

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We have but one life to live—let us live it at its best. Prolong it to fourscore years and ten, if possible. At least do not shorten it by travelling in a rut. There are so many kinds of ruts. If you have gotten into the rut of pessimism, get out and travel on the road of optimism, with joy written on your face.—G. B. Griffith.

Waiting to be Aroused. Many people never get fully awakened. Go into a large store or factory and watch the people work. Many of them look as if they were not fully master of themselves; they are but partially aroused, mere dwarfs of the possible man. They have never discovered their powers. Having found that they can get along with a moderate degree of activity, they are content to do so, using the least possible physical and mental effort.

The same thing is true with most of the other people we meet in life—they seem to need a few sharp words from some friend to put them in full motion. They do not know their own capabilities. They have never made a tour of investigation and discovery to see what continents of power they really have, but are content to cultivate their little islands of energy here and there, just enough to provide for their daily wants. They dwell in the valleys, and never climb to the mountain-tops to take a wide view of themselves and the possibilities around them.

Young men ever amounts to much until he is thoroughly in earnest, until all his powers are brought into play, until he feels that his work counts in the grand total of human effort, and is indispensable to the highest, fullest results.

Your Appearance.

A young man who has risen unaided and very rapidly to an important position in the commercial world remarked to me recently that his observation of business has led him to the conclusion that one of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of young men is their carelessness or indifference in regard to dress and personal cleanliness, and to all the other little details of an attractive personality. He says he has known men who, at great expense of tact and time and energy, have secured audiences with prominent people who are very difficult of approach, and they have so offended their good taste by faults in dress, or manner, or personality, as to sweep away in an instant the advantage of the introductions they have gained. Many a man, he says, has "queered" the object of an interview by a soiled necktie, an old battered hat, an unshaved face, or unbrushed teeth. "These are little things," you urge, "and should not influence or prejudice a man of good judgment against a fellow man. He ought to see the real man through even far greater defects than these." Very true, but the fact remains that the average man is influenced by them, and we have to deal with things as they are, not as they should be.—Success.

The Test of Your Manhood.

He is a pretty poor sort of a man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster, or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert. This is the test of your manhood: how much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down now, throw up your hands, and acknowledge yourself worsted, there is not much in you. But if, with heart undaunted and face turned forward, you refuse to give up or to lose faith in yourself, if you seem to beat a retreat, you will show that the man left in you is bigger than your loss, greater than your cross, and larger than any defeat.

"I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind," said Emerson, "as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or parties, or fortunes changes never, hates no jot of heart, but scaries out opposition and arrives at its port."

It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, whether in the conflict of opposing armies on the battlefield, or in the wear and tear of civil strife, fighting against reverses, battling for a competence for his loved ones, even while the hand of death lay chill upon him, "hates no jot of heart, or hope," that bring victory from the most forbidding circumstances. It is men like Napoleon, who refuse to recognize defeat, who declare that "impossible is not in their vocabularies, that accomplish things.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Get Rich if You Can.

Success does not necessarily mean the accumulation of money, although the acquirement of wealth, if it is the result of intelligent effort and honest endeavor, may be itself success. Money is not the "root of all evil" unless we make it so. To pretend to despise wealth of those who have it as an affection of superior righteousness that is entitled to little consideration. Make money, young gentlemen, honestly, uprightly, laboriously, if necessary, and—do good with it. Don't regard it as the end of life's endeavors, however, but rather as a means to attainment of the end. When you have honestly earned it, it is yours to do with it as you please. Don't hoard it in avarice and don't squander it in folly. Spend it like a gentleman in response to the promptings of the heart and the instincts of a gentleman. Spend it in the cause of charity. Spend some of it at least in doing the many little graceful things of life that will bring brightness into some one's eyes, that will bring the flush of pleasure into some one's cheeks, that will start some one's heart throbbing with rapture, that will flood your pathway with sunshine as you journey through life, making people happy by your kindly consideration, and yourself happy in doing so. The man who endows a university to promote the cause of education and because he has the money to spare, spends his money

wisely. The man who has the money and can afford it, who buys a basket of roses at Christmas that he may give them to some one who loves him, spends his money wisely, too. It is not extravagance. Nothing is extravagant that you can afford, and you can afford many things that will bring sunshine and joy and happiness into the lives of those who love you.

These are among the true uses of money, and when used for the accomplishment of these ends money is the most potent factor for good that may ever come under man's control. You may never get rich, but you may never worry about that. Fortune may elude you, try as you may. Wealth may be over just within sight, but ever just beyond your reach. But though success may never follow effort on your part, remember that the highest measure of all success is to honorably deserve it.

Some Helpful Thoughts.

Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but those who started fair with a well earned dollar or two.

Luck is usually only crystallized perseverance.

Not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to the giver.

It is because religion says can't to man's irregular inclinations that some persons dislike sermons.

Every Catholic young man should belong to a Catholic society. There is a help to virtue in companionship.

When we are joyful, nothing comes amiss to us. Unkindly interpretation of other men's deeds and words seems unnatural to us; and we lose our facility of judging harshly and of suspecting unreasonably.

All that we have of this world's good is from God. It is poor appreciation of the gift to await the coming of death to make acknowledgment of the fact. What we give back to Him during our life we know how it is being disposed. That which we set apart for Him after our death to frequently fails of distribution according to our purpose.

Our young men should avoid the Socialistic snare. One good way for them to oppose the spread of Socialism is to establish large branches of the St. Vincent de Paul Society—show a personal interest in the miseries of the poor.

In all things judge as little as you possibly can. It is a very simple course to retrench all decisions that are not necessary for you. This is not resolution; it is a simple distrust of ourselves, and a practical detachment from our own ideas, which extends to everything, even to the commonest things.—Laetitia.

The health of the body, as well as of the mind, depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of a wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rankle in your memory will not only dissipate your mental energy but it will react upon the body. The secretions will be diminished, digestion impaired, sleep disturbed, and the general health suffer in consequence. Forgetting is a splendid mental calisthenic, and a good medicine for the body.—E. P.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts well and honorably performed, daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough hew the habits which form it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES OF THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBRIEK.

Carriage of the Cross.

LUCY'S CARRIAGE.

So that when at last Mrs. Tennant consented, apparently reluctantly but really very gladly, to let Bernard go with his uncle, the latter was for every reason much pleased. Mrs. Tennant then sent Lucy to a school near London, and herself travelled far and wide accompanied by a well-filled purse and Miss Wilson, an extremely plain, middle-aged lady as her companion. Lucy joined her a few times for the holidays which were spent in England, but oftener than not they were passed at school.

Lucy was reserved by nature, and not the kind of girl to become very generally popular. She longed for affection, and felt her mother's carelessness and indifference much more than many children would have done. When they met at all she was not seen to advantage, for she and her mother had hardly a taste in common.

Mrs. Tennant was devoted to dress and amusement, seldom opening a book, and revelling in society papers. Lucy loved reading, was too shy to care for children's parties, and delighted in anything about art or travelling. Mrs. Tennant was a person who was always keeping up a running fire of small talk, while her grave little daughter was silent by nature and disinclined to talk unless she had something to say. So the child was very much shut up in herself, and no one knew her less than her mother, who considered her dull and uninteresting, and hopelessly indifferent to her appearance. Then during the last year of Lucy's school life Faith Madison, who lived near, came as a day boarder, and this meant a total change for Lucy. The girls, who were then both seventeen, took to each other, contrasts as they were, very much indeed, and soon the first links in the chain of a real friendship were formed. Faith had her new friend to spend all the half-holidays with her, and carried her off to Hampshire during the vacations, and Lucy felt brought out into the sunshine and developed into a very charming girl, much of her reserve melting away in the congenial companionship of the mother and daughter.

Mrs. Madison was very glad for Faith to have Lucy as a friend, and felt that the girls suited each other. Just before the end of the last term

Lucy had come to spend the Saturday half-holiday with the Madisons, and Mrs. Madison noticed the perturbed expression of the girl's face.

"I have had a letter from mother at last," said Lucy with a slight accent of bitterness in her tone. "Her long silence is explained—she has married again."

As she spoke she handed a letter to Mrs. Madison. It was very brief, merely stating that her mother was now Mrs. Gregory, and that her home would be in Staffordshire in future. They were just going into a new house not far from Lichfield, and when settled she hoped Lucy would come and see them.

"She evidently forgets that I am to leave school altogether in a fortnight. I must write and ask her what she proposes I should do. When she remembers about it, I suppose I shall have to live with them."

"There is a postscript," said Mrs. Madison; "had you seen it?" "No. Oh, I see there is," and Lucy read the half sheet to herself. Like the letters of many people almost the most important part of the letter was contained in the postscript.

"I have five step children, two boys and three girls, the eldest just out of her teens. I am afraid your step-father will not much care about your making this your home for a permanent one, so I have arranged that you should go to Miss Wilson at Margate. She has set up a house there and has paying guests, and of course you will come to us now and then. But very probably you will marry, for by the photograph you sent lately you certainly seem to have improved in looks."

A flush of crimson mounted to Lucy's usually pale cheeks as she read the postscript, and then handed it back to Mrs. Madison.

Lucy rarely shed tears, but now she bent her head on her hands and heavy sobs escaped her. For a few moments Mrs. Madison let her grieve in her way, and then she gently soothed her, and after a while Lucy was calmer.

"I had been bracing myself up to the thought of going back to mother, and hoping to win her affection, and now to feel she does not want me, and to speak in that horrid, vulgar way to pack me off to Miss Wilson."

"Who is Miss Wilson?" "The lady mother has been travelling with, and had as a companion. Oh, Mrs. Madison, you don't know what it is not to have no home, and to feel you have no place anywhere! You can't understand it—of course you cannot," continued Lucy passionately, "and in my case it is ever so much worse than if I had no mother—no right to a home."

"Yes, it does. I quite agree with you, Lucy, and I think it is a heavy cross for your shoulders to have to bear."

"I can't bear it," said Lucy quickly, between the recurring sobs.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Madison gently, "we are never sent anything too hard for us to bear. And there is, who bore a bitter cross for our many sins, who helps us to carry our lighter cross."

Lucy shook her head. She was in no mood to listen to Mrs. Madison's words, and the latter slipped out of the room and left her to herself.

In about half an hour the door opened and Faith, in a pretty white dress, came in and sat by the sofa where Lucy was stretched, her face buried in the cushions.

"Mother has solved the difficulty, Lucy," said Faith, "you must stay with us," and in a little while all was settled.

Lucy had a couple of hundreds a year of her own, which had been left her by her godmother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HONOR FATHER JOGUES.

PRELATES AND CITY OFFICIALS UNITE TO BUILD SCHOOL NAMED FOR THE MARTYR PRIEST.

Carregig Hall was filled Sunday night on the occasion of a lecture by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., on "The Pioneer Missionary and Martyr of New York State, Father Isaac Jogues."

The lecture was given for the purpose of raising funds with which to build an Indian mission school near Orangeville, the scene of his sufferings, in memory of Father Jogues. It was under the auspices of the Marquette League.

The audience was about equally divided between Catholic and Protestant priests and laymen. Mayor MacLellan, senators here Archibald Farley and Coadjutor Bishop Cusick, occupied the centre of the platform, on which were the members of the Marquette League and many distinguished clergymen. The boxes were filled with members of the city government and well known laymen.

Archbishop Farley robed in his vestments, presided. Father Campbell was introduced by Judge Morgan J. O'Brien who in a few words, paid a tribute to the early Dutch settlers, saying that by their humane treatment of Father Jogues at the time of his troubles was started the eradication of bigotry by two religious denominations.

In a most interesting story Father Campbell then told of Father Jogues. He pictured the missionary's first voyage to this country, his explorations during which he discovered Lake George, his work among the Indians, under constant danger of death, and his final capture and torture.

He told of Father Jogues' escape and his salvation by the Dutch, who returned him to his own land, from which he again set out in a short time to continue his labors, only to become a captive of the Indians once more, on which

occasion he was beheaded, and his head placed on a staff, and turned toward the Mohawk River, as a warning to other priests not to enter the country.

At the close of the lecture Archbishop Farley said: "I have not the courage to add anything after the eloquent words of Father Campbell, in memory of the first priest to come to New York, and though Father Jogues has not been canonized, I do not hesitate to call him New York's first martyr.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IMITATION OF CHRIST

THAT A MAN OUGHT NOT TO ESTEEM HIMSELF WORTHY OF ASSASSINATION, BUT RATHER DESERVING OF STRIPES.

Lord, I am not worthy of Thy consolation or of any spiritual visitation; and therefore Thou dealest justly with men, when Thou leavest me poor and desolate.

For if I could shed tears like a sea, yet should I not be worthy of Thy comfort.

Since I have deserved nothing but stripes and punishment, because I have grievously and often offended Thee, and in very many things sinned against Thee.

Therefore, according to all just reason I have not deserved the least of Thy comforts.

But Thou, who art a good and merciful God, who wilt not that Thy works should perish, to show the riches of Thy goodness towards the vessels of mercy, vouchsafest beyond all his desert, to comfort Thy servant above human measure.

PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO RAPHAEL'S MADONNA.

Last summer, while looking up in Dublin some material for a lecture on the Irish School of Medicine, writes James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., I came across the following letter of one of the greatest physicians who has ever lived. He is one of the founders of the Irish School of Medicine, which accomplished so much for the proper study of disease and the development of bedside teaching in the nineteenth century. His name was William Stokes, and he is recognized as one of the best authorities on diseases of the chest who ever wrote on this difficult subject. The letter was written not when he was young and perhaps over-enthusiastic, but when he was in his sixtieth year and considered one of the most conservative of living medical scientists. Stokes was a very faithful member of the Episcopal Church, and as is evident from the tone of his letter, a devout believer in the supremacy of the privileges that had been conferred upon Mary in becoming the Mother of God. The letter was written to a sympathetic friend in Dublin and contains one of the most beautiful tributes that has ever been paid to Raphael's surpassing picture, the Sixtine Madonna, and its sublime subjects:

Dresden, September 1, 1863.

"We have spent the greater part of two days in the picture gallery here. You will like to know what effect the Sixtine Madonna of Raphael had on me. I expected—I don't know why—a glory of strength of color. But after gazing a few minutes on this marvelous work I felt how wrong I had been. It is placed in a separate room, which it seems to turn into a sanctuary. No matter how many are present, there is a silence, or, if people speak, it is in the lowest and gentlest tones. You walk on the floor on tiptoe, and all uncover the head. The principal colors are purple and red; both so delicate and harmonized that they give to the whole figure the purity of heaven. To speak of the expression of the Child! Oh! such love, power, sadness, prophecy, in both faces, as they look into the infinite and raise you up to be part of it. The whole was a dream of the painter. He saw the Blessed Mother descending to him from heaven, and so he painted her. In her eyes I could see a strange surprise, a wild but subdued feeling of awe, that she should carry in her bosom the wonderful, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace. She does not look on Him, but into space, and her gaze seems rapid, for the purple hood rises full above her white hair, and her eyes hardly imprint the rolling cloud which floats between her and earth. I feel it presumptuous to write this; for this is a work that 'no matter-moulded form of speech' can ever describe. . . . One effect of it is to make you careless about all other treasures of this vast gallery, in which you have works of Correggio, Titian, Sarraceni, and a hundred of other great painters."

Ever Hear of it!

Who ever heard of a convert from Protestantism to Catholicity going about the country making money by delivering lectures made up of the recital of alleged immoralities of individual Protestants? To the everlasting credit of the Catholic Church even enemies must admit it never degrades its sanctuaries by loaning them for any such vile purpose. These Protestant congregations in Iowa, Ohio and Kansas that permit their places of worship to be desecrated by the sermons, the Williams and the Ledochowski panders to pruriency ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves.—Iowa Catholic Messenger.

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