

THE READER'S CORNER

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"The world can never get enough of that man of whom alone it has been of glory, doubt, and all future fame impossible." Thus Sir William Butler, whose recent death is so generally regretted, concludes his intensely interesting sketch of Napoleon's captivity, in his last published volume, "The Light of the West." Butler was a man who could hit straight and did not weigh his words when there was a wrong to be corrected or reparation to be made. And all that was noble and generous in his warm Celtic heart rebelled against the cruelty and the meanness, the awful death in life that marked the closing years of that strange child of destiny, the first Napoleon. Generosity and magnanimity towards a vanquished enemy was never a decided attribute of the English character, but in their dealings with the deposed arbiter of Europe they proved themselves more than ordinarily cowardly and ungenerous. The English people were not to blame for the treatment meted out to their prisoner. Had their wishes been consulted, Sir William says, probably three-fourths of them would have opposed his exile to St. Helena. He had asked a place at their bedside, and this the people would have given him. Not so the ministers, whom Butler characterizes as "probably the most ignominious band of constitutional conspirators whom the world has ever seen; and authority had ever disgraced the name of a powerful nation."

"The long war against French democratic ideas had produced the worst form of government possible in any nation—the absolutism of an oligarchy. A small gang of corrupt men held England by the throat and remorselessly plundered her."

"A thousand books have been written about the captivity of St. Helena. One look at Longwood (the name of the house in which he was confined) is worth them all. It gives the instant measure of the man who selected it for the residence of the greatest human being of whom history has record. To no one else would such a place have been assigned. It was the only place where a noble nature, such as his, could find relief when all burden of life came down upon him. Happy he himself to look upon himself as a prisoner, though not given as it is certain—

"This is the comfort they gave him. 'Longwood' was a waterless, wind-swept, lava-strewn waste, where human beings did not live, where 'No man came Nor had come since the making of the world.' A disused cow house which had been abandoned because it would have been in the midst of a wind-swept, sun-baked, and alternately rain-lashed waste—this was 'the place by the seaside' he had asked and obtained. No prison ever had so many guards set about it night and day. Thirty-five sentries were always on duty. Half a mile away a camp of one thousand soldiers kept watch over their island prey. Another camp of cavalry and artillery held the pass. There was a guard at the entrance gate. Detachments of troops were placed at every spot at which a boat could approach. Pickets patrolled the roads. Alarm posts and signal stations were on all the hills. At sunset the chain of sentries drew in and closed up to the house until the walls. The close cordon around the walls. The most rigorous martial law was enforced on the island. Guards were dragged up at enormous expense to all manner of extraordinary places. A secret police was established. The distinguished prisoner could scarcely move from his house to the garden without a lengthy report of the important migration being transmitted to the governor."

The precautionary measures by sea equalled those by land. An admiral and fleet kept watch and ward over this lonely island rock. Guard boats kept watch at every nook from which a coxle boat might depart. Every punt, every fishing boat belonging to the natives was guarded as closely as the royal yacht. Foreign traders were forbidden the island and no British vessel could cast anchor without being previously visited and permission granted to the same. Lines of battlements made assurance doubly sure of Jamestown (the only port of the island). How they

flies that are now in your kitchen and dining room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race.

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must have feared this man! But his was a name to inspire fear in a foe, but why should they have hated him so? All is fair in war, and he had beaten them fairly. Revenge on a fallen enemy one looks for in the painted savage. But the persecutors of Napoleon were not painted savages. They had foreseen it all. "If I considered only myself," he said to one of his followers, "I might even have had reason to rejoice. Misfortunes are not without their glory. Adversity was wanting to my career. Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of my power, I should have remained to many a problem; but now my fortune will enable all to judge me without disguise."

There is a beautiful incident in connection with the captivity of Napoleon that deserves to be retold. One day as he walked in the garden with his companions one of them ventured to enquire of him what he considered the happiest day of his life. Truly it was a difficult question to answer. Never was a life, we would suppose, so full of happy days as this man's eventful career. Did his thoughts go back to that December day, 1801, when in the Cathedral of Notre Dame he took the crown from the Pontiff's hands and placed it upon his head—Emperor of the French?—had he visions of Morocco and Australitz, and a hundred other battlefields where the night of ancient empires had gone down before his victorious legions? To none of these did his thoughts wander. Instead he saw a humble chapel in his native Corsica, an humble village cure, and a number of innocent children kneeling at the altar rails. And there in his prison home in the midst of the broad Atlantic, this man who had ruled the world, who had made and unmade kings and kingdoms, who had drank deeper of success and glory than any other of whom history has record—this man with the memory of all this present to him, answered that the happiest day of his life was the day he made his first Communion. Who would have it otherwise? That admission.

He had asked a place by his bedside. They gave him a prison not fit to house the most criminal that ever outraged the majesty of the law. "And yet now, when nearly a hundred years have passed, who would have it otherwise? While the earth stands so does St. Helena. That lonely rock will ever have graven upon it two words—'Majesty and Meanness.' The supreme meanness of the people who assigned him to a lingering death upon that awful rock. Now when all are gone, jailers and guards, majesty and the lonely island takes its true place—a mighty monument of the strength of a single mortal than is to be found elsewhere in our world." Napoleon was not a paragon of perfection. Like every idol he had feet of clay. But the sublime paths of his lonely prison death-bed covers a multitude of faults. This man's sympathy that we forget to be critical. Adversity in prince or peasant, conqueror or serf, comes all the same. We can feel for Napoleon, Emperor of the French and arbiter of Europe.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN
THE CRIPPLING POWER OF ILL HEALTH
Everywhere we see bright, well-educated, young men, with splendid brains, crippled by some physical defect, and mocked by great ambitions which they can never realize. Thousands lead unhappy lives because they are conscious that they can only transmit a small fraction of their real ability into their work. A large part of it must be lost to themselves and to the world because of some physical weakness.
There is, perhaps, no greater disappointment in life than to realize one's ambition. To be conscious of great mental power without the strength to utilize it, to be haunted by aspirations which we know must die in us for the

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want of strength to realize them is one of the saddest things in life.
How often we hear it said of a young man, "What a pity! He has a splendid mind, and is finely educated, but he has no health. He can work only a little while each day, then he is exhausted. He has no staying power, no physical stamina, nothing to support his ambition, no strength commensurate with his aspirations!"
It seems a mockery to have that which we cannot use to advantage. We know splendid writers who can work only an hour or two a day, and then are completely exhausted. All the energy they can generate in twenty-four hours, they can run off in an hour or two writing. Tens of thousands of people can only three or four hours a day, then they have to give up and lie down, or go to bed and wait for more energy.
Nor does the knowledge that we have shrunken conditions in childhood, or by overwork, or any other self-induced cause, ameliorate the suffering. The great fact that we cannot answer the call of life that runs in the blood, that we are not equal to the delivery of the message with which the Almighty has entrusted us, that we cannot carry out the sealed orders which we brought into this world with us at our birth, is as much punishment as any keen, sensitive, willing soul can endure.
How many thousands of homes have been wrecked by poor health! What tragedies have been wrought—what shattered nerves and broken-down constitutions, even in the lives of good-intentioned people! "Mentally able but physically weak" would make a good epitaph on the tombstone of many a failure.

The brain gets a great deal of credit which belongs to the stomach and to the muscles and the lungs. A single talent in a strong physique, with a good will back of it all, will accomplish more in life than ten talents in a weak body. What we need is a strong, vigorous vitality which will stand a tremendous strain.
We can measure the disaster to the individual and to the world which is caused by botched work, due to ill health.

Health is the very mainspring of life, for, without it, dispositions are ruined, lives are darkened and made wretched, efficiency is destroyed, freshness and enthusiasm and the zest of living are all gone. What a blessing it is to feel that equipoise, that splendid balance which exists between a sound mind and a sound body! There are probably very few people in the world who could not be perfectly well and strong if they had known the secret of right-thinking in their youth and had practiced it through life. That is a right life must follow right-thinking in the scientific as the laws of mathematics. Unfortunately, some of us were not taught this. All sorts of discordant, weak, criminal thoughts played havoc with our brains, and the result was that our faculties were not used to their full power. Habit had so fixed the trend of life, and the tendencies of action, that we were almost slaves to it and to our environment.

RULES OF ETIQUETTE
The social laws that govern the etiquette of entertainments of all kinds are as stringent and as well defined as any of our laws. They are as old as the hills, and they are as true as the stars in the sky. They are not a dinner-party; that little breach of good manners will pass unobserved or ignored because the person who commits them is young. This is a great mistake. More is expected from the young than from the old; and if a young man comes out of college unobserved or unregarded, it is because he has no style that will bear the test of time. The English, who generally set the fashion in these things, call these essentials "fads." They are made to be forgotten.
For a time it had become a fashionable "fad" to use the left hand as much as possible, in saluting to take off one's hat with the left hand, to cut one's soup with the left hand, and so on. That is all nonsense. Not long ago, in New York, every "dude" turned up the bottom of his trousers in all sorts of weather, because in London everybody did it. Another pleasant importation from the old world was the carrying of a cane, handle down, and the holding of the arms with the elbows stuck out on both sides of him. Another importation of the Anglo-man was the habit of putting American money into pounds, shillings, and pence, for people who had been so long abroad could not be expected to remember their own currency. Another pleasant importation is the constant repetition of "don't you know." But they are all silly fashions, that may do for that class of "chaps" whose most serious occupation is that of sucking the heads of their canes, or of reducing themselves to idleness with the balustrade girls, or considering how pretty the girls think they are—but not for men.

The rules held by some people all over the English-speaking world are those one ought to follow, not the silly follies of the hour, which stamp those who adopt them as below the ordinary level of human beings.
IN WHAT DIRECTION
If you were traveling over a strange road this would certainly be the uppermost question with you. Your first concern would be to know whether you are going in the right direction or not. It is progress; you would want to be sure that you are making progress toward the desired destination. If your face is in the wrong direction, the more rapid your rate of travel the farther you will find yourself from the desired place at the end of the day.
The question of wayside attractions would be governed largely by this consideration, "Do they lie along the route which will lead to my chosen destination? Or will they lead me out of the proper line of travel and delay my

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arrival at the appointed place?" If such deflections from the right road would result in missing some great expected pleasure, or some anticipated opportunity for a profitable business transaction, no amount of persuasion would lead us to yield to the temptation to turn aside even for a time. Anticipation of the greater pleasure or profit in the end would impel us to brush aside all thought of wayside enjoyments and press forward toward the end.
Why do we not allow ourselves to be governed by the same great principles in the supreme matter of life? The great question to be settled is not so much, "Where do I now stand?" as "Which way am I facing?" The entrance to that certain commandments forbid, not only the crime specified, but "whatsoever tendeth thereto." And the great question concerning every matter that comes up for decision should be, "Whither will it tend—forward or backward? Will it lead heavenward or hellward?" Will it glorify God, or will it dishonor Him and hinder the progress of His kingdom on earth? Will my going to the theatre lead me so much farther on the way to glory, or will it tend to my degradation and the further removing of the hope of eternal life? Will it be found on the way to heaven, or will it lead me out of the King's highway and imperil my chances of reaching it again? If our hearts are set upon the eternal pleasures and profit to be found at the end of that journey, will we allow ourselves to be turned aside by any attractive prospect before we have reached the goal of our steps out of the way of righteousness?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN
He was not a Dutchman at all, for he had never seen the country of the Netherlands. And anybody who knows anything about it will tell you that the Dutchman must be born in Holland; and that to be born in Germany no more makes one a Dutchman than to be born in Ireland makes one a Frenchman.
However, his name was Hermann—a little, fair-skinned, white-haired boy, with a wide mouth, blue eyes, high forehead and features that betrayed a German ancestor, dressed, moreover, in a style that gave him the appearance of being a little old man rather than a young boy; with a flat green cap, a short blue jacket, a long black vest, and a pair of black trousers. And they called him "The Little Dutchman."
Being at once the youngest and the smallest in the office, diffident and yielding, a stranger to that independent self-assertion which is generally born in an American boy, it is not strange that he was the office drudge and an object of amusement and derision.
It mattered very little to him that he was willing and obliging—was he not a Dutchman?
So thought the boys from whom the accident of birth had given a native accent, as they laughed immoderately at his broken English.

Now it happened one day that Hermann, busy engaged in filing away letters near the door of the manager's room, overheard this conversation.
"Mr. Rule" said the manager.
"Sir," answered the chief clerk.
"Here is a telegram that must go at once. See that it is copied and taken to the office without delay."
"Yes, sir."
"Be sure that it goes promptly. It is very important."
"It shall be sent immediately, sir."
"But far be it from the dignity of a chief clerk to perform a service of this kind when there are inferiors to be commanded."
Glancing around, his eye fell upon an aspiring youth who was leading the whole energies of his mighty talents to the execution of a comic picture upon a piece of blotting paper.
"Here, Chester," exclaimed the chief clerk, in a pre-emptory tone, "copy this telegram and send it right away! Don't wait a minute."
Thus abruptly disturbed in his absorbing occupation, the aspiring youth took the piece of paper with a fiery impulse to throw it back in the chief clerk's face; but thinking better of it, he sullenly arose and proceeded to take an impression from it in a copy book with an iron press.
"While slowly and unwillingly performing his duty another and a younger boy, returning from an errand, came near."
"Here, Tom," said the aspiring youth in his turn, "take this telegram to the office."
"Why don't you take it yourself?" returned Tom.
"Because I'm busy. Hurry up, now; there's no time to lose!"
"Not less did the younger boy resent the elder's swaggering assumption of authority than had the elder that of the chief clerk. Wherefore he deliberately snatched it up, sat down before his desk and coolly said:
"Who was your servant last year?"
The chief clerk had already returned to his desk at the other end of the office, and paid no attention to this interesting conversation; but the aspiring youth, still rankling with the thought of the superior manner in which the chief clerk had addressed him, and still further enraged to see that his own authority was not respected, slapped the telegram down on the desk before the other boy and exclaimed:
"You'll take that to the office or I'll know the reason why."
"You were told to take it, and you'd better do it," retorted the younger boy.
"Well, I've got something else to do, (the tail of the monkey in the comic picture was not finished), and I tell you to do it."
At this moment the clock struck 12. Work stopped at the other end of the office, and clerks disappeared as if drawn by a magnet—the magnet of dinner.
Even the chief clerk vanished, and left the important message on the desk.
And there Hermann, a few moments afterward found it.
He was too ignorant—"green," the boys would have said—to carry the message to the manager, who was still in his private office, and doubtless supposed that the telegram had been sent long ago; he was too conscientious to ignore it. Had he not heard the manager order it sent immediately, as it was important? And as it was left (as he presumed by accident, for he had not heard the recent debate), was it not his duty to take the message to the office.
He did not stop to think about it, but ran with it to the office of the telegraph company, after which he went back to his frugal meal, and when the meal was finished and the noon hour was over he was sent out upon another errand.
Meanwhile, the other boys, whose guilty consciences had made them miserably, were quietly and anxiously hunting for the missing telegram, an uneasiness that was rendered lighter by the voice of the manager, asking:
"Mr. Rule, did you send that telegram?"
"Oh, yes, replied Mr. Rule, with alacrity. "Chester copied it at once."
"Chester," continued the manager, "did you send that telegram to the office?"
Chester approached with a shamefaced air.
"I—I copied it."
"I asked whether you took it to the office?"
"No, sir."
"Why not?"
"I—I told Tom to do it."
The manager's anger was rapidly rising.
"Tom!"
"Sir?" slowly.

"Did you send that message?"
"No—Sir," more slowly still.
"What did you do with it?"
"I left it on the desk," very slowly indeed.
Never before had the office seen the manager in such a temper. Even the chief clerk received such a dressing down as he had never had before and as for the boys, they were completely overwhelmed.
While he was in the midst of this indignation, the little messenger reappeared, and the manager's anger, frightened by this exhibition of the manager's temper, but catching the meaning of it, came forward and told the manager what he had done.
"Do you mean to say that you found the message and took it to the office yourself?" inquired the astonished manager.
"Yes, sir."
"And why did you do it?"
"I did think it was right. I heard you tell Mr. Rule to giddy up and send it right away. I did it."
"Without anybody telling you to?"
"Yes, sir."
"My boy," said the grateful manager, "you have saved us perhaps a thousand dollars. A boy who will do his duty whether anyone tells him or not will be a worthy man some day, if he lives. I will see that you are properly rewarded for your faithfulness. As for these," pointing to the two crestfallen lads, "if they are ever again guilty of such stupidity, obstinacy, and neglect, it will be the last time here; they will be discharged."
Thus brought to the manager's notice, Hermann rapidly advanced from one position to another. He soon began to impudently in his attire and in language, prove both in attitude and in language, that he was more than a messenger.

CONVERTED ON DEATHBED
EVANGELIST KAYLOR, FORMERLY PRESBYTERIAN, BECOMES A CATHOLIC
Giving up the Presbyterian religion, which he had expounded throughout the United States while working for the church in the capacity of an evangelist, Rev. Dr. Albert Hudson Kaylor, fifty-six years old, embraced the Catholic faith on his deathbed in St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, shortly before he died, Tuesday evening, June 29th.
Dr. Kaylor had been in ill health since about two years ago, and recently endeavored to recuperate on a farm near Pittsburgh. Considered one of the foremost evangelists of the country, Rev. Dr. Kaylor formerly enjoyed a wide reputation in legal circles throughout the country also. He was a prominent criminal attorney of Kansas City, Mo., before entering the evangelistic field, and was identified with a number of notable criminal cases, having appeared 200,000 times in the Wells Fargo Express Company in Gallatin, Mo., and in the third and last appeal before the Queen's bench for the release of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, convicted in London of the murder of her husband.
The evangelist took a prominent part in tent meetings conducted in Pittsburgh about six years ago by Rev. S. Edward Young, former pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. He also participated in the big Chicago revival.

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