### THE DAY OF YOUNG MEN

I saw your advertisement for copyist and came to apply for the

Mr. Whiting, attorney and counsellor-at-law, looked at the speaker and beheld an old man. His hair was white; trouble and time had furrowed a face that at one period must have been firm and handsome. The old frock coat was spotless, but shone in places like satin. His linen was without a stain, but bore unmistakable evidences of wear.

large wages. Of course I am not a young man, but I am as good as any of them. I am only sixty-eight, and I am as spry as ever," and the spare

A shadow of great disappointment watched her husband as he strode fill the place. overspread the applicant's counten- down the street,

know I could satisfy you." "Very well. Mr. Bates"-the law-

yer spoke to his managing clerk, who had been standing by with a bundle of papers—"you may take the gen-

As he watched the young man ly summon courage to go home. The rubbing his fingers over the blotter, he said, "You will be sure to let me There was nothing with which to pay. know if the other party does not come, won't you?"

the tone that made Bates look at the speaker more closely. The figure had lost its erectness; the hopeful look ance when he first entered, was gone, and in its place was an expression of

"Are you sure you would want the position?" the young man asked. "It was not until after lunch that "It pays only fifteen dollars a week." day that John Bates found an opportunity to speak to Mr. Whiting in revery glad to take it. I would be willing to work for almost anything. He troubling him all the morning. He

It is pretty hard for a man of-of my age to get work. Everybody wants young men nowadays. I think this would be just the place for me."

"Very well," responded Bates, strangely touched by the apparent distress of the old man.

Evening found Mr. McGregor, weary and footsore, returning to the little flat which he and Mrs. McGregor called home. All day long he had been walking the streets, riding in elevators or climbing stairs, seeking for any one to fill Mr. Hartman's place?"

"No," responded the lawyer. "None of those who have applied suit me."

"I thought you said you had partfor an opportunity to work, a chance ly arranged for one." was more exercise than pront undertaking to collect them.

Money was too precious to be used the young man inquired. and he was staggering under the careful. oad. Moreover, he had that mornlast ten dollars of years of savings. "The Lord only knows," he muttered, as he shook his gray head, "what will become of us unless I get something to do this week. I can't

bear to tell Beth." His lips were moving, his bowed head shaking, and his hands closing and opening nervously when he was aroused from his reverie by a cheery "Good evening, Mr. McGregor!" Good evening, Mr. McGregor!" and I think you would be doing Raising his eyes he beheld Bates, him a kindness if you gave him the Mr. Whiting's managing clerk, walk-

you startled me. I did not I was busy-ah-er- just

"Poor old chap!" thought John Bates. "I suppose 'just thinking' has been the only business he has had for some days." John remembered the time when he, a young man full of vigor, had walked the streets

"Yes, I guess it is about time I was starting. It is quite a little jaunt from here."

he felt certain that he knew why the old man walked. He wished he could think of some way of offering him car fare without hurting his feelings, but no plan occurred to him, so he said nothing further until he bade him no plan occurred to him, so he said nothing further until he bade him good-night at the next corner.

What if my father was in that Places of business were closing

oilers were hurrying in crowds along the streets; men with dinner-pails ostled Mr. McGregor, messenger boys and men of affairs hurried by unheed ing. Street car gongs clanged; wheels rattled; drivers shouted, and world seemed a pandemonium. At a corner a large department store was pouring its flood of clerks into the streets. McGregor was forced to pause until this crowd had scattered. He looked at the people hurrying hither and thither. The world seemed so full of work, but there was none for

The way had never seemed so long, but at last he reached his home and ascended the stairs. A little woman met him at the door with a smile.

the poorhouse. He is worn out and not in though,"

has no business to be alive."

"Oh, James don't!" exclaimed Mrs.

McGregory, who had never heard her husband speak in this way before; late."

Inot in a hurry. I suppose, though," with a disappointed expression, "that you want to get home city finished a very successful three weeks' mission in St. Patrick's mission in St. Patrick's Church. The

It was a difficult task presence. but he succeeded fairly well. They chatted continually during the meal, happy in the belief that they were figure straightened perceptibly.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Whiting, turning again to his work, "but I have made partial arrangements to could tell what the new day might

"Who would have thought," she sighed, "that James McGregor would "That's too bad," he said, "but I sighed, "that James McGregor would wish you would take my address, and if the other party should fail you, I Ah, the good days had gone! Young men were in command of affairs now; men who did not remember the time when the name of James Mc-Gregor was good for almost any sum he might ask at any bank in the

The old man followed the clerk to the day passed as other days had the outer room and saw entered on done. Disappointment, disappointthe memorandum, "James McGregor, ment, bitter and deep, met the old 139 Bolton street." man at every turn. He could hard-There was no use trying to deceive his poor wife any longer. He must There was a note of pleading in tell her the truth; some of the furniture must be sold. They had not kept very much, but what they had go. His footsteps dragged. which had illuminated his counten- He felt as if he were an executioner on the way to kill the one be loved. "I am a failure, a failure!" kept repeating.

> troubling him all the morning. He had thought so much of the old man that in his dream the night before he had seen his own father, for whom he was now able to provide, wandering disconsolately about in search of employment.

"Mr. Whiting," he said, "have you

to live. He had been given a num- Mr. Whiting smiled. "I am afraid ber of bills by merchants and pro- that was not exactly the truth. I fessional men, but they were mostly said something like that, I believe, to old accounts, chast that had been that old man who was in, but I did thrashed over for years, and there it because I did not like to tell him right out that he 'But why wouldn't he be all right?'

for car-fare, so he had walked mile be more likely to stay at it than a This day had been but a younger man. Young men are alrepetition of many others. Disap-pointments had been accumulating better, and aren't as likely to be so

"That is so," responded Mr. Whiting withdrawn from the bank the ing, twirling his glasses on the end of their cord; "but on the other hand old men are hard to teach. They do not take things up as quickly, and are opinionated and set in their ways. Then, too, he would be likely to be laid up with rheumatism or most, and we shouldn't like to be so carried its fame with it wherever strict with a man of his years."

> place.' "Perhaps so, but there are 10,000 other old men in the city who are in need of just such kindness. When you have practised as long as I have you will have learned that a some, must now be patent to all. law business can't be run on a char- It was not to extend British liberitable basis. Keep your charity ties or to redress the political wrongs outside of your business if you would have your business provide anything for charity."

"That is a good maxim, I supday after day. He remembered the disappointments, the bitterness and the awful eagerness of his quest for serve your business and do a needy ening greed of the cosmopolitan capithe awful eagerness of his quest for serve your business and do a needy work as he saw his money diminishman a good turn at the same time, ing. What if he had been an old I should think it was a good thing to import slave labor instead of man whom no one wanted? He gasped at the thought as the horror of those days came back to him. He may attend to any business of my Great Britain is being made to saction. man whom no one wanted: He gasped at the thought as the horror of those days came back to him. He did not know Mr. McGregor's circumstances, but the symptoms were hard to mistake.

"I thought I recognized you, but I work and mine, too, if he should it is work and mine, too, if he should ditions under which the miserable work are the place I will do his work and mine, too, if he should ditions under which the miserable of their mines. For this working of their mines. For this draw of position. You have agreed that I working of their mines. For this draw of position. You have agreed that I working of their mines. For this draw of position. You have agreed that I working of their mines. For this draw of position. You have agreed that I working of their mines. For this draw of position. You have agreed that I working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For the position working of their mines. For this draw of position working of their mines. For this draw of the position working of their mines. For this draw of the position working of their mines. For the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines. For this draw of the position working of their mines. For this draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines. For this draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of their mines are draw of the position working of the position wasn't quite sure until I caught up miss a day or so at any time. You Chinese are to be held by their maswith you. Are you homeward might tell him it was simply for a ters can doubt that they will be practically slaves. We are ominously regets along, and if he did not suit, minded of the slave laws of the claimed the young man.

"Oh, I don't mind it. I am a great walker usually, but I am a little jaded to-night."

Is up. He need not know that he is on trial. I think, Mr. Whiting, that he is pretty hard pinched, and he looks as if he could do the work all right."

ANXIOUS MOTHERS

John made no comment, although was contrary to his business maxims,

McGregor dragged himself wearily up the stairs. Mrs. McGregor met him at the door with radiant face. hape?" he muttered when he was him at the door with radiant face. lione, and he stepped faster, his He could not respond this time. The smile refused to come. She took him by the arm, saying, "You are very tired, dear?"

"Yes." She opened the door and said, softly, "There is some one waiting you inside." The information interested him. It

would be the landlord, perhaps, or the janitor. The visitor was sitting with back to the light, but rose, and coming forward, stretched out his hand Good evening, Mr. McGregor! Mr Whiting wished me to come to see if you could begin work for him next

Monday. For a moment the old man was like one just roused from a deep sleep. horror which has possessed him fell from him like a dream. The rack-

is a lot of good work left in me yet. Don't go! Don't go! I cannot The Paulist Father's Mission at begin to tell you how thankful I am is over fifty is good for nothing but to you. Bit down, please, if you are St. Patrick's, Montreal a hurry.

He strove 'to banish the gnawing opportunities for doing good.—A. H. care and appear cheerful in his wife's Martin, in The Youth's Companion.

When Natures Lights Her Fires When nature lights her fires, Aha!

Then splendor gilds the scene, And myriad forms of beauty shine Where darkness once hath been. The painter grasps his glowing brush, The poet tunes his lyres; The subject far their skill tran-When nature lights her fires.

The fire of nature ne'er goes out, But everlasting burns, And field and forest, sky and flower, Are lit by it in turns. The scenes that hold us now entranc-

Are those that pleased our sires: Wherewith our hearts within us burn When nature lights her fires.

The Aurora Borealis shines When sun, in nature's form, Is telegraphing to the earth Of some great solar storm. It flits upon the vault of heaven And to its top aspires; The northern heaven's all aglow When nature lights her fires.

When spring bedecks the earth anew In every age and clime. Men see the glories it puts forth In earth's expansion time. Each floweret then lifts up its head, And in its best attires And decks the earth with loveliest hues,

When nature lights her fires.

Oh what is all of vaunted man! Or would you mark his place? He's but a snowflake in its turn, A drop on ocean's face. The causes, complex, vast and grand He these to know aspires, And wonder beckons him along When nature lights her fires.

Her processes I loved to know When seen with youthful eyes; The revelations were superb, And filled me with surprise And now when older, still each new To rivet me conspires, As wonderful as ever yet When nature lights her fires.

This glory ignorant man at times Ascribes to natural laws; Tis but the glory shining forth From one Eternal Cause

To know its why requires, He heard-Behold the grandeur great When I light nature's fires. -R. Harbottle, M.B.

Burford, Ont.

A Good Medicine requires little advertising. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil gained the good name it now enjoys, not through elaborate advertising, but on its great merits as a remedy for bodily pains anh ailments something just when we needed him of the respiratory organs. It has it has gone and it is priced at the "He looks strong," protested John, antipodes as well as at home. Dose small; effect sure.

Object of Boer War

(Goldwin Smith in Weekly Sun.) The real object of the South African war, known from the outset to of British subjects that all those solemn covenants were broken, that all that blood was 'shed, that all those homes were burned, that all those ening greed of the cosmopolitan capi-talists of Johannesburg, who wanted to import slave labor instead of

# OF SICK CHILDREN

Appreciate the Relief and Cure Which Comes With the Use of Dr. Chase Syrup of Linseed that something was wrong with the and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who have made Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and

Turpentine popular.

They are quick to recognize the superiority of this great, medicine over ordinary cough medicines, and in their enthusiasm told their friends and neighbors of the benefits of this

They told of their anxiety when children were suddenly seized with croup or severe colds. They told of how quickly relief and cure were obtained by the use of this remedy and of how pleased the children were to take it.

The good news of the merit of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Tur-

Croup, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, throat irritation, severe nature, and as it threatened to unchest colds and pneumonia soon dermine his constitution, a warmer yield to the extraordinary soothing, climate has been sought. Mr. Latchmet him at the door with a smile.

"Nothing, nothing!" he said, in response to the unuttered question which he saw in her eyes. He sank wearily into a chair.

"I have tramped miles and miles, but it is the same old story. It is young men, you

husband speak in this way before; for despite all his disappointments and trials he had always kept a cheerful face before her. She came behind him, and throwing her arms about his neck, nestled her cheek against his gray head.

Mr. McGregor started as if caught talking to himself. He reached up, and taking hold of her hands, patted and stroked them fondly, saying.

Jake."

"If you could put up with our plain little table we should he glad to have you take tea with as," said Mrs. McGregor, cordially.

John did stay, gnd he afterwards declared that he never enjoyed a meal more. The old people seemed endowed with the fire of youth, for hope and youth are near neighbors.

On his way home that evening John The evening service opened with an interval of the church. The first week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women and about 2,300 of this class availed them selves of the time of grace. The down the first week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for married women and about 2,300 of this class availed them selves of the time of grace. The down the services was reached women and about 2,300 of this class availed them selves of the time of grace. The class availed them selves of the time of g and taking hold of her hands, patted and stroked them fondly, saying.

"I can write a good hand and should very much like to get the position," continued the man.

"I think it would hardly suit you," responded the attorney. "The wages are small, and I am looking for a young man."

"Oh, well, sir, I don't expect very large wages. Of course I am not a care and appear cheerful in his wife's manual policy."

"A think it would hardly suit you," responded the attorney. "The wages are small, and I am looking for a young man."

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"Oh, well, sir, I don't expect very large wages. Of course I am not a care and appear cheerful in his wife's manual policy."

"Oh is way home that evening John said to himself, "John Bates, you don't deserve much credit for it, but that is about the best thing you ever the truth of the maxim that the chief perquisite of a place is its opportunities for doing good.—A. H. Martin, in The Youth's Companion.

"I can write a good hand and stroked them fondly, saying.

"There, now, dear, you must not mind what I am saying. I am sure to find something to-morrow. I shall be all rights as soon as I get some of that good coffee I smell. Is supper ready?"

"Oh, well, sir, I don't expect very to banish the gnawing care and appear cheerful in his wife's Martin, in The Youth's Companion.

"A the evening services were well attended. On his way home that evening John Bates, you don't deserve much credit for it, but that is about the best thing you every the truth of the maxim that the chief perquisite of a place is its opportunities for doing good.—A. H. Martin, in The Youth's Companion.

Martin, in The Youth's Companion. presented a magnificent scene. The large edifice was packed to the doors, over 3,000 being present. The beads were said by Rev. Father Devine, after which the immense congregation arose, the electric lights were turned on and shed their radiance over the vast number, each holding a large card from which the hymn was sung. The organ pealed forth the beautiful hymn, "Come Holy Ghost," the multitude joined their voices, and old St. Patrick's was filled with a sweet and powerful volume of sound. As and powerful volume of sound. As the last notes died away, the preacher, Rev. Father Moran, ascended the pulpit, and for over an hour pleaded with the large assemblage to remain faithful to Christ. Inside the altar rails, at the Epistle side of the Altar the large mission cross of the Altar, the large mission cross which had been erected had been decorated with white muslin and flow-In the front of it a large baptismal font beautifully decorat-ed with natural flowers had been placed, and around the whole innum-erable lights burned. The preacher reminded them that in the presence of the baptismal font from which they received the regenerating waters of salvation, and of the lights which signified the light of Faith which they had received, and of the Cross of Christ from which they had received their redemption, they were about to renew their baptismal promises. At the end of the sermon the men stood up and pronounced in a loud voice the renewal of the baploud voice the renewal of the baptismal vows. Such a sight was soul-inspiring, a sight that made the angel's of God rejoice and the devils tremble. Father Moran then pronounced the Papal Benediction, after which the thanksgiving hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," was sung. During the mission 602 signed the pledge of total abstinence for different periods and a large number different periods, and a large number for life. A large number also were invested in the scapulars and also joined the Holy Name Society. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the most successful mission given in St. Patrick's. The altar and sanctuary was ablaze with electric and other lights, while the officiating clergymen and Sanctuary boys were clothed in their beautiful vestments and cassocks. Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, speaking of the have never seen the like of it in this When Job perplexed with heavenly church. Why at the collection their generosity knew no bounds." ew words of the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's tell the tale. Father Martin has been attached to St.

Patrick's for over thirty-one years, and in all his experience this men's mission was the greatest. The missionary fathers, Rev. Fathers McCorrey, Kennedy, Moran and Devine are now stationed in different missions, fighting the good fight— to win souls to Jesus Christ.

"Oh! cold and cruel world, Your dearest gain is dross, And the only Christian refuge Is the shadow of the Cross.

Montreal, March 21, 1904.

### A Timely Warning

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a breeze in the South Pacific, before a good months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized ed, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be pipbrig. Every bird seemed to be pip-ing as if pursued by some little in-visible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-

The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the ves-sel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake

a vast arch of yellowish mud—and
torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again .- Maryland Bulletin

#### Mr. Latchford Goes South

Hon. F. R. Latchford, who has for three weeks been ill-disposed by a pentine has spread until few people severe cold, has on the advice of his in this broad land have not heard physician, gone south and will not physician, gone south and will not eturn to legiclative duties this ses-His illness is of a bronchial climate has been sought. Mr. Latch-ford's enforced absence from the legislature is deeply regretted on both sides of the House. He has



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INDIA SPECIAL AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL. XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.

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#### The Reason

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing, Boys may whistle, but girls must That's the very thing I heard her say To Kate no longer than yesterday.

Boys may whistle." Of course they If they pucker their lips the proper But for the life of me I can't see Why Kate can't whistle as well as

Boys may whistle, but girls must sing"; Now I call that a curious thing. If boys can whistle, why can't girls, It's the easiest thing in the world to

So if the boys can whistle and do it well. Why cannot girls-will somebody tell? Why can't they do what a boy can That is the thing I should like

know.

went to father and asked him why Girls couldn't whistle as well as I, And he said, "The reason that girls must sing Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing.'

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache When I said I thought it all a mistake. 'Never mind, little man," I heard her sav. "They will make you whistle enough some day.

-New Orleans Picayune.

German Anti-Jesuit Laws Repealed No great interest has been aroused

by the decision of the German Federal Council to repeal the Jesuit Laws. The Reichstag last year petitioned the Federal Council to that 161 QUEEN ST. WEST effect, and this last remnant of the Kulturkampf had long been regarded as an anarchronism. Moreover, the services which the Centre had rendered the Government in recent years in debates on the Navy Bills in de-feating Socialist obstruction in the If you have a word of cheer the Government during various awk-ward interpellations, had made it certain that their reviewed made it let him know certain that their reward could not be deferred much longer. Some extreme Protestant organs object to the return of the Jesuits, but the great majority of the newspapers are fully reconciled to the disappearance of the anti-Jesuit Bismarchian tradi- If your heart contains a thought

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary per Wait not till your friend is dead netrating and healing properties. It Ere your compliments are said; is acknowledged by those who have For the spirit that has fled, used it as being the best medicine If it know. of the lungs, and all affections of the Does not need to speed it on throat and chest. Its agreeableness Our poor praise; where it has gone to the taste makes it a favorite with Love's eternal, golden dawn

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Tell Him So

Show him you appreciate What he does; and do not wait Till the heavy hand of Fate Lays him low.

That will brighter make his lot, Then in mercy hide it not: