

HELP, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made The souls to Thee so dear. In prison, for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

ELEVENTH MONTH November THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

Calendar table for November 1902 showing days of the month, feast days (e.g., All Saints, Thanksgiving), and moon phases (New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Last Quarter).

Indulged Prayer To all the faithful who, with contrite hearts, devoutly make at any time during the year the novena or seven days' devotion in suffrage for the souls in purgatory, with any formula of prayer, provided it be approved by competent ecclesiastical authority...

HOME CIRCLE logo and decorative border.

WE FORGET. So many tender words and true We meant to say, dear love, to you; So many things we meant to do, But we forgot.

The busy days were full of care, The long night fell all unaware; You passed beyond love's pleading prayer, While we forgot.

Now evermore through heart and brain There breathes an undertone of pain, Though what has been should be again, We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be Beyond the veil of mystery Some place where love can clearly see And not forget.

Ada Foster Murray in Harper's Magazine.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN Laugh at their faults; encourage while lies; give them their own way; tell them pretty untruths; give them what they cry for, shout at the top of your voice to them, never encourage their efforts to do better.

Don't have any toys or playthings tossed around the house; don't bother yourself inviting to your house the children of the house they go to, don't trouble inviting their companions to your house.

Always take part against their teachers, try to forget as much as possible that you were once young yourself.

Get servants to teach them their prayers and don't trouble how they say them; send them to Mass and the sacraments and don't go with them; Sacred Heart Review.

DON'T FLIRT. If you wish to win a man's respect, his best homage, his highest love, don't flirt. There is a wicked little maxim, "Be good and you will be lonely." It is not true.

Nay, the lifelong loneliness is usually reserved for the flirt. Men will dance with her, talk to her, frivo with her, but they don't marry her. Man is an abnormally unfair person. He wishes when he marries to be her first and last love, and objects to take to himself experienced affections.

"LIVABLE." "Yes," said Mrs. Farrer, decidedly, "Milly Morris is a nice girl, clear through, and if anybody ought to get along easy with a trying mother-in-law, she ought. A more livable person I never knew."

"Livable!" repeated her listener. "Livable? That must be a local word. I don't think I ever heard it before."

"It may be local," rejoined Mrs. Farrer, a trifle loftily, "and it may be bad and it may be good, but anyway, it's just what I mean. Milly's livable. She's been brought up in a big family, and she's had to be, if she meant to be comfortable herself and let other folks be comfortable, too. There were more livable folks when I was a girl than there are now, and I think the big families had a good deal to do with it, though of course not everything."

"There were plenty of people then who never got their corners worn down, no matter how many brothers and sisters they had, but even when they rasped those days they got along together after a fashion. Nowadays, land! Sometimes it stumps me fair and square why the nice people I know in nice families can't seem to stand each other's little ways."

"Oh, I don't say it isn't so, when the doctors say they can't—and it generally ends in doctors—why, I suppose they truly can't. It's nerves, and nobody understands nerves unless the doctors, and I'm a long way from being sure that they do. But just you count up some time the families where there's always one member mysteriously off visiting, and then the number of folks you know that separate when they'd naturally stay together, if only they could hit it off—alone sisters and only surviving bachelor brothers, and mothers and only daughters, and all sorts of family romances that ought to be each other's best comfort but as soon as they try living together, one of 'em gets nervous prostration, or has hysterical spells, or is ordered off quick to travel somewhere where the climate doesn't agree with the other one. They're fond enough of each other generally, and they aren't generally ugly-tempered; they just aren't livable."

"It can't be endured always and it can't be cured sometimes, but I'm firm in believing it could be prevented most times. If, when folks first began to harden in their own little crankiness and fret over the cracks of the folks they care most for, they'd stop and think where they were getting to, why, nine times out of ten they'd pull up in time and get their nerves and feelings and foolish frettings tight in hand before they run away with 'em!"

"Yes, that's what I surely do believe. And outside the great, big, deep foundation virtues, if I had a daughter, the little virtue—if it is a little virtue—I'd rather have her have than any other would be just that—being livable. It's an all-round, lifelong blessing to whomsoever it concerns."

"It may be good or it may be bad or it may be local," assented the listener, thoughtfully, "but whatever it is as a word, livable is a good thing to be. I'll own that."—The Companion.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

NEVEN'S TEMPTATION

"Yes, there are great opportunities in an 'oil town' like this," James Neven the young lawyer, spoke quietly, as his habit was, but his face flushed and his keen eyes glittered. "A few hundred dollars will buy an interest in a company formed to drill a well, and if the well proves a 'gusher' a man's share may yield him fifty thousand or more a year. If you want to be rich, Jerris, better let me invest the money you've made on that Dakota ranch of yours."

The sturdy Westerner, Neven's classmate at college, laughed and shook his head. "Guess not, thank you, Jim," he answered. "Slow and sure is my motto. I never expect to get rich at a stroke."

"As you please," said Neven, dryly. "Your cousins, the Larrabees, have more faith in my judgment. Mrs. Larrabee gave me a thousand dollars to invest for her—as an agent, of course. She paid me twenty dollars for placing it."

"I should think if success is so certain you would prefer to be paid by a percentage on the profits?" "N-no—well," said Neven, uncomfortably, "Mrs. Larrabee would not consent to that. 'If the well proves a dr. one,' she said, 'it won't be your fault; you'll do your best for me, I know.' So she gave me twenty dollars down."

Hugh Jerris had risen and was pacing restlessly about the dingy office. "Do other investments, anyway, Jim?" he cried. "The only reason why I came to Pennsylvania was to try to get Jennie Larrabee to go back to South Dakota as my wife. That's the only subject that interests me just now."

Neven rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "You know the Larrabees haven't any money," he suggested. "That thousand dollars represented all their savings. You ought to look for a girl who could put some capital into that ranch of yours."

"Jennie Larrabee without a cent will be a fortune to me—if I can win her! She and her mother are well, you say? I think I'll go out to the farm and see them this morning. Good-bye, Jim!"

"What a fool!" muttered the young lawyer, as he watched the burly fellow stride impetuously down the street. He meant to make money—and marry money. Then he turned to his work again, which at this time consisted mainly in figuring his possible income from the Karns well.

Neven had invested his own savings, six hundred dollars, in the Karns well, which was now being drilled about two miles from town. He had put Mrs. Larrabee's thousand dollars into the Warren well, not so promising a property, he thought, which was only a few hundred yards from the other.

The drill in each well had already passed through layers of solid rock and of slate and a current of salt water, and now was near the stratum of glass like rock beneath which oil might be found. In an hour or two he might be a millionaire or no, he would be a pauper, in any event. Jabez Wright, one of the drilling crew, had agreed to warn him by a cipher telegram of the chances of success or failure. If the well seemed likely to be "dry," Neven planned to rush out on the street and sell his interest before the public heard the news.

A tap at the door startled him. A boy appeared with a yellow envelope. Neven took it and tore it open. "Sand reached," the cipher, translated, told him. "Dry! Better sell!" "Dry! All his savings gone in a moment!"

James Neven was not a demonstrative man. He paid the boy and, when he was gone, stood staring at the floor. His skin looked yellow and as if it were tightly drawn over his sharp features, but only his clenched hands told his emotion.

Suddenly he seized his hat. He must sell at once, shift his loss upon somebody else! He opened the door. It seemed that Bushby, the town gossip, had been just about to enter. "I heard the news, Neven!" Bushby asked. "The Karns is a dry well!"

"Yes, so I've heard," said Neven, quietly. Useless now to try to sell! He turned back into his office. Bushby sat down on the steps outside and lighted a cigar.

"Neven," he called presently, "telegram boy after you!" He lounged into the office as Neven opened a second cipher despatch. "Warren well struck oil," it told him. "Promises to be a gusher."

The strip of paper shook in Neven's hand. This luck had come to the Larrabees! He was ruined! Oh, if he had only put his money into the Warren well and theirs into the Karns! But Neven was outwardly calm as he drew a blank message toward him and told the boy to wait. Bushby, leaning on the table, glanced familiarly over his shoulder at the direction of the message.

FLOSSIE'S UMBRELLA

Flossie is always kind to animals. She never pulls their tails, nor chases them, nor teases them. The other day a big stray dog followed her home from Sunday school. He was a handsome dog, with a nice collar on—somebody's pet. But he had lost his way, for he was young, and he did not know how to get back home.

Flossie asked her mother if she might give him something to eat. How the dog did eat up the scraps of meat she gave him! Then he licked Flossie's hand, as much as to say, "Thank you, little girl!" Flossie's father looked at the dog's collar and read the name of his master and sent him safely home.

Flossie did not see him again for a long while. One day Flossie was going to Aunt Margaret's to spend the day. It looked a little cloudy, and mother gave her an umbrella. Flossie had gone more than half way when suddenly the rain came, and Flossie opened the umbrella. But, swoop! the wind caught it out of her hand and carried it far away down the street.

Flossie started to run after it, but it kept on tumbling and tossing ahead of her. It began to rain harder and Flossie began to cry. Then, all at once, something big and black dashed by her and ran after the umbrella faster than the wind could go. What do you think it was? It was Flossie's friend, the stray dog. Before she could cry any more he had caught the runaway umbrella and was dragging it back to her by the handle. How he did wag his tail, as if to say, "Here it is, little girl. One good turn deserves another. You brought me back to my master and now I have brought your umbrella back to you."—Sunbeam

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S ESSAY This is a boy's essay on his family relations. It reveals a great deal of his home life and is a model essay, because it tells so much in a brief space. "Ma is my mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Therefore pa's name is Shrimp; so is Ma's."

"My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to pa. I like grandma better than pa does. She brings me dimes and bolivars. She don't bring any to pa. May be that's why he don't like her."

"Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she washes sister. I like little sisters. Dicky Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her 'that Mopps girl. I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself."

"Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma would rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that a man wanted to marry her, but that while poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving. 'Besides,' she said, 'what would become of your pa?'"

"Aunt Jerusha has a state of health, too. On washing day she has the headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar, and I have to make toast at the kitchen fire. I make some for myself, too."

"Aunt Jerusha says nobody knows what she has done for that boy, that boy's ma again. I told pa what she said. Pa said it was just so. Nobody did know. Ma says Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she is pa's dear sister. I don't see why that's any reason she should always scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife."

THERE IS ONLY ONE ECLECTIC OIL. — When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves could never win on their own merits. Imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil have been numerous, but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not put off with a substitute, but demand the real thing.

ST BASIL'S CHURCH, BRANTFORD. The Brantford Expositor of Nov 10, reports the remarks of Father Lennon with regard to the finances of St. Basil's Church: "When the very gentleman (Father Lennon) came to the parish some twenty years ago, he found the church with a debt of some \$15,000 and the daylight streaming through the roof of the building, and the rain-drops on a wet morning frequently keeping them company. Repairs and renovations to the amount of an other \$15,000 had since been put upon the building, and this sum, together with \$8,000 of the original debt of \$15,000 had been wiped out, leaving a balance of some \$7,000 yet standing against the church. This is a most excellent record, a standing example to other churches whose congregations have a greater abundance of this world's wealth. The collection next week will be to reduce the remaining \$7,000."

Lord Hugh Cecil, the Tory leader of the campaign in favor of the Education Bill, is the gentleman who jeered and laughed when William O'Brien informed the House of Commons that Irish members of Parliament cast into jail under the coercion laws were compelled to wash the underclothing of abandoned women. And this is the fellow by whom the Irish members are expected to be led into the lobby in the cause of religion.

THEY ARE A POWERFUL NFR. DINE.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous system once neglected is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nervous centres.

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