CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

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The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may arrain for the cultivation of our nobles. remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature.-Bishop Spalding.

The Kind of Heroism That is Needed. The conscientions performance of life's common duties in the sight of inte's common duties in the sight of God, and resisting of every evil thought and desire, the meeting of petty troubles and adversities in a spirit of fortitude, the rigid adherence to principles of honesty and integrity, even when this course may entail negarial sequing. course may entail personal sacrifice of wealth or friendship or social position in short, faithfulness to truth and duty at any cost—is the kind of heroism that is needed in the world to day.

Redeeming Past Failures.

You may say that you have failed too often, that there is no use in trying, that it is impossible for you to succeed and that you have fallen too often even to attempt to get on your feet again. Nonsense! There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquered. No man whose spirit is unconquered. No matter how late the hour, or how many matter how late the hour, or how many captured to the second to the s matter how late the hour, or how many and repeated his failures, success is still possible. The evolution of Scroege the miser, in the closing years of his life, from a hard, narrow, heartless money-grubber, whose soul was imprisoned in his shining heap of hoarded gold, to a generous, genial lover of his kind, is no mere myth of Dickens' brain. Time and again, in the history of our daily lives, chronicled in our of our daily lives, chronicled in our newspapers, recorded in biographies, or exhibited before our eyes, we see men redeeming past failures, rising up out of the stupor of discouragement, and boldly turning face forward once more.—O. S. Marden in Success.

To Care Pessimism Hang timese words on your bedpost or tack them into your brain :

I am going to become an optimist.

From now on I am going to change
my entire life and my entire style of

I will endeavor hereafter to be gener ous in my view toward others, broad-minded, large spirited and kind, thinking well of everybody, mean of nobody, and overlooking the little faults, be lieving that there are other qualities in the man that overwhelm the deficiency.

"There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us that it behooves each one of us to be charitable to the rest of us."

charitable to the rest of us."
I shall see the bright of everything.
I shall talk like an optimist, laugh
like an optimist, and move about like
an optimist, conscious of the fact that I
shall radiate sunshine and make everyone around me happier. Faithful in Death,

The devotion of a man of science to The devotion of a man of science to his work is often heroic, and the calm plack of the laboratory man in his investigations is thrilling, although so common as to be proverbial. The recent death of Dr. Truax, of Brooklyn, to which the Week's Progress calls attention, if nothing else, is a beautiful exhibition of cold self possession.

So ill himself that he needed all his strength, he answered a call and started to perform an operation at the hospital.

bring the operation at the nospital. During the operation he was stricken down, and was removed to an adjoining room in a fainting condition. He told his fellow-physicians that his trouble was an attack of heart dilatation. He appears he has a country treatment, and prescribed his own treatment, and directed the work of the doctors in ad-

ministering it.
He noted the progress of the treatment and its lack of result, and himself ounced the failure of the remedies

announced the failure of the remedies and his approaching death.

Some years ago Dr. Terry, of Fall River, Mass., showed similar courage and supremacy of will. While he was fencing, a foil broke and pierced his mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and ordered that a certain specialist be summoned.

He then seated himself, and, notebook in hand, jotted down his experi-ences as data for his profession. He explained that the wall of the eye had been pierced, and that a clot of blood was forming on his brain. All the phenomena of the formation of the blood clot from the patient's point of view—most valuable knowledge for other physicians to work by—he committed to paper before death overtook him. The end came before help could reach him.

The Stimu'us of Failure.
"What is defeat?" says Wendell
hillips. "Nothing but the first steps
something higher." Many a one Phillips. has finally succeeded only because he has failed after repeated efforts. If he had never met deteat he would never had never met deteat he would never have known any great victory. There is something in defeat which puts new determination into a man of mettle. He, perhaps, would be content to go in comparative mediocrity but for the stimulus of failure. This rouses him to do his best. He comes to himself after some stinging deteat, and, per-haps for the first time, feels his real power like a horse who takes the bit in power like a horse who takes the oft in his mouth and runs away for the first time, when he had previously thought that he was a slave of his master.

A great many people never really discover themselves until ruin stares them in the face. They do not seem to know how to bring out their reserves until they are overtaken by an over-whelming disaster, or until the sight of their blighted prospects and of the wreck of their homes and happiness stirs them to the very centre of their

Young men who never amounted to much, when suddenly overtaken by some great sorrow or loss, or other misfortune, have developed a power for self-assertion, for aggressiveness, an ability to grapple with the difficulty or trouble confronting them which they never before dreamed they possessed, and of which no one who knew them conceived them capable. The very desperation of the situation spurred them on to do what they would not have thought possible in their former ease and luxury. They had never touched their power before and did not know their strength until the emergency came .-- O. S. Marden in Success

apt to have serious consequences. The eating of an apple is a trivial thing in i self, but the eating of an apple by Adam and Eve has had terrible results. In view of the sin, the sickness, the misery and death that that eating of an apple brought into

Over and over again, the history of the world has been changed by a trifle. If Columbus had not seen land vegetation floating in the ocean when his sailors were ready to mutiny, he would would not have been discovered in his

If Napoleon had not suffered from in

digestion at the battle of Waterloo, Wellington might have died on St. When Hobart, the British iron king, was in the midst of his success, there came the Whitworth cris's in the trade

but to let them be returned to the senders. So his partner's letter was sent back. And he, ignorant of the real condition of the iron market, kept on buying. Two days later, prices fell heavily, and Hobart, once a millionaire,

ecame a hopeless bankrupt.

Similarly, the trifle of lateness ruined Similarly, the trial of lateness ruled geoffrey Pask, once the leader of the Lordon stock exchange. He was noted for his punctuality. One day, as he was walking down to his office, he tore a ho e in his trousers on account of a nail that was sticking out of a fence. That tear ruined him. He went into a tailor's to have the rent repaired, as he did not have time to go back home for another pair of trousers, and the tailor was so slow that it was an hour before the trousers were done. In that hour a slump happened in Australian securities. If Pask had been present he would have saved himself, but in his absence from the exchange his stocks were sold out at ruinous prices and he

were sold out at ruinous prices and he was made a panper. A week later he committed suicide.

The upsetting of an ink bottle ruined Cobbett & Co., a wealthy engineering firm of London. They had a contract with Russia to build the great Kaura bridge. Jacob Cobbett, the head of the business, spent six months making the plans, specifications, etc. His bid was accepted. He bought material in enormous quantity, and labor engaged, was accepted. He bought material in enormous quantity, and labor engaged, built engines, etc., and made every other necessary preparation. Just as the work was about to begin, he had all the data spread out before him for a final examination. While he was critic-

final examination. While he was critically studying the scheme, he happened to overturn a large ink-pot. The most important papers were thereby made indecipherable.

Cobbett had a poor memory. He tried, in a fever of anxiety, to reconstruct his plans from stay notes, but in vain. He appealed to the Russian government for an extension of time, so as to study out new specifications. This was rejused. So the contract was broken, the job was given to an American firm, and Cobbett & Co. were bankrupt.

The leaving at home of the key of a

bankrupt.

The leaving at home of the key of a safe ruined Purbeck Jones, the great railway contractor. He had under taken to build Maiwar line in Central taken to build Maiwar line in Central India, and staked on the venture all that he possessed. He had, however, to give \$8,000,000 security. He got the bonds and deposited them in the safe in his office. They were to go off the next dap in the Indian mail. When Jones reached his office that morning he found that he had changed his latter and had left his keys at home. clothes and had left his keys at home. To go back would take too much time. He sent to the safe makers for expert workmen and offered a large reward if they'd unlock or break open the door in time to catch the India steamer. In vain. The securities could not be ob-tined, the vessel sailed, the Maiwar syndicate refused an extension of time nd Purbeck Jones was beggared. He died in an insane asylum.

So don't regard anything as a trifle in business, if it have important results, no matter how trivial it may be in itself.—Catholic Columbian.

Some H lpful Thoughts "Individual responsibility alone brings out all a man's power." Gavan Duffy.

Every true and beautiful thought connected with labor springs from Christianity, and the Church has ex-erted a wonderful influence to give these thoughts a place in events and

institutions. "In great and arduous enterprises, provided they are undertaken with an earnest and right intent, God stands by man's side, and it is precisely in these difficulties that the action of His Providence shines forth with greatest spler dor."—Leo XIII.

In striving to gain the mastery over his passions and crush out his own self-ishness, a man is laying the axe to the very root of all his troubles.- Ignatius

of Loyola. The first indispensable element for a lay apostolate in America is to inspire in others admiration for the teachings and sublime morality of the Church by a shining example of Christian conduct.—Father O'Hare.

The national life of a people is at fault if it be not in harmony with the eternal principles on which all right human life re ts.

The Best Bible League.

The main object of the recently formed American Bible League is stated to be to uphold the Bible as an "inspired document." This causes the Freeman's Journal to remark: "For such purpose the best Bible League is the Catholic Church, which has upheld the Bible against all corruptors and accelerate and higher critics since she Importance of "Trifles"

A trifle? Nothing is a trifle that is

Market is against all corruptors and assailants and higher critics since she first gave the sacred book to the world."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Crowning of our Blessed Lord With Thorns CYRIL'S WISH.

However, the object of his commiser-However, the object of his commuser-ation was in no way aware that he needed pity, or indeed that there was room for improvement in him in any way. He had the most comfortable opinion of himself in all respects, and the evil weed of spiritual pride which as a tiny egron had lain in his heart was as a tiny germ had tain in his heart wa now growing up strong and mighty. It was choking up the fair flowers of many virtues and destroying the purity of intention which had hitherto flourished there. Net only did his own intellectgal tastes seem so far so superior to hose of his companions, who abhorred books and never opened one unnecesbooks and never opened one unneces-sarily, but in all ways he viewed him-seli as he compared his life with theirs in a very satisfied way. He was care-ful and punctillous about his religious duties, and as he went to Mass and Benediction under fire of chaff and ridicule he really felt rather like a martyr, and certainly much better than his careless neighbors who, he de-cided, did what they must by the skin of their teeth and nothing more. His own thoughts of self-content quiet blinded him to the good qualities his cousins undeniably possessed. He hardly noticed how unselfish Jennie was, always considering herself last of all; how generous Ber was in many ways, and how good Phil was to the gardener's lame boy. As for Bob, who was his chief tormentor, he simply de tested him, and far from allowing him any good quality he magnified every

fault many times over and exaggerated them to himself. It is well indeed that the holy words of warning are written, "With all watchfulness keep written, "With all watchfundss keep thy heart, because life issueth out of it." It was for those many sins which are committed within that silent, secret place, the sins of all evil thoughts, of hatred of revenge, of spiritual pride, that the crown of sharp thorns was borne. For the fair seeming life of good actions and evidence to the laws of God and and obedience to the laws of God and His Church should be the outcome of a heart kept indeed watchfully and cleansed from secret sins.

The summer seemed to pass very slowly for Cyril, and he was longing for the holidays to be over. He got weekly letters from his aunt, who had gone on to the Oberland after Cyril had lett her. Cyril loved to get her letters, and as he read the many pages written in her fine old-fashioned handwriting he seemed io be transported back again to the continent where he felt much more at home than in England. His aunt wrote to him of books, archæology, and things he understood and loved as she old, and it delighted him that she should she a how intellectual. should share her intellectual interests with him. He longed to get back to the villa and calm old world atmos-phere of his life there, and in his letters to his aunt he said how glad he should be to return, though he did not say much about his cousins and how little he

Only a fortnight remained of the boy's holidays, and Dr. Dering told Cyril that he should take him to London for a fortnight's sightseeing before don for a fortnight's sightseeing before sending him to join his aunt in Rome. The family at Holmewood had decided soon after Cyril arrived that he must be left to enjoy himself in his own way. His inability to join in the outdoor games which they all delighted in cut him off from much pleasure, and he seemed to care to sit and read, play his violin and how and then go seemed to care to sit and read, play his violin and how and then go on the lake better than anything. As a matter of fact he disliked being with his cousins, was afraid of their jokes and disliked their chaff, so that for all parties [concerned his ab ence from their midst rather conduced to

peace.

"I say, Cyril," cried out Bob one day, "do you know what I have here?"

"How can I tell?" answered Cyril looking up gravely from his book, for he was trying to read in the big room which used to be the schoolroom but now was a general playroom.

"Guess," said Jennie, to whom Bob had whispered his plan ten minutes be-

fore.
"I don't care what you have," said
Cyril. "Let me alone." For Bob was
til iag his chair up from the back.
"Sfan't."

"Stan't."

"It's something you'd be jolly glad to have," said Bob.

Cyril did not raise his eyes, and Phil poked up the fire, for it was a chill, miserable day, and they were all glad of the warmth, particularly Cyril, who was very susceptible to cold.

"Look!" said Bob.

Cyril looked up. There was Bob at the far end of the room holding uo a letter which he knew at once was from his aunt. He recognised the well known envelope of a shape she always used, and he saw the foreign stamp and

used, and he saw the foreign stamp and

'When did that come?" "Ha-ha! wouldn't you like to

Give it to me this minute, Bob, said Cyril, trying to snatch the letter which Bob held tightly behind his back pefore Cyril had time to see it.

However, Bob was in an unusually teasing mood, and he dodged Cyril's at tempts, and the others looked on and erjyed the fun.

Cyril lost his temper altogether, and

after a decided struggle in which he found he was no match at all for Bob, the latter, having got near the fireplace, threw the letter on the big blazing wood fire, and held Cyril firmly down while it quickly shrivelled up and was burnt. Cyril was white with rage, and Jennie

went into pea's of laughter in which the other two boys joined.

All the hatred that he had in his heart for Bob—and that was more in-

ome words to himself in Italian-a language none of them understood.

Banging the door after him he went

up to his own room and spent the rest of the afternoon in a very miserable way. In his heart there was nothing but rage at Bob mixed with sorrow for the loss of his letter, and a great long-ing for this wretched time to be over ing for this wretched time to be over and be back again at the sweet Villa Valeria, where certainly he never was as discomposed by teasing tricks or tiresome boys. He was so much taken up with his own misery that he never noticed that the afternoon had cleared, and as time went on and he was still hugging his grievances to himself, he at last wondered why the dressing gong for supper did not sound. He supposed he should have to go down, and as he saw the hour had passed he went downstairs but the hall was empty, and he ran against Jennie as he entered the

"Oh, Cyril, you know what has happened?" "No," said Cyril, astonished at the anguish depicted on her face, the

trouble in her voice. Jennie burst into a passion of tears.
"Bob—he's a viully hurt. He went out ont on his bike for a turn-and you

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REVERENCE DUE TO THE HOLY NAME.

The Catholic Church has been called, and correctly so, a great school of etiquette. Who ever carefully watched a Solemn High Mass, a procession o to Blessed Sacrament, an ordination to the sacred priesthood, without being impressed by the regularity, the pre-cition, the order, with which the solemn ceremonies are performed? A well trained altar boy is a picture and pattern of this marked feature in the Church's general whole, even as is charten's general mane, even as is a silve whiled master of ceremonies or a very exact Archbishop. When each individual knows his own peculiar duty and place in the solemn function; when each does his share towards making the grand ceremomy perfect around the fiely Sacrifice of the Mass, or in the procession about our Sacramental King, then the complete whole becomes a liv-ing type and image of the heavenly ceremony that forever goes on in the courts of God above. Those splendid ranks on ranks of glorified spirits, described in Dante's famous poem as re joicing in the eternal joys of the celes tial kingdom, till they form one immense and radiant rose bloom of dazzling magnificence around their majestic nincence around their majestic centre—those long, pure, snow-white files of saints and angels following one another in graceful lines upward and onward as traced by Fra Angelico's inspired pencil—all these are typified in the processions and ceremonies of the Catholic Church on earth, in her abiding olic Church on earth, in her abiding atmosphere of reverence, faith and

love This spirit of reverence was very clearly shown in the Jewish Church. The Old Testament has long and detailed accounts of the manner in which the dignity of worship should be maintained in the temple of the one God, the Maker and Ruler of the world. This same spirit of reverence appears

in the Apocalyptic Vision of Heaven.

How is it, then, that we hear one of God's children, treat His awful name with disrespect, use it irreverently, blaspheme it or make of it in any way a by word, an expletive, a jest, a common thing? Indeed, it is a curious psychological question why any man ever swears at all. Where lies the subtle temptation to treat with irreverence God's Holy Name? One can understand why a man may yield to a tempta-tion to steal, or lie, or kill; but to swear-where is the use, the gain, the advantage of it? Where the earthly reason of any sort whatever? One is actually led to see in it, as it were palpably, the evil influence of a parsonal tempter, outside of the human family in species; of that evil one whom St. John species; of that evil one whom St. John saw in awful vision, "a beast coming up out of the sea, having seven heads, and upon his heads names of blasphemy. And he opened his mouth unto blasphemies against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven." Now there is a remedy for the poor fellow who is tempted to waver or who so far forgets him ed to swear, or who so far forgets him self as to use lightly the Holy Name Let him give to himself the lesson of re-verence that is learned by every priest who stands at God's altar in His holy temple. Each one of us is, individually, God's temple. God dwells in us.

Let us reverence the Name, as well as
the presence, of the Great King.

—Sacred Heart Review.

DANGEROUS COLDS . INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA OR

FILENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA OR CONSUMPTION OFIEN FOLLOW A NEGLECTED COLF — AVERT THE DANGER BY KEEPING THE BLOOD PURE AND WARM. Heavy colds strain the lungs, weaken

the clest, banish the appetite, cause melancholy. Pale weak people, whose hands and feet are chilled for want of rich, red blood, always eatch cold. Their lungs are soft—the heart cannot send out blood enough to make them sound and strong. Then comes the cold and cough, racking the frame and tearing the tender lungs. The cold may turn into pneumonia, influenza, consumption or bronchitis—a lingering illness or a swifter death. All weak people should use Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood they make strengthens the heart, and it sends this warm, healing blood to the lungs, and once again the patient is a strong-lunged, warm-blooded man or woman. Mrs Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., bears the stronges testimony to the value of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in cases of this kind. She says: "My sister, a delicate girl took a severe cold when about seven-teen years old. We tried many medi heart for 300—and that was more thense than until that moment he had any idea of—seemed to come to a climax, and turning to Bob who, with his ruffled red hair, and narrow grey cyse full of mischief, seemed more detestable than ever, Cyril muttered of the seemed to come to a climax, and turning to Bob who, with his ruffled red hair, and narrow grey constantly growing worse, and we feared she was going into consumption.



know what a scorcher he is—pater was always warning him." "Yes, I know," said Cyril; "he's always having tumbles." The Lawson Tornado!

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N. S. CORNELL, Mgr.

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cacking cough, I would get up to see if racking cough, I would get the see it she had spit any blood. At this stage a friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a month from the time she began to take the pills she had almost recovered her usual health. Under a furtner use of the pills she is now well and strong, and I can recommend the pills with con-

fidence to every weak person."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all blood and nerve troubles such as anaemia, debitity, lung complaints, rheumatism, neura gia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Wi'. liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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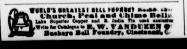
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