

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To accomplish one's duty with courage and simplicity is ever the surest way to obtain from men the justice of a true admiration.—Laocadae.

The Douche.

Dr. Baruch says: "The well-known refreshing and invigorating effects of the douche, which in France is so largely resorted to by men and women of feeble muscular fibre, by people who lead sedentary lives or lose their vigor in the whirl of fashionable dissipation. To enliven the feeble muscles of the children and youths with strength, to invigorate the lax fibre of those men and women who either live in normal exercise in the open air, there is certainly no measure more valuable than the cold douche carefully adopted to each individual in duration, temperature and pressure. I do not refer here to diseased conditions, but simply to abnormal feebleness in muscle and the incapacity for normal work."

A Wrong Ideal of Success.

"The successful man" is kept before the people. By "successful" is commonly meant one who is free from poverty, or at best, very limited means, and who rises to great worldly estate. He is held up as an example of the possibilities of life, and as an ideal to be followed. He is asked by editors and press managers to tell the story of his life, and reveal the secret of his success. Young men are thus taught that wealth is a goal toward which they should run, and life is thus turned in a wrong direction. Success lies in what a man is in himself, and not what he has. He who has grown into a broad conception of life, with its relations and responsibilities, who has attained high-minded, pure-hearted Christian manliness, is the successful man. And again a wrong ideal discourages such as not to attain to it. They see the impossibilities of success in that direction and make no effort in any one. Unable to gain the impossible they fail to strive for the easily possible. We would impress it upon every one, especially on every young man, that success, the true and the best success, is possible, for it is in character and service; in what is in the heart and not in the pocket, in what is given for the good of others and not in what is gathered for self.

Do You Plant Fortune Seed?

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."
We sing this stanza as children, and think it a sweet little fairy tale, and straightway grow up and forget all about the mighty truth that the rhyme contains. Experience is the greatest of all teachers, but many of us are so obtuse that we absolutely fail to see the significance of the facts which she so quietly, but urgently, places before us. If a person who has received a comfortable salary for five or ten years suddenly finds himself out of a position, without any money saved up, he is quite likely to blame his luck, instead of looking at the matter with a dispassionate mind and realizing that experience is putting before him, in the most convincing manner, a lesson of thrift which he needs to learn by heart.

If, instead of bemoaning his "luck," he will listen, a still, small voice will whisper to him of his nickels, dimes, and even dollars foolishly squandered; his nickels, dimes, and dollars spent which have not yielded their value in enjoyment. Money spent on legitimate pleasures, taken in moderation, need never be regretted. Legitimate pleasures are those which do not leave a bad taste in the mouth, but, instead, bestow thoughtful memories that no amount of hardship can deprive one of.

The writer knows of a person whose income has unexpectedly been cut off, leaving him quite unprepared. For years he has lived up to the limit of his salary, giving no thought to the future. "Think of it," he remarked, desperately, "had I but saved only 10 cents a day, for the last five years—and I could have done so without ever missing it—I should now have \$47.50, not allowing for accrued interest. But I might have saved a great deal more than that, without foregoing any real pleasures. His mind flashes to think of such folly, and I deserve the hard time I am having."

But, perhaps, you think that the family of a laboring man could not save 10 cents a day, without a great deal of sacrifice. It is certainly no overstatement of fact to assume that the average workman in this country might save 5 cents a day, without undergoing deprivations. The amount is too small to be worth while. Let us see.

Suppose that a young man of twenty-one should make a resolution to put away at least 5 cents a day, each day in the year, and not to touch his savings for ten years. Do you realize that at the end of that time he would have \$182.50 to his credit, as a result of putting away an amount so small that he would never miss it? Many enormous fortunes have grown from a smaller capital than this.

If a man has good brains, energy, and, at the age of thirty-one, a capital of \$182.50, there is no reason why, at the age of forty-one, he should not have a very snug nest-egg indeed, if he be a man of ordinary ability.

If, on the other hand, he happens to have the money-making talent, there is no reason why he should not be well started on the road to wealth. The power of small things is one of the most important facts of life, and too much stress cannot be laid upon it. It is absurd and illogical to despise the units, when there can be no tens and hundreds without them. A man alone may be puny and insignificant; but, multiplied, he constitutes the power which dominates the earth. One penny may seem to you a very insignificant thing, but it is the small seed from which fortunes spring. If we want to raise a flower or vegetable, we produce the seed, plant it in good soil, and do all that we can to facilitate its growth; or we may be fortunate enough

to procure a half-grown plant; but some time, somewhere, somebody planted the seed.

The penny is nothing in the world but the seed of that wonderful growth which the best of us cannot help admiring, and for which all of us long, the fortune plant! If you would have one of those wonderful plants for your own, if you dream of sitting at ease under its branches, your old age, go about it in a rational way. From this moment, treat that little disk of copper, with the head of the queen on one side and "ONE CENT" on the other, with the respect that a fortune seed deserves. Don't scatter and waste seeds so valuable, but plant them in the soil which will foster them—the savings bank.

The Fatal Waste of Life's Springtime.

Spring means action, progress, a letting loose of energy. It means running brooks, quickening germs, shooting twigs, swelling buds, unfolding leaves. Nature's combined forces set about new tasks, after a long rest. Growth-compelling heat rays join solvent moisture in stimulating dry, brown seeds to life and growth. Strengthening soil-elements, set loose by riving frost and flood, lie ready dissolved for the hungry rootlets' drinking-in.

Nature's own planting has long been done. She starts her crops without delay. Man's planting must be prompt to catch the tide of the best conditions. Tardy seeding gives the germ but half a chance. When the sun first warms the brown furrow, when the voice of every animate creature announces the end of dead inaction, and a glad reawakening to vibrant life, then must the farmer shake off the sloth of cooping-up winter, haste to add his quota to the work of preparation, and stir the rich bed wherein his plant wards shall find sustenance and stretch up to add to his honor and profit, giving him and his family life-food, in return for care and culture.

The easy-going, shiftless farmer heeds not the call. He sees in the new life of the field and forest only quarry for his deadly gun, merely a new pretext for vagrant rambles in pursuit of pleasure in the cruel chase or in angling. He basks in the warm sun, but gives it no seed to quicken, and does not even start his plow.

Summer comes to surprise the loiterer. The sun's darting rays at length prod the farmer to his duty, reminding him of the swift-advancing season, of the approaching need, and of the clamorous mouths of his children. With his seed bag he goes to the field. He finds the soil, that once was stirred by the departing frost and moistened by the April showers, packed and baked by rays too fierce for tender germs and starting leaves. Rank weeds almost hide its surface. There is no time to plow. Hastily he drags the harrow and tears the earth into clods, mingled everywhere with the vagrant growth. The seed is cast among the lumps, half of it to die, the rest to fight a losing fight against the choking weeds. Contemptuous Nature, busy with the grosser work of building stalks, devising complicated flowers, and performing the mystic rite of Hymen for millions of organisms, gives scant attention to the weaklings that the improvident tiller would force upon her attention out of season. Her seed-hull-cracking, her germ-starting and her coddling of frail stems were over long ago. Now she bustles about with large tasks, canning her precious juices and pulps, safeguarding the fruit, the final triumph of all her year-long effort.

Late to the field means poor yields and hurried service. When the time for harvest comes, the scant crop of half-mature grain is watched with feverish anxiety to give it time to ripen and yet to snatch it from the nip of the frost. Garnered with its heads half filled, the meager yield is so mixed with taros or with chaff that the tardy farmer gains no profit. He groans at his "ill luck," and anxiously eyes his neighbor, whose well-tilled field had smiled in golden contrast to the former's unkempt weed-patch.

Spring has its work, and summer will not perform it. Youth has its tasks, and maturity falters at them. Toll-hardened hands cannot pen the simple letters that seemed easy to childish hands. Words and facts that find have sunk into eager, virgin minds, find no lodgment in the care-torn brain of the struggler who worked first for the harvest. Aching, anxious desire may go to feverish endeavor, but the springtime conditions are gone, and the tired, hardened brain refuses new impressions. Lack of knowledge, of culture, and of finer appreciation must endure, though it exists one's heart out, and with regret and jealous longing, and though it clogs the foot and hampers every forward, upward step.

These belated sowers are on every hand. Sometimes they struggle hard to overcome their handicaps, to meet the urgent present need by stealing time from sleep or recreation, to learn that which will redeem them from mediocrity. Sometimes they stifle their longings and revel in gold-bought luxury and princely vices. They have succeeded by money-ratting, but, in their hearts they sadly and bitterly know what they have failed; there is gall in their every cup of nectar. Sometimes these wasters of the spring-time are ground beneath the wheels of poverty, unable to gain even material comfort, despair being their only portion. Sometimes they are mocked by high position, where their shortcomings are in the public eye and the public print, and the humiliation goads them to desperation. Whatever their final fate, business success or business failure, the memory of their wasted seed-time, the misspent spring, mars every act.

How the handicapped millionaire envies boys in school or college, and would give half his wealth for the chance to lay a foundation which they are thinking of spurning! How many an embarrased man in public life longs to relive boyhood, that he may correct the mistakes of his youth. How much more he could make of his life, of his position, if he had cultivated his mind when young! He does everything at a disadvantage. His grasp of documents, speeches, and books is weak because he does not know how to study. He must

employ a literary secretary to save himself from blunders of grammar, errors in history and biography, or in political economy. He is forced to petty expedients to hide his ignorance.

Oh, what a pity it is to see splendid ability made to do the work of mediocrity! A man of magnificent parts, feeling that he is by nature intended to shine as a leader, is pitiable when compelled to do the work of an inferior, and to plod along in hopeless obscurity.

The eager unrest of youth, that chafes at restraining school walls and longs to rush to action, makes havoc with countless careers. In after days the old proverb will ring mockingly in memory:

It will not when he may
When he would he shall have nay.

What are investments in bonds and stocks, in houses and lands, compared with investment in an education, in a broad, deep culture which will enrich the life and be a perpetual blessing to one's friends?

To rob oneself of the means of enjoyment which education and culture give has no compensation in mere money wealth. No material prosperity can compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual wellspring of satisfaction, of enjoyment. It enables one to bear up under misfortune, to be cheerful under discouragements, trials and tribulations, which overwhelm a shallow mind and an empty heart.

"In the making of a man," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "all the rich forces of nature and civilization must have a place." Plastic youth, when heart and brain are ready to receive indelible impressions, to warm and nourish into vigorous life every germ of knowledge, virtue and talent, alone allows these forces to do their complete work, to mold him to his full stature, mentally, physically, and psychically.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls in the country may not have the facilities for self-improvement possessed by their brothers and sisters in the city. At first sight, this may seem to be to their disadvantage, but, in reality, it opens the doors more widely to the cultivating of individuality and the development of faculties which otherwise might never be brought into play. Being thrown on their own resources, they are obliged to be their own teachers, to arrange their own courses of study, to form reading and debating clubs among themselves, and to exercise and strengthen their reasoning powers by solving their own knotty problems, instead of having them solved for them.—"Success" for February.

What Boys Should Do.

First—Be true, be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this; a boy had better not learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true to intention and action rather than being learned in all the sciences and in all the languages; to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeited in life.

Second—Be self-reliant and self-helpful; even from early childhood; be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. All honest work is honorable, and an idle, useless life of independence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, however young he may be, however poor, however rich, he has learned some of the things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

A Dull Girl.

"Would you rather be good or clever or happy?" There had been a hot discussion over the old question at Maggie Barton's luncheon. Each fate had had its champions, and nobody had come to saying that the terms were not "mutually exclusive," and that it would be hard to choose one of them which should not carry at least one other in its train.

On one conclusion one boy of girls had been agreed—that to be a dull girl was a severe trial in this modern world. Edith Coleman was the only one who did not say a word on the subject. Yet she chattering, vivacious young creature, was the very type under discussion—a dull girl.

She went home that afternoon with a fathomless depression in her heart. Life did not seem worth living, since she was to have none of its fairest prizes—praise, admiration, social success!

Not only was her spirit heavy, but her feet seemed weighed with lead, and when she tried to talk a little at the dinner table her words came more thickly and slowly than usual. She believed her dullness was increasing. The next morning found her too feverish to think even of her stupidity. By noon she was shut up with a trained nurse and an attack of pneumonia.

Then a strange thing happened in her family. They found that the only dull child among the six boys and girls was desperately ill, so that the family judgment was not warped by anxiety.

One simple fact was that nothing seemed to go well without her. The flowers on the breakfast table were faded; there was nobody watching at the window to let Mrs. Coleman in from the morning of shopping; Bridget was crying with toothache and there was nobody to console or advise her; Bob couldn't get his arithmetic lesson, not because Edith wasn't there to help him, for she, poor girl, knew less about the problems than he did, but because nobody thought to send him off to the dining-room, where he could work in solitude; Helen hadn't the audience which she liked for her practicing; even Mr. Coleman was irritably saying that half the house was gone, and he recalled remorsefully that he had been wishing not long ago that "Edith had something to say for herself."

The Coleman family discovered suddenly what the world needs to learn, that a so-called "dull" girl who has enough sense to discover her own limitations can be an invaluable element in the happiness of her friends.

When Edith got well—for she did get well with promptness—she found that she was not to lose all the prizes for which she had longed at Maggie Barton's luncheon.

The outside world never viewed her in a different light. To them she was always "the dull one of the Coleman girls." But in the little circle for whose praise alone she really cared she was destined to have that best tribute in all the world—not the sense of being thought clever or wise or witty or beautiful or accomplished, but of being indispensable.—Youth's Companion.

The Waiting Mother.

"You see," said the lake engineer, in reply to a question I had asked, "it's strange the sort of things that will stick in your memory longest. Take, for instance, an experience I had a few years ago. I expect I'll forget lots of more important things before I forget that."

"There wasn't any railroad along the shore then, and all the little towns and the summer resorts depended on the shore boats sometimes one and sometimes two, that picked up and down and carried freight and passengers."

"Some of those small places have good harbors, and some you can't get near in rough weather, although they have docks a quarter of a mile long. This place I am going to tell you about was one of that kind."

"That summer Captain Jim Elliot and I, we bought the Kettle Creek. She was a stanch little craft, and we figured to run her ourselves and save expense. Ours was the only shore boat then."

"One day early in the season we made this village I speak of on our way down and took on a passenger, a young boy who had consumption, and was going away to some sanitarium to see if his health would improve. He didn't look to me as if he could ever be any better in this world, but we brought him down, and he took the train and went wherever he was going."

"It got along in the fall. The resorts were all closed and business was pretty near over for the season. It's just about then we got our first and often our nastiest storms. The big freighters run longer, but we were not working for anybody that expected us to risk our lives for the sake of making another trip, so we were ready to lay up."

"When we were about starting up-shore, thinking probably we wouldn't make but one more trip, if here didn't come this consumptive again, wanting to be taken home and this time he was on his last legs, certain."

"He did not look as though he would live twenty-four hours, and what made it worse, it was fixing for a spell of weather, and it was likely to be about all we wanted to do to run the boat, without taking care of any sick folks."

"Still, it didn't seem the square thing not to carry him, as he hadn't any other way of getting home. So Captain Jim and I talked it over, and we got him aboard and into the cabin with a berth, and there he stayed."

"Then we got that spell of weather. It rained and blew and froze till everything on that boat was sheeted over with ice, her captain and engineer included. We made out to keep headed up the lake, and that was about all. That little Kettle Clark would go ahead a bit, then she'd stop and kind of shiver and then she'd start for all the world like a horse will when it's in mortal fear. Seemed as if she was something alive and fighting for every next breath in those smothering waves. Well, that was just the way with that sick boy. He laid there struggling to catch his breath, and the captain and I we'd run in every few minutes to see if he was alive yet and give him a smaller 'o water."

"When I look back at that now, it seems like a kind of blurred-over nightmare, but one figure in it stands out clear enough. That was the boy's mother. When we finally pounded our way to within sight of this place where the boy belonged, there she stood, watching for us, clear out to the very end of that dock. She had a shawl over her head, and she'd thrashed and switched her clothes as if it would tear 'em to tatters, but she appeared to lean 'way out over the water to get nearer to us. I don't know as I ever saw anything that seemed to mean more. Course I knew well enough that we couldn't get into that place for hours, and she knew it as well as we did. All we could do was to beat as hard as we could and drop anchor there till the weather cleared, and that's what we did."

"We were pretty near worn out with all we'd been through, but we turned in and took care of that boy. We did all we could think of to keep life in him, and in about twelve hours, when things let up a little, we went back flying."

"There was that woman standing out there looking as good as if she'd waited there all the while—she had, for all I know. We got her boy off all right, and he died in his own bed, with her tending to him."

"I don't know as I can make you see it the way I do," the engineer resumed, after a pause. "I suppose I sensed it more, my mother being dead. She died when I was little, mother died. There was a snarl of us boys. I used to wake up nights and hear her praying that the Lord would spare her till we got some bigger. Well, whenever I get to thinking about that woman standing out there all alone, with the wind and the sleet and the mad lake itself beating over her, it puts me in mind of mother. I expect somewhere she's waiting with just that same look in her eyes."—Youth's Companion.

Revolution in Newfoundland.

Since the introduction into Newfoundland of the new Lusk Remedy, Catarrhozone, the treatment of catarrhal diseases has been entirely revolutionized. The old-time standard medicinal medicine has been cast aside and entirely replaced by Catarrhozone; it clears the head and throat in two minutes, and is very agreeable and pleasant to use. Catarrhozone is a wonderful cure for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles, and Hoarseness. It relieves quickly and cures permanently. We advise our readers to try Catarrhozone. Price, 50c. per bottle, 25c. per box. Druggists, or Polak & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Love feels no burden, regards not labors, would willingly do more than it can; it pleads not impossibility, because it conceives that it may and can do all things.

It is able, therefore, to do any thing; and it performs and effects many things, where he who loveth not fainteth and lieth down.

Love watches, and sleeping slumbers not. When weary it is not tired; when strained, it is not constrained; when frightened, it is not disturbed; but, like a bright flame and a torch all on fire, it mounts upwards and securely passes through all opposition.

Whosoever loveth knoweth the cry of this voice. A loud cry in the ears of God is that ardent affection of the soul, which saith:—O my God, my Love, thou art all mine and I am all thine.

Give increase to my love, that I may learn to taste with the interior mouth of the heart how sweet it is to love, and to swim and be dissolved in love.

Let me be possessed by love, going above myself through excess of fervor and ecstasy. Let me sing the canticle of love, let me follow thee, my Beloved, on high, let my soul lose herself in thy praises, rejoicing exceedingly in thy love.

PALE AND LISTLESS.

A Condition That Affects Very Many Women.

THE APPETITE FAILS—STRENGTH DEPARTS AND THE SUFFERER FEELS THAT LIFE IS REALLY A BURDEN.

From The Topic, Petrolia, Ont. It is impossible that a medicine can be so widely known and used as are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without striking results frequently becoming known and the merits of this great remedy for the common ailments of man and woman kind being published. Mrs. Thos. Kettle, of Petrolia, Ont., is a case in point. Mrs. Kettle is an old resident of this district and is well known. Chatting with a reporter of the Topic the other day the conversation drifted on the subject of medicines, when Mrs. Kettle spoke in the highest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which, she said, had cured her of a long illness. Our reporter, being naturally interested, made further enquiries, when Mrs. Kettle gave him the following particulars: "I am the mother of twelve children and in spite of the constant strain and worry the raising of so large a family entailed upon me, in addition to my house work, I was for many years blessed with splendid health. However, after the birth of my last child my strength seemed to fail me and I felt that my health was gradually going. I consulted a doctor and continued under his treatment for some months, but the only result that I could see was that I grew steadily worse. I could not name any particular ailment that I suffered from, but I was all "run down." My appetite failed me, my strength seemed all gone and I became pale and listless, scarcely able to drag myself around, and much of the time in bed. I became alarmed at my long continued ill health and as doctor's medicine had done me no good I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased a box and thought it did me some good, so I got six boxes more, and before I had finished taking the second I felt so a lot better, and by the time I had finished the seven boxes I had perfectly regained my health, had gained weight and felt better than I had for some years. I consider the pills a splendid medicine, a real godsend to weak and ailing women, and have frequently recommended them to my friends, and used them with my children, always with good results." Judging from Mrs. Kettle's healthy appearance to-day none would imagine she had ever known what a day's illness meant.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system, such as epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Permanent Cure for Neuralgia. Experienced sufferers state that no remedy relieves neuralgia so quickly as a hot application of Polak's Nervine, the strongest liniment made. Nervine is certainly very penetrating and has a powerful influence over nervous pain, which it destroys almost at once. Nervine is highly recommended for Catarrh, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Toothache. Better try a 25c. bottle, it's all right.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Gray's Worm Exterminator destroys worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Cholera morbus, or any kind of complaint annually makes their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruits, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debilitated from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner. Patients are advised to check every disturbance of the bowels.

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TO CONTRACTORS. Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Works," will be received at this Department until noon of Friday, May 23rd, for the erection of the Chemistry, Mining and Geology Building, on College Street, in connection with the School of Practical Science, excepting Heating, Plumbing, Ventilation and Electric Work. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender procured at this Department. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the undersigned, for 5 per cent on the amount of each tender for each of the above works will be required. The cheques of the unsuccessful parties tendering will be returned when the contracts have been entered into for the several works. The bona fide signatures and business addresses of two parties as securities must accompany each tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. E. R. LATCHFORD, Commissioner. Department of Public Works, Ontario, May 23rd, 1902.

THREE ANNUALS FOR 10 CTS. Little Folk's Annuals 1900, 1901, 1902—all for 10 cents. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.