

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Twenty Maxims.

The late Professor Thomas Davidson gave these maxims to his class as the fruit of his own experience of life:

- 1. Rely upon your own energies and do not wait for or depend upon other people.
2. Cling with all your might to your own highest ideals and do not be led astray by such vulgar aims as wealth, position, popularity.
3. Your worth consists in what you are, and not in what you have.
4. Never fret in what you do. Do not make yourself unhappy by comparing your circumstances with those of more fortunate people; but make the most of the opportunities you have.
5. Associate with the noblest people you can find; read the best books; live with the mighty.
6. Do not believe that all greatness and heroisms are in the past.
7. Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven.
8. Cultivate ideal friendships, and gather into an intimate circle all your acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right.
9. Do not shrink from an useful or kindly act, however hard or repellent it may be.
10. If the world despise you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it.
11. If a thousand plans fail, be not disheartened.
12. Examine yourself every night and see whether you have progressed in knowledge, sympathy and helpfulness during the day.
13. Seek enjoyment in energy, not in dalliance.
14. Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the simple, natural outcome of your character.
15. If you do wrong, say so, and make what atonement you can.
16. When in doubt how to act, ask yourself: What does nobility command?
17. Look for no reward for goodness but goodness itself.
18. Give whatever countenance and help you can to every movement and institution that is working for good.
19. Wear no pleasures, within or without.
20. Never be satisfied until you have understood the meaning of the world, and the purpose of your own life, and have reduced your world to a rational cosmos.

grit, determination, and will power against his handicap, whatever it may be.

In every man, and child, not outside of him, not here or there or elsewhere, dependent on this circumstance or that, but right within himself, is the possibility of a grand success.

Lewell's Advice to Young Men. James Russell Lowell had enjoyed heartily his own frequent reading of the works of the great authors he wrote about, and he was able to convey some of this enjoyment to his own readers, and to explain to them the reason for his liking.

His favorite of all was the mighty Florentine poet, Dante, whom Lowell steadily studied from early life. Indeed, the advice he gave to young men seeking culture was to find the great writer whom they most appreciated, and to give themselves to the constant perusal of this great writer, growing up to him slowly, and discovering gradually that to understand him adequately would force them sooner or later to learn many of the things best worth learning.

The Day's Work. Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished, when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as the moments slip past, then the mind tires the body.

Each One's Responsibility. It should not be forgotten that there is such a thing as individual responsibility. Upon each one rests a proportionate part of the work of making the whole world better and our neighbor happier. Our success depends largely upon the use we make of that potent factor—individual effort.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Two Dreams.

"Did you sleep well last night, my son?" inquired Jacob's father one morning. "Yes, but I had two very strange dreams. I thought a little dog was turning a wheel in a mill maker's shop. The workman thrust pieces of iron into the blaze, and when they were red hot he hammered them into spikes. When the little dog grew tired, the wheel would turn slowly, and then the man would hold a red hot nail close to the poor animal and frighten him very much. He would jump ahead, and the wheel would fairly buzz around. At last the dog sank down and could not go a step farther. The cruel master then took him out of the cage and began to beat him. He did not cry out, but at every blow he seemed to grow larger. First he was as large as a shepherd dog, then as a wolf, then a lion. At last he was a monster breathing fire out of his mouth. The mill maker and the forge were consumed, and then I woke up. Wasn't that a dreadful dream?"

"Yes, it was," answered Jacob's father. "But there was in it a meaning that you will understand some day. You should never ill treat any one. Injustice will turn men into wild beasts; these grow more and more ferocious, until they end by destroying everything. Now tell me your second dream."

"I was afraid of something that seemed to be coming behind me. I did not know what it was, but I ran as fast as I could so as to get away from it. The faster I ran, the closer it seemed to get and the larger it grew. I thought I was surely lost, when there suddenly appeared before me a calm figure, which said to me: 'Do not be afraid. Stop, turn around, and face the fresh courage. Look squarely at the thing you fear so much.' I obeyed. I turned around and faced the great black form that was chasing me; I looked at it steadily, and even took some steps toward it. The nearer I got, the smaller it became, and finally it disappeared in mist. Then I woke up."

"Your dream was a true one," said Jacob's father. "When you are afraid it will seem as if all sorts of dangers were close behind you. But if you take courage and turn about and face them, they will disappear in smoke, just as they did in your dream." Translated from the French of Charles Wagner for the Avo Maria.

A Polite Boy. It is pleasant to see in a young person ease and grace of manner. All should learn to walk erect and keep the face calm and peaceful. The face and the exterior department often reveal what a person is. Many young persons have a habit of wrinkling the face, biting the lips, and keeping the mouth open when it should be closed.

When obliged to stand, do so in a proper manner. Do not lean on the furniture, nor lounge as if you were too tired to stand straight. When seated, do not throw the chair back so as to have it rest on two of its legs. Notice how polite persons sit, stand or walk, and how easy and graceful they appear.

"Hold up your head, my little man. Throw back your shoulders if you can. And give your lungs full room to play! Toes out, not in, like a circus clown. But walk as if you knew the way." A polite boy is genteel in all his movements. He makes no noise. He is always ready to help others. He is not desirous to put himself forward. If he enters a room, he does not select the best seat but takes the poorest, unless a better one is offered. If there be persons in the room he bows to them and takes his seat. He always knocks at the door of a room, even though the door be open, unless the room is a public one. If a person is standing he speaks to him, rises if he be seated, and

does not take his seat unless told to do so.

It is easy to be graceful and to avoid being clumsy. Have a good will, and you will find the way, if you have not found it already. Copy the good, shun the evil. Remember you are a child of God, a temple of the Holy Spirit. Have self respect, humility and docility, and you will be graceful, for the virtues of the heart will show themselves in the countenance and the behavior.—Providence Visitor.

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curb step, up Woodward avenue, to rest. She was curious, because of a smile that attracted a group of little ones, the oldest nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered and then suddenly faded away; and the corner of her delicate apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked: "Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat. "I'm awfully sorry," said the little girl as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child; bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron. "But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "If you may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They did not know the hearts of the children, and they didn't hear the old woman's words as she rose to go: "Oh! children, I'm only a poor woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."—Detroit Free Press.

Engineer's Story of Why He Cried.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "Queer things happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it."

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than three years old toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more."

"As we slowed down my freeman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted at me: 'Jim look here!' I looked and there was a big black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leucely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My freeman thought it funny, and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Galveston Tribune.

When you see a boy who utilizes every moment of his time for self-improvement, grasping every bit of knowledge that is calculated to be of benefit to him, and a desire to do everything he undertakes to a finish you can put it down that he is trying to be somebody in life. He has aspirations to rise above the common level and with his determination to accomplish something and a firm resolution to make a success he will be haunted by no such word as fail.

Make up your mind that you intend to be somebody in life and go to work with a determination to succeed. A boy in a reform school has opportunities which if taken advantage of will start him on the royal road to success. You have the advantage of educational facilities as well as manual training, which, if you have the ambition and determination to master, will certainly win success. But first you must have the desire to succeed. Set up a high ideal, and be sure you come up to it. Remember, no achievement can rise higher than the longing and determination.

A GOOD SHEPHERD. THE LATE MGR. TREPANIER, OF MONTREAL, WAS A MODERN ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

There died recently at Montreal, a venerable, truest in spirit and letter, of the great Good Shepherd who gave up His life for His flock that they might find salvation. The story of this good man is as simple, says a writer in the Avo Marie, but also as interesting and edifying, as that of St. Vincent de Paul.

Of a very delicate constitution, Canon Trepanier was not ordaining until he was thirty-three years of age. He died at the age of seventy, having dragged out what would in ordinary parlance be termed a miserable existence, afflicted as he had been all his days with various maladies. Nevertheless, one can hardly imagine a life more rounded and fruitful than was his, so truly is it said that the most valiant souls do not always dwell in the most robust bodies.

Having been appointed in 1871, chaplain to the Asylum for Deaf-Mutes, Rue St. Denis, Montreal, Pere Trepanier at once directed all his zeal and consecra-

ted his entire life to the work (so thankless in the eyes of men, but so great in the eyes of God) of the instruction and moral betterment of those poor afflicted creatures, the deaf and dumb. Shortly after his death—the next day, in fact, —his assistant at the convent of the Rue St. Denis wrote as follows: "It is above all to Canon Trepanier that today the Asylum for Deaf-Mutes of Montreal stands on a footing of equality with the best houses of the kind in Europe and the United States."

And of a certainty, no one will be found to contradict the assertion. Whether we take into consideration his journeys to the Old World, his serious and arduous studies in behalf of the cause to which he had given his life, the introduction of the best methods of instruction, the daily visits he made to the classes, his pedagogical conferences to the teachers of the deaf-mutes, or his other activities, we discover that nothing deterred or frightened this zealous priest, so brave in soul, while in body so frail and feeble.

Complaint is sometimes made usually by frivolous Christians, that there are no more saints. They pretend that these heroes of God humble and faithful—fall of vigilance and of faith—lived in the Ages of Faith, those frivolous Christians sigh, but now where are they? And these superficial persons never realize that right beside them every day, breathing the same air, living unostentatiously their uncomplaining devoted lives, these are heroes of charity immolating themselves through their labors in the cause they have espoused. The Church is always holy, producing saints in every age; but more often than otherwise it is characteristic of these masters of virtue to pass through the world quietly, because they who are exceptionally good, exceptionally holy make the least noise. So it was with Don Bosco, he of herculean labors and wonderful success; so with the Cure of Ars, who has been beatified and canonized; so with his assistant, "Canon Trepanier did not hesitate to leave them when occasion demanded, ever ready to respond to every call, were it near or far, in order to reclaim wandering or erring sheep. His custom at Christmas, at Easter, and during vacation, was to visit his old pupils, renewing their religious instruction, correcting any errors that might have crept into their peculiar language since their departure from the Asylum, never neglecting an opportunity to restore to the right path any who might have strayed away from it."

One day, having heard that in a certain city there resided a deaf-mute child whose infirmity, and the peculiarities resulting therefrom, had rendered her almost insupportable to her own parents, and who had been subjected to all kinds of ill treatment, the good Canon immediately set out in search of the unhappy child. Arrived at the home of her parents, he at once engaged them in friendly conversation, finding them to be more ignorant than culpable. Being informed of the advantages to be derived from the care and instruction their daughter would receive at the asylum, they consented to give her up.

But when the time for departure came, there seemed to be no one who would take her to the station. It may be presumed from what followed that she was either unable or unwilling to walk there herself. "That doesn't matter," said Pere Trepanier at last. "I will carry her." And it was in his arms, neither strong nor robust, that the child was taken to the train. Once seated in the car, the good priest cared for her not like a father, but like a mother. He dried her tears and consoled her. Arrived at Montreal, he placed her in the hands of the Sisters, his face irradiated by the joy of success. The child is still there. As to Pere Trepanier, he saw nothing strange or out of the way in the circumstance, as he related it, some years afterward, to his assistant. He indeed such a thing as the Blessed Cure of Ars would have done, as simply and as unconsciously.

In reading of this incident, one is reminded of "Monsieur Vincent de Paul, Aumonier des Galeres," by Francois Coppee, a free translation of which may fitly close this short sketch: "It had been a stormy day, but at last the poor man, returning from his labors, had said to himself, 'I shall at least have a good sleep to-night,' and so hastened through rain and wind to his convent. But when he reached the door, he saw, stretched on the ground in a corner, a child about ten years of age. Addressing him, he asked him a few questions. The child had been fasting since dawn. 'Come!' said Vincent. Putting his key in the lock, and taking the dirty child in his arms, he went upstairs to his cells, and

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after giving him food, placed him on his own bed. Then, remembering that at midnight in the month of January the cold is piercing, and that the counterpane was thin, he took off his own cloak, and, shivering as he stood, threw it over the foot of the sleeping child.

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