

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Listen my child! Every one of thy good actions, every one of thy loving thoughts for those that love thee, every courteous act toward thy companions, every kind deed, is a step toward the higher world; so is every sorrow and every grief, for every grief is an atonement for a fault, every tear erases a stain. Resolve to be better each day, and more loving than the day before. Say every morning to thyself "To-day I will do something that my conscience will approve of and with which my father will be satisfied: something which will make me beloved by my companions, by my teacher, by my brother, and by others." And ask that God may give thee strength to carry out thy resolutions. —Edmonde de Amicis.

Guided by a Spider.

The habit of observation is as good as a talent and the humblest creature in the world may teach us something if we are willing to learn by watching patiently.

A little spider was the direct cause of the most serious loss and injury to the Dutch nation, at the time of the attack upon Holland by France in the year 1794. A French prisoner at Utrecht, who had spent some of his long, lonely hours in studying the habits of spiders on the walls of his cell was able by watching them to forecast the coming of rain or of frost. At a time when a sudden thaw raised the prospects of the Dutch, and seemed to destroy the prisoner's hope of rescue by his countrymen, his humble friends upon the wall gave him sure signs of a renewal of the frost. Upon this he managed to send a message to assure the French generals that within a few days their troops would be able to pass over the frozen waters—a prediction that was soon fulfilled—and so it came to pass that a spider was responsible for the release of Quarter-master Disjaval, and for the conquest of the Dutch.

The Boy That Was Thorough.
Roland stepped and looked at the sign:

"BOY WANTED"

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment, next to a store where there had been a big fire. He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated; then, with all the courage he could command, went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, two busy to notice him; but a tall gentleman did, and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

"What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. 'Well,' pointing to some steps, 'go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do.'"

Roland went down and found half a dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

"Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boys' work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see," he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, "the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen."

"That's fair," said one of the boys; "some have more rust on than others."

"If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us," said the foreman; and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him down stairs appeared and, looking round at the boys, said:

"Well?"

"There is the boy we want," said the foreman, pointing to Roland. "He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained."

Again the tall man spoke quickly. "That's what we want. 'Boy wanted' doesn't mean any kind of boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life." —Success.

How a Little Boy Got His Gold Mine.

"If I were rich, I'd never go to school another day," exclaimed Willie, as he threw his books and strap upon the sofa in the cosy sitting-room. "What's the use bothering away all one's time in school?"

"Well, Willie," inquired grandma, cheerily, from her pleasant corner, "how would you like to own a gold mine—your very own?"

"A gold mine! My! I'd like it very much, grandma; but," continued Willie slowly, "I don't suppose I'll ever own one."

"I see no reason why you should not if you really want one," replied grandma, smiling.

"How? Do tell me quick!" cried Willie, eagerly.

"Sit down a minute while I explain, and as she spoke, grandma fondly drew her pet to her side. "You can't buy this gold mine with money; and no one can give it to you; you must work for it, and work hard, too, Willie."

"O grandma, I'll do anything, sure!

See how big and tall I am," and Willie actually grew six inches all at once, by standing on his tip toes.

"You can't get your gold in a hurry, either," went on grandma. "You must get it little by little."

"It isn't like some gold mines that are full of wealth at the very beginning—you must fill this mine yourself."

"Will it take long to fill it, grandma?"

"Yes, a number of years. Each day you can add some valuable bit to it, and by and by you will have an inexhaustible treasure. No one can steal your mine from you, Willie, and you can never dig it dry."

"My!" exclaimed Willie, with sparkling eyes. "When can I begin to get my gold mine, grandma?"

"At any time! You have already begun to fill your treasure house, and by going to—"

"I know, grandma," interrupted Willie. "It's an education that you mean; that's the gold mine."

"And isn't that a fine one, Willie?"

"Yes, and I'm going to begin, now, fill it up. Hurrah for grandma and the gold mine!"

"And the school, too," added grandma.

"Why, of course," laughed Willie.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If you want knowledge, you must toll for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if pleasure, you must toll for it. Toll is the law. Pleasure comes through toll, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When a man gets to love work his life is a happy one.

Special Teaching.
In commercial schools we see the tendency of the world toward special training in every department of trade and commerce. In order to succeed nowadays quickest and best the young man or the young woman must have a special education in the direction of a particular line of business. To meet this the special schools are being opened in different parts of the world.

Adversity Develops Character.
It is only where there is obstruction that the water becomes deep and reflecting. Shallow brooks run noisily by. Great streams, where their course is made easy, pause not to collect depth and silence. A life may flow gently to its close, but it never becomes great because of its ease. Obstacles, difficulties, sorrows, discouragements, from the soul's precious waters, and dam the stillness of its deeps the voice of an Emerson, a Carlyle, a Shakespeare speaks to us.

Live For Something.
Thousands of people breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not part a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

The Engineering Profession.
Of all the professions that of an engineer demands the most perfect balancing of manual and mental labor.

It is an absolute necessity for an engineer to pass through a manual training, as well as a mental one, before he can become thoroughly efficient, and this is particularly true of the mechanical department of the profession. At the same time while a high degree of technical skill is demanded, the successful engineer must also work very hard with his head. The multiplicity of detail which he has to attend to is hardly matched in any other profession. He has the most abstruse and difficult calculations to make, but these would be of little use to him if he were not thoroughly trained in the practical, or, in other words, the manual part of his work. Perhaps a more perfect combination, however, would be the work of an operative surgeon, for here we have widely extended and most minute knowledge combined with a manual dexterity which is little short of marvelous. The human body is the most complicated machine in existence, and it is the subject of the surgeon's work. A single slip of the knife, a single mistake in diagnosis may mean the difference between failure and cure, and often life and death. In nearly all other professions combining mental and manual skill the manual part tends to become merely mechanical, but in these two an equal excellence in both is an essential of success.

A Cheerful Disposition.
A Scotch philosopher once said that he would rather be born possessed of a cheerful and contented disposition than heir to ten thousand a year. He was right in his choice; for a cheerful nature, like a Claude Lorraine glass, tinges all objects with sunlight, while a discontented disposition makes itself miserable everywhere. All things have a right and a wrong handle; taken by the right they are found to be good—taken by the wrong, they are found evil.

All experience shows that if the soul is happily disposed, all things wear a rosy hue, and misery almost wants a name. But if the soul is not so dis-

posed, all pleasures are to it like delicate wines in a mouth tinged with gall. Some of the most eminent and successful men, both of ancient and modern times, who have been loaded with honors, have professed to enjoy but a few days in all their lives of unalloyed happiness. An Arabian caliph, who wrote his own life, could reckon up but fourteen days of felicity. Gibbon, the prince of modern historians, who tells the story after him, boasts that he had surpassed, in this respect, the commander of the faithful; but the difference was hardly worth mentioning. On the other hand, there are men so happily constituted that they can distill sweetness from gall and wormwood. All their lives they contrive to retain something of that confident temper of infancy which opens its mouth and shuts the eyes, confident that something sweet, some untold good, will reward the effort. In every misfortune they detect blessings in disguise, a silver lining to even the darkest cloud.

Contentment.
Like all terse sayings the phrase "contentment is better than wealth," though true in one sense, needs some qualification.

A reasonable degree of contentment is essential to happiness, but some longing for better things is necessary as a stimulant to effort. The lazily contented man is not progressive; he is willing to leave things as they are and to drift with the tide. The progressive man is not exactly discontented, but he has reasonable ambitions and therefore makes an effort to better his condition.

Discontent is a potent source of unhappiness, and one should therefore avoid cherishing desires that cannot be satisfied. The wise man controls his desires, keeping them within the bounds of reason. He thus avoids the unhappiness that follows a failure of effort and the stagnancy that results from a want of ambition.

Wealth does not necessarily bring happiness in its train, but, on the contrary, it is not necessarily a bar to happiness. Contentment may go along with wealth, and then the contrast suggested by the proverb no longer exists.

For those who are poor or whose opportunities for the gratification of their desires are limited the surest way of attaining happiness, which is the general aim of mankind, though it takes many forms, is to keep desires within attainable limits. When that is done the stimulus to effort remains along with the possibility of accomplishing the desired object.

It is related of a man of many millions who died recently that he failed to attain his ambition, which was to acquire \$100,000,000. But we may be quite sure that he did not start out with any such desire in his heart. When a youth he probably hoped some day to get a home over his head. That having been accomplished, he worked and saved to acquire a competency upon which he could retire, but his desires multiplied with his fortune and when he got within sight of a \$1,000,000 that became his goal. The possession of this great sum of money offered opportunities for acquiring more millions, until at last the ambition to gain \$100,000,000 seemed not unreasonable.

Through all his life, however, he probably enjoyed a reasonable degree of contentment. At each point in his career his goal was in sight. He did not start out with foolish ambitions that could not be satisfied, but kept his wants within his means for his gratification. Those who do otherwise render themselves unnecessarily unhappy.

The poor working lad whose desire is to take a long trolley ride to the park may be contented and happy, in the realization of his desire; but if he wishes to make the tour of Europe in grand style he will very likely be disappointed.

The discontent which is represented by reasonable ambition for something better than present conditions is necessary to advancement; that which results from desires that cannot be gratified is a fruitful source of unhappiness.

Hard Study.
Hard study hurts nobody, but hard eating hurts many. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature disability or death of students and eminent men to too close application to their studies. It has now become to be a generally admitted truth that "hard study," as it is called, endangers life. It is a mischievous error that severe mental application undermines health. Unthinking people will dismiss this with the exclamation of "That's all stuff!" or something equally conclusive. To those who search for truth, in the love of it, we wish to offer some suggestions.

Many German scholars have studied, for a lifetime, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a very large number from twelve to fifteen hours; lived in comparative health, and died beyond the sixties.

A strong example of the truth that health and hard study are not incompatible, is found in the great Missouri student than he has been, the American public does not know. Dr. Charles Caldwell, our honored preceptor, lived beyond the eighties, with high bodily health, remarkable physical vigor, and mental force scarcely abated; yet, for a great part of his life, he studied fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and, at one time, gave but five hours to sleep. John Quincy Adams, the old man eloquent, is another equally strong example of our position. All these men, with the venerable Dr. Nott, made the preservation of health a scientific study; and, by systematic

temperance, neither blind nor spasmodic, secured the prize for which they labored, and with it years of usefulness, and honor.

The inculcation of these important truths was precisely the object we had in view in the projection of this work; with the more immediate practical application to the clergy of this country, whom we see daily disabled or dying, scores of years before their time, not as is uniformly and benevolently stated from their "arduous labors," but by the persistent and inexcusable ignorance of the laws of life and health, and a wicked neglect of them. We use this strong language purposely; for ignorance of duty to their own bodies is no more excusable than ignorance of duty to their own souls; for upon both classes of duty the lights brightly shine, full bright enough for all practical purposes,—the light of nature, of science, of experience, and of grace.

A FASCINATING INDIAN STORY

There is no more interesting story in the history of the Indians in this country than the story of the efforts made by the Flatheads to secure the services of a missionary to teach them the truths of Christianity.

The Catholic World Magazine for September tells the story in the following words:

"Around the council fire the matter was discussed again and again until, in 1831, it was decided to send representatives to St. Louis (two thousand miles distant, and known to the Indians through the fur traders) to secure for them a Black Gown, who should tell them the story of the new religion. No tidings ever came back of this party, which probably was exterminated by some of the hostile tribes through whose territory it had to pass. Undaunted by this occurrence, a second delegation was sent forth, and this time the Indians secured a promise that a priest would be sent to them."

"Patiently they waited until 1837, when they sent a third embassy to the settlements. The party was massacred by the Sioux, and still no priest came. But the desire for knowledge of the new religion was so strong that the Indians were not deterred by the failure of these two successive expeditions, and in 1839 two young Iroquois braves set out to run the gauntlet of foes and to brave the hardships of the long journey. Their attempt was doubly successful. They made the journey safely, and brought back with them Father D. Smet, of the Society of Jesus—the pioneer of Christianity in the North-west. One of these young Indians, whom the Fathers christened Peter, set forward in haste to prepare his people for the coming of the Black Robe, while the other, Ignatius, remained to accompany the missionary on his long journey to an unknown land and an unknown people. It was April, 1840, when Father D. Smet and his dusky companion joined a west-bound caravan for the trip to the Rocky Mountains. The priest was stricken with fever on the plains, but recovered, and in June, at Green River in Wyoming, met a delegation sent by the tribe to welcome him."

"One month later, July 14, he met in the valley of the Bitter Root sixteen hundred Indians—Sishish (Flatheads) and Pend d'Oreilles—and immediately began his labors as a missionary. It is related that the chiefs of the assembled tribes offered him the temporal sovereignty of their people, but he refused them that their mission was of a different nature. The legends of the Church have it that, on the evening of that day, two thousand Indians recited a prayer and chanted a hymn. Before the month had ended Father D. Smet had baptized six hundred Indians, and the new religion was well established in the wilderness."

Off the Track.
This means disaster and death when applied to a fast express train. It is equally serious when it refers to people whose blood is disordered and who consequently have pimples and sores, bad stomachs, deranged kidneys, weak nerves and that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla puts the wheels back on the track by making pure, rich blood and curing these troubles.

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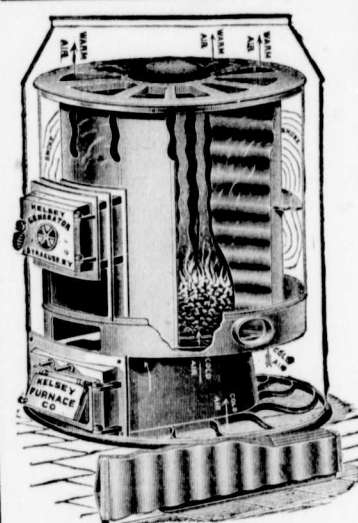
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CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MIRACLES.

The Christian Register differentiates thus between the Catholic and the Protestant idea regarding miracles:

He (the intelligent Catholic) discriminates between the diseases that faith will affect, and does not apply the relic of a saint when quinine is the needed remedy. Being familiar with the idea of a miracle, he does not allow it to bewitch his fancy or unhorse his reason. Many Protestants might save themselves much unhappy experience by imitating the caution of the intelligent Catholic."

SLOW STARVATION.

The Condition of Those Afflicted With Indigestion.

FLATULENCY, SICK HEADACHE, OFFENSIVE BREATH AND ERUCTATIONS, IRRITABILITY, AND A FEELING OF WEIGHT ON THE STOMACH ARE AMONG THE SYMPTOMS.

Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, as it is also frequently called, is one of the most serious ailments that afflict mankind. When the stomach loses its craving for food, and the power to digest it, the person thus afflicted is both mentally and physically in a condition of wretchedness. The symptoms of the disorder are manifold, and among them may be noted, a feeling of weight in the region of the stomach, sick headache, offensive breath, heartburn, a disagreeable taste in the mouth, irritability of temper, disturbed sleep, etc. The condition is in fact one of slow starvation of the blood, nerves and body, and on the first symptoms treatment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sought. Mr. William Birt, a well known blacksmith at Pisiquid, P. E. I., is one who suffered for years, and relates his experience for the benefit of similar sufferers. Mr. Birt says:

"For many years I was a victim of indigestion, accompanied by nervousness, palpitation of the heart and other distressing symptoms. My appetite was irregular, and what I ate felt like a weight in my stomach; this was accompanied by a feeling of stupor or sleepiness, and yet I rarely enjoyed a night's sound sleep. When I would retire a creeping sensation would come over me, with pains and fluttering around the heart, and then when I arose in the morning, I would feel as tired and fatigued as I did before I went to bed. It is needless to say that I was continually taking medicine, and tried, I think, almost everything recommended as a cure for the trouble. Occasionally I got temporary relief, but the trouble always came back, usually in a still more aggravated form. All this, of course, cost a great deal of money, and as the expenditure seemed useless I was very much discouraged. One day one of my neighbors, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them, and I decided to do so, thinking nevertheless, that it would be but another hopeless experiment. To my great gratification, however, I had only been using the pills a few weeks when I felt decidedly better, and things began to look brighter. I continued taking the pills for several months, with the result that my health was as good as my digestion better than it had ever been. One of the most flattering results of the treatment was my increase in weight from one hundred and twenty-five pounds to one hundred and fifty-five pounds. It is more than a year now since I discontinued the use of the pills and in that time I have not had the slightest return of the trouble. We always keep the pills in the house now, and my family have used them for other ailments with the same gratifying results."

These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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