earned by selling papers would be wel

comed by a poor family.

Yet the money gained is often acquired at the moral and spiritual risks of the boys. Running the streets of the city tends to make boys tough, and the perusal of the papers has a bad in fluence on their character. Moreover, parents sin in allowing their boys to sell yellow sheets, and often the money so earned is spent for amusements that bring ruin to youth.—Church Progress.

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