

Requiem Aeternam.

BY LYONEL BYRNE IN MESSENGER. Laden skies and sudden meadows, death of life, and then again the advent of November...

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Clever Young Physician. In Scotland a young Catholic physician, Dr. Thomas Colvin of Glasgow, who has received many honors...

Tranquillity. Why do not our Catholic young men attempt to learn the lesson of tranquillity? For who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life?

The Uses of Mistortunes. "The sun certainly does shine brighter after a rainy day," said Mr. Billings...

Keep on Fighting. Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building.

Get in Touch with the World. The man who gets "out of the swim," so to speak, who loses his touch with the great, pulsing world about him...

Advice to Young Men. Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Don't be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries and wages you can get...

was too hard; I am looking for something easy." Look for a "soft snap." Don't get up in the morning until you feel like it.

If you are at school, don't trouble about preparing your lessons. "Crib" whenever you can, cheat as often as possible, and get the best of your teacher whenever you see a chance.

Employees to be Distrusted. The late Governor Burnett, of California, who was for years the president of a bank, once expressed his opinion of clerks, which has in it several hints for the young men of to-day.

Little cane, Little brain, Little work, And big talk. "He will spend too much time on the streets, to show himself. If he is a fast young man in any way, he is unworthy."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. "BESTEST OF ALL." Sister Mary Xavier, S. N. D., in the English Messenger.

"Them there's weeds, Master Robbie—you can't go for to give them there to the Almighty, you can't."

"Well, ven, Mike, you see you help all God to make ye camellias and 'zalias. But He made my yellow daisies all by His own self. He did, and so He would like ven bestest of all."

Advice to Young Men. Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Don't be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries and wages you can get...

It is Easy to be a "Nobody." It is the easiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or to be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as clerk in a store, replied, "The work

snapped when you broke them, and were full of milky juice, and he would sit for hours with Edie, blowing their fluffy white "clocks" to bits.

A few minutes after his conversation with Mike had him standing by the desk where Lady Granville was writing letters in the drawing room.

"Listen, Robbie, dear," she said. "We must never give our dear Lord anything but our best, our very best, our very best."

"Well, Robbie, my best flowers are in the hothouses, and it would not do for me to keep them and send you Lord the common flowers which I took no trouble about. Does my little boy see?"

"Yes, muvver dear, Robbie sees vat for you. But Robbie does see something also for himself, too. Suppose muvver dear, and Robbie slipped off her lap, so as to look straight into her face and speak more impressively, 'suppose He likes ye yellow daisies bestest, cos He made 'em—and you said He would, muvver dear.'"

"My bonnie little laddie!" said his mother, very tenderly. "Let mother give nice fresh flowers to Jesus for Robbie and herself this time. Some day you will see that she is right. All here is nurse come to fetch you to bed."

"Whv, Robbie darling, why don't you lie down? what's the matter?" she sat down on the side of the bed and put her arm around him.

"Them there's weeds, Master Robbie—you can't go for to give them there to the Almighty, you can't."

"Well, ven, Mike, you see you help all God to make ye camellias and 'zalias. But He made my yellow daisies all by His own self. He did, and so He would like ven bestest of all."

Up the nave again came the beautiful procession, and Robbie, who knelt by his mother's side at the end of a bench, never took his eyes off the basket from which Edie was strewing flowers.

would be finished when the procession, on its return journey, came to about the middle of the nave. Robbie was counting to himself all the time.

Lady Granville was glad something had made her gentle child so happy, but she did not understand. Only Robbie had seen it all—seen Edie come to the end of her rose petals, see her lips form the words "From Robbie," see the dandelions thrown high into the air, see them touch the very crystal of the golden tountrance.

The church was empty now—save for a little golden-haired boy in a Stuart-plaid kilt, who was walking slowly up and down with his eyes fixed on the ground, peering under every bench and into every corner.

Suddenly the sacristy door opened and a priest came out—not Father Morely, but the great orator who had come down on purpose to preach at the High Mass in the morning.

Robbie laid two fat hands on his arm and rising on tiptoe, put his lips close to his ear and whispered, "Not ye roses, Faver—my free yellow daisies. He liked ven bestest of all 'cos He kissed 'em." And then he poured out all his little story.

"I kissed 'em," said Edie, "and Edie kissed 'em, and He kissed 'em." "And now I will kiss them," said the Father. But Robbie closed his fingers very quick and tight, and shook his head very energetically indeed.

"Now, muvver, dear," he said as he finished, "give Robbie a sheet of your bestest note paper, six red letters, at five pence, please, muvver, dear. And Robbie always said 'pleassey' and spoke in the third person when he was specially beseeching. Lady Granville took out a dainty little cream-colored sheet with "The Hall, Heatherleigh" stamped in scarlet at the top.

"Now," dictated Robbie, "pla ven om, muvver, dear." She pined out the three flower heads as best she could on to the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She did so. "Now lend me your pencil, muvver, dear, and a book to harden ve paper on. She gave them to him, and he sat down on a stool at her feet and laboriously wrote in large, round, childish characters:

"Dear Edie, ven bestest of all ve flowers, 'cos He kissed 'em." Then, screwed up at the bottom, he added: "Robbie, for always."

There is a gentle old priest with wonderfully blue eyes and a smile like sunset sunshine in charge of one of the poorest parishes of the great manufacturing town of M. There are not trees or flowers in the shabby little street where he lives, but in a corner by the doorstep is just a little clump of coarse grass and dandelions.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from cold phlegm and mucus, the germ-seeds of influenza, colds, croup, whooping cough, and other ailments of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Croup Syrup is—a specific for all these ailments. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves all ailments.

You Can Buy SURPRISE SOAP of any Grocer. BEST FOR WASH DAY.

TELLS WHY HE IS A CATHOLIC.

(Abridged from Dennis J. Tuohy, in Truth) It is plain even to a casual reader of the Scriptures that much ability and labor are requisite to get at the meaning of many texts, and even then some of the most learned men have been forced to give up the task.

Protestants have tried this rule of private interpretation, and it has proven a principle of disintegration. It has split them into three hundred warring sects, agreeing in nothing save in hatred to Rome.

This is shown by the notion that prevails among thinking Protestants, namely that the Catholic Faith, as, for instance, Brownson, Manning, Newman, Faber, etc., etc. They were told that God had spoken. They asked where? In the Divine Book they were answered. They tried it, and it disappointed them, not through fault of its own, but because it was used for a purpose for which it was not given.

I consider belief on the authority of the Church no mere submission to the highest reason, the eternal God, speaking through His Church. I believe that a Revelation might as well not have given if there were no infallible authority to decide what it is that has been given.

All souls are alone. Who speaks truthfully, or rather who permits his soul to speak, will so admit. We may cling to customs and institutions, we may busy ourselves with interests and affairs, we may enfold our lives with loves and friendships, but the moment comes in every life when we are thrown back upon ourselves, and we realize, despite all, we are alone.

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are also utterly worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

For these reasons we announce that our proprietors are the principal shareholders in HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED which will, we are sure, be an ample guarantee of the truth of every representation made concerning

IRON-OX TABLETS The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A Valuable Book on Nerve Diseases and a sample bottle sent to any address.

CARLING'S. All dealers. CARLING LONDON.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. This Company issues every safe and doable form of policy.

PROFESSIONAL. HELLMUTH & IVIEY, IVEY & BROMGOLD. Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce London, Ont.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 150 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day.

W. J. SMITH & SON. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 113 Dundas Street. Open Day and Night. Telephone 588.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK. BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. Containing the Hymns of the Seasons and Festivals of the Year and of a extensive collection of Sacred Melodies.

STATUES FOR SALE. BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. An intensely interesting and romantic novel—thoroughly Catholic in theme—following closely the historical and biographical records of the early monks of Canadian history.