Why so Many Young Men Fail. "One trouble with many young men who start out in business is they try to

do too many things at once," says Hetty Green, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The result is that they don't know as

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. JEAN'S LETTER.

Six years old ; breeches broken at knees; hair blonde, curly, so rich and thick it would have coiffed the heads of two pretty ladies; two great blue eyes that still tried to smile a little, though they had cried so much a jacket well cut, but falling to rage ; a girl's shoe on one foot, a a girls since on one 105t, a boys boot on the other, both since and boot too wide and too long, turned at the toes and lacking in heels behind—this was

Little Jean, so cold and hungry this winter evening, who had eaten nothing since noon of the day before and who had finally decided to write to the who had linking decided to write to the Blessed Virgin. And how, say you, did Jeau, who no more knew how to write than he knew how to read, arrange this letter ?

sten, for it is that which I am

going to tell you.

Below there, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillou, at the corner of the avenue, not far from the Esplanade, there was a shop, in the days I tell of, of a public writer, for in those days also there were so many claims and petitions to be made to the Government and so many people, like Jean, that did not know how to write.

And the writer that kept this shop was an old soldier far on in years, brave man, but a little testy, who was anything but rich and had the additional misfortune of not being sufficiently chopped to pieces to secure admission to the Hotel des Invalides.

Jean, without prying at all, had meny times seen him through the es of his little cubby-hole smoking his pipe and awaiting custom ers, and so to day he entered fear-lessly with a civil "Good-day, monsieur. I have come if you please, for you to write me a letter."
"Ten sous, !!ttle one," Pere Bonin

responded, gazing over his spectacles at the midget before him. Jean had no cap and was therefore

unable to lift it, but he said very politely:
"Then excuse me," and he turned

to re open the door. But, pleased with his manners, Pere Bonin stopped him.
"Stay!" said he. "Tell me first,

little one, if you are the son of a sol dier." Oh, no!" said Jean ; "only

mamma's son, and she's all alone 'I see," said the writer; "and you have not the ten sous ?"

No; no sous at all," said Jean. Nor thy mother either, 'tis plain to be seen! And thy letter, little one-is it to make the soup come ?"

"Yes," said Jean; "exactly."
"Advance, then. Ten lines on a half sheet; one is never too poor for that

And Pere Bonin spread out his paper, dipped his pen in the ink and wrote at the top of the page in the of the quartermaster beautiful hand that once he had been :

Paris, January 17th, 188 -. Then, a line lower :

To Monsieur-

"Well, go on," said he; "how do you call him, baby?"

Who?" demanded Jean. "Parbleu! the gentleman."

"What gentleman, monsieur?" The one to make the scup come. Jean this time comprehended.

'But it isn't a gentleman," said he "Ah! bah! a lady, then?"

"Name of names, midget!" Pere Bonin cried; "don't you know to whom you are going to write a letter?"

"O, yes," said the child.
"Out with it, then, quick! I can't wait all day ! But little Jean stood all red and confused. The fact is, it is not as easy as it looks to address one's self to public writers for correspondences of this kind, but Jean was brave and pres-

ently answered softly:
"It is to the Blessed Virgin that I wish to send a letter." Pere Bonin did not laugh; not a

all. He simply wiped and laid aside his pen and took his pipe from his "See you, midget," said he,
"See you, midget," said he,
severely, "I don't want to believe
that you mock an old man; besides,

you are too small for me to trounce Out you go !" Face about : march ! Little Jean obeyed and wonderingly turned heel, or foot, rather, since hee

he had none: and seeing him so sub-missive, Pere Bonin a second time re-considered and regarded him more closely.

"Name of names, of names!"
grumbled he, "but there is misery in
Paris! What do you call yourself,

baby ?"
" Jean."

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"Jean what?"

"Nothing—just Jean."
Pere Bonin felt his eyes sting, but he only said:
"And what do you wish to say to

the Holy Virgin?"
"To tell her that mamma's been

asleep since 4 o'clock yesterday and that I can't wake her up." The heart of the old soldier suddenly stood still. He feared to comprehend.

He demanded again : "But that soup you spoke of a while

ago?" Yes," said the child, "I know had to speak of it, you see, because mamma before going to sleep yesterday gave me the last piece of bread."

'And what did she eat, pray?"

"Nothing for more than two days— she always said she wasn't hungry." "And you tried to wake her, say

you? How?" "As I always do-kissing her."

" Did she breathe?" Jean smiled, and that smile made

"I don't know, said he. "Don't we always breathe?"

Pere Bonin had to hastily turn his head, for two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his reply to the

child was another question.

"And when you kissed her," said
he, "you noticed nothing strange?"

"Yes, I did," said Jean—"how cold she was. But then it's always so cold in our house.

" She shivered, then your mammashivered with the cold?" "No; she was just cold, but so

retty-her hands crossed so, her head oack and her eyes looking at the sky. "And I wanted riches!" Pere Bonin murmured. "I who have enough to eat and drink, when here is one that died of hunger !'

And drawing the child to him he took him on his knee and softly began to talk to him. "Thy letter, my baby," said he,

'is written, sent and received. Now, take me to thy mother." o me to thy mother.
Oh! yes, I will, but—but why do cry?" demanded Jean, astonished. you cry?'

"But I am not crying, Jean—no, men never cry! 'Tis you, my preci-ous, who will soon do that!" Then, straining him in his arm and covering him with kisses: "I, too, know you, little Jean, once had a mother, whom I see even now in her bed, so pale and white, and saying to me, the image of the Virgin resting at her head: 'Bonin, my son, be an honest man always and always a Christian!' An honest man I have

een, but a Christian-ah, dame !" He sprang to his feet, the child still hugged to his breast, and speaking as

if to one invisible:
"But now, old mother, now, I say, rest thou in peace, for thou art going to have thy way. Friends may laugh and jeer if they will, but where thou art I wish to go, and there will I be led by this precious angel here who shall never leave me again. His letter, which was never even written, has made a double shot-it has given him a father and me a heart !"

That is all ; this story without end is done. I know no more save that some where in Paris to-day there is a man still young, a writer also, but not as

This man is a writer of elequent things.

His friends still, call him, "Jean," as he called himself, and though I know not either the name of the postmar that carries letters like these, they al ways reach their destination. - Catholic Home Annual.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A multitude of successive, small sacrifices may work more good in the world than many a large one. — George MacDonald.

The Worker Wins.

Business employers would vastly prefer boys of ordinary natural ability and a great deal of industry, than boys of marked genius, but lazy. It is the worker who wins, whether in business, in law, in medicine, in mechanics, or on the farm. Success is more than half won by him who knows to think and act, and utilize time. If the quality of industry is shown in the school boy, it is one of his strong est recommendations for a business

Gentlemen, Wake up! Nothing is so disheartening as the goes to Mass on Sunday; keeps the fast and abstinence; gives a little alms; is sober, kindly, industrious, charitable; a good father, a good husband. But he is asleep. He has a hundred chances of showing his seal for the Church, and he wastes them all. His apathy is all the more disheartening because he is otherwise so good. He is a religious man, yet he denies his service to religion. There are hundreds of such Catholics in all grades of society. They are a sad drag on the Church in this city. The priest may appeal Sunday after Sunday to arouse their interest in some good work, the poor, the schools, temperance, paying the Church debt, helping the young, some society, some confra-ternity. He might as well address ternity. He might as well address them in Chinese. They really don't understand that he is speaking to them. They refer the whole matter whatever it is, to the priest and a few zealous men who are always ready to exect themselves in the cause of religion, and they go home to their Sunday dinner, without the least suspicion that they are behaving in a rude and impious manner. Gentlemen, wake up

—Cathedral Record.

To Make Converts. Every Catholic layman, as well as priest, ought to be concerned about the conversion of non-Catholics. He knows that he holds the truth; that the Church alone was instituted by Christ, that Christ obliged all men to belong to the true Church, and that as a consequence those outside the fold are, to say the least, running a great risk of losing their souls. He, of course, very well understands the difference between be ing outside the fold voluntarily and being in good faith, as they say : still taking into account the frequent care-lessness in the administration of baptism by the sects, the absence of the many Catholic aids towards salvation, especially the sacrament of penance, the exterior righteousness which many seem only to look after, and making all allowance for the great mercy of God, he is anxious even about those whose sincerity is undoubted. Charity will thus urge him to do something for those who have not received so many of the blessings of Providence as him-

much as they ought to about any one thing, and they naturally fail. The trouble with young men who work on salaries is that they're always afraid of doing more than they're paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated a young man must do more than he's paid to do. When he does somehe's paid to do. When he does something that his employer has not thought of, he shows that he is valuable. Men are always willing to pay good salaries to people who will think of things for them. The man who always carries out the thoughs and ideas of another is nothing more than a mane tool. Man nothing more than a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in

For Bicycle Riders. Don't ride so that your toes just reach the pedals (the heels only should is strains the groin and loin and small of back muscles and may develop urin-

ary troubles. Middle aged men sometimes claim that bicycle riding injures their health. It will not do so if they ride temperate

demand. The scarcest thing in the

world to-day is a thoroughly reliable

man.

y and use a proper saddle. Bicycle riding will make a fat per on thinner and a thin person stouter or it will make the fat person fatter if he does not ride enough The fat person to reduce his weight must eat less fattening focds, drink less and ride

When you rest by the way side don't lie down on the ground without putting extra covering on, especially if per-

Don't drink much water or any other liquid when very hot or breath ing hard; gargle the throat, then take few slow swallows. Repeat this once or twice. Don't drink ice water at any

In taking a long ride, eat little and often of easily digested food, not boiled dinners, sausages or ham sandwiches. four light meals a day will do one more good than three heavy ones. Est slowly and drink little at the first part of a meal. Eat but little weet, starchy or pastry foods. Grains, vegetables, fruits and a little fresh meat the best foods.

Keep the back and chest well - protected in cold weather by wearing paper fibre lining in your bicycle coat you need to be more careful about this than if you only walked for exercise as you move more rapidly through the air. Over exercise tears down instead of builds up. It is moderate exertions that strengthen the muscles, not violent and fitful ones,

Huntington's Advice.

The late C. P. Huntington, the mil lionaire railroad president, is described " a most striking looking man. in stature he was six feet one inch and heavily built. He wore a heavy moustache and beard, which concealed some what the strength of his mouth and aw. Patience was one of pronounced characteristics. He would wait for years to accomplish something upon which he had set his mind.

Although he died worth many millions, he inherited nothing and began without a penny. So his advice to young men is worth considering.

Hore is what he wrote : "Now a few serious words to the boys with steut hearts and strong arms, and othing in their pockets, W the sober work of making a living be-

fore them.
'Take that work which is nearest to you until you can do better ; and work with a will, doing it as well as you pos sibly can, and so steadily that one might almost think the Fates were doing it. Do this and you will surely

succeed. "Be always true to yourself; work with an honesty of purpose, and spend no money for things you do not need. I never in my life used tobacco, and until I was fifty years of age I did not know the taste of wine or distilled liquors. It is interesting and instruct ive to figure out how much money boy commencing at fifteen years of age could have if he should save twentyfive cents a day and compound it semi-

annually at 5 per. cent. interest. It is hard for most young men to save. It is still harder to earn com-pound interest on his savings. But there is one safe and sure way which is comparatively easy, and that is by means of an endownment policy in tip-top life insurance company. Take an actual example :

Twenty years ago a young man who was then under eighteen years of age took out an endowment policy for \$1,000, and every year he has paid a premium of \$47.68, until he has saved in all \$958 60. This year, after being partected by assurance for transfer in all \$953 60. This year, after obtain protected by assurance for twenty years, his policy matures, and with nothing further to pay, he has the option of receiving in cash \$1,467 25, or a life policy for \$3,200, payable at his death. This has cost him, on an attail he his death. This has been average, 13 cents a day, so that if he had saved 25 cents every day, the amount suggested by Mr. Huntington, he would have received this year nearly \$3,000 in cash. Not a very large amount you may say, but it is made up of small sums which would probably have been frittered away if e had not been compelled by policy to save them, and it would either buy him a little home in the city or a farm in the country, or give him capital enough 'to start la business of his

Sympathy has in its own right a singular power of soothing the moral suf-fering of the forlorn and unfortunate.

—Archbishop Hughes.

OWD.

Christians, draw near to the Sacred Heart of your Redeemer, and there learn to forgive injuries. He bids you study Him and learn of His own Heart -"learn of Me because I am meek and humble of Heart." If we are moulded by our associations with and studies of the people round about us, why should not the man or woman who studies the heart of Jesus become forgiving? Draw near to that Heart. Live in it. Jesus is not like an oriental monarch, unapproachable amid His royal pomp. He wants to dwell among us, to be with Peer to the depths of that Hear and study its forgiveness. - Rev. C. A.

The venerable Mary of the Incarna tion relates that it was revealed to her on a certain occasion that the Eternal Father was insensible to her prayers. She sought to know the cause, and an interior voice said to her: "Petition Me through the Heart of My Son, through which I will hear thee. dress yourself to the Heart of Jesus, the cean of love and mercy, and He will obtain for you, pious soul, and also for all sinners, the most signal graces.

Some time before her death, St. Mechtilda earnestly asked of our Lord an important grace in behalf of a person who had asked her to pray for her. Seized with fear at the sight of the ter rible judgments with which the justice of God would visit this soul, she weeping bitterly, when our Lord adressed to her these consoling words:
'My daughter, teach the person for hom you pray that she must seek she desires through My Heart." There no heart so hard as not to be softened by the Heart of Jesus, nor any soul so disfigured through the leprosy of sin,

PRETEXTS OF THE LUKEWARM.

that His love cannot purify, console

Years ago our ancestors were mulcted of heavy fines for the misdemeanor of attending Mass. Undeterred by such penalties, they braved all dangers to assist at the Holy Sacri-Within the memory of most of fice. us, Catholic families have travelled ten and fifteen miles to assist at the Sunday services of the church; and the pioneer in the faith can relate many instances of the zeal displayed in early days out West by the earnest Catholic settler.

Among the faithless many faithful they. But with the increase of population and the growth of cities, come under our observation instances that disconcert in proportion as the earlier and bygone instances reassures.

Here in these well paved towns of adjacent churches and of timely services, are Catholics who miss Mass on days of obligation. Not maliciously, not wilfully, not carelessly - of course not-but upon pretext.

Look upon the two pictures. Place side by side the zeal and self-sacrifice of the persecuted and the pioneer, and the pretexts and practices of the luke warm. The precept of the Church has not changed. The duty of the Chris tian believer has not changed. The same tribunal of justice governed the same rules of conscience, remains. The same rewards and punishments continue. What were merits and oberits and ob. ligation then, is obligation to day. The zeal of the persecuted — braving every danger to hear Mass-was not gratuitous; the earnestness of the pioneer, travelling great distances, was

v or sur With these considerations in mind, let us hear the common pretext and excuses, alleged by lukewarm Catho-

The church is seven miles distant. Most of the lukewarm would make the journey for \$1, and consider the money eastly earned. But they will not travel to hear Mass or to save their souls. Eternity, vs. a few dollars; that is the issue, and the lukewarm Catholic re-

jects eternity.
Sickness and physical indisposition. There is a degress of illness, no doubt, that will justify absence from Mass on Sundays; contagious diseases or sickness that necessitates confinement to the house, are of the nature. But the slight indisposition sometimes deemed sufficient excuses for non-attendance at church, are nothing more than palpable deceits.

Children to take care of. A childish excuse indeed. Take care of them by setting them no bad example. Take care of them six days of the week, and all of the seventh except a few hours. So much, at least, can be af-forded to the divine sacrifice. This pretext is a mere subterfuge. It cannot quiet the conscience even of the lukewarm. The children will pretty assuredly grow up to resent in their conduct the "care" lavished at such a

Bad, stormy or rainy weather. Let the question be conscientiously answered: Would such weather deter me from attending to my business, or from taking advantage of an opportunity to make fifty or one hundred dol-lars? Or how often does the weather prevent me from going to my worldly prevent me from going to my worthy employment on week days? Such questions will undoubtedly be put in the searching cross examination, that the Christian soul will have to undergo

coming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like abl of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegatable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles, that, improperly arranged deprive them of the opportunity of hearing Mass. But will the object of the journey outweigh the spiritual loss occasioned? Ought such journeys be taken at such a cost? Late hours the previous Saturday night, occasioned sometimes by duty and some-

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED times by pleasure, are occasionally alleged. The presence of friends and visitors is sometimes a pretext. Much better that no such subterfuge should be devised; that the sinner should acknowledge his guilt like the publican and not gloss it over like a Pharisee.
A precept of the Church, like a com mand from God, cannot be lightly broken or easily forgiven. Few Cath olics can exempt themselves on any such pretexts from attending Mass on Sunday without the guilt of mortal sin. -Cathelie Citizen.

MISERY AND HEALTH

Story of Deep Interest to all Women

RELATING THE SUFFERINGS OF A LADY WHO HAS EXPERIENCED THE AGON IES THAT AFFLICT SO MANY OF HER SEX - PASSED THROUGH FOUR OPERA TIONS WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Throughout Canada there are thou sands and thousands of women who undergo daily pains, sometimes bor dering on agony, such as only women can endure in uncomplaining silence. To such the story of Mrs. Frank Evans of 33 Frontenac street, Montreal, will bring hope and joy, as it points the way to renewed health and certain release from pain. Mrs. Evans says: " feel that I sught to say a good for Dr. Williams' Pink Pfils, in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman am now twenty three years of age and since my eleventh year I have suffered far more than my share of agony from the ailments that afflict my At the age of sixteen the trou ble had grown so bad that I had to undergo an operation in the Montrea general hospital. This did not cure ne, and a little later I underwent an other operation. From this I received some benefit, but was not wholly cured and I continued to suffer from pains in the abdomen and bilicus headache. few years later, having with my husband removed to Halifax, I was again suffering terribly, and was taken to the general hospital, where another operaion was performed. This gave me relief for two or three menths, and again the old trouble came on, and I would suffer for days at a time and nothing seemed to relieve the pain. In February, 1899, I was again ob liged to go to the hospital, and under-went a fourth operation. Even this did not help me, and as the chloroform administered during the operation affected my heart, I would not permit a further operation, and was taken home still a great sufferer. In 1899 I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to do so. I have used the pills for several months and have found more relief from them than from the four operations which I passed through, and I warmly recommended them to all women suffering from the ailments which stillet so many of my

Writing under a later date Mrs. Evans says: " I am glad to be able to tell you that not only has the great improvement which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected in my condition continued, but I am now perfectly well. I had given up all hope when I began the use of the pills, but they have restored me to such health as I have not before known for years. grateful for what your medicine has ione for me that I give you permission to publish my letters in the hope that other women will follow my example and find health and strength happiness through the use of Dr. Wil-

liams' Pink Pills. No discovery in medicine in modern times has proved such a blessing to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorate the body, regulate the functions and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Other so called tonics are mere imitations of these pills and should be refused. The genuine bear the full name, "Dr. Williams bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. They are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock vile. Ont.

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