

The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

- Su. 29 St. Michael, Archangel. M. 30 St. Jerome, C.D. T. 1 St. Remigius, B.C. W. 2 Holy 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; Immortal life depends not upon the mortal breath.

Out of the acorn's foulness that now lies here decayed, Shall rise the giant oak tree, with broadly spreading shade.

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.

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.

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

The Rev. Augustine Brugnoli, O. S. M., preaching recently at the Servite 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 fullness thereof."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

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

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 shut down upon, and lay aside the small sums, all for this good purpose.

POMPEII THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Writing of a visit to the site of the ancient city of Pompeii, Mr. Connelan, the well-known correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal, says: "In the very old times when Pompeii 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."

"The silence there was what most haunted me. Long speechless streets, whose stepping stones invite feet which shall never come; to left and right gay colonades and courts - beyond the gate, heartless, of that forgotten Pagan Sea."

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 keenest excitement. The workmen, who have to clear out about a foot and a half's depth of the ashes and "lapillae" with which the floor 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.

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 painted on plaster, or scratched on vacant spaces by the knife or stylus of some idler.

the request made in another Salt-workers, Porters, Goldsmiths, Fruit-ers appeal in favor of their special candidate. These calls on the voters generally end with the letters O. V. P. (Oro vos facitis), equivalent to "Please vote for him."

The names of women are met with on several occasions recommending certain candidates, but they are suspected of being tavern-keepers. They had, however, a pronounced taste for home politics. One of them, Statia, is met with on two of these appeals, with an interval of two years between them.

"Twenty pairs of Gladiators, paid by Decimus Lucretius, Sarius Valens, flamen or priest, in the time of Nero, the son of Caesar Augustus, and ten pairs of Gladiators, paid by Decimus Lucretius, the son of Decimus Valens, will fight at Pompeii on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of April.

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 breast-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 Decimus Lucretius Statius Valens in the first century of the Christian era.

If you wander into the little Museum near the Sea Gate you will be brought into still closer relationship with the people of Pompeii in the past. The most important and enthralling objects in it are the plaster casts of bodies that were overwhelmed and "snowed 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 completely.

These plaster casts taken from the forms of the dead, with all the agony of suffering in the face and attitudes, are real statues, 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 cast. A mother and daughter lying close together is a touching group.

Children's Corner

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 street, He looks him straight in the eye.

Does his mother call? Not kite or ball Or the prettiest game can stay His eager feet as he hastens to greet. Whatever she means to say, And the teachers depend on the little friend.

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.

BOB'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 smile faded away, and with a heavy sigh, she turned to her daily work.

Have You Sore Throat?

Headaches, 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 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.

RIPAN'S TABLETS. Doctors find A Good Prescription For mankind. There is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the medicinal use of Ripan's Tablets...

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 dressmaker's establishment, was able to do well that she was kept very busy.

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.

Advertising in the Register Tells

"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. Toronto, Sept. 17, 1901. Mr. P. F. Cronin, managing Editor The Catholic Register: Dear Mr. Cronin - Permit me to add my congratulations upon the improved appearance of The Register under your management.

TO CHARM THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessors. 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. WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO. MANUFACTURERS OF PIANOS, REED ORGANS AND FIFTE ORGANS.