













OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Father Helving's Swan. The holidays were over, and the boys had come back to St. Oswald's to face with more or less cheerfulness the long and arduous part of the school year. The day was dull, and a knot of the students were standing just on one foot, and then on the other, discussing with no small disgust a new boy who had arrived during their absence. No one knew whence he had come; not even those who spent holidays at school. All that could be learned was that he was there—a self-evident fact—poor, dull, and unobscure. He was a plucked lad, his clothes were unattractively cast off by another, and larger boy, and when he was spoken to, he shrank, and trembled like a frightened animal, answering incoherently. He was a mystery, and one of the lads were none too well pleased to have added to their numbers and they treated him with the careless unintentional cruelty that well bred, healthy boys sometimes show to one who is dull, and unable to join in their sports. There was a rumor about in the school that the secret of his appearance had leaked out, and Jim Davis knew it; hence the group standing in the cold in the playground gathered to hear the tale with all the eagerness a story calls for. "Why, he's a perfect dumb skull," Dick Hobson was saying with inflated scorn. "When I asked him if he wanted to have a catch in the corridor, he said: 'Can't play ball, sir! Great Scott! Can't play ball, and says sir! What's the use of Father Helving telling us to be kind, and play with him if the fellow can't play?'" "It's my belief he can't read either," said Ed. Willis. "You see he's not in any classes, and I asked him if he wanted one of my books, and he got as white as fire, and just shook his head, and kind of sunk off."

whole face transfigured by the music to which he was listening. When the messenger announcing Will's illness had delivered his tidings, Herr Bannmeister struck a false chord with his left hand, and his right cleared his hair tragically. "On no use, no use," he exclaimed. "On, what luck!" The boys sat in speechless horror, taking in the fact that their entertainment was ruined. No one observed Hans creeping towards the piano, his head erect, his cheeks crimson, "I can, me! Herr," he said stily. "You can, you can what?" asked the big German in his booming bass. "Sing Will's part. I heard you play it," replied Hans. The boys laughed, in spite of their despair, but the professor frowned. "Vere hat you dis music face hidden?" he asked, raising his hand for silence and surveying with experienced eye the boy's altered visage, recognizing the look it bore. "You can sing? Goot! Begin," and he struck the opening chords of Will's first solo. A little timidly, but gaining courage as he went on in the delight of the melody Hans began. Such a voice! High, and true and sweet, with a quality quite indescribable, but which made even the boys who were not musical wish they were where they could cry unison. The song ended, a murmur of applause arose, and the boys remarked that Will had not been in it with that ugly duckling of Father Helving's, who was not merely turning out a swan, but a nightingale. As to Herr Bannmeister, being a German, and not ashamed of emotion, and a musician who must necessarily feel it, the tears ran down into his big beard, and taking Hans in his arms he kissed him on both cheeks, breaking into enthusiastic praise in German. English not only being too cold, but quite unattainable in the excitement of the moment. And so Hans sang at the concert, and everyone found words inadequate for praise of his marvelous voice. There was one thing the waiter could do, and do well, with something very like genius for in his slender frame had been lodged the divine gift of music. Stimulated by the admiration he received, Hans came out of his shell of shyness and proved he could do many other things besides sing, though he was above all things a musician. People flocked on Sunday afternoons to St. Oswald's chapel at Vespers to hear the boy's soprano, and his mates became more proud of him than even of the pitcher of the nine, or their crack oarsman, although one could send in such curves, and the other could pull a stroke that could not be beaten. And Father Helving was well pleased that his charity had been so well disposed, and smiled with satisfaction over Hans' appropriate nickname, "Father Helving's swan."

Fortune's trumpet blast which, passed unheeded, may never recur. Strangely enough, despite this age of earnestness and devotion, the ever increasing difficulty of attaining to wealth and distinction, even as contrasted with only several years ago, there are still many fields of endeavor bristling with opportunity and fraught with rosy promise for the young. The limited resources of our young country, this age of essential progress, in the potentialities of electrical force, the new standards by which journalism and literature are being judged, the impetus given to ambitious for army and navy life by the surprising anteclimax of the century just closed—all these, and more, create new fields and reveal areas of untitled soil abounding in fertility and resources. So that, although the professions are being rapidly overcrowded and more than pasted intelligence frequently rewarded, at least for a time, by scarce more than a pittance, it is not at all unlikely that more failures result from misdirected judgment or ill-selected vocation than from lack of opportunity. And as for the young, they are doubly fortunate in this age of ours. The activity and energy of youth, the progressiveness of thought and teaching have done much to arm the young in dissipating the prejudices which, until recently had obtained against the headless doctor and the youthful advocate. So that we find the sentiment of today to be that our lives, our opportunities and our fortunes are as secure in the hands of the brainy youth as in those of his colleagues of much riper years. Not that I am bereft of reverence for gray hairs, nor do I question them either as a frequent index of broad, ripened experience or as a milestone in life's highway attained to only after many besetting vicissitudes and hard knocks. But I believe the spirit of the age to be that everything comes to him who hustles, not to him who waits. If we add to this the disposition to grow careless after early successes, the oozing out of ambition as life grows apace, the tendency of age to slowly accept, if not even to repudiate, advanced teachings and progress, it is fairly easy to see that youth has a chance, and a fair one, in the struggle of life. Granted, my dear young men, that you have a chance against age, what are the elements of permanent and lasting success? Of course, you must be educated, for "education is a man's best passport to success in life"; you must possess an intellectual grasp and receptive ability; you must have heads to know and hearts to feel and mouths to speak that do heads must know and those hearts do feel. You must have a pious devotion and a rigorous adherence to lofty, religious ideals. "Let all the ends thou aimest at be: Thy God's, thy Country's and Thine's."

THE WHITE PLAGUE. One-Sixth of all Deaths Due to Consumption. ITS RAVAGES SPARE NO CLASS—RICH AND POOR ALIKE FALL ITS VICTIMS—HOW THIS DREAD TROUBLE MAY BE PREVENTED. Consumption has been well named the great white plague. One-sixth of all the deaths occurring in Canada annually are due to the ravages of this terrible disease. Its victims are found among all classes; rich and poor alike succumb to its insidious advance. Only a few years ago the victim of consumption was regarded as incurable, and horror-stricken friends watched the loved one day by day fade away until death came as a merciful release. Now, however, it is known that taken in its earlier stages consumption is curable, and that by a proper care of the blood—keeping it rich, red and pure—those who are pre-disposed to the disease escape its ravages. Consumption is now classed among the preventable diseases, and those who are pale, easily tired, emaciated, or show any of the numerous symptoms of general debility should at once fortify the system by enriching and purifying the blood—thus strengthening not only the lungs, but all parts of the body. A young man who has escaped a threatened death from consumption is Mrs. Robert McCracken, of Marshville, Ont. Mrs. McCracken gives her experience that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer. She says: "A few years ago I began to experience a general weakness. My appetite was poor; I was very pale; I was troubled with shortness of breath and a smothering feeling in my chest. Besides these symptoms I became very nervous, at times dizzy and faint, and my hands and feet would get as cold as ice. As the trouble progressed I began to lose flesh rapidly, and in a short time was only a shadow of my former self. I had good medical treatment, but did not get relief, and as a harsh cough set in I began to fear that consumption had fastened itself upon me. This knowledge that several of my ancestors had died of this terrible disease, in this rather deplorable condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I at once procured a supply and had not taken them long when I noted a change for the better. By the time I had taken six or eight boxes I was able to move around the house again and felt better and stronger in every way. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when all my old time strength and vigor had returned, and I was as well as ever. During the time I was using the pills my weight increased twenty pounds. Several years have since passed and in that time not a symptom of my former trouble has made itself apparent, so that I think I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I strongly advise ailing women to give them a trial." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ of the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE SANITARY DAIRY CO. OF LONDON (LIMITED) CAPITAL, \$100,000 Divided into Shares of \$10 each. PRESIDENT, DR. C. S. MOORE. VICE-PRESIDENT, T. B. MILLER. DIRECTORS: W. M. Spencer, P. W. D. Brodric, Banker; George Hodge, M. D.; C. Norman Spencer, and Chas. H. Ivey. The object of the Company is to enable the citizens of London to have their milk supplied under thoroughly sanitary conditions. The Company will take over the property and assets of the milk supply business of the promoters on the 15th April next, including buildings, machinery, plant, bottles, real estate, stables, harness, wagons, cans, etc., together with milk routes purchased from milk dealers amounting to not less than 4,000 quarts daily delivery. A block of stock amounting to \$30,000, placed on the market has all been taken up. The Directors have, however, induced the promoters to offer a further lot of \$20,000 at par. Those who could not get the number of shares required, and others who wish shares in the Company, may secure the same by applying promptly either personally or by written application, at the office of Halman & Ivey, corner Dundas and Richmond streets, London, Ontario. Terms of Payment—25 per cent. on subscription; 25 per cent. in one month, and the balance on call of the Directors, subject to twenty days' written notice.



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LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL—1901. FIVE CENTS. With a frontispiece "First Steps"—The Infant Jesus, surrounded by ministering angels with the Cross, and the instruments of His coming sorrow in the distance—the Little Folks' Annual for 1901 comes to us in even a more attractive and pleasing form than its predecessors. Besides numerous pretty illustrations, it also contains many interesting stories and a number of games, tricks and puzzles. Sent anywhere on receipt of FIVE CENTS. Address: Theo. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London. We have still a number of these Annuals for 1900, which are well worth the price, 5 cents.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. The world needs true men, it needs Christian men, it needs the manhood which religion alone can develop. The supernatural life is necessary to true manliness which has its best expression in Christian virtue.—Mgr. Conaty. Liquor is a Curse. The Hon. John Sherman, in a letter to a discouraged and unfortunate young man, the son of a schoolmate of the eminent statesman, said, among other good things: "Abandon liquor as you would abandon a pestilence, for liquor is the curse which wrecks more lives than all the horrors of the world." Of Interest to Our Boys. A neat attire is not always an index to good character and ability, but the fact remains that of two applicants the business man will always employ the well dressed, attractive looking boy rather than the one who is careless in his appearance. The reason is obvious. The boy who is particular in regard to the details of his dress will be careful in his work, and that commands the respect and confidence of his employer. To be well dressed is not to have expended a great deal of money on your clothes, on the contrary, if your garments are neat in appearance, and whole; if your collar is clean, and necktie neatly fastened; if your shoes are polished and trousers carefully pressed, the care and thought displayed in these small matters will more truly reflect character than the richness of the material of your clothes. Muddy shoes can reflect nothing. Neatness and cleanliness, as well as a little style, are important recommendations, and are within the reach of every boy seeking work. Opportunities of the Young. What is opportunity? What opportunities has a young man? Considering these questions, Dr. John H. Barry, of Long Island City, made these impressive remarks in an address to the students of a college: There comes a supreme moment in life when character has to stand the test, when "bluff" bluster and counterfeits are exposed, when the cross-roads of innocence and experience are reached, when the exigencies of the times signal genius to declare itself, when ordinary minds seemingly receive an inspiration, when truth, honor, integrity, capacity become the inexorable standards by which our fitness is to be measured. This what is called opportunity, this is the crucial period which makes or mars our future career, this is Dame Fortune's trumpet blast which, passed unheeded, may never recur. Hesperian to be in Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, recently, the editor of the Church Economist sought to ascertain if fasting was actually practiced by any communions of Christians or by any individuals in the State. Professor Merriam, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, said he knew of no persons who practiced physical fasting. In answer to an inquiry on the subject the pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, says: "The commonwealth of Massachusetts no longer appoints a day annually as a fast day. For many years before

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

DIocese OF ST. ALBERT.

Right Rev. Bishop Grandin is much better. He has been able to come back from the General hospital, Edmonton, to St. Albert.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—Wheat: lowest; exporters offered 66c to 67c; New York for red, middle freight, white 68c to 69c.

MARRIAGES.

MCAVOY, BRANTFORD. A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, on Monday, Feb. 19.

MONTREAL, Feb. 21.—The grain market is more active, oats, extra, at 41c; best freight, 2c; oat, extra, at 43c; best, 44c.

TORONTO, Feb. 21.—Following is the range of quotations: Cattle—Shippers, per cwt., \$1.60 to \$1.69.

BIRTH. AUSTIN.—On Feb. 18, at 57 Oxford street Hamilton, the wife of J. Austin of a son.

FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE. Catholic Home Annual For 1901.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. What is said of the Catholic Home Annual. A fine sample of taste and judgment in art and literature.

THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO FOR 1901. With a Frontispiece of His Excellency the Most Rev. D. Fahey, Apostolic Delegate.

DIocese OF PETERBOROUGH.

FROM SAULT STE. MARIE. The ladies of the Star Society of the Sacred Heart Church, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., gave their second annual St. Home.

GOD BLESS OUR POPE! An Irish Pilgrim's Hymn, written in honor of our great Pope Leo XIII.—"Lumen in Caelis of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries—Carmelite Review.

MARRIAGES. MCAVOY, BRANTFORD. A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, on Monday, Feb. 19.

DIocese OF HAMILTON. ST. ANDREW'S WAS DRAPEED. Both exterior and interior of St. Andrew's church were draped tastefully with royal purple and black.

THE TRANSVAAL. The well-laid plans of General Lord Kitchener appear to be at last ripening, as a heavier blow has been inflicted upon the Boer forces.

DIocese OF NEW WESTMINSTER. Nelson's tribute to the memory of the departed sovereign was worthy of an enterprising deeply loyal community.

DIocese OF LONDON. Right Rev. Bishop McEvay arrived in Windsor on Saturday, Feb. 21, and was the guest of Father Meagher.

IN CHINA. The Chinese negotiations for a settlement are still going on very slowly. The German troops are leaving China in great numbers.

ARCHEBISHOP OF KINGSTON.

WE regret to say that His Grace Archbishop Davidson is in very poor health owing to his labors in the city of Kingston.

The collection for the benefit of Saint Vincent de Paul society, taken up in St. Mary's cathedral after the eloquent sermon of Rev. Father Hoffmann.

The Rev. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, on Saturday evening spoke on the subject of the objectionable doctrine of the Sovereigns of England.

The Rev. Father O'Gorman, the indefatigable and well-beloved pastor of St. Patrick's church, in London, is expected to return to his duties in the city of Kingston.

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DR. SPROULE CATARRH The Gateway of... Consumption



DR. SPROULE, B. A. English Specialist in Catarrh and Chronic Diseases. Twenty years ago Catarrh was comparatively new.

Catarrh of the Head and Throat. The most prevalent form of catarrh results from neglected colds.

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