JANUARY : 6, 1904.

that worry and fret and chafe, and yet never do us any good. We Americans keep our muscles tense CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

No one can use an income with true No one can use an income with true economy who does not exert his best judgment and put forth all the wisdom he possesses to make it fulfill the high-est ends of which it is capable in his est ends of which it is capable in his peculiar circumstances. If it does not make some lives better, fuller, and hap-ier, if it does not develop the body and educate the mind, if it does not promote industry, honesty, and good will—if, in fact, it does nothing to elevate and im-prove mankind, then waste, and not economy, is shown in its management.

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Conscience in Work-Talents and skill tell for much, but

conscience in work tells for more. The mechanic or the clerk, who beyond his stated salary, beyond even his obliga-tions to his employer or the demands which willin could make upon which public opinion could make upon him, exerts himself to make his work as perfect as he can, and delights in its thoroughness and excellence apart from any private benefit it can render him, has a value which can never be com-puted. It matters not what the work be, whether it be done with the spade of the laborer, the pen of the clerk, the brush of the artist, or the voice of the

statesman. Such people are sought far and wide; there are places open to them, and their services are always at a premium. Killing Time.

-Success.

Practical Talk to Young Men.

We have entered upon another year.

We have entered upon another year. If you are at all serious—and of course there is an underlying serious strain in everybody—you will begin to think upon what you are going to do for the year 1904. Why not get over the time-hon-ored, but hardly otherwise respected custom of making a new set of resolu-tions? I venture the opinion that there isn't one in every ten who hasn't.

there isn't one in every ten who hasn't enough of last year's resolutions left

unkept, to keep him busy during the coming twelvemonth.

coming tweivemonth. Of course you'll argue that the chief value of a resclution is the fun in breaking it. But you can not have

breaking it. But you can not have everything all jasmine and jonquils, you know; even the jester will rebel at the monotony of perpetual jesting. You must do some serious thinking; you must make some resolutions, mental if you like, and you need not let others have about them. Navertheless, they

you like, and you need not let others know about them. Nevertheless, they must be of great importance and carry with their observance all that is of moment and worth while in the life that

and others before us have done it with

master the meaning of these figures ? You could not make a more satisfactory

gin another year? How much better

won this year, while you stood merrily by and admired the genius of the man whose energy carried him to success?

This admiration is all right as far as it goes; it shows that you know what kind of a character to admire; but it

doesn't begin to go far enough! You'll never be great through simply wishing

to be great. You must get out and work, or you are sure to be outdis-

You'll

A young man a day or so ago was A young man a day or so ago was seen to approach a crowd of young men loafing in front of one of the stores on High street, to whom he made the re-mark: "What are you doing?" "Oh, just killing tlme," answered

"Oh, just kling time, answered one of them. This is a very common expression and a very forcible one. But its mean-ing is something fearful. It is the young man who, generally speaking, does the killing of time; for in advanced age it is all too late to make amends; time that has been killed can never be resurrected. "Killing time" literally expresses a fact, and when so killed is expresses a fact, and when so killed is as dead to all intents and purposes as though it had been a living body. Napoleon Bonaparte once said that he won his battles because his enemies

he won his battles because in white in the write in the work and did not know the value of five minutes. So it is with everyone. There is no battle of life that cannot be won if due the conditions that exist in every trade regard is had for the five minutes a day. With the multiplication of books and the simplification of the elementary principles in every art or profession, thirty minutes a day of diligence and

thirty minutes a usy of unservices application will, sooner or later, mean the mastery of the art or profession. The young man who deliberately kills time commits a crime against himself and nature's laws. The quota of time meted out to everyone has no surplus moments, and he who can successfully weave the whole of life's fabric in the given time has done well.

Let It Co-

Let It Go-If you have had an unfortunate ex-perience the past year, forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, if you have been placed in an embarrass-ing position, if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step, or if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it—forget it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their not a single redeeming leature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy as some would call them, have you seen hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind

forever. Drop them. Forget them. If you have been indiscreet or impru-dent, if you have been talked about, or if your reputation has been injured so if your reputation has been injured so that you fear you can never outgrow it or redeem it, do not drag the hideous shadows or the rattling skeletons about with you. Rub them from the slate of memory. Wipe them out. Forget them. Start with a clean slate and wood your covering in becoming it clean spend your energies in keeping it clean for the future.

Resolve that, whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons nor cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sanshine. Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, but that every one of them must get out of your mind. No matter how formidable or

THE CATHOLIC BECORD.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

By Anna H. Dorsey. CHAPTER I. THE EVE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

We Americans keep our muscles tense and our nerves up to such a pitch that it is the hardest thing in the world for us to drop things. We chafe and worry and fret instead of just resting without being haunted by the skeletons of care, of anxiety, and of businees. Who can estimate the medicinal power of one cheerful life in the home —of cne serene, balanced soul? —The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomforts is the man who is sure to rise, for it is what we do easily and what we like to do that we do well. Not far from Montreal lies a beautiful lake, which is formed by the danc-ing waters of the Ottawa, and surround-ed by picturesque hills, which slope in gentle undulations down to its sedgy maxim It is called Converdence of gin. It is called Canaradago, or "Lake of the Two Mountains." margin. the One of the hills is crowned by a Cal-vary, which is approached by a rugged, circuitous path, along the sides of which what we do easily and what whe how add do that we do well. The most of us make our backs ache carrying uscless, foolish burdens. We carry luggage and rubbish that are of no earthly use, but which sap our strength and keep us jaded and tired to no purpose. If we could only learn

stand, at regular intervals, small rustic chapels, which are much visited by conspens, which are much visited by pious pilgrims, and where, during Lent, the congregations of the Mission de-voutly perform the "Stations of the Cross," and sing, as they march in colome transmit to whether the average to no purpose. If we could only learn to hold on to the things worth while, and drop the rubbisn—letting go the useless, the foolish, the silly, the ham-perers, and the things that hinder—we should not only make programs but wa Cross," and sing, as they march in solemn procession towards the crosscrowned summit, the sorrows of Mary, the sonorous and mournful chaunt blending, in harmonious accord, with should not only make progress but we should also keep happy and harmonious. the penitential season, and the com-memorative suggestions of the spot.

memorative suggestions of the spot. Straggling along the shores of the lake and up the slopes, partly hidden by the hills and partly sheltered by the dark primeval forest, which recedes gradually northward, and where the pines and hemlocks ever moan together the sad hymn of the centuries, nestle two Indian villages of a Catholic mis-sion which diverse to the right and

sion, which diverge to the right and left. The one on the right belongs to a remnant of the once powerful Algon-quins; that on the left to a remnant of the Iroquois, who were, in former times, the Iroquois, who were, in former times, one of the great aboriginal nations of the north, but although such near neighbors, these two people are as dis-tinct in manners and language as they were in the days of Carter and Cham-plain. These Catholic Indians are the descendants of the fierce savages who tortured the blessed Father Jogues, and meatured with ernel and prolonged martyred, with cruel and prolonged torments the noble and saintly Bre-beuf. They live in lodges built of logs and covered with bark, and, during the spring and summer, cultivate their fields and garden patches, where they the conditions that exist in every state and calling if we wished to, and perhaps we might as w'll make the resolution to give you somothing of this nature later on. But we have done this so often ; amplitude of knowledge that a repetition of them would mean only another reof them would mean only another re-cital of conditions. But why do not you hunting grounds of the far North-West. You could not make a more satisfactory new year's resolution. Here you are doing the same thing that you have done so many times be-fore; are you really determined to be-fore; are you really determined to be-

Devoutly Christian as many of these Indians are, and deeming it their greatest earthly privilege to have a resi-dent missionary priest among them to baptize and instruct their children and baptize and instruct their entries and themselves in the way of salvation, to guide them aright while living and console them when dying, they adhers console them when dying, they adhere with tenacity to many of their tradi-tionary habits and customs. On state occasions, they smoke the calumet as a sort of a ratification creemony, wear proudly the trophies of the class, cling to their nomalle habits, take a simple to their nomatic habits, take a simple pleasure in gew-gaws, feathers, em-broidered garments, and, at certain times, do not refrain from painting their faces with vermillion and other ch colors, and are ever ready to engage, with great zest, in their primigage, with great zest, in their primi-tive and stirring games. Religion has stripped these children of the forest of none of their simple enjoyments or in-nocent customs. It has done more nocent customs. grandly, more divinely; it has transtanced in the struggle. It might be well in making new years comparisons to look at the directory of to-day, and compare it with one of the past. What a steady, healthy growth

mosses, with branches of wild roses, with great clusters of golden rod, asters and the wood anemone, with wicker cages containing birds, with clusters of cages containing birds, with clusters of wild grapes, still clinging in purple richness to the graceful vines, and gar-lands of ground myrtle, glowing with thousands of coral berries, were grouped here and there around the clapel (oprs, talking in subdued but cheerful voices. their low converse interrupted now and then by a burst of innocent larghter, which sounded in sweet accord with the rustling of leaves overhead, the wild notes of the caged birds, the drowsy hum of bees, and the distant mumune hum of bees, and the distant murmurs

of the dancing waters of the lake. The lads peeped now and then into the chapel; they were waiting for some one who was within to come out and receive the floral treasures and offerings they had brought. Meanwhile they took pleasure in observing the beautiful and sacred objects and adornments of the Lady of the forest. "Look, Joseph," said a little fellow,

standing beside a basket which was covered with burdock leaves, " Coaina has unrolled the banner, and is hang-ing it upon the wall behind the altar. Don't it shine? I've seen the sky look so often when the sun goes down.

" Ugh ! that's a grand banner, "Tony. That's the banner that the ladies of Montreal gave to the mission a long time ago. They worked it with their fingers, and it's fall of real gold, pearls and rubies, and was blessed, at the cathedral, by the great chief of the Church, who wears a pointed crown, replied Joseph.

"What's all that upon it, and what

does it mean ?" asked little 'Tony; "Do you know, Joseph ?" "Father Etienne took me into the chapel once, and unrolled the banner and explained it all to me, because I did not miss a single word in my whole and explained it all to me, because I did not miss a single word in my whole catechism," replied Joseph, proudly. "I will tell you, but I don't know whether you'll understand it if I do." "I'll try," said little 'Tony, humbly. "Well, you see the eagle feathers, the bear and the arrows and things.

ng the the bear and the arrows and things, their Tkat's the totem, (coat of arms,) of the three Christian tribes. Under that, all beans, in gold-red and yellow gold-with rubies done in so cunningly, are the lighter three council fires, and over all, linked three Christian trioss. Other that is the solution of the solu

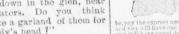
His Holy Name, in characters which I did not understand." "Thank you, Joseph. Isn't it a great honor to have our totem on the banner with Christ's ?" said listle "Tony, naively. "But look, Joseph, at that bright star upon our Blessed Lady's head !"

head "Kaw! it is the sunshine !" said a haw: it is the substitute : said a lad standing by. Not irreverently, however, was this said. The boy was only constitutionally matter-of fact, and could not make a star out of sun-

shine. "Sunshine is the light of the Great "Sunsume is the light of the Great Spirit, and it does look like a star. Anyhow, don't you wish it would stay there, for that's the way I think she looks in the land of the Great Spirit,"

"Well, yes, 'd like that sunshine to stay there if it could, but it can't. I'd let it stay if I could, but I can't either, so it's no use to be wishing. I'd crown her with stars if I could reach high her with stars if I could reach high enough to place them, but as I'm not high enough, we'll have to crown our 'white Mother,' (a name by which the Indians of the mission called her.) with Howers'' said the matter of-fact lad, moving off.

moving off. "See here, Joseph," whispered "See here, Joseph," whispered "Tony, lifting up the burdock leaves that covered his basket, "will these do for the crown? I found them, under piles of leaves, down in the glen, near the dancing waters. Do you think Coaina will make a garland of them for



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of the name, ought to ask for, is, to bave all restrictions, inward or out-ward, removed that prevent his doing If its quality you want what he ought .- F. W. Robertson. The world is a great system of work; the same duty is not laid upon All dealers every one; but upon every one is laid the duty to feel as the brother of his fellow men.—From the German.

We are more conscious that a person is in the wrong when the wrong concerns our selves .--- Abbe Roux.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets too' higbly," writes Mrs. James S. Beach, Campbell's Bay, Que. "From the time my baby was born he was troubled with pains in the stomach and bowels and a rash on his skin which made him restless day and night. I bin Baby's Own Tablets, and under their use the trouble soon disappeared, and all my friends are now praising my baby he looks so healthy and well. I give him an occasional Tablet, and they keep him well. I can heartily recom-mend the Tablets to any mother who

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persistent, wipe them out. Forget persistent, whee them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worrying and foreboding, anxiety and regrets— sap your energy, for this is your success

sap your energy, for this is your success and happiness capital. A gloomy face, a sour expression, a worrying mind, or a fretting disposi-tion, is a proof of your failure so con-trol yourself. It is an earmark of your weakness, a confession of your inability to cope with your environment. Drive it away. Dominate yourself. Do not let your enemies sit on the throne. Do your own governing. "Dismiss from your mind every sug-grestion that has to do with illness. If

gestion that has to do with illness. you have had an operation—it is over ; let it glide into the shadows—the background of memory. Do not dwell upon it. Do not talk about it. Whatever is disagreeable, or what-

whatever is disagreeably, whatever irritates, nags, or destroys your balance of mind-forget it. Thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your your time than to waste it in regrets, in worry, or in useless trifles. Let the rubbish go. Make war upon despond-ency if you are subject to it. Drive the blues out of your mind as you the blues out of your mind as you would a thief out of the house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it ; entertain it ; never let it go.

; entertain it ; hever let it go. A despondent young writer says that hile he was in the West he used to while he while he was in the west he used to used watch the cows on the prairies, and could not help envy them. "I used often to heave a sigh and wish I were a cow." "What keeps them so contented?" he asked a farmer. "Oh,

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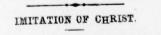
Marchar Stor Mar

It is almost beyond question that our

young men are capable, or what is just the same, "they are of the stuff that men are made of" to misquote Shakesmen are made of to instruct on the second se

Try making the very practical resolu-Try making the very practical resolu-tion this year that you'll achieve what's in your power and not "ery for the moon." Back up ambition by work, and you'll find it very possible to dominate the trades and industries in this section of the country. Above all, reolve that you're going to stop despising the crafts and aiming your lance at

overcrowded professions. To be something, do something, but do it along technical lines.—Boston Republic.



THAT THERE IS NO BEING SECURE FROM TEMPTATION IN THIS LIFE.

son, thou art never secure in this life; but, as long as thou livest, thou hast always need of spiritual

arms. Thou art in the midst of enemies and art assaulted on all sides. If, then, thou dost not now make use

of the buckler of patience thou wilt not be long without a wound. Moreover, if thou dost not fix thy hearton Me with a sincere will of suffer-

they are enjoying themselves chewing their cuds," was the reply. The trouble with many of us is that we do not enjoy chewing our cuds-letting go of our aches, pains, and attain to the victory of the Saints; it behoves thee therefore to go through all anxieties, and just enjoying ourselves. We can not bear to let go. We cling manfully, and to use a strong hand against all things which oppose thee. to them like a thrifty housewile, who can not bear to throw away a rag or a scrap of anything, but piles useless rubbish in the attic. We can not bear to let our enemies go. We can not seem to kick out of doors the things to them like a thrifty housewife, who

to-day, and compare it with one of the past. What a steady, healthy growth you see of the O'Sulivars, McGraths and of other names indicating Irish birth or parentage. These too, are flin in the industrial world. We say "many," not with the idea of leading our young men into a mood of complacency, but to open their eyes to conditions as they exist. It is this very fact, that posi-tions are held by such men, that con-vinces us of the lethargy of the aver-age youth of Irish birth or ancestry. It is almost beyond question that our Wendigoes (giants,) to propitiate their favor whenever they engaged in any enterprise of hardship and peril, to in-voke the protection of the Blessed Viryoke the protection of the Biessed vite gin, and ask the assistance of the prayers of the saints; to commend themselves, during their journey through trackless forests, and over

rapid rivers, to the guardian care of the angels of God, instead of the elfish Nee-ba-naw-baigs (water spirits,) and the evil Puk Wedjies (pigmies of the woods), to chaunt the plaintive Miserere and De Profundis as they bear their dead to De Projundis as they bear their dead to the fur-lined grave, and implore of the Great Spirit, for their souls, a "place of refreshment, light and peace," in-stead of performing the heathenish rites

stead of performing the neatherish rites of old, which were practiced at the feast of the dead. It was amongst this people, who are the fruits of the blossoming of the Canadian wilderness, whose rocky soli-tides were maintened by the stiffsing tudes were moistened by the vivifying dews of the precious blood of Christ's martyrs that the events which we are about to relate happened somewhere near the year 1838, and if our introduction has been somewhat prosy, it was necessary to a better understanding of the narrative that it should be written; the narrative that it should be written, therefore, patient reader, if you will accompany me to the chapel of the Algonquin village, which stands on yon-der knoll under the broad shadow of the hemlock and sycamore trees which surround it, I will, without further pre-trace introduce you to Coaina, the face, introduce you to Coaina, the "Rose of the Algonquins," and other

"Rose of the Algonquins," and other personages of our narrative. Something is in progress in and around the rustic chapel, into which the slaoting rays of an August sun fall in trembling showers of gold through the quivering leaves, which indicates an approaching festival. Young In-dian lads, with blossom-laden boughs from the from with trailing

Our Blessed Lady's head ?' "Oh, 'Tony, how beautiful ! where did you find these white violets ? I think they must have bloomed on put pose to crown our Mother on the Feast of the Assumption !' exclaimed, in of the Assumption 1 exclaimed, in clear, pleasant tones, the voice of a beautiful Indian maiden, who had jus left off hanging festoons of flowers around the rustic ralling which en-closed the altar, to come in search of

closed the altar, to come in search of fresh mosses for the shrine, and flowers to crown the Tabernacle. "Oh, yes, Coalna ! I think so, too." said little Tony, as he lifted his spark-ling eyes to her face. "I found them down by the dancing waters, in the glen, under a great pile of leaves. My heart sings like a bird because you love them, Coaina." "Yes, "Tony, these are lovely !" said the maiden, lifting the rich, varie-gated mosses upon which the violets rested. "So like her," she murmured, "so fair, yet so lovely ; so pure, yet so

rested. "So like her," she murmured, "so fair, yet so lovely ; so pure, yet so humble ; so holy and modest, yet con-cealing all, and covering her divine honors with the poor garb of poverty and seclusion. Yes, 'Tony,' said Coaina, aloud, "these look as if each one had dropped from a star—don't you remember the old legend I told you the other day 2- and wa will crown Our

remember the did legend I told you the other day ?- and we will crown Our Blessed Lady with them." As this is not a fiction which we are relating, having learned the facts we relating, having learned the lacks we relate, some years ago, from Monsignor De C---, I will describe Coaina, who was not only known by her baptismal name, Coaina (Catharine), but was so name, Coaina (Catharine), but was so beautiful, and so beloved for her great beautiful, and so betweet for her great virtues and the sweetness of her dis-position, that her people of the mission gave her the soubriquet of To hic—The Rose. As Coaina stood, holding the Rose. As Coaina stood, noting the moss and violets in her hands—the sun-light flickering down through the trembling foliage, sprinkling her from head to foot with glittering spots of

gold-she was very beautiful. Her skin was like the pale, amber-colored skin was like the pale, amber-colored satin; herforehead low and broad; her nose straight, with thin, expanded nostrils; her mouth, small and exquis-itely formed, was rendered more beauti-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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