

Parts 21 and 22 of Dr. Brennan's *Life of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother*, published by Benziger Bros., New York, are received.

Mr. Hickey the enterprising publisher of the *New York Catholic Review* intends bringing out in a few days a new weekly illustrated paper to be called *The Illustrated Catholic American*. The new venture has been spoken of in the highest terms by the Catholic press, and in common with them we heartily wish Mr. Hickey abundant success and God speed. The price will be \$3 per annum.

FACTIAL.

The fall trade is good and will improve when the slippery side-walk arrives.

"Money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman pompously. "Yes," replied the other one; "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

A newly-married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love-letters!" "Yes I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

A Boston wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband, when after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

New York proposes a school for plumbers. We are glad of this. It is time that a plumber should learn to compute more accurately than to make ten minutes' work with a soldering-iron and four hours of love-making to the cook, at sixty cents an hour, figure up \$19.84.—*Boston Post*.

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "They are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it Tom," returned the novelist. "Yes, sir," said Tom; "for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

Mr. Todd of Acton when the Act was put in force for writing the owners name at length on taxed carts, instead of "Amos Todd, Acton, a Taxed Cart, caused the following anagram to be inscribed:—"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart."

The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work."

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, pa, I never can remember the text; I have such a bad memory." "By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" joined in Mary's mother. "Oh, yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea-green silk, a black mantilla, brown boots, an imitation of Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fun!" "well my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

He came home very late one night, and, after fumbling with his latch-key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door: "I mush-makeny noish, caush holoman's ash-sleep." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill down his spinal column: "Why, my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat are you?"

The *Elmira Gazette* gives the code of hat flirtation signals:—Wearing the hat squarely on the head—I love you madly; tipping it over the right ear—my brother has the measles; wearing it on the back of the head—ta, ta; awfully awful; taking it off and brushing it the wrong way—my heart is busted; holding it out in the right hand—lend me a quarter; throwing it at a policeman—I love your sister; using it as a fan—come and see my aunt; carrying a brick in it—your cruelty is killing me; kicking it across the street—I am engaged; putting it on the ground and sitting on it—farewell forever."