

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BOILED CUCUMBERS.

Pare them and boil slowly in salted water until tender. Serve on toast, with drawn butter poured over them.

BACON FOR INVALIDS.

Slice the bacon very thin, almost thin enough to look through; broil on a gentle fire, turning very often; broil until the corners commence to curl; then serve on dipped toast.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.

Pare and cut into lengthwise slices half an inch thick and lay in ice water an hour; wipe each piece dry with a soft cloth, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge with flour. Fry a light brown in lard or butter.

JELLY CAKE FRITTERS.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter or olive oil, one cup of milk, one well-beaten egg, strawberry jam or peach jelly, stale spongecake or plain cake. Have some of the butter hot in the chafing-dish; dip slices of cake in the egg and milk mixed, and dry a light brown on both sides. Lay on a hot dish spread thickly with jelly or jam, and pile neatly together. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

BAKED TOMATOES.

Tomatoes are within the reach of almost every one now. They are excellent baked in the following way: Without peeling, cut off the top, take out the inside and chop it with a part of a cucumber, season with salt and pepper and a few drops of onion juice, add a little melted butter and thicken with bread crumbs over the top, heating them up, and bake about half an hour. Stick a piece of parsley in each one, and serve on the platter around broiled chops.

BAKED CUCUMBERS.

Wash good-sized cucumbers and cut them lengthwise down the centre. Remove the seeds and soft part. For three cucumbers use half a cupful of bread crumbs, butter the size of a small egg, salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Mix well and refill each half of cucumber; place in a dripping pan with a little water and bake three-quarters of an hour, or until tender and light brown. Serve with parsley around them.

PEACH BUTTER.

To one bushel of peaches allow from eight to ten pounds of granulated sugar. Pare and halve the peaches; put into the kettle and stir constantly to prevent sticking until perfectly smooth and rather thick. Some of the peach stones thrown in and cooked with the peaches give it a nice flavor, and they can be afterwards skimmed out. Add the sugar a short time before taking from the fire; put in jars and cover tight. Peaches should be neither too mealy nor too juicy.

YELLOW TOMATO PRESERVE.

Sixteen pounds of tomatoes, ten and a half pounds of sugar and the juice and grated outside rind of eight lemons. Remove the skins of the tomatoes and as you skin them drop in a colander to let the surplus juice drain off; then put them in the preserving kettle, cover with the sugar and let stand over night. In the morning drain the tomatoes from the juice and boil the juice and sugar to a syrup; skim it as it boils. Put in tomatoes and boil slowly twenty minutes; then take them out with a perforated skimmer and boil the syrup down quite thick; put in the juice and lemon rind shortly before taking from fire. Put the fruit in the jars first, so as to two-thirds fill them; then fill up with the juice and seal tightly.

HUCKLEBERRY ROLY-POLY.

Remove the strings from half a pound of beef suet; chop it fine and mix with a very little flour; sift together a pound of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of salt and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pick over a quart of sound huckleberries, dust a little flour over them and mix them with the sifted flour and chopped suet. Have a large pot of water boiling on the fire; dip a large square pudding cloth into the scalding water, and then dust it thickly with flour; quickly stir into the mixture just enough cold water to hold them together, and pour the dough upon the pudding cloth. By pressing outside the cloth shape the pudding into a long roll and securely tie it up in the cloth. Plunge it into the boiling water and boil it steadily for an hour and a half. Meantime make a sauce of sweetened cream, or of butter, sugar and boiling water. Season with nutmeg and add wine or brandy if desired.

ORANGE OMELET.

Three oranges, grated rind of one, two tablespoonfuls of butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a saltspoon of salt, four eggs. Pare and slice two oranges and sprinkle with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Grate the rind of the other orange and squeeze out the juice. Beat the yolks of the eggs until lemon-colored and thick; add the rest of the sugar and rind and the tablespoonfuls of orange juice. Beat the whites of the eggs until very stiff, then cut and fold (do not stir) into the rest of the mixture. Have the butter very hot in the omelet pan, and pour in the omelet. As it begins to thicken well, spread over the sliced oranges, fold the omelet over them from the sides of the pan, cover and finish cooking over the hot water pan.

The oranges may be prepared and the eggs beaten beforehand, spreading a damp cloth over the bowls containing the beaten eggs to keep them moist. It is a point to be emphasized in the graceful and expeditious use of the chafing-dish, that the materials be measured and prepared as much as possible beforehand.

FASHION AND FANCY.

SLEEVES AND SKIRTS.

Paris dressmakers are concerning themselves principally with the sleeves and skirts of the future. The large sleeve will die hard, and in Paris they suggest instead of a single balloon puff, a series of four, five, or six, placed at right angles apart, around a tightly

fitted sleeve. This is in the nature of a compromise, as the upper puff is around the armhole, and gives the broad effect now in favor. The Parisienne who adopts Marie Antoinette styles accepts the close-topped sleeve with a small puff at the elbow and a flowing ruffle around the wrist. But in all the Louis XVI. gowns Worth sends to this country he uses the puffed sleeve of to-day, but in moderation, that the anachronism may not be too conspicuous. Redfern predicts a return to the early Victorian styles, with long shoulder seams as their notable feature. These seams are well enough for those who have prettily turned shoulders, but the large sleeves with the shorter seams above them hide the lack of this beauty and are becoming to all.

The full skirt will continue another season, but with variations. Tablier breadths, panels and flounces are talked of instead of the plain skirt now in favor. Flounces are seldom liked for heavy fabrics, but the front breadth of a contrasting material breaks up the monotony of the plain skirt, and has the further advantage of offering a good plan for increasing the width of a skirt left over from a previous season. The new styles promise to bring combinations of two or three materials for one dress into use, and such plans make for economy.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

PLUCK.

"What's your name young 'un?" asked Jim Jagger in a patronizing manner of the new boy, as he leaned against the gymnasium door on the first day of the term. "Speak up—I shan't bite your head off!"

"I no talk much of Engleesh—I am from France."

"Oh, a Frenchy, are you?" said the other as he scanned the dark-eyed stranger rather contemptuously. "Well, I'm not much good at talking your language. Here, one of you chaps," he shouted, "fetch up that weekly boarder, young Edwards; I want him to do some parleyvoising."

"Yes, and find out if this new fellow has any cakes in his boxes," put in another boy, suggestively. "My trunks haven't come from the station yet."

"Edwards," cried the domineering Jagger, as a pale delicate-looking little lad was thrust forward through the crowd which had collected, "air your favorite French a bit, and find out from this Mossoo chap if he will join the baseball team."

Very shyly at first Bertie Edwards began his questioning as the others stood laughing and giggling behind him, but soon recovering his composure, had the new-comer's history; how his name was Emile Le Grand, and how his home had been in Paris till his father died, when his grandfather, who lived in New York, had brought him here.

"He knows nothing about baseball," Bertie explained to his audience; "has never seen it played, and—"

"Well, that settles it!" Jagger burst in. "I guessed he was a sooty, for his necktie is made like a girl's bow, and his hair sticks up all over like a blacking brush. He'll do for your chum, Edwards; you don't play games either. A pair of softies together! Ha—ha!" And off walked Jagger in scorn.

As Jagger's words carried a good deal of weight in St. Francis College, it was pretty generally thought that Emile was not "upto much," as the saying goes; and for the first few days, at any rate, he was left a good deal to his own company or to that of Bertie Edwards, a studious, sensitive little lad, whose health did not permit of his joining in games of football and baseball.

"I say, you fellows," Higgins Junior cried out one afternoon as he came running towards the ball ground where practising was going on; "you should go in to the 'gym' and see that little Mossoo chap figuring about on the ropes and bars. Edwards and I have been watching him. He's a perfect acrobat. He'll take it out of you, Jagger, at the high jump," he added mischievously.

"Will he? We shall see," the other exclaimed, not over-pleased at the suggestion. "I takes pluck as well as activity for that. I doubt if the little Mossoo has much of that commodity."

"Yes, he has!" a small voice exclaimed rather hoily, and turning the boys found to their astonishment a little champion for Emile in the shape of Bertie, whose usually pale face was now flushed crimson. "Why, his father was an awfully brave soldier."

"A fine lot you know about such things, young book worm," the bigger boy exclaimed patronizingly. "Well, get out of the way; and, Higgins, you take a turn at pitching now."

But it was soon generally recognized that Emile shown in the gymnasium, even the old drill-sergeant complimented him, and day by day the forlorn little French boy began to make friends among his schoolmates, till an event happened which at once placed him in the position of the most popular boy in the school.

It occurred in this way. One Saturday night, just as the supper bell had rung, a report went through the school that a large haystack of a house was on fire about two miles distant, and the blaze of it could be seen from the play ground. A rush out of the doors followed, and sure enough, away across the fields a thin column of smoke on which a lurid light was thrown every now and then was plainly visible.

"It is in the direction of Mr. Edward's house, I am afraid!" Brother John exclaimed. "Dear, dear! and the nearest fire-engine is Blackton, four miles away. Boys, we may be of help," the kind Brother added. "Each of you get a pail or can, and come with me over to the fire."

As the party drew near they quickly discovered that it was indeed Mr. Edward's house which was ablaze, and the idea that Bertie might be in it added to their alarm.

"How kind of you to bring help!" Mr. Edward's exclaimed, as he hurried forward and wrung the Brother's hand. "You see the west wing is almost beyond use. Form in line here, boys," he called, "and pass the buckets along as quickly as possible. We have plenty of water. I am thankful to say, and it cannot surely be long now before the engines are here."

Everybody worked with a will, and it gave heart to all when they saw that at last the fire was diminishing. Then a terrible thing got whispered from one to another in the crowd. One of the children was missing and must be somewhere in the burning building.

"I ain't seen Master Bertie nowhere," a stableman remarked. "He sleeps in one of them top rooms, too," he added, pointing to a floor just below the blazing part.

"Bertie"—the name caught Emile's ear. "Jagger, take you, please, my bucket," he said in his broken English.

"Played out, are you, Mossoo? Well, hand it over then. Mossoo's a regular fright, he's as white as a ghost," Jagger said to the boy standing next to him, as Emile disappeared from his place in the crowd of helpers.

The fire more seemed to be gaining ground, creeping and licking its way along, filling the place with the ghastly flickering glare, and crackling and throwing out showers of sparks, which went floating and twinkling away amidst the curling brown smoke into the night. And how hard everybody worked, passing buckets and saving furniture, when suddenly the doubtful whisper became a terrible certainty. Bertie was missing and the stairs leading to the west wing were now ablaze.

Just as this fact was known a face appeared at a window on the top floor, and a cry of "There he is!" went up from those working below.

A ladder was placed against the house, but alas! it did not reach far enough to be of use, though Mr. Edward stood on the top with outstretched arms. Then the horror of the situation began to dawn upon every one.

Suddenly the window was pushed open and a boy's figure, without coat or waistcoat, was seen upon the parapet outside, with something on his back.

"Mossoo! It's little Mossoo. And he's got Bertie!" a number of voices cried, as a bright blaze showed the pale but firm face of Emile perched up in the dangerous position.

Then they saw him peer down over the stonework edge, evidently trying to judge how near the ladder reached. It was seen that Mr. Edwards was telling him what to do, and everybody watched, saying to himself, "But what can he do?"

It works all right, Bertie," Emile was saying to his friend. "Look not you anywhere, only hold you tight."

Then quickly the boy tugged himself around, and, with his human burden holding on for dear life, lowered himself gently over the parapet towards the anxious father below. The crowd stood motionless. Would the boy's muscles lower the strain of such a weight? Lower—lower—yes, another moment and Mr. Edwards' strong arm was around his son and his preserver, and a loud and prolonged cheer broke from the excited crowd below, as with his double burden he descended the ladder.

Then up dashed the fire-engine, and streams of water were soon directed upon the flames, and everybody worked with such renewed energy that in a short time the rest of the building was declared safe, and the St. Francis' boys walked home again, all but Emile, who, at Bertie's earnest request, was left behind.

On Monday morning, however, when our hero appeared hurrying up the drive, the whole school turned out to meet him, and, much to Emile's astonishment, in a twinkling he found himself shoulder high and then on the backs of the boys, and amidst hurrahs was carried into the

school-room. During the morning recess the first to come up to our hero was Jagger.

"I should like to teach you baseball if you would let me," he said.

"I would be so glad to learn," replied Emile, looking very pleased, "if you thought I really could."

"Rather!" was all Jagger found himself able to say, but he thought a good deal more than he said.—Catholic Standard.

NEW MAGAZINES.

The massive proportions of the July American Catholic Quarterly Review are pleasant to see, even before the table of contents discloses the titles of the articles filling its 225 pages; for there is never any doubt that the papers will be worthy of attention, "padding" being unknown in this magazine. The first article, "The Russian State Church," by Mr. Bryan J. Clinch, is a lucid exposition of the relations between the Czar and his people, and dwells somewhat on the question of unification of the Russian schismatics with the Church. In the next article, the Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt, C.S.P., writing under the title of "Pure vs. Diluted Catholicism," discusses the question of general unity, shows why the yielding of the Pope, fondly dreamed of by some good Protestants, is impossible, and lays down a policy for those Catholics who would assist in hastening the dawn of unity.

"M. A. C." is a brief history of the Mormons and a description of their present condition, with some anecdotes of the relations of Brigham Young with the Catholic priest resident in Salt Lake City and with the visiting Sisters of Mercy. "Old Testament Subjects in Early Christian Art," by the Right Rev. Robert Seton, D.D., is equally interesting to the learned and the ignorant, for the statements which serve the former to round and complete history of the past are delightful fairy tales to the latter. "Gustavus Adolphus," by the Rev. Dr. Reuben Parsons, the fifth article, comes in a good line when a flood of Polish, Hungarian, German and Swedish novels overwhelms the popular understanding of history. The bravery of the Lion of the North is so effective in fiction that careless and unlearned readers are likely to be blinded to his real character, and most Protestants misrepresent him and his time with entire disregard of truth. Dr. Parsons' paper is especially valuable therefore in a country not Catholic, and "Italy's Silver Jubilee," by the Rev. William Poland, S.J., is also very timely. Mme. Roland, herself a criminal in the name of liberty, indulged in a dying apostrophe, which England and the United States devote themselves to illustrate by admiring any license, rebellion, or warfare labelling itself "Liberty," or "For Liberty," always provided that they themselves are not the victims, and consequently, they have encouraged such deeds in Italy as would never have been tolerated within their own borders, all the time crying, "In Liberty's name."

By statistics of taxation and emigration, by formidable lists of robberies, by plain statements of legislative brawls and dishonorable intrigues, by a picture of "United Italy" as she actually is, and of the unfortunate Italians as they really are, Father Poland has prepared such an argument as must convince any sensible American, however strongly anti-papal in sympathy, that the Kingdom of Italy is founded in dishonor and is hastening to destruction. He has also given strong reasons for sympathy with the vast crowds of immigrant Italians, occasionally troublesome because not fully able to use their new freedom, but sure in a very few years to become valuable, patriotic citizens of a country which gives them real liberty instead of its painted semblance.

"The Opening of a Judicial Instruction in accordance with the late Document, 'Cum Magnopere,'" by the Rev. Dr. Peries, of the University of Washington, resembles Dr. Seton's paper in being equally absorbing to the learned who must study it, and to the unlearned who read for amusement. Its historical illustrations and its delicate distinctions are keenly interesting.

"The Newly Discovered Syriac Gospel," in regard to which an immense quantity of rough and ready Protestant disquisition and raw rationalism has been poured forth, is gravely considered by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.; "Controversy in High Places," by Mr. A. F. Marshall, considers the recent controversy between His Grace of Salford and the English Bishop of Manchester; and "A Benedictine Restoration," by Mr. R. F. O'Connor; "Catholic Protectories and Reformatories," by Dr. Richard L. Clarke; the "Scientific Chronicle," by the Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, S.J., and the book reviews, complete the number. (Philadelphia: Mr. Charles A. Hardy.)

The North American Review for August follows the hint given by Mr. Andrew Lang in his excellent paper on "Tendencies in Fiction," and considers the improvement in "Female Criminals," Major Griffiths, Inspector of Prisons, being the writer of the paper; and "Yachting and Cycling," both good things of which the Hon. William McAdoo, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson expound the uses. The latter writer also tells some of the dangers emanating from bicycle-riding, but he regards the wheel with favor. The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics contributes a paper on "The Turning of the Tide," and Professor Goldwin Smith's paper on "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" shows a very wholesome tendency on his part to repudiate the school of writers briefly characterized by Mr. Kipling as "always thinking of their insides." "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," by the Rev. J. A. Zahn, is an authoritative exposition of a matter misunderstood by Protestants and willfully misrepresented by politicians; but perhaps it would have been wiser not to cite Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Ireland, and Dr. Keane as Anglo-Saxons. Would not Americo-Celtic have been as accurate, and possibly more pleasing to men who can join Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in his grateful thanksgiving that whatsoever else he may be, he is not English? The necessary touches of lightness are given to the magazine by Mr. Albert D. Vandam's Second Empire gossip, and a piece of unwittingly funny writing, entitled, "The Menace of Romanism," from the pen of

the President of the A.P.A. Why, oh why was Artemus Ward permitted to appropriate that excellent descriptive phrase for the use of the harmless Kangaroo. There are so many human creatures of whom it is the only accurate definition.—Review of the Boston Pilot.

USEFUL TO KNOW.

History and Meaning of the Letters I. H. S.

It is difficult to understand why the true meaning of the letters I. H. S. is not known more generally. The device is one of the simplest in Christian symbolism. It means Jesus Hominum Salvator, i.e., Jesus, the Saviour of Mankind. It comes from Italy, the motherland of religious inventions in the olden times. The credit of the ingenious contrivance belongs to a young Tuscan nobleman, named Albizeschi, who was born in a town of the Republic of Sienna.

Young Albizeschi, having entered the ministry, attained brilliant distinction in pulpit eloquence, becoming one of the most efficient preachers of his age and nation. The Italian peninsula was in those days, 1380-1444, rent asunder by politico-religious strife. The Guelphs and Ghibellines were in their hottest fever of internecine conflict. In the rancor of party violence coarse language soon led to an epidemic of profane imprecation. Wanton misuse of sacred appellations found its zenith in the scurrilous invocation of that name at which every knee shall bend in heaven, on earth, and in the depths beneath. To this ban of blasphemous profanity the brilliant preacher opposed the antidote of eloquent eulogies of the Divine Nazarene. His august name, and hallowed ransom of our race. Smiting the action to the word, *exemplo res fit carior*, he executed upon a glowing shield of burnished gold the emblematic legend I. H. S. in richly embossed letters, visible to the whole congregation. In the climax of his thrilling performance he would raise aloft this illustrious symbol, epitomizing in its triple initials the most stupendous mystery of the Trine Deity—the redemption of the world. The magical effect was instantaneous on the imaginative people of sunny Italy, whose indignation against profane speech was so effectually enthused as to result in the obliteration of the vulgar nuisance.

Envy and jealousy were, however, likewise aroused in cautious interference. Albizeschi was accused of fomenting novelty, superstition, idolatry. The question was taken before the last tribunal of appeal at Rome, and debated with historic earnestness by a commission appointed by Pope Martin V. The outcome is best described by the sequence of favors bestowed upon the apostolic preacher, and the unrivaled popularity which down to the present has pursued his endearing symbol. The latter is simply ubiquitous in the liturgy, in sacerdotal apparel, in ecclesiastical ornament, furniture, utensil, or manual of devotion. The preacher was advanced to positions of trust, and was within twelve years obliged to refuse the bishoprics of Sienna, Ferrara, and Urbino. He is honored in the calendar of the Church on the 20th of May as St. Bernardino of Sienna.

Few Italian cities have more artistic and religious attractions for the antiquarian tourist than the beautiful and quaint Sienna. Yet it is not privileged to exhibit, as the curious traveler would naturally expect, the far famed circular tablet of its distinguished citizen, which has since supplied the Jesuits with their coat of arms or regimental escutcheon. The original device of the I. H. S. was shown the writer some thirty years ago in the vestry of the triple basilica of Assisi, in Umbria.

Among the common people, ignorant of the Latin, the acceptance, I have suffered, has long been in extensive use. But it is quite unauthorized and wholly inaccurate. The reference to the Greek is likewise arbitrary. It can only be explained as an anachronism based upon a misconception of the primitive signal or password of the early persecuted Christians in Jerusalem and at Rome.

In our Saviour's day, as Latin was the legal and Hebrew the literary tongue, so Greek was the language of commerce throughout Syria and Palestine. The Christians adopted the Greek word for fish as a symbol of the Master, the letters

forming an emblematic acrostic, used in sundry relations of life, and carved upon the tombs of the Christians in contradiction of the pagan world. But the familiar device of the days of the catacombs has no bearing whatever upon that of the fifteenth century.—Rev. Hugh Flaherty in New York Sun.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal, Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

UNRESPONSIBLE OBLIVIOUSNESS.—The Little Viscount to Baronness de V.: "You wouldn't believe how abandoned-minded I am, Baronness. It is difficult to imagine how any one can be so thoughtless." "What have you done this time?" "I had bought you a bag of sweets, and while coming along—" "You lost them?" "No, I ate them."

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal, Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

Miss Kenneth: How is it that you do not use the telephone in Russia? Mr. Potter: Well, you see, "hello" in Russia is *izkazhenitkrajnianski*—hence the telephone has not been introduced into that country.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal, Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

"You can always guess a woman's age if she'll give you three guesses," remarked Sinnick. "I don't believe it!" "It is true, though. It's bound to be sixteen, twenty-six or sixty."

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WANTED A LUNCH.—Landsman, at a yacht race: What's that craft out yonder? River Man: That's the stake boat. Landsman: Row me over to it. I'm hungry.

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From the Use of Cigarettes. 7. I hereby certify that my son became epileptic from the use of cigarettes, etc., and would have fallen ill as often as 4 times a day. After using all medicines given by doctors in this city without any benefit I commenced the use of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and after only a few days the fits left him and he improved otherwise in health.

There are many here who can testify to my son's condition and I am willing to prove to all who wish to know what Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done for my son, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

Dayton, O., September 8, 1895. I have tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on a great number of sufferers, and found that in each instance it afforded relief.

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LARGE BOTTLE 25 CENTS.

forming an emblematic acrostic, used in sundry relations of life, and carved upon the tombs of the Christians in contradiction of the pagan world. But the familiar device of the days of the catacombs has no bearing whatever upon that of the fifteenth century.—Rev. Hugh Flaherty in New York Sun.

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Some time ago a letter appeared in the Irish Times in which a medical student complained of the insufficiency of instruction in medicine, and suggested that evening lectures should be started by some one. These, he declared, would be extensively patronized by his class, and "would be sure to benefit the undertakers."

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A couple of gnat-birds were drinking together, when one of them took out his watch. "Bless me," exclaimed his astonished companion, "you've got a watch." "Looks like it." "And how much did it cost you?" "Six months."

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Women exchange confidences about their own health and that of their husbands. A man's physical well-being is closely watched by a thoughtful wife. It is part of her duty in the world to keep him well. If she sees him running down, she should take measures to stop it. Very few men enjoy being sick. They won't admit even to themselves that they are sick. They will go on losing flesh and vitality—working too hard—worrying too hard—taking little or no care of their health. Maybe they need only a little help to be made well. Maybe a good simple tonic is all they require. Maybe it is something more serious. Whichever it is, it should be attended to. When a man gets really sick, his work stops. He can't tend to business. He loses all he has previously gained. Actual want may stare him in the face. It doesn't pay to get sick, or to stay sick. There's no need of doing either. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent sickness. It is a blood helper and a flesh builder. It restores perfect digestion and insures perfect assimilation of the food. It is a powerful enemy to germs and will search them out in all parts of the body, forcing their evacuation. It has been proven by the written testimony of hundreds of grateful people that the "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure 99 per cent. of all cases of consumption if taken in its early stages. A book of 160 pages containing testimonials and such valuable health talk will be sent on receipt of this notice and 6 cents cover postage. Women's Remedies MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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