

ANGELS of light, spread your bright wings and keep
Near me at morn!
Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,
Leave me forlorn.

TENTH MONTH **October** **THE ROSARY**
31 DAYS **THE HOLY ANGELS**

1902

DAY	MONTH	DAY	FEAST	MOON	PHASE
1	Oct	1	St. Gregory of Armenia.	11	Waxing
2	Oct	2	St. Nicholas of Myra.	12	Waxing
3	Oct	3	St. Francis of Assisi.	13	Waxing
4	Oct	4	St. Elizabeth.	14	Waxing
5	Oct	5	St. John the Evangelist.	15	Full
6	Oct	6	St. Ignace of Loyola.	16	Waning
7	Oct	7	St. Anne.	17	Waning
8	Oct	8	St. Rose of Lima.	18	Waning
9	Oct	9	St. Elizabeth.	19	Waning
10	Oct	10	St. Ignace of Loyola.	20	Waning
11	Oct	11	St. Ignace of Loyola.	21	Waning
12	Oct	12	St. Ignace of Loyola.	22	Waning
13	Oct	13	St. Ignace of Loyola.	23	Waning
14	Oct	14	St. Ignace of Loyola.	24	Waning
15	Oct	15	St. Ignace of Loyola.	25	Waning
16	Oct	16	St. Ignace of Loyola.	26	Waning
17	Oct	17	St. Ignace of Loyola.	27	Waning
18	Oct	18	St. Ignace of Loyola.	28	Waning
19	Oct	19	St. Ignace of Loyola.	29	Waning
20	Oct	20	St. Ignace of Loyola.	30	Waning
21	Oct	21	St. Ignace of Loyola.	31	Waning

Indulgenced Prayer
"Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom I've clung since birth,
Lead this body to the light
And light and guard to rule and guide—Amen.

WOMAN'S MISSION.
Whether she admits it or not, the mission of a woman in this world is to make one or more men happy. In this she generally defeats her object, because she does not understand that man is naturally a happy animal, who only becomes unhappy when he feels that some one is doing her utmost to make him happy. He wants to be left alone. This is all.

Leave a man alone, and he is as happy as a baby in a mud puddle. Try to make him happy, and he is as uncomfortable as a small boy in a new pair of boots and a white sailor suit, in which he may not play for fear of soiling it.

There are few women who are naturally competent to make a man happy. The average girl who gets married is about as fit to be trusted with the care of a husband as the care of a giraffe.

That is why the first year or so of married life is so trying to those concerned.

On the face of them, the wife's loving inquiries and advice are perfectly harmless, and even calculated to send the man into the seventh heaven of delight to think that there should be any one in the world to care so much about his unworthy person as to worry so much concerning the details of his clothing.

Women who are learned in the handling of man never dream of reminding him several times that dinner is on the table when he is absorbed in some work of occupation. They know very well that he has had to learn to take his occupation seriously, and that, if he does not come to dinner at the first call it is because he feels that his work is of more importance than his dinner.

He may be planning out a vast business scheme, or he may be merely painting his dog kennel. In either case he will prefer to eat his dinner cold rather than interrupt his work.

Mr. Punch's advice, "Feed the brute," is good, but there is nothing that takes away the appetite of the average man more than worrying him as to what he would like for dinner. To know what he is going to eat robs his dinner of all its novelty and half its charm.

Like the warhorse sniffing the battle from afar, hungry man likes to guess, from the delightful aromas and spicy gates that reach his inquiring nose from the kitchen, what he is going to eat to-day.

It is well for housekeepers to preserve an air of mystery until the cover is lifted from the dish with a conjurer's flourish.

If the man has guessed boiled rabbit and discovers Irish stew, he hails the Irish stew as a novelty.

If he has guessed rabbit, and the lifted cover reveals that his surmise has been correct, he is equally pleased both with himself and with his dinner.

Never tell a man that a certain article of food is "delicious." He is a shy animal, and will at once regard the dish with suspicion, thinking that you are trying to work off on him some item of the pantry which has been hanging fire for a week.

Then he will probably elect to make his meal of bread and cheese, and you, your housekeeper that you are, will retire to the pantry and weep salt tears over your rejected dainties.

Above all things, beware of tidying a man's personal belongings, and more especially his papers, for the dustier has ruined the happiness of as many homes as drink.

Man is an untidy animal, according to women's ideas, but there is method in his madness, and order in the chaos of articles that litter his tables.

Leave his belongings in a heap as he has left them, and he will be able to lay his hand at once upon any single article he requires.

Tidy him up, and he is lost.

Above all things, beware of disposing of his old clothes and his old pipes.

Just as a woman loves new clothes and jewels, a man clings to the old raiment which has shaped itself to his form, and the pipes which have sweetened his service. An old coat which has worn through at the elbows, a pair of slippers which are yawning at the toes for very weariness, and a straw hat which has parted at the crown and at the brim, are often esteemed by a man above rubies and pearls. They are to his body what an easy conscience is to his soul.

All young wives who are intrusted with the happiness of a husband will do well to remember, when they are tempted to exchange their husband's old raiment for an enticing pot of ferns, that old, old story of the princess who exchanged Aladdin's wonderful lamp for a cheap, sparkling, spurious new burner.

Human nature has not altered much since the days of Aladdin, and a man's old coats, like his old friends, are as precious to him as the palace was to Aladdin.

As Aladdin's princess doubtless thought she was doing a great stroke to promote his happiness when she exchanged his lamp for her latter day sister often thinks she is making a man happy when she is really doing her innocent utmost to promote his misery.

All of which may be avoided by the cultivation of the gentle art of letting him alone.—Home Chat.

HOW ONE HOUSEWIFE MAKES FULL.
(From The Utica Observer.)
Here is the manner in which one housewife has to a certain degree overcome the pressing question of fuel:

She took four common bricks and placed them in a pail. Over the bricks she poured a gallon of kerosene oil and let them stand until the bricks had absorbed all the oil they would take up. Then she took out two of the bricks and placed them in the kitchen range and set fire to them. They burned fully two hours, and the fire they made was one by which it was possible to do any kind of cooking or other work requiring considerable heat. The lady says in this way it will be possible in her home to get along with the cooking, washing and ironing without resort to gas. There was no unpleasant odor or any trouble whatever, for the oil must be used away like a stove full of good wood.

OCTOBER'S MARKET BASKET.
The market in October is very attractive, moreover, being very plentiful. Almost everything can be found in the line of vegetables, fish and game. In the fish market we find all the usual ordinary fish, plus smelts, pompanos, lobsters, scallops, shrimps, trout, halibut, salmon. Game has been ushered in, it is no expensive, and we find woodcock, snipe, squabs, pigeons, venison, redbird, pheasants, wild ducks and grouse at their best and within the purse of every one. In the vegetable line, of course, we have not at our disposal the thousand-and-one varieties to be found in the summer months, yet sweet potatoes, egg plant, oyster plant, parsnips, spinach, kale, lettuce, endive, tomatoes, celery, cabbage, Brussels, sprouts, beets, cress, mushrooms, onions, artichokes and carrots furnish us with enough variety for the table. Of course, cucumbers, peaches, cantaloupe, plums, corn (all out of season) food can be obtained at a very small cost. Soft-shell crabs are not in their prime, but instead we must not forget the oyster, which more than replaces other shell fish and which we have with us till April.

Pineapple, bananas, apples all varieties of pears, grapes, quinces, chestnuts are the only fruits to be found.—The Kitchen.



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OF THE LEAVES.
(By A Hugh Fisher.)
O leaves with little language sweet,
I entreat, entreat,
O leaves with little language gay,
What saw you to-day?
"We saw a stranger that pleaded naught
Long lone at a lady that needed naught
As she passed on her way and heeded naught—
That's what we saw to-day"
O leaves with pretty whispering speech,
I beseech, beseech,
O leaves with little language gay,
What more saw you to-day?
"We saw the man's heart bleed a while,
We saw him play on a reed a while
And he laid him down on the mead a while,
Till death took him away
O leaves that make my heart so sore,
I implore, implore
To-day you saw such things of sorrow,
What will you see to-morrow?
"To-morrow the lady will linger there,
She'll touch the reed with her fingers there
That learned her notes to-day."

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an east India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W A Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N Y

A FITTING EPITAPH
(From The Lutheran.)
A medical director of the United States navy—Dr. Michael Brady—recently died leaving behind him a very strange, but no doubt consistent, will. He strictly enjoined the beneficiaries named therein not to pay one cent to any Roman Catholic church or hospital, or any other so-called charity, and stipulated in particular that no priest should be called in to "mumble Latin" over him at his funeral, nor any other minister. Having cut himself loose from all religious sentiments and affiliations, he makes equal havoc with his family ties. As an evidence of the dislike he bore one sister, he cuts her off with \$10—probably because she was a faithful member of the Church—and bequeathed the rest of his estate to another sister and a favorite nephew. Over his grave might be inscribed the words: "Not one cent for charity or Church. Thus dies a foe to all good works. His ashes will rest more peacefully than his soul, but he was at least consistent—more than can be said of some rich Lutherans who gave little to the church while they lived and left it still less when they died."

The HOME CIRCLE

IN THE COUNTRY IN THE FALL.
They are hauling in the buckwheat
From the field upon the hill,
And the swollen stream is roaring
O'er the dam below the mill;
The ripened butts are falling,
And the hungry peacock's calling
For the breakfast that the gander
Grabbed away;
While the squirrels gayly chatter
As if nothing were the matter,
And the gobbler's getting fatter
Every day.

The colts are in the pasture
And the cows wad o'er the lea;
All the whiffing hables are baked
Where the green leaves used to be,
The housewife, all a-futter,
Stirs the bubbling apple butter,
With the wood smoke in her nostrils
And her eyes are smarting;
On the line the wash is gleaming,
On the stove the duds are dreaming,
And, above, a hawk is screaming
As it flies.

The glossy quail is resting
On the weather-beaten log,
And the hantuman from the city
Stumbles down through brambles,
Over roots and over boulders,
With a pair of aching shoulders,
He goes strudging with his fifty-dollar
gun.
Always to his purpose cleaving,
Never halting, never grieving,
But contentedly believing
It is fun.

The farmer's rosy daughter
Helps the busy hired man;
They are husking corn as blithely
And as briskly as they can,
They are very near together
As they husk and wonder whether
There are red ears they shall chance
to find or not;
She is looking out to see one,
He is hoping he may "tree one,"
But there doesn't seem to be one
in the lot.

A subtle charm enfolds them
As they tear the husks away;
There is music in the cackle
Of the hen up in the hay;
Now she hears his exclamation
And is full of perturbation,
For at last—at last—the lucky ear is
found!
Flashes mount into their faces,
Ho the happy chance embraces—
And she giggles as he chases
Her around.

The farmer's lot is happy,
And the farmer's dreams are sweet,
There's no monog-in-his pockets
And his bins are full of wheat—
Free from all the city's clamor
He may live deying grammar,
And the leaves that fall serve not to
make him sad.
Having cleared up all his above,
Fearing naught from ships or
sabre,
He plays checkers with the neigh-
bors,
And is glad.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE WOMAN THAT'S GOOD.
O youth is a madcap and time is a
churl:
Pleasure palls and remorse follows
after;
The world hustles on in its pitiless
whirl,
With its kisses, its tears and its
laughter,
But there's one gentle heart in its
bosom of white,
The maid with the tender eyes
gleaming,
Who has all the wealth of my home-
age to-night,
Where she lies in her innocent
dreaming,
And a watch o'er her ever my spirit
shall keep,
While the angels lean down to
caress her,
And I'll pledge her again in her beau-
tiful sleep—
The woman that's good—Good bless
her!

Abraham Lincoln's honey was sweet to
the lip,
And the song and the dance were
alluring;
The mischievous maid, with the
mysterious lip,
Had a charm that was very-endur-
ing;
But out from the smoke wreaths and
music and lace
Of that world of the tawdrily elev-
ed,
There floats the rare spell of the
pure little face—
That has chased away folly forever,
And I drain my last toast ere I go to
my rest—
(O fortunate earth to possess her!)—
To the dear, tender heart in the lit-
tle white breast
Of the woman that's good—God
bless her!
—New Orleans Picayune.

A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.
(J. William Fischer.)
The church he loved so well is stand-
ing yet,
And twilight paints her faces on
the door;
And now I see him, ah, who could
forget
The good, old priest—his brow soft-
crowned o'er
With locks of gray? Who could forget
the eyes
Sweet raised at Mass in glad devo-
tion rare?
He taught us love, and stilled our
soul's deep sighs
And soothed the wounds that sin
left bleeding there,
And now in yonder graveyard fast he
sleeps
With those fond ones he buried
through the years
Of saintly toil, the spreading willow
weeps
Upon the lone cross bare her dewy
tears,
He is not dead, though his pure eyes
are dim,
Behold him in his better world, in
prayer for him.

—Rosary Magazine.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

(Feast of St. Francis, October 4.)
Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.
St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.
Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot
wait,
From moor and mere and darksome
wood
Come flocking for their dole of food.
"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away,
Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to
be,
Not mine, though they be spoken
through me.
O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays.
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of
brown.
He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"
With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throng,
And singing scattered far apart,
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.
He knew not if the brotherhood
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SIN OF DETRACTION
"Detraction," said an English
priest in the course of a sermon, "is
one of the cleverest devices of the
devil. An unbridled tongue is like il-
logical possession. He who contracts
the habit of detraction seems almost
to lose his free will; the whole being
goes to the tongue, eyes, hands, feet,
mind, will and voice minister to it,
and find substance for its exercise."
"We cannot be too much on our
guard against this temptation, for of
all sins it is most difficult to obtain
forgiveness for that of detraction."
"In the first place, we are apt to
forget our own words, and so do not
confess them; in the second, if we
have taken away our neighbor's good
name we cannot obtain pardon unless
we make restitution, and in such a
case it is far more difficult to make
restitution than in one of ordinary
deeds, more especially where the
charge is true."
"Now let me suggest the remedy. If
we meditate frequently and regularly
on our own faults, our own weak-
nesses, conceit, vanity and manners
and transgressions against the light
and grace we have received from God,
we shall be less likely to dwell on the
faults of others. Let us strive, and
it is rooted out from amongst us. What
is not possible to poor human nature
is not only possible but easy with the
grace of God, and He will give us
strength if we seek it, to conquer our
conscience, and to do truth even on
earth to keep silence or to speak,
that they may be fitted one day to
sing His praise through all eternity."

THE OATH OF THE LEAVES.

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