

HOME CIRCLE ekkekekekekeke

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
Gospel, St. Matt. ix. 1-8: Jesus cures the
Man sick of the Palsy.

Bu. 20 | St. Michael, Archangel.
M. 30 | St. Joromo, C.D.
T. 1 | St. Remigius, B.C.
W. 2 | Hely Guardian Angels.
Th. 3 | St. Dionysius, B.M.
F. 4 | St. Francis of Assisi, C.M.
S. 5 | St. Placidus, M.

DEATH THE DOORWAY.

Let not your soul be saddened by dread of darksome death;

dread of darksome death;
Immortal life depends not upon the mortal breath.
Behold this worm; no creature more helpless can be found,
Yet this, too, has a future, by death upraised, unbound,
It crawls its brief existence till Summer's sun has fled;
Then lies in cocoon shrouded and, as a worm, is dead.
But when the warmth of springtime breaks through its silent tomb,
On radiant wings it floats on air, and sips the flower's periume.
'And yet the self-same spirit that moved the creeping thing,
Now flutters in this moth's light form and on its rainbow wing.

Out of the acorn's foulness that now

Out of the acorn's fonliness that now lies here decayed, Shall rise the giant oak tree, with broadly spreading shade; And every seed that buried and seems to rot away, But proves that death is doorway unto a higher day; But proves that death is needful to loose the spirit's wings, And that all life is only the germ of better things.

—Alexander Jeffrey, in The Phillistine.

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THE BRIGHT SPIRIT.

To the bright-spirited friend we always turn when we need human help. In affliction we have no use for the one who looks on the dark side of life. He is as uscless as dark, lowering skies are to the already storm beaten land.

It is the bright spirit that scatters sunbeams and lifts from the saddened soul the face of sorrow. Just as the morning sun scatters the great black shadows of night so does that sweet, happy spirit drive the sorrow and gloom from the atmosphere about it. It is no wonder that we look to the bright friend for help when we are submerged with affilication and sor-No other can help us in the dark hours of bereavement and trial. Just as the crushed, broken flower seeks to catch the sweet sunbeams, so do we turn to the bright soul. - St. Anthony's Messenger.

* * * WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

The Rev. Augustine Brugnoli, O S. M., preaching recently at the Service Church, Fulham, London, from the text, "And who is my neighbor?" said, every poor person was our neighbor, and those who were rich should remember that the wealth they were in charge of was not theirs, that it was left to them to dispose of it, for "The earth is the Lord's and the fultess thereof." Man was only the steward, and would have to give a strict account of the property entrusted to him. It was, herefore, absolutely necessary for the rich man to assist his roor neighbor, for "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and God in turn would reward the cheerful giver. Life here was subject to many changes and chances, and it often occurred that those who were uppermost to-day upon the wheel of fortune, were down the next day. It beliooved us to be kind to the poor and the afflicted for they were our neighbors, and especially to despised sinners, upon whom our Lord had mercy. The Son of God did not refuse to associate with those whom the world rejected. We should, therefore, learn to recognize our neighbor, no matter what his station in life might be. . . .

CHATS W'TH YOUNG MEN.

Nearly every young man, unless he intends to be a priest, intends some day or other to get married. That is the matural order of things. such is the state of things it behaves, every man with such intentions to consider well the few hints here suggested for perusal.

The first thing to be well understood is that marriage don't work miracles. It leaves you just where you were before, with this exceptionthat "you are not yourself at all," but have become somebody else's and that means an extra burden. Therefore you must be prepared for this new encumbrance. It is true the wife you have taken is supposed to be helpmate, but it doesn't always fol-Newsthat she will be; so I say you must be prepared. Prepared for what? To pay rent, to pay butcher's, baker's; and dressmaker's bills declaration made none of them; and sometimes apothecary's bills, too. "the Perlumers (Unguentari) beg How are your going to prepare for that you will elect Verus Aedile," is

all this? I'll tell you. Begin at once to save a little, no matter how small the sum, every week. It is wonderful the effect this will have upon you. There are lots of extra expenses you can stat down upon, and lay side the small sums, all for this good purpose. "The boys will think me small, and say I'm no good any more." So some of them will; but what is the odds? You are not living for the boys. The "boys" will not be overgenerous with you when you are getting married and need all the few dollars you can scrape together. They'll be with you at the grand spread; but when the bills are to be met "where are they at?" So I say begin at once to save.

Then use the common sense God has given you, and keep your eyes wide c n when you select a good wife. "Love is blind," 'tis true, "but mar-liage opens the eyes." Still love need not be stone-blind; a squint in one of the eyes or a triffe short-sightedness may be pardoned, but total blindness in this matter is unpardonable. Keep your two eyes open, for one whom you have reason to believe will make you a good wife - a real helpmate. Doll faces, piquant manners, dainty hands, may do well enough for a night or two at a bail. but it's all the comfort they'll bring for a lifetime. Don't forget that, young man. Think a little over what is here written; don't fancy it doesn't apply to you. It will be your case some day to have to consider all these things. A hint to the wise is suffi-

POMPEII THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Writing of a visit to the site of the ancient city of Pompeii, Mr. Connellan, the well-known correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal, says:

at the very old times when Pompeli flourished in the sight of day, it did its own sins, if we may believe the evidence furnished by the buried city, and it paid the penalty of its own crimes. What a change it is to come here from the noise of Maples. In this City of the Dead there is an absence of sound that is very impressive One of the many poets who have written of it, says:

"The silence there was what most haunted me. Long spec. hless streets, whose stepping stones invite Feet which shall never come; to left and right gav colonades and courts - beyond the glce, heartless, of that forgetful Pagan Sea."

These lines suggest so much of what opens out before your gaze in the very interesting little city which disappeared from human eyes in the year A. D.: "Long speechless streets," 'gay colonades and courts," and all the manifold signs of the life of a city suddenly suspended at the supreme moment of its activity. When entering by the Sea Gate and passing through the Basilica towards the Forum, you see the ruts deeply worn in the lava blocks that paved the streets by the chariot wheels of the time of Caesar or the days of Nero, your imagination becomes quickened in thinking of the apparent nearness and actual farness of that time from

However impressive such sights are inducing as they do to strange combinations of memory and imagination, they pale in effect before the actual opening of a house in Pompeii. That is indeed a spectacle productive of the The workmen, who have to clear out about a foot and a half's depth of the ashes and "lapillae" with which the Poor of the house is covered, are equally excited with the spectators to see what this may hold of the objects that have lain here for more than eighteen centuries. As the men work the objects discovered are held up to the gaze of the onlookers, and passed round to a lew of them for examination. It is safe to say that in the long course of ages no human eye has looked upon these househols utensils or objects of art, since the fatal day in A. D. 79, when the ashes from Vesuvius overwhelmed the wicked little city and buried it for centuries to

In addition to the evidence furnished in the objects disinterred in the houses and buildings excavated regarding the arts and life of the past dwellers in this little city, the walls contain numberless inscriptions, either engraved on marble or nainted on plaster, or scratched on vacant spaces by the knife or stylus of some idler. The greater number of these, which have been deciphered and commented on by scholars and students of antiquity, consist of election posters. "The Carpenters and Carters desire that Marcellinus be Aedile," is the

the request made in arother workers, Porters, Goldsmiths, Fruiterers appeal in favor of their special candidate, These calls on the voters generally and with the letters O. V. F. (Oro vos facitis), equivalent to 'Please vote for him." That the people of Pompeil were not ail grave and serious may be deduced from one of there inscriptions announcing that the "Society of Late-Drinkers unanimously request the candidature of Cerrinius Vatia-Agrassito," or a scratching on the wall of a tavers. In the street of the Augustales informs the visitor that "Hone says: Here you may drink for one acs. He who gives two will have a better drink. What must you pay .or Palernian (wine)?"

The names of women are met with on several occasions recommending certain candida'es, but they are suspected of being tavern-keepers. They had, however, a pronounced taste for home politics. One of them, Statia, is mot with on two of these appeals, with an interval of two years between them. Another, Petronia, joins her name to that of Statia in favor of Cassellius and Albucius, and they add: "May there be such citizens in perpetuity in the colony (or city)."

Then there are the play-bills, or announcements of sports to be performed in the city by companies of gladiators. One of these was found on a wall near the "Casa del Centanario," in Pompeii, and the inscription, which was mutilated, was supplied from a similar inscription on a picture of the amphitheatre:

"Twenty pairs of Gladiators, paid by Decimus Lucreties, Satrius Valens, flamen or priest, in the time of Nero, the son of Cacoar Augustus, and ten pairs of Gladiators, paid by Decimus Lucretius, the son of Decimus Valens, will fight at Pompeli on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of April. There will be a splendid hunting scene, and the awning will be spread. -Written by Celer.-Emilius Celer, writer of inscriptions, wrote this by noo ght."

That, certainly, was an interesting announcement to the show-loving and sporting young men of the town. As you stand in the silent, empty amphitheatre, which has, in its present condition, a marvellous echo that repeats the lightest word, the image of the twenty pairs of Gladiators engaged in bloody combat, rises before the mind. In the great Museum at; Naples the helmets and, breat-plates and other armour, worn by the Gladiators, and all their weapons, may be studied in great detail. So the imagination has no difficulty here in reconstructing the show provided by Colmus Lucretius Statius Valens inthe first century of the Christian era. A walk through the streets of Pompeii, informed by the studies of the many scholars who have given years to the ek;ucidation of its art, its life, its manners, and customs, and religion, will do more to make you acquainted with the nature of the people who lived in that carly time, than probably any other promenade in the wide world. It is all so strange and artling, and full of intense human interest, that you feel as if you were also an "ancient in the shadowy agcs."

If you wanner into the little Museum near the Sea Gate you will be brought into still closer relationship with the people of Pompeii in the uast. The most important and enthralling objects in it are the plaster casts of hodies that were overwhelmed and "anowed in," as it were, by the hot ashes which fell during the eruption that destroyed the city. The ash was as fine, or even finer, than ordinary domestic dust, says one writer, and consequently enveloped the human bodies or other substances substance buried thus made an exact mould of their forms in the ash, just as an object buried in a snowdrift makes an exact mould in the snow. It may be readilv understood that all that was perishable of the hulhan bodies thus buried perished, while the bones remained, and remained exactly, in their places as they fell. When the excavators came upon an opening t'at appeared in the ash with which a house was filled they poured into it liquid plaster of Paris, and having left it to time to harden they removed the external ash and obtained an exact cast of the body, or other object, original-

ly there. These plaster casts taken from the forms of the dead, with all the agony of suffering in the face and attitudes, are real statutes, one might say, taken from the life at the very moment of death. Here is the life-sized figure of a young girl - one of the most pathetic in the collection. Her hair is gathered in a knot on the top of her head, and her left hand is over her mouth to save her from the ashes or the vapour; her right arm supports her forehead as she fell. There are about half a dozen of such figures; but some of them have not been successfully east. A mother and daughter lying close together is a touching

group
This is the silence of Death; the city is the "City of the Dead." Naples is the city of noise and bustle and life and it contrasts in every way with the neighboring peaceful Pompell.



THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold, And his face is as clear as the sky, And whoever he meets, on lanes or

And whoever he macts, on lanes or street,

He looks him straight in the aye with a fearless pride that has naught to hide,

Though he bows like a little knight, Quite debonair, to a lady fair, with a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother cail? Not kite or hall
Or the prettiest game can stay
His cager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little
friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good
marks canned.

marks carned. All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and
Sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole
day long
As merry as boy can be.
A gentleman, dears, in the coming
years,

And at present the boy for me. *******

CONUNDRUMS.

What land was originally from water? Iceland.

What is the difference between a child who has counted but ten summers and a popular game? One is ten, and the other tennis.

Why is the sugar with which a ship is freighted like a locomotive? It niakes the cargo (car go).

Why is a scholar at the head of his class like the letter S? He is in school, and always learns his les-

Why is an old-fashioned dress like the letter I,? It is not in vogue. What tune do all men prefer? For-

What servant does every man be come when he is married? A groom. What kind of men do scissors most résemble? Peacemakers.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? Because, when exposed to fire, they "run." ***

BOR'S FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

In perfect health, and in the best of spirits Bob Wende set, out for school one bright June morning. His mother smiled a fond parting to him as she watched him from the door of their little cottage. She lingered on the step till Bob was out of sight; then the sinile faded away, and with a heavy sigh, she turned to her daily

She was poor and none too happy When Bob was a baby his father died, leaving Mrs. Wende heart-broken over her loss, and sorely puzzled as to how she was to earn a living for baby and herself. She knew the little money her husband had saved would only support them about a year. Being a

Have You Sore Throat?

Hoarseness, Cold in the Head, Headache and Pains in the Limbs and Body.

If you are not suffering more or less from these symptoms you are one of the few. The majority of people realize that there is a mild form of la

realize that there is a mild form of la grippe going the rounds. Few escape it. You can be promptly relieved and cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Many neople know well enough that there is no cough and cold treatment to be compared with Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, but they sometimes fail to insist on having Dr. Chase's and no other, and the drurgist fives them some cheap substitute. You need not blame the drurgist for making a larger profit on a substitute when you do not insist on getting what you ask for.

The next time you need medicies for coughs, colds, bronchitis and kindred ailments be sure you get Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It gets right down at the cause

Chase's Swrun of Linseed and Turpentine. It gets right down it the cause of the cold and removes it. It is more thorough and far-reaching than any cough medicine you ever used, and is wonderfully prompt in action.

Mr. J. Wiggins, 120 Shuter street, Toronto, states. "Both my mother and myself were suffering from an attack of la grippe, when we heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is a pleasure to testify to its worth since one bottle effected a cure for both cases. Without doubt it is a prayelous remedy."

cure for both cases. Without doubt it is a marvelous remedy."

Mr. George Palmer, 87 Palmerston avenue, Toronto, says: "I have suffered from bronchial trouble for the past five years, and can say truthully that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the only remedy that has ever given me permanent relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and

relief."
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar preparation. Insist on getting it, and vou will be more than pleased with the results, 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson. Bates & Co., Toronto.

RIPANS TABULES Doctors find A Good Prescription For mankind

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practical woman, she decided to spend the year in learning how to earn money. She had a taste for sewing; and after a year's apprenticeship in a dressor king establishment, was able well that she was kept very

The years flew by and Bob grew rapidly. His mother guarded him tenderly, and trained lis heart and mind so carefully that at ten years of age Boh was a very bright, attractive boy. He was in the First Communion class in St. Joseph's parish, and was very appreciative of the wonderful happiness he was so soon to receive. Father John had charge of the First Communion class in the parish school that Bob attended. He assured Bob's anxious mother that he felt sure Bob's Communion would be a very

good one. It was the day before the retreat began that we saw Bob off. He had just been talking seriously with his mother on the all important topic of his-First-Comerunion

"You know, 130b, dear," his mother had said, "on that day, on the way vou receive your First Communion depends your whole future life. If it is good, if you do all in your power to prepare your heart to receive your Lord, then you will find it easy to be good for the rest of your life. But be careful, dear, be very careful." Bob sealed his promise with a kiss,

and went whistling down the street. That noon as Bob was walking home from school his attention was arrested by a horse which was running away. The driver had been thrown from the cart, and the frightened animal was having it all his own way. Just then Bob saw a little poodle dog lying in the middle of the road and the horse was almost upon him. The dog, evidently, had a b. oken leg, because he seemed unable to crawl away from the coming dan-

.Bob made a frantic dive and grabbed the little dog in his arms. As he felt the cold nose of the horse on his face, he also felt the earth swim beforc him, and soon he was unconscious. The horse had stepped on him and he was badly hurt. They carried him to the hospital, and after an operation, the authorities sent for Bob's mother

When Mrs. Wende arrived in the ward she found her merry boy quiet and white, with a solemn, peaceful look in the once roguish blue eyes. He smiled when he saw his mother, and after a hug and a kiss, he said "Mother, dear, the doctors say I

cannot live. Will you send for Father John, and beg him to let me make my First Communion before I die? I won't mind going after that." Seeing his mother's tears, he added, "Not much, mother, dear."

Father John soon came, heard the lad's confession; and then - in the quiet ward, with no flowers nor music, none of the usual accompaniments, Bob received his first holy Commun ion. As he lay back on the pillows, with a peaceful, heavenly light on the boyish face, Father John said softly. "God doth all things well," and ever in the anguish of her heart the moth-"Amen," for well she knew that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS have found Pain-Killer very useful. There is nothing equal to it in all cases of bowel troubles. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Advertising in the Register Tells

100

"I have been benefitted by my advertisement in The Register and can trace many customers as a result of it." H. C. Tomlin, Toronto Bakery, Bathurst street.

Mr. P. F. Cronin, blanaging Editor The Catholic Register: Dear' Mr. Cronin—Permit me to add my congratulations upon the improved appearance of The Tylester under your management. Viewed from the Journalistic and typographical standpoint, The Register seems to me to be fast becoming what the ideal Catholic Canadian newspaper should be. There is no valid reason why our Catholic Canadian homes should be without a Catholic Canadian homes should be without a Catholic Canadian newspaper and in this respect I trust The Register will meet with the success it deserves and displace, as it should, the American newspaper which is very often taken to the exclusion of our Catholic Canadian weeklies.

sion of our Catholic Canadian weeklies.

Allow me also as an advertiser to express my appreciation of the manner in which your mechanical department has always responded to suggestions given as to display etc., in advertising matter. This is a source of genuine satisfaction to one who endeavors to make his advertising PAY.

Let me add that as a proof of.

make his advertising PAY.

Let me add that as a proof of our confidence in the advertising columns of vour paper that we have this day contracted for double our usual space,

Faithfully yours.

W. E. BLAKE,

Proprietor Blake's West Side Catholic Book Store, Toronto.

THE PERSON NAMED IN

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps. By diligence and self-command; let him put the bread he eats at his own disposal, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom. Let much of human life is lost in watting. Let him not make his fellow-creatures wait. How many words and promises are promises of conversation? Let his be words of fate.—Christianity and Fashion.

TO CHARM

THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessure. In grace of design and beauty of finish it is unexcelled. Its thoroughness of construction insures against disappointment. But its truest excellence is the marvellous quality of tone it produces.

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited MAYER, PIAZOS, REPD ORGANS AND FIFE ORGANS

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO