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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN For all men all life is a series of testings; every day is a judgment day. The daily decisions of life test and attest us. Here is some call to duty; shall we accept it or decline it? Pain comes to us; shall we fret and chafe under it or bear it bravely and try to see its deeper meaning? Some rich see its deeper meaning?

under it of bear it of bear it of bear its see its deeper meaning? Some richness of life is ours, knowledge, position, ability, money. Shall we clutch these things for ourselves or hold them in trust for the enriching of another life? No man can escape these questions, and upon his answer depends his value of the social order.—M. S. Littlefield.

The Pursuit of Happiness. We do not know what happiness is that is one of the reasons we seek it far and wide when it is right at our own door, if we could only remove the band-

ages from our eyes.
Lillian Whiting is a good definition of Lillian Whiting is a good definition of happiness: "Happiness is not a possession; it is a state of mind." We seek a material, tangible thing to possess, never learning that it is a quality of mind and heart and soul we must educate ourselves to. We are egotists; we place the highest, value upon our we place the highest value upon our lives and look for the world to compenlives and look for the world to compen-sate us upon our own valuation, and with the failure of material achieve-ment we become self-pitiers—creatures for whom Carlyle had such sturdy

Asked if she would like to live her live over again, one person is quoted as saying: "I'd live mine over again, with my nightmare of childhood, for the with my nightmare of childhood, for the pleasure I'm getting now in self-development, in trying to become a fine person on a slim foundation. To tell you the truth, I think it would take two good lives to make me amount to much."

This person is become a necessity to the property in the person is person.

This person is happy because in seeking development of character she is receiving more than she expected; consequently life is very full, the world yielding its richest harvest; for sowing is in harmony with rature's law. Money and Character.

Perhaps there is nothing else which reveals one's real character like money or the lack of it. The moment a young person begins to get money, he shows his true mettle by the way he uses it—by the way he saves it or the manner in which he spends it, says one of the wise counsellors of "Success."

Money is a great blab, a great re-

Money is a great blab, a great revealer of personal history. It brings out all one's weaknesses. It indicates his wise or foolish spending or wise or foolish saving; it reveals his real char-

foolish saving; it reveals his real character.

If you should give a thousand dollars to each member of a class of this year's graduates, and could follow each in disposing of it, without knowing anything else about him, you could get a pretty good idea of his probable future, and judge whether he will be successful or will fail, whether he will be a man of character and standing or the reverse.

One boy would see in the thousand dollars a college education for himself or for a crippled or otherwise handicapped brother or sister. Another would see in his thousand a "good time" with vicious companions.

To one the money would mean a chance to start a little business of his own. Another would deposit his in a savings bank.

In no two instances would the money mean the same, perhaps, or develop the same traits of character.

To one it would mean nothing but selfishness, to enother an opportunity

selfishness, to another an opportunity to help others. To one it would mean a chance to secure precious, long-cova chance to secure precious, long-coveted books, constituting a fine library.
To another it would suzgest a home of his own. To the boy who is naturally selfish, hard, grasping, mean and stingy, the making of money simply emphasizes his characteristics. It makes a small man smaller, a hard man harder, a mean man meaner. A boy who is naturally grasping and mean, if he wishes to be a power in the world, must discipline himself by systematically helping others in some way or his life will become harder and meaner, his affections will become marbleized and he will be of no earthly use to the community in which he lives. In fact, he he will be of no earthly use to the com-munity in which he lives. In fact, he will make every foot of the land poorer

will make every foot of the land poorer and meaner despite his acquisitions, even if they mount into millions.

On the other hand, money makes a generous man more generous, a magnanimous man more magnanimous. Instead of cheapening the land, his presence raises its value and he is the pride of the community, no matter how much money he possesses. money he possesses.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. ON THE DAY OF HIS FIRST COM-

Long, long ago, when the holy Pope Pius IX. sat in the Chair of St. Peter, and the ardent faith of the fervent Italians was still unsullied by the spirit of anarchism and infidelity, there was a Corpus Christi procession in the noble city of Turin which for beauty and magnificence surpassed all that had been seen for years and years before.

For fully a fortnight previous to the eventful day strangers had been flocking from all parts into the city, filling the hotels and boarding houses, while the palaces of the nobles and gentry were crowded with aristocratic visitors. crowded with aristocratic visitors and their numerous retinues. Day by day a continuous stream of country le, and the dwellers from the hills and valleys around, poured into every available street where a lodging was likely to be found; some camping out in the open fields, or under the wild

olive or chestnut trees in the woods. It was the great feast of Corpus Christi; and as it had fallen very late that year there was to be another pro-cession before the end of the week, when the relics of St. John, the patron when the relies of St. John, the partial saint of the town, would be carried to the municipal palace, and flowers and citrons presented to the Archbishop and the Canons.

Never had Turin looked more grandly

superb than she did on this particular feast. The weather even for an Italian summer was exceptionally fine, and the long wide streets of the capital, through which the procession was to pass, were literally teeming with flowers. Every

house was draped with crimson and white hangings, the graceful festoons of which were caught up with wreaths and bouquets of red and white roses, inter-spersed with garlands of golden maize. Flags fluttered from every available window, ropes of roses were drawn across the streets and fastened to the Venetian masts, while every here and there triumphal arches formed of ever-greens and the choicest flowers marked the route of the Holy of Holies.

Brightly glittered the fair city of

Turin lying there in its peaceful valley with the shining river winding through its midst, and the distant snow-clad als midst, and the distant show-char Alps forming its only ramparts, and standing like giant sentinels around it. Majestic and magnificent in their solemn beauty, Alp after Alp receded into space, the hoary summits of Mount Cennis and Mount Rosa towering high them the rest their hellows filled with above the rest, their hollows filled with purple mists, their grassy slopes cov-ered with vineyards and crowned with chestnut and forest trees; and their snowy peaks which, when morning dawned would be one marvel of roseate loveliness, were now sparkling like myriads of stars.

In a field just outside the city gates a traveling circus had taken up its abode. It had come into the town three weeks previous to the great feast, partly to be in readiness for the fair that was to take place on the eve of St. John, and partly because the eldest child of the principal acrobat, who was then eleven years old, was to make his first Communion on Corpus Christi; and his mother, who was a devout Catholic, wished her boy to have ample time to attend the instructions given by the priests attached to the Cathe-

They were poor people these circus away. folks, jugglers and jesters at the best, but the love of holy faith was strong in their hearts, and neither Peter Sorreio nor his wife would have allowed their children to miss Mass or any of the ordinances of the Church when it was in their power to let them be present at them. Little John had already shown signs of a gravity and thoughtfulness beyond his years, and his mother often wished she had the means to remove him from the arduous and dangerous life that he was obliged to lead in the circus and to place him at some good school, where he would have the chance of aspiring to better things. The little fellow was slight and short for his age, but of singular beauty both in form and feature. His face was more like an angel's than a child's; his eyes large, lumin-ous, and dark, shone with an almost supernatural light, his brown hair clustered in curls around his shapely little head, and his olive skin had a delicate roseate tinge about it that told of per-

feet health.
On the evening before the feast Marguerite Sorrelo was sitting in her caravan saying her rosary, and pondering, as usual about the welfare of the child, when the lace curtain that hung over the entrance was dashed aside, and the object of her solicitude entered and threw himself down on a cushion at his mother's feet.

"Where hast thou been, my dear?" she asked. "Thou lookest both heated and tired.

"I have been up the mountains with father," he replied, "riding wild Beppo. Thou knowest I am to ride him at the fair on St. John's eve, and father

The mother looked anxiously down at her son. "I like not Beppo," she her son. "I like not Beppo," she said, "he is a brute, and has a vicious Thou must take care, dear, or he

said, "he is a brute, and has a very eye. Thou must take care, dear, or he will do thee harm."

"Nay, mother, I'm not afraid; and Beppo is all right," laughed the boy, "If they do not frighten him. He knows my voice already, and will come when I call him. But, mother," he continued, as he sprang up and stood by her side, "I have better news than that to tell thee. The Reverend Father says I am to walk in the procession to

eyes of her eldest-born.

"And I'm to walk with little Teresa Ponti, who is the best and prettiest girl in all the town," rattled on the boy. "She is to be the Magdalene, and she has hair like gold and it falls all the bor feet. And there will be and she has harr like gold and it fails down to her feet. And there will be St. Agnes with her lamb and St. Cecilia, and we are to be so near, oh! so near the Sanctissimum!"

Marguerite laid her hand on the soft curls of the child.
"What made the good Father choose

"Nay, I do not know," replied the boy thoughtfully, "perhaps Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament put it into his head, for I wanted, oh, so much, to do something for the Christus on my first Communion day, and now He has

do something for the Christus on my first Communion day, and now He has given it to me!"

"Why what canst thou do for the Holy One? Thou must be silent and reverent and have thine eyes cast down."

"Nay that I will not," laughed the child. "for the Reverend Father said

"Nay that I will not," laughed the child, "for the Reverend Father said I was to go before the Face of the Lord to prepare His way."

"And how wilt thou do that? Thou vain thing!"

"Why I will sing the 'Pange Lingua,' and when I am able I will cry 'Ecce Angus Dei. Ecce qui tollis peccata mundi!"

ata mundi "Thou wilt do wrong then," replied "Thou knowest as well as Marguerite. "Thou knowest as well as I do thou must not speak, or sing aught but what is given thee to do." and the transfer to the transfer t aught but what is given theorem." cried the boy. "My heart is so full of joy that I cannot hold my peace, and that is what the Blessed Baptist said "Ecce"

Agnus Dei."
"But St. John was a saint." "But St. John was a saint."
"Well, so will I be if I can live long enough," replied the child. "When I am a man I will be a priest, if father will let me; and then I can easily imitate my patron, for I will preach to the people day and night, and say as he did, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord'—'Ecce Agnus Dei, qui tollis paccata mundi."

"May God-grant it John," said his has surpass mother, as she gazed at the small, en- her Lord.

thusiastic face upturned to hers. then she sighed as she thought of the circus and the difficulty there would be in getting her husband to part with their talented child. "There are many

their talented child. "There are many years to come before that can happen, dear," she murmured, "and in the meantime thou must obey father, and pray to God and the Blessed Virgin that they may show us His holy will."

"The Christus! The Christus will tell me to-morrow!" exclaimed the little fellow, clasping his little hands, "I mean to give myself to Him in the Holy Communion, and the priest says He speaks to the hearts of those who

be many at the circus that night, for everyone would be walking about lookeveryone would be walking about looking at the illuminations and the fireworks, so that we could easily slip away."

and charteaue guids with their crosses and richly embroidered banners, markeaue by officials in quaint medieval costumes wearing a kind of turban on their heads. Marguerite bent down and kissed the

lovely, excited face of the boy.
"But to-night," she whispered gently, "thou must forget all about that, my dear, and only think of the happiness of to morrow. Thou hadst better get thy supper, John; the macaroni and the rolls are quite ready, and then the

the roils are quite ready, and then the sooner thou goest to bed the better it will be, for thou must be up betimes to make thy preparation."

"I mean to be one of the first in the Cathedral," he cried with a joyous laugh, "and hear as many Masses as I can or to morrow will be the hanning. laugh, "and near as many Masses as I can, or to morrow will be the happiest day of my life, and I have to prepare the way of the Lord."

Little John Sorrele kept his word, and as soon as the Cathedral doors

were opened he entered, eager to hear as many Masses as he could before re-ceiving Holy Communion. This he did with the greatest reverence and devo-tion, and when, his thanksgiving over, he returned to the circus to get his he returned to the circus to get his humble breakfast of fruit and rolls and milk all were struck with the super-natural expression of his countenance. His mother—who, knowing the high and irrepressible spirits of her child, had half dreaded lest the knowledge of the prominent part that her young son was to take in the coming procession was to take in the coming procession might serve to turn his thought from his Saviour to himself—now felt that she had no cause for fear. The boy was radiant with smiles, but they were smiles of sweetest gravity and holy joy, and as she arrayed him in the garments that, as the representative of garments that, as the representative of the holy John the Baptist he was to wear, her heart bounded with maternal

pride and satisfaction.

The rough men who belonged to the circus stood around watching him with curious, puzzled looks. Was this their little John, who had so often made the circus ring with his merry gibes and jests; who ran about bare-legged and bare-footed half the day, or lay sleeping beneath the almond trees? The women and the girls crossed themselves and murmured: "He is too good for this grand the peop little follow—too.

"There will be none there who will look their part better than thou wilt," he said, with a laugh, as he gazed at the exquisitely modeled limbs and the lithe, graceful figure of his boy. "Thou art brown and sunburnt enough to have lived all thy life in the desert; the Blessed Baptist himself could not

have been darker."

But it was reserved for his mother to have the last word.

"Thou wilt be sure and not forget Him Whom thou hast received this morning, John?' she whispered, as, kneeling down, she fastened the leather girdle round his waist.
"How can I forget Him? He is in

my heart still," said the boy.
"And thou wilt walk quietly and not shout, as thou toldest me yesterday thou wouldst do? The people know well enough it is the Holy One Who is weil enough it is the Holy One Who is passing by without thou telling them."
"I must say what St. John said, mother," replied the child; "but I will say softly in my heart, "Ecce Angus Dei."

"And thou must pray for thy father and me and thy sisters, John, dear,"
continued his mother, whose lips were
trembling with mingled love and pride.
"Ours is a harder life than thou thinkest and it is not always so easy to be

good."
"But it is easy to love God, mamma, when one cannot help it." Marguerite did not reply, but she clasped her son in her arms, imprinting kiss after kiss on her brow, his cheeks, his lips, and on her brow, his cheese, his particular then after a fond adieu watched him bound off through the field till the flowering acacia hedges hid him from her sight.

The last Mass had been sung, and

The last mass had been sung, and amidst the strains of martial music the roar of cannon and ringing of bells, the gorgeous procession of the Corpus Domini streams out of the Dome into the open square.

Nowhere in Italy, except in the

Roman States, are the ceremonies of the Church conducted with such pomp and splendor as in Jurin, and to-day she has surpassed herse f in the service of

For it is His own special feast, the sweetest of all His feasts that she is keeping now, and not she alone, but every heart in Turin knows that the wide world over, whereever the faith is preached, the same triumphal feast is

mean to give myself to Him in the Holy Communion, and the priest says and He speaks to the hearts of those who do love Him. But thou wilt be there, wilt thou not, mamma?"

"Of course I shall, my child, and at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament also," replied the fond mother, with tears in her eyes. "Thy father and all are going."

"And at night we shall see the illuminations and the decorations," went on the boy flying with the thoughtless rapidity of childhood from the contemplation of Heavenly to earthly things, "and on the eve of St. John, Teresa says there will be a bonfire in the Castle Square. Such a bonfire? Every one brings as much wood as he can and the king and the royal family come out on the balcony to see it. Won't it be glorious, mother?"

"But thou wilt be acting, my dear."

"But thou wilt be acting, my dear."

"In the splendid towns of South America is wafted over the sea to Portugal and Spain. Gardens are stripped of their loveilest flowers, houses of their richest perfumes the air, while the richest flowers, houses of their richest flowers, houses of their richest flowers, houses of their richest perfumes the sair, while the richest flowers, houses of their richest flowers, houses of their loveilest flower

lorious, mother?"

"Butthou wilt be acting, my dear."

John hesitated, and for a moment a sadow swent every his force.

The route is kept by the military, but the soldiers have very little to do. shadow swept over his face.

"Perhaps," he said slowly, "but anyway not all the time; father said that after all he did not think there would and charitable guilds with their crosses and righty embroidered banners, mar-The people are orderly, reverential and obedient. First come the children of the different schools carryings flags

their heads.

After these come the fraternities and sisterhoods, and the various religious orders—Dominicans, Carmelites, Fran-ciscans and others too numerous to mention. Then follow the dean and chapter of the Cathedral, and some of the highest dignitaries of the Church arrayed in their richest vestments, heavy with golds and silver embroidery. In front of the special guard of honor which surrounds the "Corpus Domini" walk the incense bearers with their silver censers, and the white-robed, white-veiled children selected to strew the ground with choicest flowers. Amongst them marches the little Baptist and his companions, his head erect, his eyes shining, a proud smile of conscious happiness on his face. He is proud, not because he deems himself worthy of the honorable post assigned him, but with a sort of simple, child-like innocence, wonders how it is that he, the son of a strolling player, should be so near the Most Holy.

"It must be the Christus," he thinks: "it is the Christus who has answered my prayer." On it comes, the triumphal procession of the King, the victory of Faith! The gorgeous crimson canopy fashing with a thousand jewels and borne by some of the noblest in the land; covering, but not hiding, the splendid monstrance containing the Sacred Host which the Archbishop holds in his hands.

The bells ring out, the cannons roar the martial music swells and falls upon the air, and down upon their knees, with every head uncovered, or shrouded in veils, fall the faithful Piedmontese, to adore and to receive the blessing of their Sacramental God.

As the procession wound its way out of the great square of the Dome into the Castle squares, rich with princely palaces and artistic colonnades, there rs a sudden stoppage, caused by some inknown commotion in one of the intersecting streets.

tersecting streets.

Shrieks of terror and alarm were heard, followed by the loud shouting and cries of men; and the terrified women and children rushed to the side of the square, or under the colonnades

o be out of the way.

The cause was soon perceived. A arge horse which, frightened by the rear of the canon in the citadel, had either thrown or broken away from its rider, was dashing madly along towards the cavalcade, followed by a number of men and boys.

Coming in a contrary direction to which the procession was moving, it

had not been seen by the bulk of the confraternities and guilds which were contraternites and guides when were far in advance and out of the reach of harm, but it was making straight for the guard of honor that surrounded the Most Holy, through whose lines it must, unless stopped before, inevitably yoak But little

break. But little John's quick eye had caught sight of the horse.
"Beppo! 'is Beppo!" he cried.
Beppo! Beppo!"
Recognizing the clear, childish voice it knew so well, the animal slackened its pace, and with a bound the boy seized the bridle and vaulted on to its back, standing puright on the saddle as back, standing upright on the saddle as

did so.
"Back! Beppo, back!" he shouted, with one deft motion of his hand he used the huge animal to swerve cometely round.

"'Tis St. John," cried those nearest tis the holy Baptist who has come from heaven to save us."
"Only for an instant did John stand there, fearless and beautiful as an angel, one small brown foot planted

renly on the saddle, the other on the reat brute's neck.

Another moment and a dozen hands ad seized the bridle and got the crea-

ture completely under control, but not before the still terrified horse in its vain endeavers to break away had reared on its hind legs, flinging the boy on the stones and inflicting a severe wound on his head.

Down came the great hoofs on the

little prostrate form, crushing in the delicate ribs and trampling him, in its terror under foot; and then it stood terror under 1000; and then 1 sector trembling and shivering, with a great pity in its eyes, as if it were conscious that it had done some harm to something that it loved.

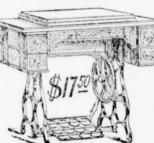
It was but the work of an instant of the sector in th

lrag the injured and insensible child ut of the reach of further danger, and out of the reach of further danger, and to hurry off the horse into a side street, and then the broken ranks of the procession joined together again, and moved along singing their glad hymns of praise and thanksgiving as if nothing unusual had occurred. Indeed so





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swiftly had it happened that none but those who were eye-witnesses of the scene knew what had caused the pro-

cession to stop at all.
Under one of the marble colonnades, his head resting on the silken and vel-vet draperies that had been pulled down from the columns to form a tem-porary pillow, and with a shower of scattered roses and lilies all around him, lay the dying child a little crowd of pitying people looking on. "What is the matter?" asked the

passers-by. "Only a child hurt," was the reply.

"No one of any consequence, only one of the people."
"The poor dear," was the reponse, as the questioners crossed themselves and followed in the wake of the great

"'Tis little John Sorrelo, the acrobat's son," cried a woman, as a white-robed priest who had silently left the procession came up and knelt by the side of the boy, reciting the prayers for

the dying.
It was the priest who had heard his confession and given him holy Commun

ion that morning.
Suddenly the boy opened his eyes—
a light not of earth, but of eternity, wa HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLE -Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce. London, Ont.

a light not of earth, but of eternity, was in them—and a smile radiant with joyous surprise lit up his face as he tried to raise himself up.

"Ecce—Ecce Agnus Dei!" he cried, and then his head fell gently back—the sentence was finished in heaven.

"Oh! poor little John," sobbed the woman who had recognized him.

"What will his mother say? and what shall we tell her?"

London, Ont.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronio University, Grad

shall we tell her?"
"Tell her," said the priest, "that 180 King Street
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Telephone—House 373: Factory her child prepared the way of the Lord and saved the Blessed Sacrament from possible profanation; and that God has taken His own little lamb to dwell for

Little minds are hurt by little things; great minds see them all, and are not hurt.—La Rouchefoucauld.

ever with Him in heaven.'

When one has enough light to perceive that one is mistaken, and too much vanity to own it, instead of turning back one goes deeper still into one's own errors. It is the progress and the consolation of pride. — Chateaubriand.

WHEN

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useless?
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