

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Lost Your Grip?

Have you lost your grip? Cheer up. No time in history when opportunities are greater than to-day.

Most of the people whom I have met who are down in the world, or talented people are doing mediocre work, have lost their grip. And what does that mean?

It means that they have lost confidence in themselves. No man loses his grip until he loses faith in himself.

The grip and confidence of most people follow their moods. If their courage is up, if they feel well, their grip is firmer; but the moment they get a little discouraged, or have a fit of the "blues," they lose their grip, and are soon "way down."

Now, the well-trained man pays very little attention to his moods, except to show them that he intends to be the master, that he does not propose to throw away a good day's work just because he does not happen to be in the right mood.

When he goes to his office or store in the morning, he goes there determined to do a solid day's work, to give his best; and the result is that, after awhile moods have very little to do with him.

People who are victims of their moods never amount to much, because they are never masters of themselves. They never know when they start out in the morning whether they are going to do a day's work or not.

People who are victims of their moods are weaklings. They simply go along the line of least resistance.

Moody people ought to be very careful about their living habits. They should be regular about everything—their meals, their sleep, their exercise and their work.

The mental attitude has a great deal to do with the moods. If you approach your work with the spirit of a master, if you go to it as a conqueror with a determination to accomplish what you undertake at all hazards, and keep at your work no matter how you feel, you will be surprised to see how quickly you will master your mental condition.

What object is more pitiable than that of a healthy, strong, well-educated young man whining about the hard times, or the lack of opportunity in this land in which is so packed with chances?

Thousands of young people in this country try to excuse themselves for their failure to do something worth while by saying it is the fault of society that it is due to economic conditions, to the fact that a few good-for-nothing idlers get all the money and all the good things, while the many do all the work and bear all the burdens.

The manspinner of your watch is not outside of your case. No power or influence outside of the watch can make it keep good time. Its manspinner is inside. The power which will carry you to your goal is not in somebody else. It is in yourself, or nowhere.

Sticking to the Disagreeable Job. It is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose, and who holds himself to his aim, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

It is easy to do what is agreeable, to keep at the things we like and are enthusiastic about; but it takes real grit to try to put our whole soul into that which is distasteful and against which our nature protests, but which we are compelled to do for the sake of others who would suffer if we did not do it.

To go every morning with a stout heart and an elastic step, with courage and enthusiasm, to work which we are not fitted for and were not intended to do, work against which our very nature protests, just because it is our duty, and to keep this up, year in and year out, require heroic qualities.

How to Get Poorer Quicker. We hear a great deal about get-rich-quick schemes, but if you want to get poor quick, go into Wall Street without a level head or a lot of experience; play the races, take a flyer in the schemes you see advertised, in mines and oils and real estate,—not that they are all bad, but most of them are not good.

Some time ago a New York man discharged a valuable employe because he played the races. When asked if he thought gambling wrong, he said: "It isn't so much that, but I am convinced that a man who would make the loose, one-sided contract required by a bookmaker is not competent to take care of his own interests or those of anybody else."

Intoxicated with his Work.

Not long ago I asked a young man how he was getting along, and he said, "I am just intoxicated with work. I cannot get enough of it. I just ache every morning to get to my task, and I leave it with the same regard at night that a born artist lays down his brush when the twilight cuts him off."

There is no need of anxiety about the future of a young man who faces his work in this spirit.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

A certain number of bright boys will choose, or have chosen for them, the legal profession as their life-work. Every professional calling demands brains, but those who would follow the law successfully must have their wits about them.

While the man who is his own physician is said to have "a fool for a doctor," the one "who knows enough law to keep out of it" is ranked as "a pretty good lawyer." Now, if the client in the following anecdote had had the wit of his counsellor, he would have had no fees to pay.

As the story goes, a gentleman once asked a lawyer what he would do if he had had a man \$500 and the man left the country without sending any acknowledgments.

"Why, that's simple. Just write him to send an acknowledgment for the \$500 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only \$500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessary."

A bit of telling repartee in the courtroom almost invariably sways the jury in favor of the witty lawyer's side. Dr. Johnson's famous saying, "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young," was first spoken in reference to Lord Mansfield, who, having received his education entirely in England, always considered himself an Englishman.

General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar at the time, having failed in his attempts to extort money from a Jew, sent him back by force to Tetuan, in Morocco, from whence he had come to Gibraltar. The Jew afterward went to England and sued the Governor for damages.

Lord Mansfield, who was then known as Mr. Murray, was counsel for the Governor. In the course of his defense before the jury he said: "True, the Jew was banished. But where? Why to the place of his nativity? Where is the cruelty, where the hardship, where the injustice of banishing a man to his own country?"

Mr. Nowell, counsel for the Jew, retorted: "Since my learned friend thinks so lightly of the matter, I ask him to suppose the case his own. Would he like to be banished to his native land?"

The court rang with peals of laughter, in which Murray himself joined with a right good will. Thomas Logan, one of the pioneer members of the bar in Oregon, was an inveterate wag. One day he was arguing a case before Chief Justice Greene, of the Supreme Court of what was then the Territory of Washington. Opposed to him was a back woods lawyer named Browne. Logan continually referred to the counsel on the other side as if his name were spelled "Brown," to the evident annoyance of that gentleman.

At last the judge interfered, remarking: "Mr. Logan, this gentleman's name is spelled B-r-o-w-n-e, and is pronounced Brown, not Browney. Now, my name is spelled G-r-e-e-n-e, but you would not pronounce it Greeney, would you?"

"That," replied Logan gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, "depends entirely on how your Honor decides this case."

Occasionally the laugh goes against the lawyer. In a New England courtroom one afternoon in late spring there was a scene of great excitement. A witness had testified that he saw the defendant "splitti' up rails" a few hours before the occurrence of the accident for which the defendant was supposed to be responsible.

"What did he say he was going to do with the rails?" asked the counsel, fixing the wandering eye of the witness with his stern gaze.

Before the witness could answer, the defendant's counsel was on his feet, insisting that the question was not allowable. A prolonged wrangle ensued. Various high authorities for and against the admission of the question were consulted and quoted.

Meanwhile the witness shifted from one leg to the other, and gave vent to several prodigious yawns. Once he was heard to mutter that "twas fearful hot," but, aside from that, he made no remarks. As the controversy raged higher and higher, something resembling a smile passed across his face once or twice, but quickly vanished.

At last the court ruled that the question must be allowed, and while the defendant's counsel, exhausted with rage, leaned back in his chair and mopped his forehead, the query was put once more. "What did the defendant say he was going to do with those rails?"

"Nawthin'," drawled the witness. "I was drivin' 'n nices-in-law to ketch the train when I see him. An' now, if it ain't onconstitootion'l, I'd like to set down, for my legs is about gin out."

business. The result proved the young physician to be as quick-witted as the learned counsel. "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Bagging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend Mr. Bagging might," said the doctor.

A judge is a graduated lawyer, of course. In certain communities his Honor has to try to be at once judge, counsel and jury. Some years ago there lived in Alabama a judge who was noted for the sarcasm which he dispensed lavishly during his administration of justice.

On one occasion during a term of court at Montgomery a young man was tried for stealing a pocketbook. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the larceny case was slight, but in the other seemed to the judge conclusive.

In passing sentence upon the convicted thief, after the discharge of the other prisoners, the judge said: "Young man, you have not been in this country long?" "No, your Honor," replied the prisoner.

"I thought not," said the judge. "You don't know these people; you may kill them, but don't touch their pocketbooks!"

On another occasion when the evidence seemed to point conclusively to the prisoner's guilt, but when the judge, from long experience, distrusted the jurymen's wisdom, the counsel for the defendant said, "It is better that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape than one innocent man should suffer."

In his charge to the jury the judge admitted the soundness of this position, but he added impressively and severely: "Gentlemen, I want you to bear in mind that ninety-nine have already escaped."

The difficulty of impaneling a jury in the early courts of Wisconsin may be seen from an incident related in "The Bench and Bar of Wisconsin." Judge Irvin was on the bench, and a murder trial was pending. G. T. Long, familiarly known as "Luey" Long was Under Sheriff. There was difficulty in getting a jury which knew nothing about the facts of the case.

"Well, Mr. Long," asked the judge, "have you at last secured a sufficient number of jurymen who know nothing about the case?" "Yes, sir," replied the polite officer. "Six of them know nothing about this case, and the other six know nothing at all."

Humor is plentiful in the police courts, especially when the Magistrate happens to be an Irishman. The reporters never had trouble about getting "a good story" in the days when Justice Duffy kept all New York interested in his witty sayings and clever rulings.

He had many wife-beaters before him, and each got all that the law allowed. But this was not enough to quench the wife-beating propensity in some of them. One man in particular was brought before him several times, and at length the Alderman could bear it no longer.

"There is no use in sending you to jail," he roared. "Fining you does no good. Now, I am going to give what you really deserve, and when I am through with you, you'll have a different idea about the right of a husband to beat his wife."

"What he was talking he had stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and descended from the bench. Only the constable was in the office, and he stood by to see fair play.

"Put up your hands," shouted the Alderman. "I'll give you all the chance you are able to take. The wife-beater was a husky fellow and not afraid of a fight. He put up his fists in a more or less workmanlike fashion. Then Donohue showed him what he considered the proper punishment for a wife-beater.

There was a lively fifteen minutes, and in that time the wife-beater had been punned, sat upon, banged against the wall and thrown to the floor till he was a thoroughly humbled and bruised offender. Donohue, scant of breath, puffing hard and with some marks himself to show for the fray, clambered back to the bench.

"Now go home," he said, "and see if that does not effect a cure." It did effect a cure, and the wife has gone unbeat since.

This established Donohue's fame. A French society sent him a ribbon and a long letter of commendation, women's societies and women personally all over the country.

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria. Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics. Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children. Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from the remedy in the most advanced conditions of the throat.

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the country wrote to him commending his act. When he ran for re-election no small factor in his success were the women of the ward. They campaigned so effectively for him that he received a large majority.

Donohue once held a man in \$1,000,000 bail. He was convinced that the man, who had a lot of money, had defrauded a number of people and would be willing to forfeit \$5,000 or \$10,000 bail in order to escape. It was Saturday night. Donohue was not long in making up his mind.

"I'll hold you in \$1,000,000 bail," he declared. The man's lawyer protested. It was useless. The man went to jail and on Monday most of the money was returned.

On another occasion a poverty-stricken and aged widow who was turned out of her house for non-payment of rent applied to Donohue for aid. The Alderman hired a blacksmith, had the padlocks stricken from the house, reinstated the widow, arrested the landlord for trespass, made him pay the blacksmith and have new locks put on the door, and presented the keys to the widow.

A case that made his wisdom seem like Solomon's was that of an old Irish woman and her neighbor who had a dispute over the ownership of a goose. Ten witnesses on each side gave contradictory testimony. Donohue was puzzled for a moment. Then he asked: "Which of you women has a gander?"

"I have," both exclaimed. "Then each of you must appear in court to-morrow with your ganders. I'll issue a subpoena for them and in the meantime I'll keep the goose." The next day ganders, contestants, witnesses and friends were present. There was a large field behind Donohue's office. He sent two constables with the ganders to opposite ends of the field and told them to release the birds. At the same time at his end he released the goose.

For a little time the case was in doubt. The birds paid no attention to each other. Finally, however, the goose spied one of the ganders, eyed him critically for a time and then ambled off down the field and joined him. "Whose gander is that the goose went to?" demanded Donohue. "Mrs. McGroarty's," cried the crowd.

"Then it's Mrs. McGroarty's goose, too. Mrs. Shelvin will pay the costs," announced the Irish Solomon.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

ADVENT. The season of Advent is to prepare us to worthily celebrate Christmas or the anniversary of our Lord and Saviour's birth. It is penitential and should be kept in a prayerful, recollected and mortified manner.

FOR YOUR COMFORT'S SAKE keep on your dressing table, where it's handy, a bottle of CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM. It relieves at once, and quickly cures the itching, burning, stinging exposure to cold, frost, raw winds and dry, dusty air.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AND NOVELTIES. At half price. We secured last week about \$500 worth of Bells and other decorations at our own price. In order to make a quick sale of them we are going to cut the prices in two: 1c. Bells 9c. a doz., 5c. Bells 3c.; 20c. Bells at 10c.; 10c. Bells at 5 cents. Dennison's Garlands, 1 doz. in a box, in red and green effect, that we have sold at \$2.00 a box, now 75c. a box. The dozen extends over 75 yards. Fancy rosette garlands, \$2.00 a doz. now \$1.00 a doz. Christmas green 40 cents a doz., Christmas fans in red and green 40c. a doz., Garlands extending

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ORIGIN OF CHURCH AND MONASTERY. The origin of both church and monastery can be traced with reasonable clearness almost directly to Pope Stephen III, for though actually built under Paul I, it was in accomplishment of a vow made by Stephen, who having repaired to France to get aid against the horde of Longobardi, then devastating various Italian provinces, was seized with a dangerous malady which threatened his life.

He was lodging in the monastery of St. Denis, near Paris, and had recourse to the intercession of this saint, promising on his return to Italy to cause a church and monastery dedicated to the saint to be built on the site of his father's dwelling. His prayer was heard and his health sufficiently restored to enable him to return in safety.

Though unable to carry out his design in person, he left it a sacred trust to his successor. Paul I. faithfully fulfilled the desires of his predecessor, causing the church and monastery to be built on the appointed site and further enriched the church with many precious relics of the martyrs, amongst others the body of Pope St. Sylvester, from which the church, in our day derives its name, and that of the youthful defender of the Holy Eucharist, St. Tarcisius.

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