

For Boys.

How To Succeed.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others; if you always think of others as well as yourself; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others with equal abilities fail to do.

This is where the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people that you are unselfish and honorable and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much men are able to win for self-respect and esteem as who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning point of success in practical life.

People will not, in the long run, have about them persons who make themselves offensive, and they yield position and influence quickly and gracefully to persons who make themselves useful in a genial way. This is the point where friends are at once most forgiving and most exacting. They will overlook great neglects if they can be assured of the loving heart behind the outward sight; but the moment you do rude things in a rude spirit, and with personal coarseness or selfishness, the friendship is severed. This is why the best friends make the bitterest enemies.

It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gentleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practice it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take all back in bitterness of heart when he does you any unexpected favor. It is not well to treat anyone brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers it has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he may look down on you.

There is a certain selfhood in everyone that should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not a mere conventional rule, it is not merely a social regulation, it is something in the nature of things that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who does not fall here is never known to fail elsewhere.

Fearless and Honest.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, the brightest, yet the loneliest passenger of an emigrant ship. He was barely fourteen and had not a friend in America, and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who had befriended him during their voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish you were safe now with your mother in the old country?"

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, Laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him. "I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkship in his office had been unfavorable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking. A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of a Glasgow steamer, and fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country. The honest ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart. "Tell me your story," he said kindly.

It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed, she had bought his passage to America and given him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who cannot work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother to day that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Clients seldom left the office without pausing to have a word with him. He attended night school and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted until he was his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went back to Scotland and brought her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said, "and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied law and begun to practice at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak. They instinctively trusted him. His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly her work.

Keeping Your Own Counsel.

It is an old saying among schoolboys and college men that the fellow who keeps his mouth shut is always the big man; that he who deliberately says little quickly wins for himself the name of wisdom. Such statements are quite true in the outer world to a certain degree as they are in college and school.

The pith of the matter is that if in any way you arrive at a position of any importance the less you talk to everyone the more credit you receive for care, for thoughtfulness, for sound, well considered opinions. Here is something which urges a boy to have no opinions or to never express them; and in fact this "wise silence" at school and college as often, perhaps, covers up an empty mind as it does the wisdom of Solomon.

There is, however, a good rule to follow, which may be given briefly, to the effect that it is well to say little until

you have thoroughly made up your mind, and then do not hesitate in your statements. The temptation of the average man is to express some opinion at once, but if that is changed later, the full force of the final opinion is lost.

Let others do the wrangling. Your opinion will have all the more influence if you come out strong with it at the close of the discussion, when not only are the others considerably in doubt as to what they do want, but you had the advantage of hearing many sides of the case.

That is to say, that in your daily behavior towards the others in school it is well to keep your "talk" in reserve. It is a habit that is easily acquired, and one that in the end works both ways. It adds both to the value of your advice, and the advice has an added value so far as others are concerned; and when you only say a little, that little has the more consideration.

Make Your Mark.

Because you are without money, friends and talents, it does not follow that you are of no account in the world. Each school boy knows that Lincoln was a poor boy, that Grant was nobody in particular until the late war gave him his opportunity, that Livingston, the great African explorer, was a poor weaver boy, and Burns a plough boy.

Application, industry and honesty were the magic keys that opened to them the doors of success. Others with friends, money and matchless talents, started in the race also, but came to naught because they lacked one thing—an unalterable determination to succeed—like many boys of to-day they said, "I can" and "I won't" instead of "I can" and "I will." You cannot make your mark in a day, you cannot achieve success at a bound, some men have apparently done so, but in reality it was the work of years which had been patiently waiting its sure reward. In a word, it is the patient endeavor and faithful work of every day which enables a man to make his mark.

Six Things a Boy Ought to Know.

- 1. That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as a gentleman.
2. That roughness, blustering, and even foolishness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.
3. That muscular strength is not health.
4. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.
5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.
6. The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

Deserved Tribute to the G. T. R.

An attaché of the "Canadian American" and an old soldier, who recently visited Buffalo, N. Y., bears the following deserved testimony to the efficiency of Canada's great railway system, the Grand Trunk:

"As an old railroad man of forty-five years' experience, who has served in every capacity from train boy to general passenger agent, I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the excellence in every respect of the equipment and service of the Grand Trunk system. Along with many of my old comrades I look upon the G. T. R. train on Monday evening, Sept. ult., from Dearborn station, being the last train to carry the G. A. R. men to Buffalo, Assistant General Passenger Agent E. H. Hughes was a fellow traveller, and the train was in charge of Conductor C. R. Martin, as far as Fort Huron, and I never saw a train more carefully handled in my life. From Port Huron Conductor Dick Furness, an Englishman who had been on the road 45 years, was in charge, and the same scrupulous care of the lives of the passengers was observed. There could not be a more carefully handled train, which was especially observable at meeting points, where every precaution against accidents was taken in getting in and out of side tracks. An accident under such circumstances would be an impossibility, and it is no wonder that the record of accidents on this system is so trifling. No one needs to take out accident insurance while travelling on the Grand Trunk system. I feel it both a duty and a pleasure to bear the above testimony."

Hochelaga Ploughing Match.

The county of Hochelaga is making a strong effort to induce the farmers to compete in the annual ploughing matches, and is offering fifteen prizes for the best four arpens in sod and eight arpens of ploughing in stubble or in potato land. Entries should be made to the secretary-treasurer, Mr. Hugh Brodie, on or before October 20. This ploughing competition is separate and distinct from the ordinary autumn ploughing match for the two best ploughed ridges, which will take place later.

How much business can a man do whose system is in a state of disorder? Headache is only a symptom. It is not a disease. The pain in the head is the sign of rebellion. There have been mistakes in diet and other abuses.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a gentle, effective renovator and invigorator of stomach, liver and bowels. They assist nature without threatening to tear the body piece-meal. There are no gripping pains, no nausea. One is a laxative. A book of 1008 pages, profusely illustrated, written by Dr. R. V. Pierce, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," will be sent free for 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only. World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 668 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A fragrant flower fills the house with fragrance. You do not need to see it to know that it is near. So with Christian example.

A Little Convert.

There is a story in every heroic life and death—a thrilling story, could we but read it from the imperfect record of perfect sacrifice. So we all like to weave stories about great men and great deeds, their influence and their example.

St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna (feast January 26), was martyred in 167 A. D., seventeen hundred and thirty years ago. A writer in the Standard, of New York, tells a story of one who witnessed the saint's martyrdom. It was a bright Spring morning. The air which the breezes carried from the purple hills of Asia Minor down to the silver bay of Smyrna was sweet with the scent of flowers.

The day was so fair that it was no wonder the birds sang; all nature was singing, and Cyrylla, a little Greek maid of ten years, was dancing in the sunshine, laughing joyously at the gambols of a little dog whose four weeks old legs were never meant to chase butterflies.

Cyrylla was happy because she was going to have a treat. She was going to a grand festival—the great circus—to see—what? A Christian die! To see an old man burned to death, and for that she was dressed in her finest clothes, a beautifully embroidered red tunic and silver sandals, and her hair was in platinum and bound with a gold fillet, and she danced and sang in the highest spirits.

It seems horrible to us, but Cyrylla knew no better. To burn a Christian, or throw him to the lions or torture him, was a patriotic, almost a religious act in those cruel pagan days, and the whole health of the world enjoyed the spectacle, even the children begging to be taken.

Cyrylla did not know that these "shows" were, in a certain sense, the Palm Sundays of the Church, that out of the little band of Christians at whom she had heard her father scold and call "Christian dogs" and even "pies," one after another was chosen by His Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, to wear the palm of victory, to win the martyr's crown.

She knew that palms waved whenever famous conquerors came home from war. She herself had once carried them in a procession of white-robed children in honor of a battle just won. But she did not know—no one had ever told her—of the palm branches that had been strewed on the road to Jerusalem by the eager crowd to greet the great conqueror of mankind ever seen, when the Saviour of mankind rode to the summit of "His name," meek and lowly, sitting upon an ass, and yet in triumph, to meet his death and accomplish His Father's will.

And on this fair Spring morning another of the faithful band was to follow in his master's steps; it was to be in the truest sense a Palm Sunday. "See, father," cried Cyrylla, "the chariot begins to pass along the public way. It is time to go to the race course. The people are crowding and I hear the music; shall I put on my white veil?"

"Yes," answered Onesimus. "We will go, for we must get good seats that thou mayest see well, for it will be a fine sight. Look every one is in holiday dress and holiday mood; all the world is rushing to the sport, for the populace, too, have gotten wind of it. Come, little daughter."

The crowd was pushing breathlessly through the marble porches and up the crowded way—Jew and Roman, Greek and Syrian, jostling each other in their mad desire to reach the race course, with it was the amphitheatre of Smyrna. Onesimus drove up in his gilded carriage, and drawing the silken reins stopped his fiery steeds, while his slaves ran quickly to assist the little Cyrylla to alight and make way for their lord through the crowd.

Hand in hand he proud, scornful Greek noble and the dainty little maiden passed through the throng. "Wait here with Philomenes, Cyrylla," said her father, "until I find thy aunt. My eyes are dazzled by the number of beautiful ladies and their rich dresses, and I do not see her. I will return for her."

Cyrylla pressed closer to the side of her father's friend. She was breathing fast from excitement, for never before had she seen so many people or been pushed this way and that.

"Thou shouldst not have come, my white flower," said the grave Philomenes, looking down kindly into the flushed face; "it is no place for thee, no scene for thy young and innocent eyes."

"Oh!" cried Cyrylla, eagerly, "it will be a grand sight!"

Just then she heard the sound of suppressed sobbing close to her shoulder and turning quickly she saw a little slave boy, who was in the train of Philomenes, crying bitterly. His shoulders were heaved where the cruel whips had lashed him, and the tears were streaming from his eyes faster and faster as the crowd began to shout: "Death to the false Polycarp!" "Let the Christian die!"

"What makes you weep?" said Cyrylla, in a sudden impulse of sympathy. He looked up and then pointed to the arena, where, tied to a stake, surrounded by faggots, was an old, old man with long white hair and shoulders bent. It was the friend and disciple of St. John, the noble Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna.

"They are going to kill him," said the little slave boy, "to burn him to death."

"But he is a Christian," answered Cyrylla, wonderingly; "it is good to kill him."

"It is cruel, wicked!" cried the boy, with quivering voice, "for he has done no harm. He is my teacher, my master. Oh, how I love him!" and the poor little fellow's bruised body shook with his sobs.

"How canst thou love him if he is a Christian?" persisted Cyrylla, and Philomenes listened earnestly for the answer. He had rescued the Parthian slave from being beaten to death for believing in Christ by his former master, and after buying him for a large sum Philomenes

had questioned him about this same Christ, who made people love Him so that they were willing to bear anything for His sake, even a cruel, shameful death. And now he, too, was almost a Christian.

"Why do I love him?" said the slave. "Because," his eyes kindling, "he taught me about God—the true God, our Heavenly Father, who made the world and made me and you and everybody, and loves us so that He sent His own Son to save us from our sins. And the Jews crucified Jesus, but He rose again from the dead and was alive, walking about in Jerusalem, and many, many people saw Him and His disciples talked with Him, and then He went up into Heaven to His Father and told us that if we believed in Him, believed that He was the Son of God and tried to do His will, we, too, should go to Heaven when we die and be happy for ever and ever."

"But thou art a slave," said Cyrylla. "God loves slaves," replied the boy, "and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, died for us, too—for the poor and miserable just as much as the rich and great. My master, Polycarp, told me so, and he put a cross upon my forehead to show that I was a soldier and servant of Christ, though I was a Parthian slave, when he baptized me in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit."

"I don't understand," said the little Cyrylla. "But if the old man is good and what thou sayest is true, why do they kill him?"

"Because they do not understand," said Philomenes, taking her hand gently; "but some day they will learn, for Christian triumphs like this will teach them."

Poor little Cyrylla was only more puzzled, but she begged the slave boy not to cry and then followed her protector to the lofty seat between her father and her aunt, who looked down in patrician scorn and amusement upon the victim.

Calmly and quietly, his soul going up to God in prayer, stood the old man. He had been given every opportunity to recant, to deny Christ, but even in the face of death, like thousands of others, he stood firm.

The Ironarch Herod and Nicetes, the father of Herod, had met him as he was being led by a company of his persecutors on an ass to the city, and taking him into their carriage they argued with him thus.

"What harm is there in saying 'Lord Caesar' and sacrificing and doing the other things and getting off free?" said Herod. But he answered, after a pause: "I am not going to do what you bid me."

Then they put him out of the carriage so roughly that he bruised his shin, but went on the race-course cheerfully. When he arrived there was great shouting, and a voice was heard, saying: "Polycarp, be strong!" and every one heard the words, but no one knew who uttered them.

Then the Pro-Consul said: "Art thou Polycarp?"

"I am."

"Then have pity on thine old age. Swear by the fortune of Caesar and say 'Away with the atheists!'"

"Away with the atheists," said the saint, looking up to Heaven.

"Then the Pro-Consul said: 'Revile Christ!'"

"Fourscore years and six have I served Him," answered Polycarp, "and He never did me any harm. How, then, can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?"

Then they threatened him with wild beasts, but he would not recant.

"I will have you consumed by fire," said the Pro-Consul, "if you despise the wild beasts."

"You threatened me," he replied, "with fire that burns for a little while and then goes out; for you do not know that there is another fire of the judgment, to come and of eternal punishment, which fire is reserved for the wicked."

And as he said this his countenance was so glorified that the Pro-Consul wondered, and again they sent the heralds to proclaim on the race-course: "Polycarp has professed himself a Christian."

Now the Jews and heathen together shouted: "Let him be burnt alive," and the fire was prepared.

When they wanted to fasten him with nails to the stake he said: "Let me alone as I am; for He who granted me the gift to endure the fire will give me grace to remain firm." So they tied him with cords.

And with his hands bound behind his back, he looked up to Heaven and prayed, blessing and glorifying God; and Cyrylla watched him, wondering and greatly moved.

Then they kindled the pile, and—wonder of wonders—the flame played round his body and the odor of burning was like sweet perfume and spices, and yet his body was not consumed. Then the crowd grew wild with rage, and to satisfy them, the Pro-Consul ordered that he be put to death by the sword.

The little Cyrylla covered her face as the tender flesh was pierced, and the blood streaming out extinguished the fire.

"Take me away, father; take me away," she begged, as the cries grew wilder and wilder. "I cannot bear it; something is hurting me inside," she added, piteously, looking up to Philomenes with imploring eyes.

"With thy permission I will take her home," said Philomenes to his friend, and Onesimus nodded. He was amusing himself and was, besides, a little ashamed of his daughter's weakness.

Down through the crowd they made their way, while the Jews brought Herod that the pierced and dead body of Polycarp be put on the fire and burnt, "lest the Christians worship him, too," they said, and after some contention it was done, and when Philomenes called the little slave boy to his side and with his train left the race course the smoke from the burning body filled the air.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

maid, was told in simple words by the slave boy as they drove along the high road of the great city of Smyrna. Eagerly Cyrylla drank in every word, and when her father came home at last he found a grave little maiden awaiting him with a look in her eyes that made him form, for in them shone the faith and determination and lofty courage which he had seen in the eyes of those who would bear and suffer anything rather than deny their Lord.

And so it was. The day on which Cyrylla went to the circus to see the sport of killing a Christian because the turning point in her life, and St. Polycarp's glorious death was the means of winning one more pure, childlike soul for Christ. —Catholic Standard and Times.

PRACTISE ECONOMY In buying medicine as in other matters, it is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because there is more medicinal value in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses and will average, taking according to directions, to last a month, while others last but a fortnight.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

Chemist and Druggist SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR OIL, 25cents FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE, 25cents FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANOLIN CREAM, 25cents HENRY R. GRAY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

ACCOUNTANTS, ETC. M. J. DOHERTY, Accountant and Commissioner INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT. Money to Lend! No. 8, FOURTH FLOOR SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Trustee, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

CHURCH BELLS THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue. MESHINE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

SURGEON-DENTISTS FALSE TEETH WITHOUT PLATE GOLD and PORCELAIN Crowns fitted on old roots Aluminium and Rubber Plates made by the latest process. Teeth extracted without pain, by electricity and local anesthesia. DR. J. G. A. GENDREAU, Surgeon-Dentist, 99 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

DR. BROUSSEAU, L.D.S. SURGICAL DENTIST, No. 75 St. Lawrence Street MONTREAL. Telephone, 6201.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC DISTRICT OF MONTEREAL SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Elise Vincent, of Vercheres, wife of Philbert Dalpé, Plaintiff, vs. Philbert Dalpé, of the same place, Defendant. An action in separation de biens has been instituted in this case on the twenty-third of July inst. Montreal, 27th July 1897. VICTOR CUSSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Business Cards. J. P. CONROY (Late with Paddon & Nicholson) 228 Centre Street, Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam-Fitter, ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, Etc. Telephone, 8552

GEORGE BAILEY, Dealer in Best and Wood, Hay, Straw, Oats, Bran, Mould, etc. Pressed Hay always on hand. Orders delivered promptly. Dry kindling wood, \$1.50 per cord. 278 CENTRE STREET

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians. PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Telephone 1834

C. O'BRIEN House, Sign and Decorative Painter. PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER. White wash and tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 27, Dorchester St., East of Beury, Montreal.

CALLAHAN & CO., Book and Job Printers, 741 CRAIG STREET, West Victoria Sq., MONTREAL. The above business is carried on by his Widow and two of her sons.

WAWERLEY LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLES 95 Juron Street, Montreal. D. McDONNELL, Proprietor. Special Attention to Boarding. TELEPHONE 1528.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils. 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa PRACTICAL PLUMBER. GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER. Rutland Lining His any Stove, Cheap. Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

LORCE & CO., HATTER - AND - FURRIER. 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

M. HICKS & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill Street.) MONTREAL. Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Insurance, Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt.

DANIEL FURLONG Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton & Pork. Special Rates for charitable institutions. 54 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET TELEPHONE 6174.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM One Way Weekly Excursions - TO - CALIFORNIA And other Pacific Coast Points. A Pullman Tourist sleeper leaves Bonaventure Station every Thursday at 10.25 p.m. for the Pacific Coast, and that is required in a second-class ticket and in addition a moderate charge is made for sleeping accommodation. This is a splendid opportunity for families moving West. For tickets and reservation of berths apply at 137 ST. JAMES STREET, Or at Bonaventure Station.