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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Easter has come again. The awakening spring, arising out of the torpor of winter, symbolizes the renewal of life. With it come warm winds, bright suns, birds, buds, grasses and flowers, as bests a season of gladness. Nature rejoices, after the gloom of the season of anow, and smiles in her most winsome mood. The dead past is forgotten and new life has begun.

So when the God-man resolved to conquer death, after apparently being

So when the God-man resolved to conquer death, after apparently being conquered by it and lying, cold and wan and rigid, in a tomb for three days, his soul, that from Friday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon until dawn on Sunday, had been in Limbo, if not also in other places, glided back into his corpse. At once the ascred body felt the influence of the returned spirit, and throwing off the gyres of death, awoke and arose to new life.

a new life.
Similarly young men, who now make their Easter duty, recall their souls from death. Physically they have been alive, but spiritually they have been dead. The devil has profaned the temple of their minds, that should have been the dwelling of the Holy Ghost. Darkness, cold, bitterness, doubt and hopelessness have beset them. Now they return to the sacraments. The sload of Christ washes away their sins. d of Christ washes away their sins. The power of the evil one over them is broken. Peace takes the place of dis quietude. The angels are willing once more to come near them. Their dead

What then? Shall they now return to their old ways? Shall they not avoid the occasions of sin? Shall they tempt God to let them fall again : Shall they stay away from the strength giving sacraments until next Easter? To intend to do so, is to resolve to return to sin, for as a rule, no one car keep in the state of grace who does not go to Holy Communion often.

onls have been restored to life.

And how long shall they go on in this way—spending fifty one weeks in the service of the devil and one week in the service of God? What is their conversion worth? Is not their rece; tion of the sacraments a sacrilege?

If the Prodigal Son, after returning to his father, had resolved to go away again as soon as he got rested and re freshed, and had returned to his profligate life, what would have been thought of him? And if he had described. of him? And if he had done this, not once, but a dozen times, what would have been thought of him? And if he had made a practice to do so every year rioting the most of his time with vicious companions and then going back to his father for forgiveness and the fatted call, expecting to stay at home only few days what would be thought

Men, if you don't purpose to sin no to go there without sorrow and without a resolution to resist temptation, is to a resolution to resist temptation, is to get no good from the sacrament, but rather to add to one's transgressions, and to sink deeper towards hell. But if you do intend to sin no more

and have at least attrition for your past offenses, go, in God's name, and go soon. Then, with a new life, begin to oppose the world, the flesh and the devil. Live for God with God. Stay united to Christ. Let His thought be your thoughts, the words that He would have you utter, the only ones you will speak, and the actions that please Him, the only ones you will perform."—B. C. Orphan Friend.

Do not tell your troubles this year

because the fewer people who know of the things that have handicapped you the better it is for you. You will then be spared the influence of the unfortu-nate suggestions which your hard luck stories make upon other people's minds.

Then, again, every time your repeat
the story of your misfortunes, your troubles, your trials, your failures, you etch the dark picture a little deeper in your own mind; make a little more real to you what you ought to erase forever. What cannot be cured should be erased forever. What cannot help us, what can only hinder, should be forgotten, discarded once for

rows and misfortunes, and their failures, their past sufferings, until they become a terrible drag, a clog, a fearful handicap to their progress.

The only thing to do with a bad

piece of work, with an unfortunate mistake, with a sad experience is to let it go, wipe it out, get rid of it forever. Never allow the hideous image to come to your presence again to mar your

happiness or sap your strength.
It is a good time to resolve that whatever has happened to you in the past, which has caused you unhappi ness, which has disgraced you, which has made you think less of yourself, and made others think less of you, you will drop it, you will not drag it through the door of the new year, that you will lock it out with the old year, that you lock it out with the old year, that you will clean house, that you will only take with you the things which can brigthen, cheer and help you.

Whatever else you resolve to do, de termine that nothing shall enter the door of the new year which cannot in some warm help.

some way help you add to your hap piness, your efficiency. Resolve that you will leave all of the old enemies of your success and comfort and happi-ness behind.

Why will people insist upon clinging Why will people insist upon clinging to the disagreeable, the unfortunate; upon dragging along with them such loads of fear, of worry, of anxiety; such loads of mistakes and blunders and failures and misfortunes? Why do they insist upon keeping the things alive which should be dead, buried and forgotten?

No matter what slips you have made, No matter what slips you have made, no matter if you have made a fool of yourself this last year, forget it, blot it all out of your mind. Remember that every time you rehearse the un fortunate experiences you only revive the sad memories, and make them so much more real to you and so much

much more real to you and so much harder to get rid of and to forget. It is wonderful what a strange fascination one's mistakes, failures and unfortunate experiences have for most people. I know people who seem to

take a morbid delight in sitting for hours and thinking over the terrible things that have happened to them; rehearsing their old troubles, their misfortunes, their mistakes. A wound which is constantly probed never heals.—

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bampfield

CHAPTER XVI. CONTINUED.

And flogged he was, and well.
"Don't flog until the boy makes you,"
was the Thornbury maxim, but if he
makes you, flog him soundly. Strike
weakly, and you will have to strike a
hundred times and do no good: strike
strongly, and you need strike but
once."

once."
Michael Popwich had known that the flogging was to be. "I give him up to your Reverence;" he said, "I know your Reverence has a strong hand and strike. Keep a strong hand and a kind one; you can stroke as well as strike. Keep a strong hand over him. for he mustn't go wrong," and Michael's eyes overflowed.

He was a weak man, was poor Mich ael, and obeyed his wife like a good dutiful husband; but it had gone to his heart that a father must answer for his child, and on this point he was firm. "Father McReady shall do what he likes, Martha;" said he, "don't you, woman, dare to step be tween them." And Martha cried, and pouted, and sulked, until Michael,— for we write a veracious history and cloak not the good man's fault—dashed his pipe into the fire place with an oath and went out, to return from the "Travellers" mad with drink, and beat his wife for the first and only time in their wedded life.

Johnny felt the flogging, but he felt more the many gibes and jeers of his young companions.
"Hallo, Poppy, back from the hol-

idays," said one.
"You little fool! said Hardwin, "if

you went away you should have kept away; you are a mufi."
"Welcome back!" orled Jagers in oratorial attitude, and with out stretched hand, "thrice welcome, unhappy wanderer, to your sorrowing country. And if an oppressive and superfluous flagellation — "
"Shut up, Jagers!" cried Corney

Wrangle, coming on the scene, "you talk like a blown up paper bag, all wind and pop. Hallo! Johnny," said he in changed tones, and putting his arms round the boy's neck—" What's the matter? This won't do, come along

with me to the matron."

Corney's friendly eye had seen at once that the boy was ill. When he ran away he had got thoroughly wet through, and his mother had thought more of stuffing and petting him, and abusing his school, than of really at

abusing his school than of really at tending to his needs.

"Hallo! Johnny," cried Mrs. Reddilip the matron, "why! what brings you in here again? Back like a bad penny! What is it? Bermondsey bad oranges? Why! you goose—" but suddenly, as she spoke, the look of the good woman changed. Rough she was in torgue somewhat, and ready at in tongue somewhat, and ready at times with the hand, but a better heart

times with the hand, but a better heart was not in woman, nor a more skilful knowledge of children's ills. Rough skins hide often the soundest fruit.

"Here," said she catching the boy in her arms, for he was on the point of fainting, "here, Thomp-on, air that pair of sheets quickly, quite warm, and come along atter me—the bed in the inner room," and upsta'rs she hurried with the big boy in her arms as if he were a feather's weight. "Jones," she cried out to another boy, "run and fetch Brother Cuthbert; we want the doctor here at once," the doctor here at once,"

A few minutes had not passed before

bright fire was blazing in his beda bright are was blazing in his bed-room and he snug in a warm and com-fortable bed; and for three weeks dur-ing which Johnny lay between life and death, Anne Reddilip never took off her clothes, nor closed her eyes at night, but watched his every sigh and Many people hang on to their old troubles; they cling to their o'd sornights she had not closed her eyes. The tongue that sometimes spoke so reughly had now no harsh words to say

had received the last Sacraments, "please Father, do you think I shall die?"

could find no posture in which to lie. "Mother," he said at last, for he had got into the way of calling the matron, ' Mother,' half thinking that she was his real mother in his wanderings, and half conscious that she was playing a in to light the fire, but she hushes them out again, until at last he wakes; "On! mother, what's this?" he says,
"take your arm away," for it was cold
and stiff, and har!; but she could not;
for the time it was lifeless and paraly

But her son was saved, and when he was really awake, and at last she had been able to rise, he looked up into her face with returning life in her eyes.
"Oa! mother!" he said, "how kind

There is nothing in this world so pleasant as getting well. So at least thought Johnny as he was recovering from his litness. First the sense of health, and purity, and lightness, every part of the human frame working read ily and with ease; the complete rest which was not now idleness but a duty, and utter freedom from task or care. And then the luxury of kindness from everybody around him. The cloud that had gathered over him in the school was scattered like his illness; school was scattered like his illness; it was no longer with his schoolfellows "that young scoundrel, Popwich," but it was "how is poor little Johnny?" or "how's Pop?" Even Jagers dropped his big words and came out with "Poor little Poppy! I'm glad he hasn't croaked, though he is such a mischievous young dog."

"As though you weren't!" said mischievous young dog."
"As though you weren't!" said

Wrangle.
"Cornelius Wrangle!" retorted Jag-

viciously out.

But it was not only from his schoolfellows that the kindness came. Many were the enquiries made from without for the poor little blue eyed boy: one brought some oranges, and another a little wine, and even Lady Crankie herself brought almost daily, or sent if went neglected because for nights and ginger-bread nuts, crisp and crackling made by her Ladyship's own hands (for Lady Crankie belonged to that better age when ladies were not ashamed to prepare delicate meats for their household), above all real, actual, freshbutter, from her Ladyship's own dairy,

die?"

"My poor little son," said Father McReady, smoothing the hair from the boy's forhead, "you are very ill, and this is a sorry room to be lying in for long day after day. What a bright happy place heaven must be, Johnny l all the angels, and your own guardian angel who is now beside you——"

"But, Father, I am afraid to die. I've been so naughty and so tranhle.

"But, Father, I am afraid to die.
i've been so naughty and so troublesome," and the child burst into tears.
"I don't think you meant it all quite,"
said the priest, soothing him, "and our
dear Lord has forgiven it all."
"No! I didn't mean it," said
Johnny, "I don't know how it was;"
and the priest said some familiary.

and the priest said some familiar prayers with him and left him quiet, with a happy look upon his white wasted face. Poor little John! he was as penitent for his troublesome naught-iness as if he had been the greatest sinner in the world, and his penitence made him peaceful.

That night Johnny was restless and

malf conscious that she was playing a mother's part, "mother, put your arm round me," and so leaning back on Mrs. Reddilip's arm he dropped off to sleep. Minutes passed on and still he slept; it was no mere snatch of sleep, no arufeial sleep brought on by drugs, but the calm natural easy sleep that was probably the saving of life. Hours passed on, and still he stirred not, and she must not stir. The candle burned down low, and flickered and sputtered and went out; the fire died away and the room was left in darkness, until the pale cold light of the wintry morning ittel, Johnny was happier when he was the room was left in darkness, until the pale cold light of the wintry morning gradually crept in adding to its disconfort. Still she must not stir: the arm imprisoned in that painfal position was cold and numbed and stiff, her whole body full of pain from the strained attitude; but if he sleeps he lives, and she will not stir: they come in to light the free, but she purpose.

CHAPTER XVII.

CORNEY TELLS A TALE.

ers solemnly, "when your merits are decorated, as they deserve, with the Judicial Ermine, I will permit you to pass sentence on my character; until then—no! you don't," said he, escap-ing with a laugh, as Corney's arm shot

No selfish worry from other children betrayed her into snappishness. Sickness is a sacramental, well nigh a sacrament, to a woman. A special grace, a special power, is given to them, and their acts are beroic, beyond the heroism of man's utmost bravery in battle, or other deeds of manly courage.

"Please, Father," whispered poor Johnny to Father McReady, after he

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little, Johnny was happier when he was

beard," Johnny had been lying still and silent for a long time, when he suddenly stretched his hand out of the bed to Corney; "Corney," he said,
"what makes you such a changed chap? "Changed ; Johnny! What do you

"On! you know! you used always

to be in trouble with the masters, and Father McReady used to shake his head at you, and every row that came up Cornelius Wrangle was always the first name called out; but now you are nited discount. quite different." Well! you know I'm a Church

well' you know i'm a Charen student now—I want to be a priest."

'Ah! I know; but what made you want to be a priest? you didn't use to seem the sort of stuff they made cas socks out of."
"Didn't I?" said Corney with a

laugh. "I don't think I am now much; they must get some good trimmings beore they make much of a cassock of But I'll tell you, Johnny, if you want to know. It's a long story.
"Go on," said Johnny, leaning back

on his pillow.
"Well! you know where I live,"
said Corney, "down by the sea, and
there's a river runs into it just about there's a river runs into it just about half a mile from where I am, with a great sand bank at the mouth that makes it always rough."

1 thought it was a harbor," said

Johnny. "So it is, a little kind of harbor : ships come into it—but not big ones— they get over the sand bank when the tide comes in; full of eggs and oranges.'

oranges."

"Oh! jolly!" murmured Johnny.

"I've told you about that harbor and the bells, haven't!!"

"Bells! no," said Johnny.

"Well! you know you can't go up the river very far, it's only a little bit of a thing, and when you've gone about

of a thing, and when you've gone about six miles up there's no more room for your boat. Well! just at the top of the river, where you can't get any further, there is an old castle on the top of a hill, and just on the hill side under the castle for safety sake, like a little boy keeping close to a big one, there's a church, and its only got seven bells in it instead of closh?" in it instead of eight. aid Johnny, " how's that?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOLY WEEK.

A remarkable contrast exists be tween the celebration of Holy Week in Protestant communities and in the Catholic Church. Among Protestants who keep that week, whether in greater or less degree, it is a week of gloom, of continual commemoration of the crucifixing and its procedent. the crucifixion and its precedent events, and of the burial of the Savior and His resting in the tomb. Catho lics, too, commemorate all these events of profoundest and most pathetic mean ing. Statues and crosses are veiled in purple; the mournful Tenebiæ are sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings; on Good Friday occurs the unique and extraordinary Mass of the Presanctified, while only the officiating priests and the sick in danger of death, receive Holy Communion. On Good Friday, too, the tabernacle door of our altars stands open; the Blessed Sacrament is hidden in some secret place; and, in the evening, in thronged and dismantled churches, great sermons are preached on the Passion, and the multitudes flock to kiss the crucifix, and thus testify their allegiance to their crucified Redeemer. ing. Statues and crosses are veiled in fied Redeemer.

Nevertheless, there exists in the

Catholic Church, through Holy Week, Catholic Church, through Holy Week, a peculiar, pulsating, irrepressible emotion of living joy. To a convert, this fact comes with a sensation of vast emotion, which settles finally into the proved evidence of a vital truth, namely, that the Catholic Church is the Living Church of the Living Church of the Living Christ. Who, according to His own Christ, Who, according to His own promise, does actually abide with her all days even unto the end of the world, and therefore she is wholly un-able to repress for any length of time the perennial and unfailing delight that this reality generates in her holy society of the faithful.

What sight more innocently gay, more like the blithe, sweet spring itself, than to see an entire Catholic congregation emerge from Church on Palm San day, each man with his palm branch in his hand? How many then are saddened within them, do you think, be cause once the Hebrew children strewed palm branches in the Savior's path, only to have them trodden under foot, as it were, on His path to Calvary's hill? Oh, they are cynting in the present feet. are exulting in the present fact, ever new with each new Holy Week, that they have received their blessed palms once again from the priests of Jesus, from His own faithful priests in His own faithful Church of to-day.

Holy Thursday is to the Catholic a day of irrepressible jubilee and gladness. All day long, and into the evening, from one shrine to another through our cities go the faithful, visiting our catholic and the beautiful. sacramental Jesus in the beautiful repositories, surrounded with glorious lights and fairest flowers. Silence, silence is everywhere; but it is a silence that is loud, and musical, and harmonious to His hearing, for it is thrilled with innumerable acts of love and adoration from His people's adoring hearts. They come not from obligation to visit Him, but from love; and the Thursdays of our Holy Weeks are among the very happiest and most memorable days in all the Church's year, We have Jesus with us, among us, our living Jesus, Who died once in-deed, but is now alive forevermore.

Good Friday is Good Friday verily ; but it begins with the sacramental pro-cession of the living Christ in the morn ing; and the pent-up heart of the Church His Spouse can not wait until Sunday to proclaim that He is not really dead. On Saturday morning the Gloria and the Alleluia run to meet and to forestall the "He is Risen" of the angel; the organ breaks out into an ecstasy; the new fire and the Easter water respond to unveiled statues and the gay flowers again; the Mass with the gold and white vestments—every-thing, in fact, proclaims it: "the Liv-ing Christ of the Living Church is with get over the sand bank when the comes in; full of eggs and what it is to be a Catholic, to be the child of Him Who was dead, and Who is arisen, and behold! He is alive forevermore.

> I who live, who feel, who think, I live with Jesus Christ, I feel with Jesus Christ, I think with Jesus Christ. He raises me above myself. He purifies me, He gives me that which nothing in this world has ever given me; He is then more than myself, more than the world, more than the soul. He is God .- Pere Lacordaire.

I recommend to you mental prayer, or the prayer of the heart, and especially that which has for its object the life and passion of our Lord. By mak-ing Him the frequent subject of your meditation, your whole soul will be re-plenished with Him; you will imbibe His spirit, and frame all your actions according to the model of His.—St. Frances de Sales. PROFESSIONAL

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