## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

wish for no Man's Wealth. wish I had his money !" said "I wish I had his money!" said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much time for wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. parison between their some up like a the rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free: keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of appricasion. ntal horrors of ennui and satiety; fear of death that wealth fosters the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which 'tis gathered is the only sweat by which is preserved for enjoyment, for in to literal a sense is it true, that "'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to the the kingdom of Hover."

nter the kingdom of Heaven."
Wish for no man's money.
The health, and strength, and fresh-The health, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young Love, by day and night, smireles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness, beat for deep sin own. None — ghost-like— with your own. None — ghost-like— listen for the death-tick in your cham-ber; your shoes have value in men's eyes—only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you — living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content with compet ency. You have, to eat, to drink, to wear enough? Then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fare more sumptuously? He shortens life eases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What his raiment be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such re-

gard comes ever mingled with his envy Nature is yours in all her glory: ever varying and forever beautiful face smiles Peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers; and rocks, and streams, and holy places-know no desecration in the step of poverty; but ome ever to their wealth of beauty

rich and poor alike.

Be content! The robin chirps as gaily as the gorgeous bird of paradise. Less gaudy in his plumage, less splen-did—his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon the barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flights as strong, his notes as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it. Let us, then, labor and be strong—in the best use of what we have, wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bes-towed by a wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise.

Young people often ask us, "Will it pay to go to college if one is going to be a merchant, a druggist, a farmer,

Whether or not a liberal education pays, depends upon the ambition of the inquirer. Do you want to be just as much lof a man as possible, or do you want merely to get as much money as

If your ambition is simply to see how many goods you can sell and how much money you can rake together; if you have no desire to reach out into the broad fields, to be known as a man who amounts to something in the world, who carries weight in his community; if you have no ambition to be a man of broad, liberal, progressive ideas; if you do to know anything about your goods before they reach your store where they are made, or the conditions people who manufacture them. and have no desire to better their conditions; if you have no ambition to make the world a little better than you found it, then a college education will probably not do you much good. If it probably not do you much good. If it is simply going to increase your capacity to grasp, seize, and hold material things, to get a little more away from others by your long headed methods; if it is only going to increase your shrewdness, your ability to scheme ways and means of piling up more deliant them I do not advise you to go. dollars, then I do not advise you to go.
But if you want to be of real help to
your generatien; if your ambition is to
be just as much of a man as possible,
to be larger and truer and nobler; if you wish to make the most of the material the Creator has given you, then get all the knowledge you can

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transmute into real power.
I notice that it has been the broadly educated men that have enlarged and improved the spheres into which they have entered. As a rule, it has been the boys who have been to college and gained a liberal education who have mixed brains with the soil—who have developed marvelous possibilities of agriculture by their knowledge of chemistry and botany, by their ability to study the effects of climatic conditions upon crops—who have brought fruits and vegatables and cereals to greater perfection by their superior knowledge.

In other words, ignorant farmers have done little else than make a living and

une little else than make a living and pile up a little money. It has been the intelligent, well-read, broadly educated farmers, who have lifted agriculture from mere drudgery to a profession.

In fact, it does not matter what field we consider, intelligence has been the secret of advance. It has been the educated men who have led progress. I can not conceive of a useful vocation where a liberal education will be lost. where a liberal education will be lost. If a little intelligence is good, if a fair education pays, a wider education, broader culture, will do better.

"My son is going to be an artist," said a proud father; "he does not need to study a lot of scientific rubbish."

Perhans this father does not know

rubbish" which made the difference between the works of Michael Angelo and those of a hundred other artists of his day who have gone into oblivion It was the "scientific rubbish"—study ing anatomy for a dozen years—that gave immortality to his statues of Moses and of David, and to his paintings, the "Last Judgment" and "The Story of

Many an artist of real ability has failed to produce any great work of art because of his ignorance of just such "scientific rubbish." Of what good is an artistic temperament or genius to the sculptor who does not know the origin, the insertion, and the contour origin, the insertion, and the contour of the various muscles, who is not thoroughly lamiliar with the human anatomy? Michael Angelo thought it worth while to spend a great deal of time upon the anatomy of a horse and upon abstruse mathematics.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the

young.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create

friction. Learn to keep your troubles to your-self. The world is too busy to care for

your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop grunting. If you can not see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your aches and pains

under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with

"The giraffe once had a short neck -that was all he had expressed of him-self-but his pasture ran short and he began to reach up for the palm leaves. reached and looked, and reached in. This exercise stretched his again. neck, until it is now long enough to reach the palm tops, so it has ceased to grow longer. As long as he kept each ng out his neck kept growing.

As long as we aspire, look up and not down, as long as we keep stretching our minds over great problems, we shall continue to grow.—Success.

#### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Many years since, in France, happened that a village curate set forth on a sick-call, accompanied by an aco-lyte, who carried a lighted candle and sight the celestial gift which promises immortal life. As he passed, the silvery tinkle of the bell called about him men, women and children, kneeling on the ground before the doors of their cottages, praised and adored "Him Who doeth good as He goeth by"; the nore fervent joined the proce which was every moment growing

To shorten the way, for the sick parishioner was gravely ill, and in immin-ent danger of death, the little troop was about to cross a field of wheat dotted over with bright poppies bachelor's buttons, and starry daisies. It was sufficient that "the Master had need of it." Has He not the right to dispose of the gifts He has created and

lent to man? With that thought in his mind, the priest had already stepped upon the flower-enameled carpet, when a man rushed forth and declared that the field was his, and that no one must cross it. "I fear," he said, "that my wheat, which promises so well, will be trampled down, and my harvest

ruined. Thus the inhabitants of a certain city believing themselves compromised by the presence of Our Lord in the days of His mortal life, begged Him to turn His steps elsewhere—as though God could do otherwise than bless those whom He deigns to visit!

At this abrupt speech, the pastor, with his precious Burden, turned to the dusty road which he had left a moment before; but a neighbor, better disposed and knowing how to appreciate the gift of God, hastened forward and whispered to the priest:

"I beg you, father, cross my field; I should be only too delighted. Even if my harvest suffers a little, what matters it? God can bring only blessings with

Him. Thus spoke the true Christian, and the Saviour, with His suite, crossed the little plot. It was sown with beans, then in flower—its owner's sole means of support; but out of his poverty he thought himself fortunate to have something to need to flood. thing to sacrifice to God.

But the bean-stalks, pressed down for

a moment, rose of themselves like waves parted by a skiff, and quickly resumed their natural place. Soon the flowers multiplied, and then gave place to numerous seed pods. The bean to numerous seed pods. The bean field yie ded three times as much that year as usual; while the wheat-ears of the neighboring field, although at the the neighboring neid, although at the same time of harvest they presented a fine appearance, were found to be full of foul-smelling, black dust! All had been blighted!

been blighted!
What is more remarkable still, the beans produced in the field which the Lord had blessed proved to be a new variety, never seen before, and which have since been cultivated in many countries, and are known as "Beans of the Blessed Sacrament." They exhibit education pays, a wider education, broader culture, will do better.

"My son is going to be an artist," said a proud father; "he does not need to study a lot of scientific rubbish." Perhaps this father does not know that what he calls "scientific rubbish," measures the difference between an artisa, the difference between the common and the superb, between the common and the superb, between mediority and excellence. It was what this man called "scientific rubbis hears are superblaces claiming to have been the acene between the common and the superb, between mediority and excellence. It was what this man called "scientific rubbis hears are superblaces claiming to have been the acene places claiming to have been the acene places claiming to have been the scene of the marvel, the poetic fragrance of of the terrors of man,—Thomas a Kempis, and he has no difficulty in carrying the sack, although the mail is often very seak, although the mail is often very with the weekly papers from the country-seat. He has carried over forty-eight pounds as a test of his strength."

Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of mortal man? Today he is and tomorrow he is no more seen. Fear God, and thou shalt not be afraid of the terrors of man,—Thomas a Kempis,

tradition.—H. B. C., in Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Teaching Sparrow to Sing.
A series of interesting experim in which English sparrows have been the which English sparrows have been taught to sing sweetly, is recorded by Dr. Conradi. The aim of the experimenter has been to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and collected the conditions to the condi

and cling to their traditional notes. For this purpose he has taken very For this purpose he has taken very young birds of non musical species and kept them entirely with songsters, to determine whether they would thus acquire the musical notes. In July, 1893, he put four fledging

English sparrows into the nest of a pair of singing canaries. Three of them died, but the fourth survived. This one had already acquired a sparrow chirp; but, hearing thenceforth only the notes of the canary, he went no further with the language which was his birthright. Instead, he came gradually, when among the canaries, to give notes different from sparrow talk. Even when he was silent, if the canaries were singing he could be seen moving his throat, as if he were trying to form the sounds, much as a person often audibly follows a song which another is singing. At last these sounds began to be audible, and insounds began to be audible, and in-creasingly so. He began to give notes in rapid succession, three or four tones up the scale, and then repeating the

top note five or six times. Growing bolder with practice and the sound of his own voice, he soon in-dulged in three or four runs in succession, with eight to twelve notes in each; and in the last of September, when three months old, he went up and

down and up the scale, all in one run.
All this while his voice had been changing. At first it was harsh, as is natural with English sparrows; but gradually, with the effort or with the ubconscious influence of the sweeter sounds about him, it became softer and acquired something of the canary quality.

At first he sang on a low scale and

tried the top notes vainly; but, as his voice became milder, he went higher more easily. He was three months old when, growing bold, he essayed his first trill. It was short but musical, and he evidently liked it, for he repeated it, and continued steadily to practice it. It was done modestly, and after each trill he sat still and appeared to be listening. A year later, how-ever, when the report was being written by the experimenter, he had grown to be quite an adept in canary song, and would trill and sing contingrown to ually, punctuating his song with com-plete circles and semi-circles on his

perch. To try the effect of association upon him, Dr. Conradi, removed him fo time, in his first year, from the canaries and put him where he heard only spar-row chatter. Gradually he ceased to sing and began to return to the neglected sparrow tongue; but when he was again hung with the canaries, he regained all he had lost in less than a month.

The Charity of the Poor One evening last week a touching incident came under The New World's observation. About six in the evening a blind street-organ player was grinding out doleful music on the corner of Dearborn and Harrison. A sign told his name, Vincent Salvator, how he had lost his sight in a quarry in Wis onsin and stated that he had a large family to support. He was poorly clad and clearly he was in need. Still, people passed—smarthly dressed clerks, finely dressed ladies, well to do burg hers—and no one seemed to see him.
If he had been a long-haired patent medicine man. or a cute Yankee s clean the universe soap, it would have

Finally, along came a little Italian girl who sells papers evenings down on Wabash avenue. She is bright, attractive and scarcely fourteen, but certain hard to make a few pennies. She is a Catholic, too, and evidently she has a heart. When she reached the street musician she stopped and read his story. At once the little hand went down into her lean purse. Drawing it out, apparently she counted her slender earnings. Moving closer she dropped into a cup a coin that must have been a large sum to her, and then passed on with bowed head.

Another case of the widow's mite? Verily, so it seemed. She was nothing but a child; she had toiled to earn her little pittance; still she had pity for an unfortunate fellow-creature when hundred of prosperous grown up people had none. Perhaps, young as she was, had none. Perhaps, young as she was, she knew something already of the struggle to keep a large family in the great city. The poor, indeed, are more merciful than the rich and their lives are sweeter. Unfortunately they are down so close to the earth that we New World.

A Dog Who is a Mail-Carrier.

"An exchange tells of a Newfound-land dog in a Kansas town intelligent enough to be a mail-carrier. pot is only a short distance from the post office. The mail-trains do not stop, but drop the bags on the platform

in passing. "When the dog hears the whistle of the approaching mail-train, he hurries to the depot and waits for his burden. The mail-clerk kicks the mail-bag out of the car door, and it falls somewhere in the vicinity of the freight house. The dog goes at once to the sack, and taking it carefully by the middle, so that neither ends will drag on the ground, walks sedately to the postoffice, where he deposits his trust in a

safe place. "The dog is now five years old, is two feet seven inches in height, and strong of limb. His teeth are strong, and he has no difficulty in carrying the and he has no difficulty in carrying the sack, although the mail is often very heavy with the weekly papers from the country-seat. He has carried over forty-eight pounds as a test of his strength."

#### ON CRUTCHES.

A LITILE TEMPERANCE SERMON BY A SECULAR EDITOR.

At the door of a drinking saloon on busy street the usual morbid crowd gathered, watching an unfortunate creature upon the ground. It was not a woman fortunately that the crowd a woman fortunately that the crowd was watching, but a man. He was gray-haired past fifty. In falling he had dropped his wooden crutches. Two men of kindly impulse lifted him to his feet and tried to balance his unsteady body and brain upon the crutches once more. In the crowd a cynical voice said: "Wouldn't you think a man on crutches would have cynical voice said: "Wollan't you think a man on crutches would have sense enough not to drink?" That is the text of this editorial.

We are all on crutches and the best of us is balanced none too well. We have risen recently from barbarism and brutality. Of all human beings on earth now a great majority are still savages in every way. And those that call themselves "civilized" are far more than half animal in their nature. Lynching crowds, prize fights, mockery for the unhappy drunkard and a thous and other daily sights prove that we are only animals still. We are trying to walk as decent men. Our crutches are kindness on one hand and justice on the other. These crutches have been recently manufactured by our brain. Whatever interferes with the brain nocks the crutches from under it.
Folly made that poor gray haired

man drink when he knew that he need ed all of his mind to control those wooden crutches. Nobody knew what drove him to drink at the risk of physical disaster. How much more foolish are other men who know they need all of their mind to balance their moral crutches! Drink destroyed the balance of the man with crutches and threw him to the ground. More surely will drink destroy balance and throw down the moral mental crutches, that uphold us all.

Think this out for yoursel in detail. Think of the man who is remarkable for his devotion to his family and to the public welfare. Don't you know that drink makes a man indifferent to all duty? It is possible for a man on wooden crutches to drink and still keep the crutches under him. You may see occasionally, a drunken man keep his balance on crutches or a wooden leg. But it is not possible for a man to be a drunkard and keep the halance that his moral crutches give him. That remark, "Would'nt you think a man on crutches would have sense nan on crutches would have sense enough not to drink?" applies to every man, and, most of all, to the most moral men. We have crutches for the - moral cratches-as we have wooden crutches for the body. Re member that the desperate thing about drunkenness is that it knocks the moral crutches from under us, throwing us back to the prostrate brutal ani mal condition of the past. Remember that a man with intelligence who de liberately allows drunkenness to de-prive him of moral force is infinitely

wooden supports .- Boston American. THE NEGRO NUNS OF NEW ORLEANS.

to blame-because he is more

One of the most picturesque sights of the Veux Carre of New Orleans is the negro nun. Come upon her where you will and as often as you may, she is ever a fresh delight. Her demure down cast face, her severe garb, and above all, that snowy bonnet, in strik-ing contrast with that black face makes something so vastly different from what we are accustomed to in the men of our race.

One of the sisterhoods is that of the Holy Family, domiciled in Orleans street, in the gray brick building not a stones throw from the Blossomy Close of the St. Louis Cathedral. This building used to be the Orleans Thea ter. In its great rooms were held fa-

But ring the bell of that door now and it is opened by a black sister, and as at her invitation you walk across that tesselated hallway it is impossible to so wrench the mind as to realize that vanished past—so sharply drawn is the difference between it and the

This particular order was founded



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#### HOUSE WORK.

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before the war by three rich, intelligent free women of color. Its work is alto-gether good. Its first care is that of orphaned children, then of those whose natural guardians are neglectful or cruel. This latter field of labor is a wide one, as the average colored par ent makes a fetich of the rod and pun rod and pun ishes her children brutally.

Very sensibly these sisters do not pay overmuch attention to book edu-cation. The catechism of course but after that a little learning in their opinion goes a long way. They strive to give the children a good industrial training and it is a matter of common report that the Catholic bred negro is generally the most trustworthy of

The Sisters care for as many children as they can house and feed and a com-ical-looking set these children are. In lor they range from coal black through the lighter shades up to a dirty reckled red haired white all cleanly dressed, all all well behaved, all quiet as mice, at least when visitors are present. There are children from Mexico, the West Indies and South America, these latter the children of well-to do parents, who pay generously for the keep and insist upon these seductive accomplishments-fancy work and piano

The most of them have some educa tion and the mother superior of the different orders are women of much intelligence and marked administrative

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul.—(Mark VIII 36.)

# intelligent—than that poor old man who allowed drink to get the better of his

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