

JULY 4, 1908.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

For all men all life is a series of tests... every day is a judgment day.

The Pursuit of Happiness. We do not know what happiness is...

Lillian Whiting is a good definition of happiness: "Happiness is not a possession; it is a state of mind."

Asked if she would like to live her life over again, one person is quoted as saying: "I'd live mine over again, 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."

This person is happy because in seeking development of character she is receiving more than she expected...

Money and Character. Perhaps there is nothing else which reveals one's real character like money...

Money is a great blab, a great revealer of personal history. It brings out all one's weaknesses.

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...

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

On the other hand, money makes a generous man more generous, a magnanimous man more magnanimous.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. ON THE DAY OF HIS FIRST COMMUNION.

Long, long ago, when the Holy Pope Pius IX. sat in the Chair of St. Peter, and the fervent faith of the fervent Italians was still unswayed by the spirit of anarchism and infidelity...

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...

Why 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."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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...

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-capped Alps forming its only ramparts...

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...

They were poor people these circus folk, jugglers and jesters at the best, but the love of holy faith was strong in their hearts...

On the evening before the feast Marguerite Sorrelle was sitting in her caravan saying her rosary, and pondering, as usual about the welfare of the child...

"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 says he has to get used to me."

The rough men who belonged to the circus stood around watching him with curious, puzzled looks.

"There will be none there thou wilt," he said, with a laugh, as he gazed at the exquisitely modest child...

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 must pray for thy father and me and thy sisters, John, dear," continued his mother, whose lips were trembling with mingled love and pride.

"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 a kiss after kiss in her brow, his cheeks, his lips, and then after a fond adieu watched him then after a fond adieu watched him then after a fond adieu watched him...

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 Turin, and to-day she has surpassed herself in the service of her Lord.

For it is His own special feast, the sweetest of all His feasts that she is getting now, and not she alone, but every heart in Turin knows that the wide world over, wherever the faith is preached, the same triumphant feast is taking place, and millions of souls are prostrate to-day in that worship, lost and unknown out of the Catholic Church—the worship of pure adoration.

The booming of the cannons of the great cities at the foot of the Alps is echoed back from the gorges in the Apennines, and the clanging of bells in the splendid towns of South America is wafted over the sea to Portugal and Spain.

Down the broad steps of the old Cathedral streams the grand procession and the great packed crowd gaze in solemn silence at the large silver cross, glittering in the sunlight and with its torch-bearers on either side, leads the way.

After these come the fraternities and sisterhoods, and the various religious orders—Dominicans, Carmelites, Franciscans 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, whiteveiled 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.

It must be the Christus," he thinks: "It is the Christus who has answered my prayer." On it comes, the triumphant procession of the King, the victory of Faith!

The gorgeous crimson canopy flashing with a thousand jewels and borne by some of the noblest in the land, hovering, 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, 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 was a sudden stoppage, caused by some unknown commotion in one of the intersecting 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 to be out of the way.

The cause was soon perceived. A large horse which, frightened by the roar 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 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 break.

But little John's quick eye had caught sight of the horse.

"Beppo! 'tis Beppo!" he cried.

Recognizing the clear, childish voice it knew so well, the animal slackened its pace, and with a bound on its back, standing upright on the saddle as he did so.

"Back! Beppo, back!" he shouted, as with one deft motion of his hand he caused the huge animal to swerve completely round.

"'Tis St. John," cried those nearest him, "'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 firmly on the saddle, the other on the great brute's neck.

Another moment and a dozen hands had seized the bride and got the creature completely under control, but not before the still terrified horse in its rage 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 trembling and shivering, with a great pity in its eyes, as if it were conscious that it had done some harm to someone.

It was but the work of an instant to drag the injured, and insensible child out of the reach of further danger, and to hurry of 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

For it is His own special feast, the sweetest of all His feasts that she is getting now, and not she alone, but every heart in Turin knows that the wide world over, wherever the faith is preached, the same triumphant feast is taking place, and millions of souls are prostrate to-day in that worship, lost and unknown out of the Catholic Church—the worship of pure adoration.

The booming of the cannons of the great cities at the foot of the Alps is echoed back from the gorges in the Apennines, and the clanging of bells in the splendid towns of South America is wafted over the sea to Portugal and Spain.

Down the broad steps of the old Cathedral streams the grand procession and the great packed crowd gaze in solemn silence at the large silver cross, glittering in the sunlight and with its torch-bearers on either side, leads the way.

After these come the fraternities and sisterhoods, and the various religious orders—Dominicans, Carmelites, Franciscans 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, whiteveiled 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.

It must be the Christus," he thinks: "It is the Christus who has answered my prayer." On it comes, the triumphant procession of the King, the victory of Faith!

The gorgeous crimson canopy flashing with a thousand jewels and borne by some of the noblest in the land, hovering, 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, 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 was a sudden stoppage, caused by some unknown commotion in one of the intersecting 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 to be out of the way.

The cause was soon perceived. A large horse which, frightened by the roar 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 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 break.

But little John's quick eye had caught sight of the horse.

"Beppo! 'tis Beppo!" he cried.

Recognizing the clear, childish voice it knew so well, the animal slackened its pace, and with a bound on its back, standing upright on the saddle as he did so.

"Back! Beppo, back!" he shouted, as with one deft motion of his hand he caused the huge animal to swerve completely round.

"'Tis St. John," cried those nearest him, "'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 firmly on the saddle, the other on the great brute's neck.

Another moment and a dozen hands had seized the bride and got the creature completely under control, but not before the still terrified horse in its rage 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 trembling and shivering, with a great pity in its eyes, as if it were conscious that it had done some harm to someone.

It was but the work of an instant to drag the injured, and insensible child out of the reach of further danger, and to hurry of 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

A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

See the label. That label is only put on the best paints made—Ramsay's Paints. We make them and guarantee them for value, strength, beauty, durability and economy.

THINKS IT IS A FIRST-CLASS MACHINE. Enclosed find \$14.20 to pay for the 5 drawer drophead Windsor Machine you sent on trial and another of the same kind.

Carling's is the Ale. All dealers. CARLING LONDON. 30,000 McSHANE BELLS. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is made by a Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians.

WHEN YOUR COSTLY WATCH is out of order you have it regulated, you don't at once throw it aside. Why, then, when your bowels are out of order, do you treat them as useless?

IRON-OX TABLETS. Are the Perfect Tonic Laxative. IT'S TOO BAD... that your Plumbing is not working right. Telephone us at once...

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'The Pursuit of Happiness' and 'Money and Character'.

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'The Pursuit of Happiness' and 'Money and Character'.

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'The Pursuit of Happiness' and 'Money and Character'.

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'The Pursuit of Happiness' and 'Money and Character'.

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'The Pursuit of Happiness' and 'Money and Character'.