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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Wherein Many Men Fail of Success. Success is attained by few in its best and most valuable form. Many men become rich and many become famous, but not more than one out of a hundred men is ever truly successful. A man may be able to write a masterpiece of literature and still not be able to keep his own life pure, or beauty on canvas and not be able to make his own life beautiful. He may be disipated, and he may not be able to tell the truth and, therefore, he is not successful, even though he has painted the prize picture of the year or written the most successful book of the season. A man who has many friends is successful in one sense because no one can have a large friendship unless he possesses many good qualities. I think the faculty of making friends is one of the most valuable gifts of man, and when a good man has it he is usually a very successful personage. Of course if a man had man hat faculty he uses it to his own advantage and to the detriment of his friends, who soon desert him under such circumstances. And as a man to have friend must "show himself friendly" I think it a good sign for a man to be always companionable. I do not think money means success; far from it. There are thousands of men who have accumulated large fortunes and are still unhappy and dissatisfied with themselves. They have done nothing else but make money and have sacrificed everything to that one end. They have in many cases sold their honor, and hence they are poor, while the world calls them rich. It should not be hard for young people to choose what wealth they most desire—wealth of character or wealth of money. They ought to know which will bring them the most happiness from mere observation. Many wealthy men are known to commit suicide, while a man of strong character was never known to put an end to his life. The pleasure of living is too great for a successful man to end it.—Joseph Jefferson.

You Cannot Win the Race Without Training. Were you to decide to risk your reputation, your material welfare, your whole future upon some great physical or mental contest which is to extend over a considerable period of time, you would begin long beforehand to train or discipline yourself for the decisive conflict. You would not go into it handicapped, if possible to avoid it.

Now, at the beginning of the new year, every person who is ambitious to make his life count, to do what is worth while, is entering upon just such a contest.

When making so great, so decisive an effort, which affects the whole future, the first thing to do is to get absolute freedom from everything which strangles ambition, discourages effort, and hinders progress; freedom from everything which saps vitality, enfeebles faculties, and does what is worth while, is entering upon just such a contest.

No matter how ambitious a runner is to win, if he does not train off his surplus fat, or if he insists upon wearing an overcoat, or is hampered with other extra clothing, or runs with cramped or sore feet, his race is lost.

The trouble with most of us is that, while ambitious to succeed, we do not put ourselves in a condition to win, we do not cut the cords which bind us, or try to get rid of the entanglements and obstructions that hinder us. We trust too much to luck.

To eliminate everything that can possibly retard us, to get into as harmonious an environment as possible, is the first preparation for a successful career. There are tens of thousands of people who have ability and inclination to rise out of mediocrity, and to do something worth while in the world, but never do so because they cannot break the chains that bind their movements. Most of us are so bound, in some part of our nature, that we cannot get free, cannot gain liberty to do the larger thing possible to us. We go through life, the smaller the manner, when the larger, the grander would be possible to us could we get rid of the things that handicap us.—O. S. M., in Success.

What Contributes to Success. By Rev. C. E. Smith. Opportunity! Are you making the best of yours? Remember, it is the principal factor in life's successes, whether they be in their nature material or spiritual. Look around you, we can see things readily enough so far as material things are concerned. It is not always the ten-talent men who fill the chief positions, nor is it always the one-talent men who are in obscure places. In Church and State men very slenderly equipped by natural gifts are oftentimes seen standing higher than their fellows. And it is sometimes a source of wonder to us how they attain pre-eminence. So, too, we think it strange that possessors of many gifts are among those who all their lives remain unknown and unappreciated.

But explanation of the seeming injustice is not far to seek. Opportunity came to this man and he had sense to use it. The other man never knew when it came. I know we claim opportunity comes to every man. Aye, truly, but surely, in different ways. Coming to one man he is gone before he is recognized; to another this stranger insists upon taking him by the hand, whether he will or no, and leading him to honor. Being nothing in these days unless learned, we must needs talk about the psychological moment in men's lives. But that is only our old friend opportunity in a new garment; the same and not another; that which Shakespeare called, "The tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Well, truly in spiritual affairs there is a tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, and seeing it, never need we be ignorant that it is the tide on which God wills that we shall launch ourselves for nobler work and purer lives than heretofore we have either done or known. In our life an opportune day will come—a day which will be to you more than any day you have ever known, and apart from it

you can do but little. Be it your wisdom to watch for it and, if need be, wait for it till it comes. Then God give you space and power to make the fullest use of it.—Catholic Columbian.

Cheerfulness. We compare our circumstances with those of others who are more fortunate and brood over "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." The tendency to dwell upon our ills grows with time. In the beginning it can be checked easily, but in time it becomes like a torrent gaining impetus with its descent, until it is beyond control. Now and then we receive the sad news that one whom we esteemed as upright and godly has allowed this morbid tendency to obtain such headway that it unsettles the reason and with it the sense of moral responsibility. Then we learn of the self-destruction of such a one and we are not surprised. It was almost the inevitable consequence of a false, one-sided view of life that is supported by neither common sense nor religion.

With reference to the character of the mind men be divided into the matter of fact and the exaggerative. While the former are liable to be unsettled and discontented occasionally, the latter are apt to be so as a rule, because their minds, being imaginative, create for themselves ideals which they seldom, if ever, attain. Nevertheless, the normal condition of life is one of cheerfulness. God teaches us this in nature, which, as a rule, is bright with sunshine, gay with color and filled with joyous sounds. Laughter and song, harmony and beauty are the radiant figures of that living picture whereby our Heavenly Father points out to each the road to happiness. It is the desire of every earnest man to please God. There is no better way to do so than by showing ourselves satisfied with what He gives us. A preacher once said: "We do not please God more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey." A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the songs of birds.—Rev. James B. Nies.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

RALPH'S VICTORY.

"How I hate babies!" And the speaker squeezed the pea-pod he held with a force which sent the peas scattering over the porch floor.

"There goes Archie down the road, fishing; and here I am, shelling peas just like a girl!"

Poor Ralph! He thought his fate a hard one. He had been the only one until a few months ago, when Baby Bess, came, somewhat to Ralph's disgust.

Since then he had been called on to do many things which he disliked.

Ralph was not at all a bad boy, only just a little selfish, and fond of his own way.

This morning he and Archie had planned to go down to the creek fishing, and, of course, baby had to have an ache, somewhere, and cried so hard that mamma had to take her, and ask Ralph to shell the peas. The pan was full, and it would take a long time, he knew, and there was Archie just gone by; it was just too bad!

He set the pan down, and after a moment of irresolution, he slid off the stool quietly, and started across the meadows for the spot where he knew Archie was this minute, dangling hook and line, trying to tempt the wary fish with a big fat cricket.

He knew just how big and fat they were for didn't he and Archie hunt for them under all the old boards and stones they could find and put them in an old can?

Ralph stopped to wipe the perspiration of his face with the sleeve of his calico shirt. The sun was very hot, and the drowsy hum of insects was quieting in its effect.

A fleeting vision of a cool back porch, with morning glories of every hue dancing and adding aimlessly to him to think of the little room where mamma sat and rocked the fretful baby. His step became a little slower, right and wrong were having a little argument. Meanwhile, Mrs. Denton having lulled little Bess to sleep, came to the door, calling gently:

"Ralph, dear, I wish you would go to the barn for me, I need some eggs and Speckle has been cackling; I feel sure she has laid her egg."

There was no response from Ralph, so she came through the doorway, and seeing the pan of unshelled peas, sighed heavily. Ralph had played truant again, for this was not the first time. She went indoors, thinking she must do something to break him of this bad habit; he had promised faithfully the last time that he would not do so again.

Ralph was not having a very happy time. He tried to make himself out a martyr; it was so mean, he said; he always had to stay home while the rest of the fellows had a good time; but then he thought of the chubby little sister, whom he didn't really hate, after all, and the sweet-faced mother, who was always thinking up nice things for him.

He remembered how tired she looked, and he had left all those peas to be shelled. And, oh, dear! Didn't Miss Irwin, his pretty Sunday school teacher, talk to them about that verse only yesterday, "Bear ye one another's burdens?"

And maybe Bess was sicker, and what if she should die, and he wouldn't have any little sister any more! Something just then seemed to come right up in his throat, and the sun was so bright he could not see for a moment.

He hesitated no longer, but, squaring his sturdy shoulders, he marched home ward with one long glance toward the creek.

"What's a fellow good for, any way?" he soliloquized. "If he can't give up something for his mother and I promised, too!"

As he came up the driveway, he saw his mother sitting on the steps with "that everlasting pan of peas" in her lap.

There was such a sad look on her face, that Ralph's conscience smote

him, for he knew he was the cause of it. And how glad he was to think he had come back!

Stealing up behind her, he clasped his arms around her, saying in a rather husky voice:

"I didn't go way there, mamma; I only went part way, and here I am ready to shell the peas—and—mamma, I won't hate baby any more."

"Bless my little man!" said his mother, kissing the top of his tousled head.

"It's all right, mamma," said Ralph. "What's a fellow good for, if he can't give up something once in a while?"

And he and mamma had a long talk together, while they were shelling the peas.

At supper that night, papa came in with a long mysterious bundle, and put it in in the corner; Ralph eyed it curiously, but held his peace, for papa was smiling at mamma in a knowing sort of way, and Ralph thought, "He'll tell me quicker if I don't ask him anything about it."

After tea, papa said, "Ralph, come for a little walk with me."

Now Ralph liked those walks with papa very much; papa knew so much about the birds and trees, and told such funny stories about when he was a boy. So he started gladly and never noticed that papa had the long bundle tied to his side.

"Would you like to know what I have here?" asked papa.

"Guess I would!" said Ralph eagerly.

"Well, my son," said papa, gravely, "early this spring your uncle Ralph wrote me a letter, and said he wanted to give his name-ake something he could keep. He presumed you were like all boys, sometimes good and sometimes naughty; with plenty of good traits, and not a few faults, so he wrote: 'When Ralph has won a victory over some grievous fault give him what I send, with my love.'"

"Your mother and I talked it over this noon, when you were playing, and we decided that the first real victory over your bad habit of playing truant, was to-day, when you had the courage to come back, after going half way. Mamma and I are so glad, for we have been waiting all summer for this, and you know how many times we have been disappointed in you."

Ralph's face flushed; he knew just how many times he had promised, and how many times he had broken that promise.

"Well, my boy, I'm not going to lecture you any more; you know right from wrong, and having made the turn to the right, keep on that road, and some day you will be a man to be proud of. Here is Uncle Ralph's gift, and may you have a great deal of pleasure with it."

Ralph undid the package with rather shaky fingers, and gave a howl of delight when he brought to light a beautiful three-joint fishing rod, and a reel, too. Not one of the boys had a reel!

Ralph's heart was full, but the only expression he gave to it was the very boyish one:

"Bully for Uncle Ralph!" and, a moment later, "Oh, but I'm glad I came back!"—Francis Littlefield Sherrill.

TOO FUNNY FOR A PRIEST.

F. C. Burnard, the editor of Punch, when he joined the Catholic Church, leaving Cambridge University, England, had some thought of becoming a priest.

He went to a community at Bayswater, over which Dr. Manning ruled before he was Archbishop of Cardinal. Another Cardinal of the future was also an inmate—Father Herbert Vaughan. But the humorist was not to be bound down by rule and law. The novices were kept perpetually laughing.

One day Burnard compiled a rather controversial letter to a relative in the world, and handed it, as he supposed, to the father superior, but he gave by mistake a good humored skit on the father superior himself. That most grave and reverend master read it with care, handing it back to the unconscious writer with the dry remark, "I think I should not send that."

When Burnard was one day ordered outside an upper window to clean it, the novice master, at his request, got the outside first to show him the way, and the window was at once closed by Burnard from the inside. There the master stood, admired by a crowd in the street below, until rescued by Dr. Manning, who addressed the culprit in tones of studied severity. "You be a

THE "THREE HORSE TEAM" FENCE

It is pretty generally conceded that one three-horse team, with one driver, can accomplish about as much work as two two-horse teams and two drivers.

It can do so because a three-horse team is heavier and stronger than a two-horse team. Just think of the economy of using a three-horse team!

Similarly, the Frost Fence, because it is heavier and stronger, is the "three-horse team" of wire fences. It will outlast any

priest! Go and be a shoemaker." "Then you still leave me the care of souls," was Burnard's retort.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

FEAST, APRIL 30.

Catherine was born at Siena in 1347. Her father, by trade a dyer, was a virtuous man, and especially solicitous to leave to his children a solid inheritance of virtue. Her mother had a particular affection for this daughter above her other children; and the accomplishments of mind and body with which she was adorned, made her the darling and delight of all who knew her. When but seven years of age, she made a vow of virginity, and afterwards endured bitter persecution for refusing to marry. Our Lord gave her His Heart in exchange for her own and stamped on her body the print of His wounds.

At the age of eighteen years she received the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic, in a nunnery contiguous to the Dominican convent. From that time on, her little cell became her paradise, prayer her element, and her mortifications had no longer any restraint. For three years she never spoke to any but God and her confessor. Her days and nights were employed in the delightful exercises of contemplation, the fruits whereof were supernatural lights, a most ardent love of God, and zeal for the conversion of sinners, offering for that end continual tears, prayers, fasts and other austere labors. All her discourses, actions, and her very silence, powerfully induced men to the love of virtue, so that no one, according to Pope Pius II., ever approached her but who went away better.

In a vision, our Saviour is said one day to have presented her with two crowns, one of gold and the other of thorns, bidding her choose which of the two she pleased. She answered: "I desire, O Lord, to live here always conformed to Thy passion, and to find pain and suffering my repose and delight."

Then eagerly taking up the crown of thorns, she forcibly presses it upon her head. The earnest desire and love of humiliations and crosses were nourished in her soul by assiduous meditation on the sufferings of our divine Redeemer. After many arduous labors in behalf of the Holy Church and the Apostolic See, St. Catherine died a holy death at Rome on the 29th of April, 1380, being only thirty-three years old. She was buried in the church of the Minerva, where her body is still kept under an altar. She was canonized by Pope Pius II., in 1461, and Urban VIII. transferred her festival to April 30th.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

There died last week in Rome Mrs. Morgan Morgan, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Morgan, Episcopalian clergyman at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

The deceased lady, says the Monitor and New Era, belonged to the distinguished family of the Scottish Leslies, and on one side traced her descent from Queen Margaret of Scotland. She became a convert during the lifetime of her husband, wrote many popular stories, and contributed a bright interesting life of her saintly ancestor, Queen Margaret, to the publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

She was an exceedingly interesting person, of old-world courtesies, and

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a woman washing clothes and text: 'Makes Child's Play of Wash Day', 'SURPRISE SOAP', 'A PURE HARD SOAP'.

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Live each day the true life of a man to-day. Not yesterday's life only, lest you become a murderer, nor to-morrow's lest you become a visionary; but the life of to-day, with happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows.—Father Faber.

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Callista A Sketch of the Third Century

By Cardinal Newman Paper, 30c., post-paid

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland

(In a series of letters) By William Cobbett Price, 85c., post-paid

Catholic Record, LONDON - CANADA

Large advertisement for Frost's fence. Includes illustration of a three-horse team pulling a fence. Text: 'THE "THREE HORSE TEAM" FENCE', 'It is pretty generally conceded that one three-horse team, with one driver, can accomplish about as much work as two two-horse teams and two drivers.', 'Frost's fence can begin to approach. No fence can compare with it in strength, rigidity or neat appearance.', 'FROST WIRE FENCE COMPANY, LIMITED Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.'

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Advertisement for Monuments Granite & Marble. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO. 493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON

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Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. For nursing mothers O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is unsurpassed. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO

Advertisement for Fabiola, Callista, and History of the Reformation in England and Ireland. Catholic Record, LONDON - CANADA