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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE MAN'S STEADFAST COURAGE

A short time ago hundreds of newspapers printed the story of a man who was relieved of the burden of an unjust suspicion which he had borne for thirty long years. As a young lad he was a registry clerk in a post office. A man came to the office with over \$3,500 which he wished to send by registered package. The clerk advised him against it, and urged him to deposit the money in a bank. The package was made up, properly registered and placed in the mail bag, and from that time all trace of it was lost for thirty years. The man who sent the money was not the least vindictive against him, except that he knew that the money was sent. The postmaster believed him innocent, and did not dismiss him; but suspicion lingered in the minds of many; it was frequently whispered that without doubt the clerk had the money.

The finding of the money after thirty years was the point that was emphasized as the remarkable thing in all the newspaper reports. An old and battered mail bag was sent out for repairs. It had made hundreds of trips, and afterwards perhaps it had remained idle for years in a heap of other old bags. When the workmen cut open the bag in the work of repairing, between the heavy leather linings he found an old Manila envelope containing the \$3,500 which had disappeared so mysteriously thirty years before. The news was instantly telegraphed to the press, and reporters went to interview the registry clerk, now the pastor of a church. They congratulated him on the clearing away of all suspicion, and they brought him to tell again the story of the way the money was lost; but none of them seemed to realize that there was a point in the story more interesting and inspiring than the remarkable way in which the lost money was found. It was the way with which that young man pressed forward in life with the heavy, cruel burden of unjust suspicion resting upon him. Many a young man would have broken down under it, and would have up and deserted in the middle of life. Some would have done worse than that; they would have become embittered against society, and would have taken the position that if they were suspected of the crime, they might just as well be guilty; there are criminals to-day, the beginning of whose downfall was in some unjust accusation.

But the young registry clerk was of better material than that. He remained in the post office, and attended quietly and faithfully to his duties; he looked steadily into the faces of those who suspected him of stealing the money; he completed his college and theological education, and was ordained as a clergyman.

He "lived down" the false suspicion just as far as it is possible for a human being to do that by a noble and useful life, yet he was never quite free from it. Here and there he had a glimpse of a serpent in the jungle. But it never made any difference with his purpose in life; he kept steadily onward, though often he suffered in his heart as only those can suffer who despise dishonesty, and yet know that some suppose them guilty of it. And it is this resolute determination to go forward in spite of the burden that constitutes the splendid lesson and inspiration of his life. There are other young men who are under a handicap in the journey of life. It may be an unjust suspicion; it may be some fault of another; it may be one of a dozen other things which cannot possibly be escaped. But none of these handicaps need mean defeat or ruin; they hinder, but they do not overcome those who press forward with undaunted courage and faith. The removal of the burden may come some unexpected way; it may be that, knowing himself to be innocent, he may strive for. The registry clerk would have borne his burden to the end of life if the missing package had not been found. Don't give up. Take up your burden, carry it as well as you can, and do not let it hinder you. Helpfully while you bear it.—J. Mervin Hill.

A KNIGHT'S PRAYER

Who has not heard of the Chevalier Bayard, called the knight "without fear and without reproach"? French history is full of his brave deeds, and when he was killed in battle as he was, fighting the rear guard of the retreating French army, even his enemies regretted his death. Although he was the man that most dreaded to meet in a fight, his honor and chivalry had won the love and admiration of all, and his kindness to prisoners taken in battle was remarkable in that age of brutality.

This knight was as humble as he was brave—and the two qualities are very apt to go together. It is related of him that, knowing himself to be dying, he commanded his soul to God with these words: "I know well that I will remain in the desert for a thousand years and live on bread and water, but I would not give me the right to enter Thy kingdom of Paradise, except Thy great and infinite goodness were pleased to receive me into it; for no creature in this world could merit so high a reward. My Father and my Saviour, I therefore beseech Thee not to regard the faults that I have committed, but let Thy great mercy be meted out to me instead of the rigor of Thy justice."

It is expressed in a few more words than the prayer of the publican which "God, be thou merciful to me a sinner!"—Catholic Columbian.

HOW STRUGGLE DEVELOPS CHARACTER

I do not believe it is impossible for a man to put forth the same amount of exertion, to struggle with the same desperation of purpose as when he feels that all outside help has been cut off; that he must stand or fall by his own exertion; that he must make his own way in the world or bear the ignominy of failure.

There is something about the situation of being thrown absolutely upon

one's own resources, with no possibility of outside help, that calls out the greatest and noblest thing in a man; that brings out the last reserve of effort. Just as a mighty emergency, a great fire, or other catastrophe calls out powers which the victim never before dreamed he possessed. Power from somewhere has come to his relief. He feels himself a giant, doing things which were impossible for him just before the emergency. But now his life is in peril. The wretched car in which he is imprisoned may take fire, or he may drown as he clings to the wrecked ship. Something must be done instantly; and, like the invalid mother who sees her child in peril, the power, the force which comes only in sheer desperation, rushes to him, and he feels a strength which he never before felt aiding him to escape.

Men has always remained close to the brute where he has not had to struggle to supply his necessities. Want has ever been the great developer of the race. Necessity has been the spur which has whipped man up from the Hottentot to the highest civilization. Inventors, with pinched, hungry faces of children staring them in the face, have reached into the depths of their being and laid hold of powers which brought miracles. Oh, what has not been achieved under the pressure of want, of stern necessity! We never know what is in us until we are put to the test, until some great crisis unveils the hidden power which lies so deep in our beings that no ordinary occasion can call it out. It responds only in emergencies, in desperation, because we do not know how to reach deep enough in the great within of ourselves to lay hold of it.

ACCOMPLISHING THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

A boy was telling his father of seeing a woodchuck up a tree. His father told him that that was impossible for woodchucks did not climb trees. The boy insisted that a dog got between the woodchuck and his hole and he just had to climb the tree. There was no other way out of it.

We do "impossible" things in life simply because we have to. Self-reliance has been the best substitute for friends, influence, capital, a pedigree, or assistance. It has mastered obstacles, overcome more difficult duties, carried through more enterprises, perfected more inventions than any other human quality.

There is something in human nature which loves the genuine, the true, the man who has an opinion of his own and dares to assert it, who has a creed and dares to live it, who has convictions and dares to stand by them.

There is a power in him holding the conviction that you are in the world for a purpose; that you are there to help; that you have a part to perform which no one else can take for you, because everyone else has his own part to fill in the great life drama. If you do not act your role, there will be something lacking, a want in the production. No one ever amounts to much until he feels this pressure—that was made to accomplish a certain thing, to fill a certain part. Then life seems to take on a new meaning.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"GIVE ME A JOB, BOY"

"I want a job." The head of the electric lighting concern looked up from his desk and saw a gangling boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet, respectful determination that carried conviction. "But," he said, "at any position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that—"

"I want a job interrupted the boy with an odd smile that didn't detract from the earnest determination of his gaze. "I've got a position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that—"

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant. "The boy was looking for that 'but' and caught it on the fly."

"You see it's this way, sir," he interrupted. "I've just finished at the manual training school, and I've made up my mind to get an electric lighting job. The thing for me and that I'm going to be started in it. It has a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm as he looked at the desk and saw another "But"—

He didn't get an inch beyond that depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with—

"I'll do for nothing, and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your payroll. You've got a good plant, sir, and I see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next few years. Electric lighting has just started, and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plant, "although I'm bound to say that I like your grit, and I think you are on the right track—and—"

"You just give me the job, sir," cut in the boy, "and I'll find something to do that will help you. There's always work to be done. I know that a boy would have a little technical training can find to do—work that needs to be done. Here's some references from my instructor and two or three business men who know me—"

"I look here," suddenly interrupted the man at the desk, "you certainly do have a job. And you're going to get it. I can see that right now. When you first spoke I knew you reminded me of somebody; but I couldn't think who. Now I know, when I was a boy we had a dog that used to go off into the woods and hunt down and keep at it till somebody hanted him up and chopped the tree down. You've got a sort of family resemblance to that dog. I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

"When a fortnight later, he called at the plant, the foreman remarked: "Say, that boy you sent out here's the oddest duck you ever saw. He takes

his job just as hard as if he were drawing profits or his salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own car fare."

Why, his aunt died the other day, and he didn't come for two days; but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly struck on his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job. "A little testing department would save you money," said the boy, "and it wouldn't cost much either. You buy a lot of material, first and last, and I've found out that some of it isn't up to the standard. They're working considerable off on you."

"How much will it cost?" asked the owner of the plant. Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory. He had it all ready, waiting for the question.

"Get it up and ahead," said the man, after he had glanced over the list. The laboratory was installed, and saved the business a neat sum of money. The day that the boy's period of gratuitous service was up he appeared again at the proprietor's desk and said, "My time is up, sir."

"But you stay," was the quick answer. "And the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you've been serving me."

And it did. That wasn't so long ago the electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be "absorbed." It has been absorbed several times since; but the boy who struck for a job stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists was waiting to accept the one man who couldn't be spared. They saw that he knew the business as well as he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite, and to-day he could buy the man who gave him his first job for a head of a big electric lighting concern, and gets a salary of \$12,000 or \$15,000 a year, besides profits in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who will stand in him to play the game to-day as that boy played it will win out. You couldn't keep him if you buried him under the dead weight of a skyscraper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to be taken up. It comes to boys who go out and beat the bushes for a job—just a plain job in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay—there's no end to them. They're in demand as being captured for exhibition purposes in museums.

Nothing can stand against a boy of this kind. The give-me-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs all over the place. And generally it comes sooner.—Chicago Tribune.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE

Grandmother always knew just the proper thing for a boy to do, and sometimes she would get her grandsons together, and peering over the tops of her glasses severely, would say to them: "Boys, if you want to be known as little gentlemen remember that the following things should be done:—

"Hat lifted in saying 'Good by' or 'How do you do?'"

"Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or to someone in a public place."

"Keep step with anyone you walk with."

"Always precede a lady upstairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place."

"Half the fun in most you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office."

"Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her."

"In the room is seated, and every lady who enters the room is seated and after you are seated and stand until she takes a seat."

"Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to."

"Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them."

"In the dining room take your seat after the ladies and elders."

"Never play with knife, fork or spoon."

"Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand."

"Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do."

"Blow the ladies leave the room and stand till they are out. If all go out together gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass."

"Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smoking of the pipe should be avoided."

"Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it."

"Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always."

"Always knock at any private room door.—True Voice.

OUR ANGEL GUARDIAN

There is no Catholic child but who is taught from its earliest years to lip a short prayer, morning and evening to its Guardian Angel, and this as a duty of gratitude as well as of devotion and reverence.

From the cradle to the grave, ever at our side God's holy angels are our earliest, truest, staunchest friends. As it is written: "He has given His angels charge over thee, that they may keep thy face, and keep thee in all thy ways."

And whereas human friendship is of no avail where our need is greatest angelic love is strongest in death, and will accompany the trembling soul even into the awful presence of the Supreme Judge.—Pilot.

Prayer for the Holy Souls

Special Devotion for November

Turn to Jesus, Mother Mary, and call Him by His tenderest names; Pray for the Holy Souls that burn This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Altho' they have fought a gallant fight; In death's cold arms they persevered; And after life's unceasing night, The harbor of their rest is near.

In pain beyond all earthly pains, Favorites of Jesus there they lie, Letting the fire wear out their stains And worshipping God's purity.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE ROYAL BREAD YEAST CAKES THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE MOST PERFECT MADE

A FRENCH PHYSICIAN'S CONVERSION

Dr. Amieuz, physician-in-chief of the Menier houses, in a letter which has become public, wrote to Marc Sagnier and made known to him the principal motive of his conversion. They are worth being treasured up by the apologetic. "My dear friend, I am to be a Catholic. I come to ask for your prayers. I cannot do without the Sacraments. You did well to submit to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you done otherwise, I would not very likely have become a Catholic now, for I have confidence in you, and you would have ruined my conversion. I have waited for your conversion. I have waited four years before taking this irreversible decision. I have studied the doctrine point by point. I have prayed to God. Our Lord Jesus Christ, and I have also implored the aid of the Blessed Virgin. After an incessant labor, and an effort of religious experimentalism which God alone knows; it is full of faith in all my responsibilities, I want to be a Catholic."

"With the new power that is in me, I believe in the Revelation, in the Trinity, in the Incarnation, in Grace, in the sovereign and inflexible authority of the Pope in matters of faith. I believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ,—born of the Virgin Mary, and risen on the third day,—in the Sacred Host, and in the efficacy of all the Catholic Sacraments."

"A philosophy of Sabatier or Harack or the variations of Protestantism do not satisfy my deep religious needs. It is a duty for me to glory God for my accession towards, and my possession of the Light, the absolute Truth."

When Dr. Amieuz was writing this beautiful letter, two other great physicians were dying in Paris, both the French and the Catholic Catholics, who by their val. life had shown most clearly that faith and science are by no means incompatible. Apropos of Dr. Raymond, La Croix made this judicious remark:—

"When recently the death of Dr. Raymond was announced, it seems that a pint was left in the dark, which deserved, before all else, to be put in full light. This illustrious physician, whose lights and various other experiments in psycho pathology, has lived as a practical Catholic, and has a most christian death. This shows how impudent are those materialists who declare that the christian faith is irremediable with the study of psychological manifestations as if science should result in aught but in confirming solidly established convictions."

Still we were told in the time of Charcot, that from the Salpêtrière would arise the light which would destroy all faith in the supernatural. And now we see that Charcot's successor has died as a believer in the existence of the soul and as a Catholic.—Freeman's Journal.

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS

Until Released by Wonderful Samaria Prescription

Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves. The steady or periodical (spree) drinker is often forced to drink even against his will by his unnatural physiological condition.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health and makes drink actually distasteful and nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given with or without the knowledge of the patient.

Thousands of Canadian homes have been saved from misery and disgrace by this wonderful Canadian remedy. The money formerly wasted in drink has restored happiness, home comforts, education and respect to the families formerly in want and despair.

Read the following one of the numerous testimonials received:— "I can never repay you for your remedy. It is worth more than life to me. My husband has been offered liquor see at times but would not touch it. He has had it for him now. May God's choice blessings ever rest on you and yours as my prayer ever. No one knows it but those who have tried it. As soon as I can I will see others that I know would give anything to stop their husbands from drink. I will give them your address. Mrs. K.—Dewinton, Alberta.

Now, if you know of any family needing this remedy tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him by relieving himself from its grip. It is a life saver. Samaria Prescription is used by physicians and hospitalists.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price etc. will be sent absolutely free from its sale in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sincerely confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedies Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

Truth is immutable. When the factors are the same there can be no change in the results. This applies to God, the human race and the link that binds them together. Therefore there never has been, and there could not be but one true religion. That religion has not changed since time began. Christ taught no new religion. His mission was not intended to teach, establish or introduce a new religion. Much less did He intend that any antagonism would exist amongst His people? His people. His mission was not to introduce or establish a new religion, but to suffer according to the decrees of His Heavenly Father, to fulfill the promises made to the prophets of the old law and secure for all men their union with God. Hence the futility and absurdity of the prevalent notion that religion must change to suit the spirit of the age and the customs of the nation in which it is preached.

TOO MANY CHURCHES

Our esteemed correspondent, Nom De Plume, who contributed several articles to this journal last May and June, again writes. This time it is not the Trinity, or Faith and Reason, that burdens his conscience, but a surplus of churches. A friend complains to him of being "obliged to contribute to several churches and of being very sore over it." Our correspondent, while agreeing with his friend, is unable to solve the problem or unravel the difficulties presented. We here give the letter in full.

"To the Editor of The Intermountain Catholic: Several days ago a leading business man called at my office and, with some heat, remarked:—

"The business men of this town ought to get together and serve notice on the church people that they must close up all but three or four churches. I am now contributing to several churches and I am getting very sore over so much church business."

"Very good," I replied; "you are right in principle, but who is to yield the proper city and do the killing? The Roman Catholics will never surrender their faith, so we shall leave the Catholic Church where it is. So much should you know about that hand-some building on Bank street? Your wife, I believe, is a member at that corner. Down the avenue a little way there is another stately edifice, where some of my most devoted clients worship. I should raise my hand against them if I would have a bed in the hospital before sunset. Yes, by all means let us clean out a dozen or more 'churches,' and I hope you may call a public meeting for this purpose. For my part, I am willing to abide by the decision of the majority. When shall you begin operations?"

"I reside in a Protestant community that is sadly over-church-ed; the religious bodies waste energy in salaries, fuel, lights and various other expenses. I do not call in question their sincerity of purpose, but I do doubt their display of common sense. Bryan says something of a man who might be able to add a story to the Tower of Babel, but the genius who can unravel the tangle of Protestant confusion will rank with Christopher Columbus and Sir Isaac Newton as a discoverer. Certainly I do not suppose that Christ ever intended any such antagonism to exist amongst his people."

Sneer it at, or showing the inconsistency of Protestant Christianity does not invalidate the argument against true religion. The true religion is necessarily Catholic for there is only one God, who is always and everywhere the same. The human race is one, and Science has attempted to destroy the unity of the race, or that all have sprung from Adam and Eve. But have their theories materialized into science? Certainly not. The relation between this one human race and one God is always and everywhere the same. Therefore, religion, which is in expression of this relationship, and prescribes the right and duties which arise from it, must be always and everywhere the same, and that same that is, Catholic and universal.

This was written more than half a century ago. If true, then, how much more applicable to-day, when the revealed word is cast aside by professing ministers of the gospel, churches are abandoned and the overwhelming majority of our people professes no faith.—Intermountain Catholic.

HEADACHE

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers. 25c. a box, at all National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, MONTREAL, 27

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