

THE DAY OF YOUNG MEN

I saw your advertisement for a copyist and came to apply for the position. 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 crock coat was spotted, but shone in places like satin. His linen was without a stain, but bore unmistakable evidences of wear. "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."

is a lot of good work left in me yet. They seem to think that a man who is over fifty is good for nothing but the poorhouse. He is worth out and has no business to be alive. "Oh, James don't!" exclaimed Mrs. McGregor, who had never heard her 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, "There, now, dear, you must not mind what I am saying. I am sure to find something to-morrow. I shall be all right as soon as I get some of that good coffee I smell. Is supper ready?" He strove to banish the gnawing care and appear cheerful in his wife's presence. It was a difficult task, but he succeeded fairly well. They chatted continually during the meal, happy in the belief that they were deceiving each other. Hope rose the next morning with the sun. Who could tell what the new day might have in store? Mrs. McGregor watched her husband as he strode down the street. "Who would have thought," she sighed, "that James McGregor would be seeking service with other men? 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 McGregor was good for almost any sum he might ask at any bank in the city. The day passed as other days had done. Disappointment, disappointment, bitter and deep, met the old man at every turn. He could hardly summon courage to go home. The next week the rent would be due. There was nothing with which to pay. There was no use trying to deceive his poor wife any longer. He must tell her the truth; some of the furniture must be sold. They had not kept very much, but what they had must go. His footsteps dragged. He felt as if he were an executioner on the way to kill the one he loved. "I am a failure, a failure!" he kept repeating. It was not until after lunch that day that John Bates found an opportunity to speak to Mr. Whiting in regard to a matter that had been 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 decided on any one to fill Mr. Hartman's place?" "No," responded the lawyer. "None of those who have applied suit me."

"Don't go! Don't go! I cannot begin to tell you how thankful I am to you. Sit down, please, if you are not in a hurry. I suppose, though," with a disappointed expression, "that you want to get home to your dinner. I forgot it was so late." "If you could put up with our plain little table we should be glad to have you take tea with us," said Mrs. McGregor, cordially. John did stay, and he afterwards declared that he never enjoyed a meal more. The old people seemed contented with the fire of youth, for hope and youth are near neighbors. On his 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 did." He realized as never before the truth of the maxim that is the chief requisite of a place is its opportunities for doing good.—A. H. Martin, in The Youth's Companion. When Nature Lights Her Fires When nature lights her fires, Ah! 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 lyre; The subject far their skill transcends When nature lights her fires. The fire of nature ne'er goes out, But everlasting burns, And gold and forest, sky and flower, Are lit by it in turns. The scenes that hold us now entranced Are those that pleased our sires; Wherever 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 top aspirers: 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 flower then lifts up its head, And in its best attire, 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 thence 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 When Job perplexed with heavenly rule 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' Eucletic Oil gained the good name it now enjoys, not through elaborate advertising, but on its great merits as a remedy for bodily pains and ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has gone and it is prized at the apothecary 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 some, must now be patent to all. It was not to extend British liberties or to redress the political wrongs 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 stains upon national character were incurred. It was to satisfy the ravenous greed of the cosmopolitan capitalists of Johannesburg, who wanted to import slave labor instead of paying free labor a fair wage for the working of their mines. For this Great Britain is being made to sacrifice the brightest gem in her crown of peaceful glory, the abolition of slavery. No one looking to the conditions under which the miserable Chinese are to be held by their masters can doubt that they will be practically slaves. We are ominously reminded of the slave laws of the Southern States. ANXIOUS MOTHERS OF SICK CHILDREN Appreciate the Relief and Cure Which Comes With the Use of Dr. Chase Syrup of Linsseed and Turpentine. It is the mothers who have made Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsseed 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 treatment. They told of their anxiety when their 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 Linsseed and Turpentine has spread until few people in this broad land have not heard of it. Croup, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, throat irritation, severe chest colds and pneumonia soon yield to the extraordinary soothing, healing influence of this preparation. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

The Paulist Father's Mission at St. Patrick's, Montreal. The Paulist Fathers from New York city finished a very successful three weeks' mission in St. Patrick's mission in St. Patrick's Church. The first week was for married women, and over 2,000 filled the church at the services. The second week was for the unmarried women and about 2,000 of this class availed themselves of the time of grace. The climax was reached when the men's mission arrived. The morning and evening services were well attended. The evening service opened with the recitation of the beads, then came the sermon and finally Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The congregational singing was a feature of the mission. At the closing of the men's mission on Sunday afternoon, March 13th, at 4 o'clock, the church 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 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 which had been erected had been decorated with white muslin and flowers. In the front of it a large baptismal font beautifully decorated with nature flowers had been placed, and around the whole innumerable 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 priest stood up and pronounced in a loud voice the renewal of the baptismal vows. Such a sight was soul-inspiring, a sight that made the angels 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 for life. A large number also were invested in the sealapals 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 men's mission, afterwards said: "I have never seen the like of it in this church. Why at the collection their generosity knew no bounds." These few 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 loss, And the only Christian refuge Is the shadow of the Cross." FELIX. Montreal, March 21, 1904. A Timely Warning While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, three 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 of which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to enter a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too sly to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course and disappeared, 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 piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. 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 severe cold, has on the advice of his physician, gone south and will not return to legislative duties this session. His illness is of a bronchial nature, and as it threatened to undermine his constitution, a warmer climate has been sought. Mr. Latchford's enforced absence from the legislature is deeply regretted on both sides of the House. He has been paired with Mr. Murphy of Ottawa.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

OUR BRANDS The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO.

"THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE" Tomlin's Toronto Bakery H. C. TOMLIN, Sole Proprietor Phone Park 553

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.

The Reason Grandma Gruff said a curious thing, "Boys may whistle, but girls must sing." That's the very thing I heard her say To Kate no longer than yesterday. "Boys may whistle." Of course they may, If they pucker their lips the proper way. But for the life of me I can't see Why Kate can't whistle as well as me. "Boys may whistle, but girls must sing"; Now I call that a curious thing. If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too? It's the easiest thing in the world to do. 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 do? That is the thing I should like to know. I 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 say, "They will make you whistle enough some day." —New Orleans Picayune.

IF YOU ARE RENTING or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in NEW ONTARIO For Particulars Write to HON. E. J. DAVIS Commissioner of Crown Lands TORONTO, ONT.

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR

JAS. J. O'HEARN House and Sign Painting Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging etc., etc. SOLICITS A TRIAL OFFICES RESIDENCE 161 QUEEN ST. WEST 3 D'ARCY Opposite O'Connell Hall Telephone Main 2677 Telephone Main 2677

Tell Him So If you have a word of cheer That may light the pathway dear Of a brother pilgrim here, Let him know. Show him you appreciate What he does; and do not wait Till the heavy hand of Fate Lays him low. If your heart contains a thought That will brighten make his lot, Then in mercy hide it not; Tell him so. Wait not till your friend is dead Ere your compliments are said; For the spirit that has fled, It is gone. Does not need to speed it on Our poor praise; where it has gone Love's eternal, golden dawn Is glow. But unto our brother here That poor praise is very dear; If you've any word of cheer Tell him so. —Good Health.