

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"No" is one of the smallest words in our vocabulary. Yet few others are charged with greater consequences. It is a stepping stone to self-conquest. It is the armor of a pure and noble life. It may be the magnet of degradation. Who learns to use it wisely is master of evil ways and holds assurance of eternal happiness in great security.—Church Progress.

Lack of Preparation.
"Sidetracked by ignorance, for the lack of a little more preparation," would be a fitting epitaph over the grave of many a failure.

Value of Technical Education.
The captain of the century of the last century rose from the ranks, because an engineering education could only be had in the shops; but, within a few years, technical education, under government patronage, has made great strides, and a young man can learn, by the time he attains his majority, more than his father could have hoped to master in years of practice.

What Catholics Ought to Be.
Catholics ought to be good Catholics. They ought to be very exemplary in every department and in every thing in life. Good Catholics are just husbands and fathers, exemplary business and professional men. It ought to be so with all Catholics. It should be enough on inquiring into the character of a man to say, of course he is a good, honest reliable man—he is a Catholic.—Catholic Register.

To Those Who Make Excuses.
"Let Catholic young men," says the Catholic Columbian, "get rid of the feeling that the world is against them because of their faith. Some anti-Catholic feeling certainly exists in this country, but it is never too strong to keep down ability and character. Native talent combined with hard work and tactfulness wins in the end. Young Catholics should remember this, and not get into the lazy, 'what's the use' attitude. If we all felt this way, Catholics in this country would never amount to anything. It is pretty much the same with all other lines of business."

On Doing One's Best.
The habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being equal to any emergency, of the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul-satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.—Success.

Just Getting Along.
"Oh, just getting along," "just making a living," "holding my own"—such are the replies young men frequently make when asked how they are progressing.—Practically, this is a confession of stagnation. Merely holding one's own, "just getting along," or making a bare living, is not making a life.

It may not always be possible for you to increase your income or better your self materially, but it is always possible to keep adding to the real riches of life.

If each to-morrow is to find us farther than to-day it must be an advance on yesterday. We must bring an enthusiastic spirit, an out-reaching effort of mind and heart to everything we do. Our work will reflect this mental attitude. Such a spirit will render it impossible for us not to do more than hold our own.

The great deeds of the world, the triumphs of the race have not been accomplished by men who were content to hold their own merely or "just get along." They were dominated by their purpose, filled with an overmastering enthusiasm which swept everything before it, as a mountain torrent sweeps aside or overleaps every obstacle that would bar its progress.

If you are Well-Bred
You will be kind.
You will not use slang.
You will try to make others happy.
You will not be shy or self-conscious.
You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.
You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.
You will think of others before you think of yourself.
You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.
You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.
In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.
You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncracies of others.

You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.
You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you can help it.

You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.
You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.—Success.

Learn a Trade.
Why is it that so many of our American boys are prejudiced against learning a handicraft or trade? asks P. W. Humphreys in the American Boy. It is said with a deal of truth that such Americans as must work at the mechanical trades find themselves at a disadvantage when competing with trained foreigners. Americans lay the bricks, but the stonemasons are from Europe. There are native plasterers, but the ornamental work is nearly always entrusted to a German. There are American and English carpenters, but

the fine joiner work in hardwoods and the carving and other decorations are necessarily entrusted to the French technically trained workman. American paint houses, but for the frescoing and decorative work the Italian, Frenchman, or German has the call. Our apprentice laws have fallen into disuse, and the trades unions have discriminated against some lads who wished to become mechanics.

Then there are so many opportunities for making money in trade and speculation that ambitious young Americans are eager to enter the fields of commerce, to become politicians, to do anything, in fact, rather than confine themselves to the farm, the shop, or the factory. And so it comes about that when any work requiring technical skill is required foreigners have to be employed.

It is true that machinery has supplanted manual labor in the manufacture of clothing material, but no invention can take the place of the skilled workman. We have too many traders and speculators. An advertisement for a bookkeeper or a salesman is answered by a hundred boys and young men, while skilled and artistic workmen are so scarce that we are forced to import them from Europe.

Ignorance Has No Excuse.
One of the most pitiable tragedies in human life is that of strong men letting their powers go to waste for lack of education. Many of them lament their ignorance, but excuse it on the ground of "no chance," or opportunity. Such excuses, in a land which teems with chances, deceive no one but those who make them.

In this era of education, of books and libraries, of newspapers and periodicals, of schools and universities, evening schools, lectures, and the other endless opportunities for self-culture which our country affords all classes, there is no excuse for ignorance. "It is only will that is wanting."

Examples are not lacking to prove this. A gentleman told me, the other evening, of a poor Russian Jew who came to the United States to better his fortunes. He was only seventeen years old when he arrived here, and could not speak a word of English. After securing employment he began to attend evening school. For three years every spare moment was given to study, and at the end of that time he was lecturing before Americans on the great men of America.

At ten years of age, Jacob Gould Schurmann was a country lad on a backwoods farm on Prince Edward Island. "It is impossible," says Mr. Schurmann, "for the boy of to-day, no matter in what part of the country he is brought up, to appreciate the life of Prince Edward Island as it was forty years ago. At that time it had neither railroads nor daily newspapers, nor any of the dozen other things that are the merest commonplaces nowadays, even to the boys of the country districts."

At thirteen, your Schurmann was a clerk in a country store, at a salary of \$30 a year. At eighteen he was working his way through college. At twenty-five he was professor of philosophy in Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and at thirty-eight he was made president of Cornell University.

Few boys in town or country have less opportunity to become educated men than the little backwoods farmer boy; but he will be of the "elect," and that carried him over all difficulties and hardships.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES OF THE ROSARY.

BY LUCIA EMILY DOBRYE.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

No. 1.—The Resurrection.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

Mr. Vanderman did not, as a rule, appear until Ida had finished breakfast, unless she had been out late the night before, when she had it in her room, and when he did so that morning he announced that he would be away all day on business. No allusion had again been made to the conversation about her mother, and Ida had no desire to bring the subject forward.

After a brief interview with the housekeeper, Ida went up to her boudoir, which was one of the most charming rooms in the beautiful house. Ida loved as well. She had all her life been accustomed to being surrounded by beauty and luxury, and took it all as a matter of course. She had always had her own carriage, her hack, servants to do her bidding, a secretary to attend to her correspondence and every possible thing that she could desire. The house everywhere gave evidence of good taste and money alike. Ida's boudoir had chairs and inlaid tables that connoisseurs raved about, and the costly fittings of her writing table were in the latest fashion. She had had the things for the tableaux all brought there, and as she busied herself with her maid, choosing what would be of use, her thoughts were far distant, and soon formed themselves into a very practical conclusion. She knew that there were many Catholic churches in London, and one near that house, and she walked there that day and read on the board near the door the hours of Mass and at a few days that Ida, the next Sunday morning, found herself at High Mass, which was followed by a sermon. The former was quite unintelligible to her, but the latter was listened to with great attention. The subject was the Great Feast, which St. Gregory calls the Solemnity of all Solemnities, and the great lesson taught by the Festival. Faith could achieve what reason and logic failed to do, and being in itself divine, it was higher than any natural virtue possibly could be. Ida listened to the story of the Resurrection as if for the first time, and the account of the crowning act of Him who thereby proved beyond all doubt the fact of being perfect God as well as perfect man, rising from the grave by His own power, thus triumphing over

the penalty of sin. The preacher spoke forcibly of the power of the Resurrection which all the baptized share, for as they are buried with their divine Lord in baptism, so they could rise with Him by newness of life. This resurrection was essentially the same in those who rose from sin after losing their baptismal grace, and who must preserve the new life by flying from all occasions of sin, and by definitely seeking those things pertaining to the kingdom of God, above all by means of the Sacraments, prayer, and sharing in the life of the Church by using her manifold means of grace.

Ida made up her mind during that sermon, and decided to do that which it is a pity those inquiring about the Faith, or in doubt as to their own ground, do not do often. Instead of temporizing and seeking intermediate helps, Ida went direct to one of those appointed to teach the religion in which she desired to be instructed, no difficulty being experienced, as she found out from the sacristan when and where the preacher could be seen.

It was favorable to her that her father should be away on one of his frequent absences, and as the church was not half an hour's walk Ida had no difficulty in going there unknown to any one in her home.

She had much to learn as well as to unlearn, a great deal to accept at which her reason rebelled, and very much to cause her astonishment and wonder. Trying to work the whole thing out as if it were a mathematical problem utterly failed, and she found that she must use the gift of faith. Faith alone could help her now. Father Allan was determined that she should be thoroughly grounded and instructed, and before her mental vision rose the Church of God, and while the temptation to disbelief in its reality assailed her soul, faith enabled her to apprehend a little of the matchless beauty of the immaculate Bride of Christ. Baptismal grace, so long dormant in Ida's soul, asserted itself and in its power she made her choice.

Father Allan, to whom she fully explained the circumstances of her life, foresaw difficulties and he trembled for her. Many an hour did he spend before the altar through the time when the great feasts came and went—Ascension, Whitsunday, the Feast of Corpus Christi and the Holy Trinity, until the end of June approached, and on St. Peter's Day Ida became a Catholic.

Her father returned a day or two later and then Ida told him, herself fully prepared for his anger, but he had never entered her head that he would turn her out of the house.

However, Mr. Vanderman did not hesitate for a moment. Once he had fully grasped the fact that Ida was to be moved, and that she was absolutely determined to practice her religion at all costs, he made up his mind and told her she and Arthur must leave the house within a week, and that the only money she would have to live upon would be what she had inherited from her mother, which, owing to a decrease of value in the shares, was worth but little over fifty pounds a year, a sum that Ida had over and over again paid for a dress. It seemed that her husband had had a large annuity, and besides that, had lived on his capital, and from him she had inherited nothing at all, but her father's wealth was so great that it had never made any difference to her.

Father Allan was full of sympathy for Ida, but could, of course, do nothing in the way of material help. He introduced her to a Mrs. Ayre who was a great worker in his parish, and that lady did her best for Ida, who was soon forsaken by the butterfly friends of her society days, and as it happened she had not any others.

It all happened so quickly, and Ida had to live through so much in so short a time, that when it was over, and she was settled in two little rooms at Hammersmith, it seemed like the calm succeeding a storm. Her faith had, indeed, been tried, and she had a fierce struggle with herself, for it went hardly with her to give up all her wealth and luxury and to sacrifice Arthur's education and prospects in life. It was indeed a dark outlook, but the strength of her risen Lord was hers, and in it she endured the present and faced the future.

After a while she earned a little money by needlework, for she embroidered beautifully, and then Arthur was able to be educated as a "dowry" child at a monastery, though some friends of Mrs. Ayre. Gradually Ida made some friends, but the loneliness was very great, and to learn an entirely new way of living was an education of a somewhat drastic order.

Poverty is a means of making people better or worse, and the sudden transportation from affluence to barely sufficient to exist upon was a severe test to Ida's faith. There were times when the temptation to return home on the only condition of her reception there was very strong; but grace conquered, and by faith she was able to estimate at its true value the earthly treasures which she would have to purchase at the expense of her holy religion.

To add to her anxieties, Ida heard, a year later, that her father had had a paralytic seizure, and was now a helpless invalid. She had long ago forgiven him the act which had been prompted by mistaken conviction, but, as her letters were never answered, she left off writing, though her heart yearned for news of him.

Later on she learnt that he was dead, all his fortune going to a Protestant association he had been much interested in his life-time. So that chapter of her life was closed for ever.

And so the years went on, and Ida lived very poorly, pinching and striving to make ends meet, accepting charity with wonderful humility and dignity, and possessing that great peace of heart which those who know whose life is hid with Christ in God. Poverty, with her was a means of grace; and, through the great suffering it involved in so many ways, her character strengthened, and her spiritual perceptions deepened. She lived "as seeing Him who is invisible," and He enriched her soul with many gifts of grace.

Many years later we find Ida in very different circumstances from either of those in which we have seen her.

She is sitting in the small study in the Presbytery of a new mission near London. The room is not a bright one, the outlook being on a small back yard in which is a solitary tree. The furniture is plain, but the walls have many framed prints and photographs of sacred pictures, while a great crucifix hangs, between statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph, over a faldstool.

"Tired, mother?" asks a tall young priest who comes in at this moment and lays a loving hand on Mrs. Devereux's shoulder.

"No, dear. You see I am quite well now," and Mrs. Devereux looks up at her tall son. She has changed much in these years, but her face is still charming, and her white hair suits her very much.

"It is delightful to have you, mother, and all to myself, too!" says Arthur, throwing himself into an Oxford chair.

"It's rather lucky Father Hodson being asked out to dinner, so you and I can be *tête-à-tête*. And you can stay till Wednesday?"

"Yes. It is very good of Mrs. Daw, for the house is very full of convalescents just now, but she would make me go, and really the holiday is the one of all others I should have chosen, and the journey is only five shillings third-class," says Mrs. Devereux, who in the old days had always travelled in a *coupe*, with every possible luxury to lessen any fatigue or trouble. However, she seems very happy and her face shines with joy as she looks at her son, who has lost all the delicacy of his early days and now has the desire of his heart, namely, a curacy in a parish where work abounds.

"You like your post, mother?"

"Yes, dear, very much. You see when you were a child I earned a little by work, and it was very hard to do that, and I was quite unfitted to be a governess, for I had no certificates and not the slightest aptitude for teaching. Then in those days there were none of the numerous fields for women to work in that exist now, and seven years ago when this post was offered me I was thankful indeed. It is a healthy place as you know, the work is rather hard, but the pay is good enough for me to be able to put by something for the days when I shall be too old to work. I have many blessings to be thankful for, and having my dear boy a priest of God is one of the greatest. This is the happiest Easter of my life, Arthur!"

"You must have gone through a great deal, mother," says Arthur as he looks at his mother. "It was wonderful how the faith became yours and you had the strength to persevere in face of such trials."

"Yes, faith is a wonderful thing," says Mrs. Devereux quietly. "As I was reading lately 'Logic and Reason' would not make us accept the divine truth; it needs the divine gift of faith to enable us to do so. Well, that act of faith has indeed been in my case richly rewarded." And Arthur, as he silently bends his head in assent, knows that it is to her prayers that he owes the vocation in which he so rejoices. He is thankful indeed when he thinks of that hour when his mother has told him of it, for her it was a real Pasch, or "passing" from death to Resurrection life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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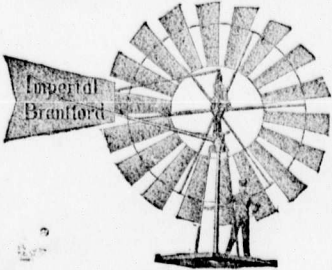
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