

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Catholic Young Man.

It is Sunday; about 7 o'clock I awake to the consciousness that I must go to Mass. To do myself common justice I admit the obligation and mean to go.

There are, I reflect, several choices; there is a short Mass at 8; another at 9, and then a long one with a sermon, at 10 o'clock.

But since, I argue, the priest can tell me in his sermon nothing that I have not already heard a dozen times, I choose the 9 o'clock Mass, deciding that my visit shall be a short one.

How gladly would I give that long-winded platitude, Dives, three, five, six hours a night, if he only asked me. But here there is none of the enthusiasm I showed on my visit to Dives, but with a bored and detached air I am brought into the presence of the Host of Hosts by no means as concisely as I do into a theatre, make my genuflection with infinitely less respect than I display when I raise my hat to Miss Dives, who, by the way, will one day have \$250,000 to her dowry, take my seat and resign myself to putting up with the ordeal for thirty minutes.

Of devotion—which in this case would balance the respectful enthusiasm I displayed—at the house of Mr. Dives—I show none for the reason that I have omitted to bring my enthusiasm with me to church. At the most solemn moments of the sacrifice I am still in my detached mood; my body is indeed present, but my mind is far away and so I hear the service out and am the first to rush away.

Now, though I speak of my own shortcomings, there are, I know, 20,000 just as careless as I. Let us change places, as the poet says, and point the moral for you.

After all, you are a young man, a Catholic, and, to be sure, wish to be as manly as you can. Can you not see the unmanliness of such church manners—their ungenerous and their unworthiness? In the presence of Dives, who, between you and myself, is a pompous mediocrity, and who, most though he be, will be sure to make you feel the slightest want of disrespect you may evince towards him, you would not for worlds neglect to excite his esteem by a courtesy that borders almost on the obsequious. To his house you carry all the courtesy you are capable of. Not for all Wall Street, perhaps, would you fail to give a willing ear to his tritest action of the charity that is in the heart of hearts that his life is blameless of a thing or a saying really original.

But in church you will not pay your host the simple courtesy of your attention for three quarters of an hour—the truth being that courtesy, which is the outward and visible manifestation of the charity that is in the heart, is only a superficial, not a native, attribute in your nature, which you take on or cast off according to your company. To be candid, your courtesy is but a lively sense of favors to come; you are the worst of all undesirable, a man of company manners; you are on a par with the man who bullies where he has no cause to fear—you are, in fine, a young man without real manliness. Go and see the hidalgos of Spain enter the presence of their God and take a lesson from them; men whose forbears were illustrious when the Crusaders were fighting for the Cross and when your progenitors and mine must have been very mediocre. In them you will see a submissive respect and humility which not one of them would concede to all the majesties of temporal power. Know then that if you wish to be "full" in the manner Lord Bacon understood the term—i.e., a polished man, you will observe in church those manners you think would be most acceptable to your Host—manners born of the truest expression of the heart.—New Century.

Why He Never Got Above a Little One-Horse Business. He did not keep up with the times. He tried to do everything himself. He tried to save by hiring cheap help.

His word could not be depended upon. He looked upon system as useless red-tape. He strangled his progress by cheese-paring economy. He did not have the ability to multiply himself in others. He did not think it worth while to look after little things. He ruined his capacity for larger things by burying himself in detail. He never learned that it is the liberal policy that wins in business building.

His first successes made him over-confident, and he got a "swelled head." His styles were always a little off. His goods always a little out of date. He thought it was nonsense to pay as large salaries to buyers as his competitors did; but they got his customers. He did not appreciate the value of good taste in a buyer, but thought what he saved on his salary was clear gain.

He was always running his business down. With him times were hard and money tight; business only just "so-so."

He was pessimistic, and and all his employees caught the contagion, making the whole atmosphere of his establishment depressing.

He put men at the head of departments or in posts of responsibility who lacked executive ability and the qualities of leadership.

He could plan, but could not execute, and he did not know human nature well enough to surround himself with efficient lieutenants.

He did not think it worth while to compare his business with that of his more successful competitors, or to study their methods.

He did not buy with his customers' needs in view, but bought the things which he liked the best himself, or which he thought would bring the largest profits.—Success.

If You Would Be Popular—Be helpful. Be sociable. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be a good listener.

Never worry or whine. Study the art of pleasing. Be frank, open, and truthful. Always be ready to lend a hand. Be kind and polite to everybody. Be self-confident but not conceited. Never monopolize the conversation. Take a genuine interest in other people.

Always look on the bright side of things. Take pains to remember names and faces. Never criticize or say unkind things of others.

Look for the good in others not for their faults. Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefactors. Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.

Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own. Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license.

Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone. Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances. Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them.

Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure. Do not be self-opinionated, but listen with deference to the opinions of others. Never utter vituperations at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings.

Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another. Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.

Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories, or by continually dilating on your own affairs.—Success.

A Fruit Breakfast. If you are bilious or gouty, if your joints are stiffened and blood circulates slowly and you have a general all-around torpid feeling, try going without your breakfast. If you think you cannot go entirely without breakfast eat nothing but fruit for the morning meal. This does not mean fruit and bread and butter, or fruit and pork chops, or fruit and cereals, but it means just simply fruit—nothing but fruit. Apples, oranges, grapes—these are the fruits to eat for breakfast. Eat nothing else but fruit until noon and see if your system does not unclasp a little, your liver take on new activity, your blood flow a little faster, your head feel clearer.

A fruit breakfast is a fine thing for most people, especially for the class above described.—E. P. in Medical Talk.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Sound Advice for All Our Boys and Girls. Oh, that young girls would realize that they are the rosebuds in the garden of life, and be content to shed their sweet perfume uncomplainingly, not wishing to be older or more worldly-wise!

"I'm only a young girl." Be thankful for it. You are one of the sweetest things that God ever exported to earth. Just think of your future—all hope. The years fly by as swiftly as a bird on the wing; so swiftly that those things seen this year are forgotten next.

Don't be jealous of those more advanced in years than you. All those sweet womanly graces are yours to gain, while she whom you envy is fast learning those sad lessons that are just so far removed from you.

Be joyous, be young, be natural. Your ideal is not yet known to be but fancy; your idol has not yet proved her close; there are no skeletons in your closet; no sorrowful memories to bring the bitter tears to your eyes; no vain repentances. For you there is no empty playroom to visit, with a bereaved mother's anguish, and vainly listen for the pattering of tiny feet that shall never again be heard.

Oh, happy girls, happy girls! Love this youth that God has given you, and forget not to thank Him for it. "If I could only be of some use in the world, or fill some place in it," cried Francis, impatiently. "I would not complain," suggested Cousin Patry, "making beds is very useful work, and your mother seems to need some one to fill the place of mother-in-law in the family. Why not begin where you are? I never saw anybody willing to be of use who couldn't be used right where he stood. And as for 'filling a place,' did you ever think that you are put in your own place so as to fill it? This business of wishing to climb out of your own place before you've filled it, to go hunting for an empty one somewhere else, never did seem sensible to me. Start at once to be of use, and you'll be useful, never fear."

It was a sensible suggestion. There are many useless people excusing themselves to day by saying that they would rejoice to be of use—somewhere else. Our own place, after all, is the only one we can ever fill. The moment we fill it full, we shall overflow it into wider bounds. Mending, and making beds, running errands, doing odd jobs—the large careers begin by these small usefulnesses and wider irrepresibly as the man and the woman develop into broader activities. "Begin where you are," is common sense. As a matter of fact, we cannot begin anywhere else. Only from what we are can we develop what we shall be; only from where we stand can the first forward step be made. Shirk and complaining belong together.

His Greatest Need. The little boy's wish, recorded in the Kansas City Times, we find echo in the heart of many a person whose superiority in the matter of years has not served to fill the need expressed by the little lad. The small chap, in scarlet-trimmed khaki, was lifted into a chair by the probation officer.

"This is a neglected boy, judge," said the officer. "His father lives in the west bottoms in a tent. He drives

a transfer wagon. His wife deserted him. There is no one to care for this child all day." The boy leaned his chin on the counter and greeted the judge with a cheerful and confident grin.

"I think you are a good boy," said the judge, "and I'm going to send you to a man named E. V. Roach, in Mill Creek, Indian Territory. I think he will be good to you. If he is not you must let me know. Can you write?" "Yes, sir."

"Can you write a letter?" "No I can write purty good on a slate."

"Well, the doctor will give you a card in a stamped and addressed envelope. If you need help, post that."

He was led away smiling. It is something to live in a State which provides a good foster-father. The judge followed him to the door.

"Say, mister," suddenly asked the boy, "will I get a maw down there? I need a maw sure bad, like other fellers."

"Well, perhaps."

The small figure toddled away, holding the officer by the hand, and happy in the thought that he was to have a "maw."

The Bright Side. Look on the bright side if possible, and if the dark side of life seems turned momentarily toward you, look for the bright spots that break the darkness.

The gloomy, humdrum spirit never rises above petty annoyances, while the hopeful, sunny nature seldom succumbs to heavy difficulties and trials.

And then, too, the buoyant spirit rises, and, as in the case of the little Swedish maiden, may soar away from annoyances and troubles to unexpected success and happiness.

This little maid—an orphan called Johanne—lived with an ill-tempered old woman called Sarah, in an almshouse in Stockholm. Whenever Sarah used to go to market, she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could. However, one fine day, she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness; but, noticing the cat, neglected as herself, she dried her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till pussy fell asleep. Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with a lighter heart as she worked. And, as she sang, her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen. The neighbors told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in a school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and, in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale" became the most famous singer of her day. Think how different her life might have been if she had pushed her lonely cat aside, and thinking only of her own grief, had spent the afternoon in tears.

Unhindered by Blindness. Miss Helen Masow, a graduate of the California Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, who is unfortunate in having lost the sight of both eyes, is an unusual girl for one so hampered. She is well known in Berkeley musical circles for the beautiful voice that she possesses and is now creating much interest in the college town through her participation in athletics.

For some time she has been an ardent horsewoman, riding through the streets and lanes of Berkeley with as much ease as her more fortunate sisters who have the gift of sight. Last week she created considerable comment by appearing at the skating rink on roller skates. At first she was rather timid and kept to the rail but as she felt more and more accustomed to the skates she grew bolder and ventured into the middle of the floor. She got along so well that she remained in the centre of the floor all evening.

Manliness of a Boy. Several days ago I happened to board a car which was crowded. A little man—perhaps he was twelve years old—offered me his seat with a charming bow and smile. He soon found a seat, but pipped up when another woman entered, pulled off his cap, which was fringed with rags, and with such a jolly, wide smile made room for the newcomer. Five times in as many minutes that smile broke over the face of the young traveler as he gave his seat again and again, and soon every one in the car was smiling in sympathy. No one thought whether his clothes were whole or ragged, but

some one said: "I wish my boys enjoyed being gentlemanly as much as he does," and a fine-looking man remarked quite loudly to his neighbor, "That's the sort of man I want that makes the great and good men."

The boy heard the remark and looked around to see who was manly.

A PAPAL BLESSING.

Chicago Tribune. St. Francis of Assisi is reported to have delivered an eloquent little sermon to the birds, who were chief companions of his ascetic life, in which he commended them for their many virtues. He likewise commended them to human mercy, clothing with a peroration in which he bade them to continue being good little birds and resume their happy lives with assurances of the divine goodness to all creatures.

Though the Catholic Church has always taught kindness to the so-called dumb animals, the sermon of Saint Francis was the first unofficial expression in their behalf. The first official expression has just been made by Pius X in the form of a special blessing "unto all who protect from cruelty and abuse the dumb servants given to us by God." This particular blessing was issued by the Pope simultaneously with his approval of the excellent work accomplished by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Naples, which has branches in all the important cities and towns of Italy.

As this blessing has no reference to any special canon or doctrine of the Church, but was prompted by a broad and generous spirit of humanity, it may well be hoped that it will descend not merely upon "the merciful man who is merciful to his beast" within the pale of the Catholic Church, but upon all men everywhere who are merciful to animals. It is a pronouncement all human persons can approve—a blessing all persons, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or pagan, should hope to secure, for—

His strength best who loveth best All things both great and small.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

Much interest is taken in a letter which has been written by the Queen of Spain to the Archbishop of Saragossa, and published in "El Universo." Her Majesty says: "I have been a Spaniard ever since, for my happiness, I united my life to that of the King of Spain, and, as a true Spaniard, I cherish the devotion to the Mother of God planted in this noble soil by the Apostle who first brought with him the faith of Christ, which, since that distant day, has never ceased to invigorate the hearts of all the daughters of the Queen."

"Such being my disposition and desires, and wishing as I do to obtain the Divine favor, blessing and protection for each of the acts of my life, I pray the Virgin del Pilar to secure for me those gifts from her Adorable Son, to whose majesty I hope your Grace, custodian of the temple of the Queen of Heaven, will also appeal on my behalf. In the future, when circumstances

should have written before now about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day.

Had it not been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the God-sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful.

MAGGIE McDONALD. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PATER Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—The Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto; The Wingate Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Wilson's FLY PADS

THE ONLY THING THAT KILLS THEM ALL. AVOID POOR IMITATIONS. Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail. TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM ARCHDALE WILSON HAMILTON, ONT.

\$6.95 FALL SUITS. Our best make ladies tailored suits. Our best make Vienna cloth (dull finish similar to broadcloth) in Black, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Grey, Seal Brown, and Java. It is a well-tailored suit. We, the makers, offer it direct from our factory at \$10.00. We sell hundreds of these suits. It is the largest advertised suit in the world. The jacket has a tight fitting back, with two extra down front and back, interlined eastern lined. The skirt is 7 tops, three yards on each front seam, flaring at knee. Many instances of suit to not entirely satisfactory. Jacket separate, and pants separate. \$10.00. Five button, round waist, and around hips, and length of skirt in front. Add 50c and we will pay postage on suit. Order to-day. SOUTHCOAST SUIT CO., DEPT. 12, LONDON, CAN.



SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP.

ONE OF THE THINGS it is hard to make folks understand is the fact that, with "SURPRISE" Soap, it is not necessary to boil or scald the clothes.

A tea-kettle of hot water is enough—and you don't rub hard. The soap does the work—loosens the dirt and it drops out.

You can use "SURPRISE" Soap any way you wish, but this tea-kettle-of-hot-water way is the best because it's quickest and easiest.

"SURPRISE" is a pure, hard soap of the highest grade. The first cost is n't any more than common soap.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Was in Untold Misery. I should have written before now about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day.

Had it not been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the God-sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful.

MAGGIE McDONALD. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PATER Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—The Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto; The Wingate Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The London Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT. Losses Paid Since Organization: \$ 3,250,000 00 Business in Force 66,000,000 00 Assets 628,000 00

HON. JOHN DRYDEN, GEO. GILLES, President, Vice-President. H. WASHINGTON, Sec. and Managing Director. L. LEITCH, D. WEINMILLER, J. Inspectors. Sup. JOHN KILLER.

Farm Laborers

Farmers desiring help for the coming season, should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

WRITE FOR APPLICATION FORM TO THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization, TORONTO.

PROFESSIONAL

WILLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLD, Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce Building, London, Ont.

J.H. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS STREET W., Phone 510. London, Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work.

WINNIPEG LEGAL CARDS. DONOVAN & MURRAY, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, etc. 613 St. Albans Building, 21 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg, Man., 142-13. J. Demoy, Thomas J. Murray.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—House, 373; Factory, 542.

W. J. SMITH & SON, UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS, 113 Dundas Street. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 530.

D. A. STEWART, Successor to John T. Stephenson, Funeral Director and Embalmer. Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. GEO. E. LOGAN, Asst. Manager.

TELEGRAPHY TAUGHT QUICKLY

Demand for Railway Operators exceeds supply. Railway business—both Telegraphing and accounting—efficiently taught. Write for catalogue. J. CLANCY, Bradford Telegraph School, Cor. Colborne and Queen Sts.

MONUMENTS GRANITE & MARBLE

Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO., 493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ART GLASS

H. E. ST. GEORGE, London, Canada.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

Aids digestion, procures sound sleep and a keen appetite. It is prescribed by leading physicians all over Canada for nursing mothers, delicate children, nervous people and convalescents.

When ordering Malt Extract from your druggist, if you want the best, insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO.

First Wedding Present

—not a trinket, but the most necessary article in the new home—a bag of PURITY FLOUR

Choicest Bread Flour in the world. Milled by the latest improved process from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat

Makes Best Bread With Least Trouble

Sold Everywhere in The Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited Mills at Winnipeg, Ooderich and Brandon

THE KYRIALE Or Ordinary of the Mass ACCORDING TO THE VATICAN EDITION Transcribed into Modern Musical Notation with Rhythmic Signs by the Monks of Solesmes, Price, 25c. post-paid Kyriale Seu Ordinarium Missae Cum Cantu Gregorianis ad exemplar editionis Vaticanae Concinnatum. Price 25c. post-paid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

JUST RECEIVED

Beautiful Photos of following subjects:

Sacred Heart of Jesus. Immaculate Heart of Mary. St. Joseph. Immaculate Conception. Infant Jesus. St. Anthony. Size 4 1/2 x 2 1/2. Price 10c. each, Post Paid CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA