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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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As some one has said, "The most successful life is the most useful one, and the development of character is the only real success in life."

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a programme, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something; that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will permit the little annoyances of the business to spoil your day's work.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results of an added day, but as an added day with something worthily achieved.—Church Progress.

By a useful life you must not understand excess, the indefinite, multiplication of religious works. Multiplying them at the expense of other equally as important duties would often cause disorder, and always cause indigestion; for it is not what we eat that nourishes us, but what we digest, and nourishment has not attained its end until there is assimilation of the food.

By the useful life you must not understand the breathless activity which strives to invent for itself a series of charities which encumber itself with good works. There is disorder, impudence, fatigue, breathlessness for oneself and suffocation for others, prevention of the best good, and sometimes deplorable omission of personal duties in this feverish agitation, which has an attraction for our nature; and in all cases there is the illusion of imagining that life is only utilized by charitable works; it is the means of neglecting through principle the important duties of the family and society. Here is a case where this word of the Saviour may be applied: "Duties, you must do; good works, you must not omit."

By the useful life is meant to fill up the gaps of our day usefully, to give value to our ordinary duties and common actions, and to mingle with our life of service to our neighbor the elements of the spiritual life. It was the state of the soul of St. Louis of Gonzaga, to whom it was indifferent whether he died at recreation or not, because he was then in the order of God.

Catholic Example a World-power.

All the great forces and powers in nature that God has created operate silently. The sun shines in heaven and gives life to all things on this earth of ours, yet how silent the sunshine is! How silent the motion of the earth around her great central planet! How silent the operation of all those vivifying influences of birth, of growth, and of life in nature, and all proceeds from that one central, fixed, and wonderful luminary, the sun! There is no power in nature more terrible in its energy and in its force than the power of the rising flood of waters, as when the spring tide comes into your parlor and swells up through your river, no matter how heavy the body, no matter how terrible the weight, slowly but surely the water heaves it up and helps it aloft by its own power. Yet how silently the tide rises, and how almost imperceptibly the mighty flood pushes forth its secret strength.

ample spread the life of virtue and the vivifying influence and power of Divine grace around you, so assuredly will your silent force lift up the fallen ones, nor let the waters of iniquity roll over them and around them, but rather bear them aloft until by your influence and by your silent force they come to imitate you—first, to admire your lives and to admire your virtues; and then, adopting those virtues, to join your holy society, and in their own reformed lives, give glory to your Father Who is in Heaven.

Catholics as Citizens.

In his acceptance of the Laetare Medal on Monday at the Cardinal's residence, Mr. Bonaparte gave utterance to a striking truth, that deserves to be especially well remembered, when he said: "A Catholic tried and found wanting in any field of public or private duty inflicts an injury on the honorable standing and the salutary influence of the Catholic Church in our country which no learning and no eloquence in her defenders can repair. Our fellow-countrymen not of our faith believe the principles of morality which Christianity inculcates. It is quite true that dishonest politicians, Catholics in name only, bring disgrace upon the Catholic Church by the notoriety which they obtain in consequence of political activity, in the fierce light of which their every evil act is attributed to them in their professed capacity as Catholics, and is held against the Church of which they are unworthy members.

Here is stated a fact and a principle too often lost sight of. There are many Catholics who are so fearful of mixing religion and politics that they refuse to be guided by the principles of morality which Christianity inculcates. It is quite true that dishonest politicians, Catholics in name only, bring disgrace upon the Catholic Church by the notoriety which they obtain in consequence of political activity, in the fierce light of which their every evil act is attributed to them in their professed capacity as Catholics, and is held against the Church of which they are unworthy members.

Of this kind was the corrupt alderman in a Western city, who, defeated for re-election, declared to his pastor when he by chance met the latter, that he lost because of his religion. "They voted against me because I am a Catholic," he declared. "If that be so," retorted the priest, "it is too bad you did not come to me. I could easily have denied any rumor of that sort."

Rumors of that sort, however, are not frequently denied, and in consequence men with a particle of Catholic faith defining and directing their practice, entering into the actions of their lives, are classed at Catholics, and their conduct stands in the eyes of their fellow-citizens as a constant reproach to the Church.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Little Christ Child. One day a little girl looking out of the window saw a number of poor men from a near-by jail working in the hot sun of a July day.

After a moment's pause, she replied, "That is what Christ said to do, and I was sorry myself." He lowered his head and said: "God bless, you little Christ-child! There were tears in the eyes of more than one of the men as she walked away."

A Chat With the Girls.

A writer in a recent publication gives some very practical advice to girls. He says that they should be all-rounded women—that is to say, well-balanced spiritually, mentally, socially, and physically. Girls should spend as much time as possible in the open air, drinking in the pure ozone of God's atmosphere and basking in the sunshine.

A Dog That Telephones.

Trusty is a dog. His mistress is a professional nurse, and lives with her mother. They have a telephone. When the nurse is detained by her business away from home over night she phones to her mother to relieve the latter's anxiety. The other night, after talking with her mother over the wire, she asked about Trusty.

This was done, and the mistress of the dog called to him. That he recognized her voice was evident, for he barked and appeared overjoyed.

After the receiver was hung up Trusty jumped toward it and acted as if he wanted it taken down. During the night he lay near the telephone, and frequently looked up at the receiver and whined. The next morning he sat before it and howled until his mistress was called up. She commanded him to keep quiet, and not until then did he go away.

A Boy's Invention.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the model-room of the patent office which was described in an exchange a few weeks ago, is its collection of miniature steam engines. Models of the engines of the hero of Alexandria, of Newcomen and of Watt illustrate the successive steps in the development of what has become the giant of our modern industry.

An attendant shows the visitor a model of the early engine upon which boys were employed to turn the coals that alternating, let the steam on and shut it off. One of these boys, Humphrey Potter by name, instead of settling down like a machine to the monotonous work, kept his eyes open. He discovered that a certain beam above his head worked in unison with the coals which he opened and closed. He accordingly connected the two, and after seeing that the device worked properly, ran off to play.

His employers began to notice a much greater regularity in the marking of the coals than before; this led to the discovery of his secret, and to the adoption of his device everywhere.

As one looks at the model of the engine to which the scoggon was applied, the wonder is not that the boy thought of it, but that anybody before him should have failed to do so. This is the "afterthought" of a great many notable inventions.

The first success of an artist is always interesting. G. P. A. Healy, the portrait painter, told of his in his book, "Ecco Homo." Miss Staart, who had taken some interest in him, lent him a print of Guido Reni's "Ecco Homo." He copied this on a canvas and then colored it as best he could, without any help except such as the study of his own face afforded for the flesh tints.

Such as it was, says Mr. Healy, I carried the picture to a good-natured bookseller who consented to put it in his shop window. I own that I often found an excuse for passing along that street, so as to give a rapid glance at my work.

A Catholic priest from the country happened to pass that way, and stopped to look at the picture. After hesitating he went in and asked whether the picture was for sale. My friend the bookseller must have had a twinkle in his eye, as he answered that doubtless the artist would consent to part with his work for a consideration.

"I am not rich," said the priest. "All I could scrape together would be \$10."

"I will speak to the artist and give you an answer to-morrow." And on the morrow the priest carried away the picture, and the "artist" pocketed the \$10. I do not know which was the happier of the two, but I rather fancy it was the boy painter.

ROMANTIC CHAPTER IN EARLY LIFE OF LEO XIII.

In the beginning of the public life of Pope Leo there is a chapter that reads almost like one of the story books that boys used to delight in years ago.

It is teeming with robbers and brigands and smugglers and freebooters of his kind. The scene is laid in Benevento. If you look at the map you will find that Benevento is down near Naples, and that the famous Apennine Way, which is so famous in classical history, leads down to it from Rome.

Benevento belonged to the Pope, but was mortgaged geographically into the Kingdom of Naples. At the time we are speaking of, this sixty-five years ago, Europe had not recovered from the anarchy into which it had been thrown by the universal wars of Napoleon. In many countries there were great numbers of disbanded troops who were thrown upon their own resources, and because of their natural bent, as well as their training, as well as because of the inability of the recently established governments to repress them, had formed themselves into bands of brigands, supporting themselves by indiscriminate plunder on all classes of society. Italy especially was the scene of much of this disorder.

What made matters worse was that very frequently the nobles, entrenched in their castles like the barons in old feudal times, employed these bands of freebooters to increase their power and wealth. This union of nobles with the

plunderers was called a camorra, a word which we have heard in our own times, even in our own country. Not infrequently the brigand who stepped from behind a rock or a tree and held up a stagecoach, as sometimes occurs in America, in the remote regions of the Rockies, had concealed behind him in the brush a band of robbers fully equipped and armed by the owner of the neighboring castle, with whom they shared their spoils.

To do away with this intolerable condition of things, young Joachim Pecci, who had just been ordained a priest and had scarcely ever been out of a seminary, was sent by the then reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI., who had absolute confidence in his young delegate. It must be remembered that nearly all the various provinces of the Papal States were governed by ecclesiastics.

It was a long and weary journey to Benevento. It was over almost impassable mountains in the dead of winter. There were no railroads in those days, and there was imminent danger of his falling into the hands of the brigands who were eager to waylay him to prevent the reforms he was about to introduce. He was young and delicate, and the hardships of the journey was too much for him. Possibly he was carried into the city on a litter, for he had scarcely reached the palace when he was found to be seriously ill with a malignant fever. The grim old castle was so very like a fortress in which he to live was little calculated to restore him to health. The whole city was in consternation. The delegate from whom so much was expected was about to die even before he had begun his work. With true Catholic instinct the churches were thronged with suppliants, and an immense procession was spontaneously formed and proceeded to a famous sanctuary of Our Lady outside the walls to implore God's mercy. There was but little hope; but when the gloom was greatest a holy religious, Father Tessorio, the rector of the College of Benevento, stood by the bedside and, touching the sick man with a relic of St. Francis Hieronymo, asked God to spare His servant.

Immediately the fever subsided, and in a few days the delighted city saw him in perfect health. Thus he upon whom so much was to depend in after days was spared to the world and the Church.

What could he do, this frail, delicate priest, rising from the bed of death, against the fierce malefactors whom he had come to subdue? Yet, when he saw his emaciated form, with the deep traces of his calamity still upon him, they must have laughed at his supposed weakness, knowing besides how utterly he was without the experience necessary for such a difficult undertaking. But he was Joachim Pecci.

At a glance he took in the whole situation. The troops and police were discouraged and demoralized by the repeated failures to bring the culprits to justice. The mountainous character of the country, of which the brigands knew every position, made pursuit of the desperadoes almost impossible, backed as they were by the lords of the land and the nearness of the Neapolitan Kingdom, beyond whose borders was safety. All contributed to make any efforts to better existing conditions almost beyond hope. Evidently the Neapolitan frontier had to be guarded, and Pecci immediately set himself to the task of Naples to solicit his cooperation in cutting off this means of retreat. The king acceded to his wish; troops lined the whole country where access was afforded from Benevento, and a succession of quick, aggressive measures began. Over mountains, through forests, in caves and fortified posts, the pursuit of the robbers was relentless. The officials of the government took heart and were animated by the spirit of the Young Governor.

Band after band was routed or captured and the criminals made to pay the forfeit of their crimes. Little by little the real authors of the disorder were being discovered and the guilty nobles took alarm. One of the most powerful, and possibly one of the most brilliant, arrived at Benevento while all this order was going on. He confronted the delegate. "How dare you trample on my ancestral rights, invade my domains and carry off my people? I'll see to it that the Pope will immediately check your presumption and remove you from office. I am setting out for Rome immediately." "Go, My Lord," answered Pecci, imperturbably. "But remember, to go to the Vatican you will have to pass by the Castle St. Angelo which you know is a government prison." The noble looked in amazement, understood the threat and did not go to Rome.

Every day brought new hope to the people. There was but one band of brigands who now inspired anything like terror. They were entrenched in a mountain stronghold in a villa belonging to one of the nobles. They were only fourteen in number, but they were under a famous chief and their position was impregnable. But the blood of the soldiers was up, and a fierce battle took place. The place was stormed, and all of the robbers were captured and carried in triumph to the city amid the acclamations of the delighted populace.

The remaining, though numberless, difficulties lay before him in far-reaching out the disorder, the officials of the government and the officials of the police, the fierce members of a secret society which has done so much harm in Italy.

It was not, however, in a merely negative way that Mgr. Pecci brought happiness to Benevento. He immediately augmented his commerce, constructed magnificent highways, opened new schools, secured the morals of the people. In fact, he made the entire district so prosperous and happy in an inconceivably short space of time that the King of Naples immediately entered into negotiations with the Pope for the exchange of Benevento for some territory owned by Naples near Rome. But Mgr. Pecci thwarted that scheme, knowing that the people would be happier under the Pope than under any other ruler. He left Benevento in 1841, having accomplished all this in

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three years. When he began this splendid work he was only twenty-eight years old.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE JEWS AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Referring to the agitation in behalf of the persecuted Russian Jews, the New World says that it is proper enough that it should continue, yet, most decidedly the Jews are not the only persecuted people in the world.

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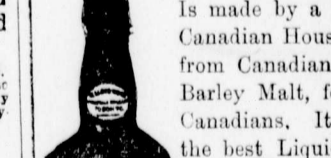
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