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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is the lot of some always to labor out of sight, like those men who go down into dark mines and toil amidst a hundred perils, far removed from the knowledge of the world. Much of the world's finest work is done by those who labor in obscurity.

DANGERS TO YOUNG MEN.

Rev. Dr. Farrell in Catholic Columbia. "Young man, I say to thee arise!" Pathetic is the incident in the life of Christ where He raises to life the son of the widow of Nain. We are touched by the tears of the sorrowing mother, by the compassion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, by the wondrous resurrection of the young man. He who worked that miracle was likewise an only Son. To His mind on that day, there must have been in prophetic vision the sight of His own mother, Mary, mourning over the loss of her only-begotten, whom men had crucified and put to death.

Christ speaks to you, the youth of the land. Young man, I say to thee, arise. There is, in this world, to-day, many a mother mourning over her son, over the loss of one dear to her, a loss that comes not from material death, but from those sins which kill the soul and bring ruin and disgrace. Many a pious mother prays to Jesus to bring back her poor prodigal to a higher and nobler life. Death is not the greatest of evils in the world. More bitter tears than ever fell on coffin lids have been shed over one who is dead to God, dead to faith, dead to all sense of morality and upright-ness.

What is this death that lurks in hid- ing for the young man almost at his every step? What is the poisonous breath which fills the air of this city and causes grief and mourning in the hearts of good and pious parents? So many have gone forth in life's bright morning with hopes and prospects rosy hued as the aurora itself soon, alas! to feel the power of the wicked world; soon to yield to temptation; soon to fall, and die, and to break some poor mother's heart. Where are the occasions of sin, the sources of temptations? Everywhere?

When the door of every decent house is closed, the saloon still throws wide open its portals for the young man, the very gate of Inferno.

And the song of the Siren from the gilded palace of sin lures on her victim to the shipwreck of ambition and of life.

The walls of the grog-shop are built for the most part with the pennies of the poor. The gorgeous, palatial brothel is the prison of many young hearts, and those corridors resound with the never-ceasing curses of blighted womanhood upon its seducers and despoilers.

Perilous surroundings, indeed, are these for the young man as he sets forth upon his career with high and noble resolves, surely, but, with the warm rush of appetite and desire over-whelming his soul.

What shall save him? First of all, let him know what it is to be a man, in the great, high meaning of the term. Know the meaning of the motto and the warning of the Grecian philosopher. "Thou hast made man, O Lord, a little lower than the angels crowned with glory and honor."

Young man, your will and your reason are to rule your life, not the baser passions of your body. Those passions have their good end as a spur to action, as an incentive to fulfill the designs of nature. But over the little kingdom which is yourself let your will be king, with his chief counsellor Intelligence, and his prime minister Conscience. Be a man! Arise!

When a boy at school, you thought of acting "like a man." Your friend at the bar of the saloon will sneer at you if you do not take your drink "like a man." You are ridiculed for posing as a saint unless you "have a good time" like other men in low and swinish pleasures. Human respect, the tyrant, binds you hand and foot. You are a despicable coward in the moral sense and before your own soul, although you may have faced death unflinchingly on the battlefield. Are you a slave to a freeman? He who conquers himself is greater than a Napoleon or an Alexander. Be a man! Live once more! Arise!

We boast of freedom: we have as our watchword, Liberty! Who is the slave? Is it he who wades the forth with bright eye, clear brain, happy and cheerful heart, with a pleasant word for everyone, with peace in his soul toward God and man? Or is it he who cannot control his maudlin steps, whose bloodshot eye is the sign of a disordered brain, who stretches forth his nervous hand to grasp the fatal cup for which he has sold his birthright and his reason? Who is the slave? Is it not he upon whose mind impurity has seized, whose heart is consumed with the passion of lust, whose very being, body and soul, is corrupted by wild concupiscence? The mark is of sin stamped upon his brow. The wages of sin sooner or later he must pay in the destruction nearer by the Lord upon all who violate the temple of the living God.

Shame on you, if you make yourself like unto the beasts of the field! I have seen the strong man after one disgraceful fall with his face in the dust of the earth, his soul overwhelmed with grief, tears of shame coursing down his cheeks, almost afraid to sit alone with his conscience, because he had forgotten the dignity of his own manhood and had inflicted on his own self-respect an incurable wound.

If you have fallen arise. Tell me not that the custom of the world justifies you, that the scarlet letter is stamped upon the breast of most of your companions. In your better moments, that will not take away the justification. It will not take away the bitterness that belongs to the dregs of the cup of pleasure. Let no mother weep for you, no inconsolable Rachel wail that lament so often heard in these evil days: "Oh, would that he had died in his days of innocent child- hood rather than that he should bring

MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

July is known as the month of the Precious Blood, because Holy Church tells her children to practice special devotion to the mystery of the blood of our Lord during it. In June we have devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and July we are to have devotion to His Blood which He shed to the last drop for our salvation.

What thoughts the mystery of the Precious Blood suggests! The salvation of mankind though it and the sanctification of the saved, if they drink it often. Then the sacrifice that our Lord made in order to shed His blood: He bled in every pore, and suffered a bloody sweat; was crowned with thorns and was crucified between two thieves.

—And Our Lord continues this same spirit of sacrifice dwelling amongst us on our altars. How often He is borne to the most menial chambers, and dwells in poorly ornamented tabernacles with scarcely any lights or flowers and with but few worshippers!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOHRRE. The Descent of the Holy Ghost. MAGDALEN'S CELL.

Magdalen could hardly believe her ears. The praise was so new to her—coming from Mrs. Sheldon's lips.

"Yes, I have liked having you come here," said Mrs. Sheldon. But I supposed you have disliked it extremely. I knew you hated coming," she added, fixing her eyes on Magdalen, who coloured under the searching gaze of the old lady, who added triumphantly: "Ah, yes! I know all about it. You cannot deceive me. It was a great trial to you to come."

"I had had a great shock in not being able to go to Homeleigh as I had been looking forward to doing," said Magdalen simply, "and naturally I felt it a great deal, losing home, and—my fortune, too."

"Oh, so you did care about that!" said Mrs. Sheldon sharply. "I thought you pious people did not care about money or anything of the kind, for I know it there had been a church nearer you would always have been running to it."

"No, I should not, granny. You are mistaken about me. I should have gone to Mass often and perhaps at other times, but I am not a bit pious—though I should like to be," she added, humbly unconscious of the example of true piety she had set in that house where God was practically forgotten.

"I am not a Papist, I am thankful to say, but I respect your religion, for I have watched you carefully ever since you came, and—"

"Oh granny, I wish you had had some one who was better than I am to look at," said Magdalen, who was very conscious of her faults.

"Don't interrupt me, please. I should have thought that at your convent, where you were evidently taught good manners, you would have been told that to interrupt was not polite."

"I am sorry," said Magdalen.

"Very good. Well, the conclusion I have arrived at is that you must have had some motive, some reason for being living as you have done. You thought me a disagreeable old lady, and you think so still, and you and your Aunt Lillie, who is such a fool about her dogs, have not much in common, and yet—the old lady pushed up her spectacles and looked at Magdalen without them. And yet you have been so good and kind to all, and—well I will not say all that I think," she added.

"Oh, don't!" said Magdalen, whom this unwonted praise was making very uncomfortable, and she was truly thankful that the tea was brought in at that minute and the conversation ceased.

At Easter Magdalen married Mr. Hanforth, and after a wedding tour in Italy they returned to their new home in the south of England, and curiously enough it happened to be within reach of Homeleigh, which was still left.

Mr. Waring's affairs had not improved at all, and as he was an incorrigible spendthrift and could not resist the temptations of Monte Carlo and the Stock Exchange, it was not surprising. Magdalen came to her husband with no money whatever, which mattered the less, inasmuch as soon after her engagement he inherited a large fortune from an uncle who died suddenly in America.

Magdalen is now in her beautiful home, surrounded with all that money can give, a husband who is devoted to her and twin babies, who are, of course, the most remarkable children that have ever existed—at least in their parents' eyes. And as Magdalen looks into the baby faces and thinks of her responsibilities as a mother, she knows that she will do her utmost to bring them up in the service of God.

The church is at the park gates and Mr. Hanforth has done much to beautify it and extend the work which radiates from it. The old priest, who is a wise guide to both the young people in any difficulties about which they consult him, always feels that Magdalen's character was strengthened in those months of loneliness, when deprived of such help, she sedulously cultivated the habit of listening, in the cell of her heart, for the sweet whisper of that Guide Who, if obeyed, protects us from all spiritual "ill."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Most Likely.

According to M. Sabatier "the days of the religions of authority are numbered," but "the papacy," he says, "is likely to last the longest." Most likely. Macaulay had an idea that it would exist pretty long. "It may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

TRUTH IN SOLUTION.

Catholics living in close intercourse with non-Catholics will appreciate the appended extract from the recent collection of essays, "The Faith of the Millions," by Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. Such Catholics, the London Tablet remarks, if they sincerely care for their faith and earnestly desire to make the Church known in her true light, are often perplexed as to the proper way of dealing with the scientific questions of the day as they arise. On the one hand they see that, if they are to be of any use in spreading the good message, they should be in touch and sympathy with all that is true in modern science and philosophy. But, on the other hand, they see, too, how easy it is to lose one's balance in this matter, to adopt unquestioningly theories that a later and wiser judgment will reject, to risk the sacrifice of principles in bringing the doctrine of the Church into harmony with some supposed discovery of science, which a future age will modify till it is hardly recognizable.

Father Tyrrell is ready to welcome the best that can be found outside the Church, and yet to admit the fact that the rights of principle in bringing the doctrine of the Church into harmony with some supposed discovery of science, which a future age will modify till it is hardly recognizable.

The Church (he writes in the essay on "Liberal" Catholicism) may neither identify herself with "progress" nor isolate herself from it. Her attitude must always be the difficult and uncomfortable one of partial agreement and partial dissent. Indeed it is altogether similar to that which faith must maintain with regard to the advance of science and knowledge. The *soi disant*, "Liberal" Catholic, is all agog for embracing the very latest results of science and history, and would see the Church decked out in the newest fashions of the day and chattering the shibboleths of the passing hour. He would have her "smart" and "up-to-date," and thus wipe away forever her eternal reproach of lagging behind the times. But in truth we must not shrink from the paradox of contemporary science and history is altogether wrong, not wholly wrong, nor void of ample grounds for priding itself on advance, but mingling so much extravagance and excess with its reason so much dross with its gold, as to make it very difficult to hold back and wait. It is true in "solution," but not attainable apart and in its purity till it has long ceased to be a theme of discussion and excitement. Then it is that the Church will quietly adapt and assimilate what no longer admits of controversy.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

A LOST ERA WRAPPED IN THE MIST OF VANISHED YEARS.

It has been debated whether chivalry as we have been accustomed to fancy it ever really existed, or whether, in the golden age, it is not a pretty name for a man to whom no modern author can be compared for accurate appreciation of the spirit of the Middle Ages, reminds us that in even the so-called halcyon days of chivalry the contemporary writers were wont to lament the glories of the olden time and to decry the present decay of the world.

Our medieval historians, however, are very much to the point: We may well believe that the chivalry of the romances—that is, an era of valor, of loyalty, of spontaneous order, of real happiness, of disinterested sacrifice, of chaste love—no more existed than did the ideal of the Arcadian shepherds. Probably books have modified this condition, substituting an ideal for the true era. Nevertheless, there was considerable reality in chivalry, and its members formed an efficient organization, with initiatory forms, rights and prerogatives.

The principal feature was the oath of fealty, which it spread throughout Spain, whose people were already devoted by nature. Italy, devoted to commerce, religion and science, cared but little for the pantheisms of chivalry unless in the Sicilies, where it was introduced by the Normans.

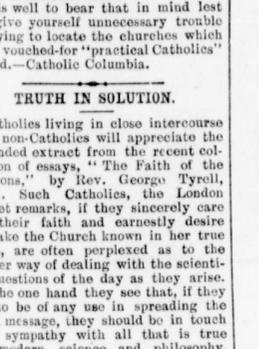
The Sábians wondered that the Hungarians ignored this institution, and they urged in the name of woman that the Hungarians should fight with the sword and not with less courteous weapons, but the envoy was soundly scouted. England, more aristocratic than chivalrous, shows us only Richard Coeur de Lion, and he was formed to the arms and poetry of France; in the pages of romance; Edward III. and the Black Prince derived all of their renown from the tutelage of France. The Greeks and the Russians never had a conception of chivalry, but its institutions penetrated into Poland. (See Ben Parsons in American Catholic Quarterly Review.)

In His Care.

On awakening in the morning behold the good God extending His hand to you, saying, "Do you wish that I should care for you to-day?" And you, poor soul, give your hand to this good Father and say to him: "Yes, yes; lead me, guard me love me. I will be very, very submissive." And if you remain under the guidance and protection of God, it is possible that you should be sad or fearful or unhappy? No. God will never permit a suffering which He will never permit to have permitted, and you will never send you a trial which your mother would not have sent. He loves you more than your mother, and He is more powerful. Oh, then spend your day calmly and tranquilly, with a thousand times more security than when you were a child and felt your mother near you.—Golden Sands.

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A Protestant Suggestion.

If there is any one thing that the world needs more than Christian teaching and preaching it is Christian witnessing. In many of the Roman Catholic churches in Europe the walls are, in portions, covered with tablets put there by persons who wish to gratefully record the help they have received from Mary. One shrine in Munich is covered with cards, some of which say, "Mary, help!" and others, "Mary has helped." In the Sorbonne, in Paris, there are scores of little tablets thanking Mary or Joseph for help received in the college examinations, and for success in obtaining a degree. Protestants turn from this with a frown or a smile. But is not this spirit of testimony, this readiness to show gratitude, this desire to witness—if it be what our Lord fairly expects of us? Let us not be ashamed to say what Christ has done for us! If we believe that Christ has been life to us, why not go and tell it?—Sunday School Times.

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