USEFUL RECIPES.

CHOW CHOW.

One gallon of cabbage, chopped; two quarts of green tomatoes, chopped; one pint of onions, chopped; one quarter cup of green peppers, chopped; one and one-fourth ands of sugar, one tablespoonful of must d, one tablespoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, three quarts of vinegar. Boil till cabbage is tender.

SWEET RUSK.

One pint of warm milk, one half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sait, two thirds of a cake of compressed yeast. Make a sponge with the milk, yeast and flour enough for a thin batter. Let this rise over night; in the morning add the butter, eggs, sugar (well beaten together), then salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough; mould with the hands into balls and let them rise very light, and bake. GINGER PEARS.

Ginger pears are a delicious sweetment. Use a hard pear, peel, core and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar. the juice of four lemons, one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long and thin stripes as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.

SPICED PEARS.

Spiced pears are an excellent relish To make them, place in a porcelain kettle four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and half an ounce of cloves. When this comes to a boil, add to it eight pounds of pears that have been peeled, and cook until tender. Skim out the fruit and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup until thick and pour it over them. Apples may be used in the same manner.

PICKLED PEARS.

Pickled pears are made thus: Boil to gether three pounds of sugar, three pints of vinegar, and an ounce of stick cinna mon. Use seven pounds of sound pears, wash and stick three or four cloves in each pear and put them in the hot syrup them into a stone jar with the syrup and liquid and heat and turn over the fruit It may require heating the second time.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A basket exposes the clothespins to dust, and the clothes suffer accordingly. The best dusters are those made of yard-wide cheese cloth cut square and neatly hemmed.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double wire gridiron, and served with lemon, are appetizing.

Bluing added to the rinse water does not whiten the clothes, only covers dirt, and need not ever be used.

There are few better razor strops than can be made from a remnant of old beneath a dripping of oil from machinery. A razor first stropped on such of callskin is easily kept in good order. The modern housekeeper pins he

clean and wholesome. Charcoal kept in studio. a refrigerator in a small saucer helps to keep meat and butter untainted. It is an admirable kitchen disinfectant and cannot be too freely used. A tin cup filled with vinegar and placed on the back of the stove will prevent the spread of cooking odors throughout the house.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The new fall styles are putting themselves tentatively forth, and much havoe are they creating among the women of tashion. The changes are radical and are not generally regarded with favor. It seems a little hard that the fashion authorities should have taken this particular time, when woman is so deeply impressed with her own importance, to make changes which will render her appearance in public less imposing. And yet this is just what has happened. The edict comes from abroad that sleeves have diminished more than half in size. Close fitting sleeves, without the suggestion of a puff or stiffened lining, are to be the vogue. Crinoline is already a thing of the past. Skirts require the same quantity of material, but their folds show a tendency to droop demurely. The fact is, that the up-to-date woman, dressed according to the coming winter's fashions, will occupy no more space when she walks abroad than the average man. To say the least, this is disappointing. Louis XVI. styles are high in favor, and the coat of this period will be seen with all sorts of gowns. Much lace and many imitation jewels will also be the vogue.

There is one thing, however, which will help to reconcile the women of today to the fall fashions, and that is the materials of which the costumes will be made. Crepon still holds the place of honor. For fall wear it comes in many new weaves and exquisite designs. The most fashionable show silk ridges on a wool background. In black and dull green or red they are very effective. The mottled crepons are also popular and show exquisite combinations of color. There are plaid crepons, checked crepons and plush crepons, as well as those with a conventional flower design, which are among the latest novelties.

All the most fashionable fabrics for fall and winter wear show the boucle effect. Rough materials are everywhere. The cheviots, whose popularity is perennial, are seen in loose weaves and somewhat coarse effects. Brown and sage green and brown and black are favorite cheviols make durable gowns and are smuch the vogue. They are made up several, plain and trimmed with large in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and hear the cadenced strokes of the in-

high in favor. A new material this year is composed of silk, wool and mohair. It has the springiness of the mohair, the sheen of the silk and the softness of wool, and is therefore in demand. It comes in all the new combinations of color. Black is a popular background.

LACE MENDING. Now that real lace is coming into fashion, it is quite an accomplishment to know how to repair the delicate web Lace mending requires both good eyesight and patience to accomplish it proerly. Lace thread, a loose twisted thread, which comes especially for the purpose is used; the groundwork mesh should be imitated as well as possible. To keep the lace in place it is best to baste it to a piece of enamelled leather, such as is used in embroidery, repairing carefully the damaged portion. If the mesh is badly torn, take a scrap of fine Brussels net the size of the tear, lay on it a scrap of the mending tissue, proenrable at any of the dry goods shops and pass a warm iron over it. If carefully done the mended spot will be scarcely perceptible.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

HANS THE SCULPTOR.

When the last century was still young there lived in one of the great fir forests on the northern slope of the Franconian Alps, not far from where the quaint city of Nuremberg shoots skyward its slender steeples, a family composed of the father, a man of five and thirty years, his wife, their son, already old enough to make his first communion, and two younger daughters. They were carvers in wood and eked a frugal livelihood by their handicraft in that rough kind of sculpture, not devoid withal of a certain element of homely poesy and picturesque grace, for which all that part of the val-

cy of the Peignitz has long been famed. The subjects reproduced were mainly suggested by the surroundings. The lomestic animals, those of the forest und mountain, the birds that carol their ittle lives away in that peaceful woodland—all claimed the tribute of our peasants' art. Landscape scenes in which pretty galleried cottages of wood and cook slowly for ten minutes. Turn with stone-stayed roofs were reproduced with faultless exactness of detail against cover. The following day pour of the a background of towering firs, affording a pleasing variation.

Hans Doler, the well-known sculptor. was something more than a mere artisan -he was a veritable artist. Though poor, he was content with his lot, and lived happy among those he loved. His wife. Gretchen, was, like her husband. a good and pious character, an upright, pure soul, Their only ambition was to live always together, at peace with themselves, their neighbors and their God.

Gretchen cherished a particular devotion to St. Joseph, the acknowledged patron of all the sculptors of the country round, and consequently of her husband, and she asked the latter to carve for their home a statue of her favorite saint. Hans eagerly acceded to her request. He selected a sound block of firwood and wrought it into a smiling image of his leather belting that has revolved long holy atron. St. Joseph was represented as ho ding the Child by the hand and making a gesture expressive of his desire a strip of leather and then upon a piece that his Divine Ward might bless those who knelt before Him. Little Fritz accidity in her tone: helped his father in this labor of love. "Being a Londoner faith to charcoal and soda as summer and displayed so much care and intelli-helps. Soda dissolved in boiling water gence that never had a more finished and poured into the sink daily keeps it piece come forth from the sculptor's

> Hans had never learned drawing nor studied the principles of his art further from the celebrated Matthew Kager of Munich.

The statue was solemnly installed in a pretty niche above the shelf, and the family gathered every day before the blessed groups for their evening devo-

Meantime time was speeding on. Fritz had made his first communion with angelic piety, and although the thought sent a pang through his good mother's heart, he must soon take leave of his loving parents and sisters to serve some years as apprentice under a competent artist in Munich.

At this juncture, however, Hans fell ill, and was compelled to give up the work on which he depended for means to send his son to the city. Gretchen nursed him with anxious care and loving tenderness, but his sufferings grew in intensity as the malady became more alarming. The youthful Fritz did his best, indeed, to supply for his father's forced inactivity by putting his heart and soul in his work, but want of experience stood greatly in the way. His little sisters wept and sorrowed.

One night, when he suffered more than usual, and Gretchen, seated by his bedside, had dropped asleep. Hans saw a great light suddenly diffuse itself through the room, and it seemed to him that a majestic looking man and a beautiful, golden-haired boy had gone over to his work-bench, taken his sculptor's tools, and were busy working on the objects he had left unfinished.

Troubled by his vision, he was on the point of calling out, but the strange visitors seemed so worthy and calm, their aspect so little calculated to inspire terror, their looks so soothing, and their movements so noiseless that Hans, instead of being frightened, betook himself to watching them with admiring complacence, and far from doing anything to cause them to fly he feared to make the least noise lest he might disturb them. Besides these handsome figures of man and boy impressed him as not unfamiliar. After a time the sculptor saw the two strangers leave their work, and, refulgent with light, advance to where the children slept. They touched them lightly on the forehead and then extended their hands towards Hans and Gretchen, after which they seemed to become ethercalized and vanished suddenly like lengthening sun-

that mutual fear and incessant strife could already distinguish the forest trees of the interpolation and trimmed with large in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and has the cadenced strokes of the interpolation and trimmed with large in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and has occurred in the family. It was the master's father the last time. The soft plaids are branches from the giant pines the last moved; but the men were frightened, and on each occasion a sudden and tragic death has occurred in the family. It was the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed; but the men were frightened, and on each occasion a sudden and tragic death has occurred in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and has been on the family. It was the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed; but the men were frightened, and on each occasion a sudden and tragic in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and has been or the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed; but the men were frightened, and on each occasion a sudden and tragic in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and hear the death has occurred in the family. It was the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed; but the men were frightened, and on each occasion a sudden and tragic in their gorgeous garb of crystaline rime and hear the death has occurred in the family. It was the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed in the family. It was the fath has occurred in the family. It was the fath has occurred in the family. It was the substitution of the master's father the last time. He gave orders to have the statue removed in the family. It was the fath has occurred in the family. It was the fath has occurred in the family. It was the substitution of the master's father the last time. The fath has occurred in the family. It was the fath has occurred in the family. It was the fath has occurred in the family. I The silk and wool mixtures come in a dustrious woodman's axe lopping off the He gave orders to have the statue retries of designs. The soft plaids are branches from the giant pines the last moved; but the men were frightened,

storm had levelled. He raised himself on his pillows and became aware that his head was free from all pain or heaviness. He stretched out his arms; they felt strong and rested. He called Gret-

"Wife, bring me my garments; I am cured.'

Young Fritz and his little sisters awoke, and, like their mother, were amazed and delighted to see their beloved father so unexpectedly restored to health. But Hans, without speaking, led them to his work-bench. Here, to their utter surprise and joy, they saw the pieces left half completed more than two weeks before, finished with admirable skill.

How was the mystery to be explained? Was it all a dream? Had Hans himself, unconsciously and during his malady, brought his work to completion, or had some unknown friend secretly stolen into the house and given the help of his craft? Was this vision of the night a lie begotten of his fevered brain? Howbeit, there he was, calm and well. He led his wife and children before the statue of St. Joseph, and he fancied he recognized in the holy group the venerable old man and sweet Child who had appeared to him. Then he related to his family his mysterious vision. With tearful eyes and grateful hearts they all knelt and poured their souls out in fervent thanks to their deliverer.

The statue of St. Joseph and the Divine Child was elegantly gilded, and is held to this day by the descendants of Hans Doler, the sculptor, as their most precious heirloom.—annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

[BY MAGDALEN ROCK, IN THE "CATHOLIC STANDARD."

"So everything goes to the Queen! said Mr. Baker, the lately-arrived London butler, as he entered the housekeeper's room in Brandscombe Priory for a cup

of afternoon tea.
"And her has no need for it," Mrs. Jackson responded bitterly and ungrammatically. "Dear me! dear me! I never thought the master would have done it. Tis enough to make him turn in his grave. Look at poor Master Henry's daughter, his only child, being forced to stay in the Stag's Head till the evening train passes through!"

"She seems a nice enough young lady," Mr. Baker remarked, as he took his scat at the tea-table.

"She would be if she took after the Brandscombes," said Mrs. Jackson.
"And she's called after the mistress, Master Henry's mother. I always thought the old prophecy would come

" It would be an awful thing, a terrible thing, for idolatry to triumph in that way," was the severe reply of Mr. Baker, who greatly prided himself upon being an "up to-date" man. "You wouldn't wish to see the place turned into a Masshouse, would you?"
"No," answered Mrs. Jackson, cather

dubiously; "but, then, if the prophecy says so?

"I wonder you believe in that sort of thing," Mr. Baker said, loftily. "I do really. You know we live in an enlightened age, ma'am."

Mrs. Jackson's round, rosy face grew a

shade rosier as she remarked, with some "Being a Londoner, you are better informed than people who have never been

farther north than Winchester, and—"
"No, ma'am—no, not at all!" Baker hastened to interpose; for he was not unmindful of the advantages accruing to himself from Mrs. Jackson's friendthan some lessons taken in early boyhood ship. He paused to cut the muffin on his plate with mathematical exactness before he added, with modest complacence: "We have opportunities that you want, you must remember; and I have met some really well informed persons since I came to Hampshire. May I ask you for the whole of the story to which you have just alluded? Of course I've heard it spoken of, but I would like to hear it as I am sure you can tell it."

Mr. Baker handed his cup across the table as he ended, for retilling.
"I ought to know it," Mrs. Jackson admitted, "seeing as I've lived all my

life, I may say, at Brandscombe Priory I mind well I was only a slip of a girl when grandmother-she was housekeeper -took me into the kitchen. That was in the time of the old master-the father of him that was buried to-day."
"Yes," Mr. Baker said, as Mrs. Jack-

son paused for a moment.

" Many a time my grandmother would talk of it all, but I doubt if I'll remember it rightly. You see, the master's sudden death has upset me" (Mr. Baker nodded). "But I'll try. I must go back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. Brandscombe Priory, it is said, belonged to the monks. I don't recollect their name, but no matter. When their lands were confiscated they were cruelly treated, and one of their number-he was head of them-was hung on a tree outside the door of their church. Just before he died, while the rope was being fastened on his neck, he pointed to Roger Brandscombe, who headed the soldiers, and

'The glens, the hills, our bell has echoed o'er." Back to the Church shall Mary's hands restore."

Mrs. Jackson made a dramatic pause.
"Well," Mr. Baker said, "is that all?"
I suppose all sorts of misfortunes followed the Brandscombes?"

"Not at all, sir. At least they were as fortunate as most. True, two or three times an awful visitation befel them; but that was because they interfered with the Virgin's statue.."
"The Virgin's statue?" Mr. Baker re-

neated, inquiringly. "Yes; Our Lady's statue, as it is called hereabouts. Have you not seen it since you came?"

"Well, it resembles the figure of a woman, and is of stone. It belonged to the monks, and has always stood on the spot where their church was. Three or four times efforts were made to remove it

and would not do as he said. He went had given way and fallen to the ground himself to remove it, and a portion of and with it fell a long, narrow black case the stonework gave away, and the statue from the hands of the statue. fell on him, crushing him to death. His wife was in a terrible way; she had the and the butler came forward. statue securely replaced in its former "Are you hurt, Miss?" he asked. position, and ever since the place is avoided after nightfall. It is said the old master walks?

Mr. Baker laughed cynically. "You may laugh if you like, but I've seen him," Mrs. Jackson continued. "I was aent for one night to see a cousin who was dying; it is about six months since. There is a short cut from the village past the old Priory; and, not being fearsome naturally, I returned home that way, and I plainly saw a man climb

ing up the statue."
"But not a ghost?" said Mr. Baker. "What was it, then? It was a clear moonlight night, and I saw him plainly He was as like the old master as two peas are to each other."

"Did you speak?" Mr. Baker asked trying to hide his amusement.

'That I did," Mrs. Jackson replied. "Well, at any rate, Brandscombe Priory hasn't gone back to the Papists yet," the butler remarked.

"No. Every one thought that the prophecy was coming true when Master Henry married a Catholic; but his father went wild. I mind as well as if it were yesterday how he called all the servants into the house, and forbade them ever to mention his son's name in his hearing. It was the next day that he made the will that was read to-day."

"And everything goes to the Queen by that ?"

"Everything. You see, both the master and Master Henry was each of them an only child. Poor Master Henry! I had hopes his father would have done right-and it can't be right to wrong your own flesh and blood-at the end. He spoke of his son once or twice to me lately, and he was always writing, and get ting documents witnessed; but now he's lying in the family vault, and the Priory goes to a lady that's rich enough with-

"Where is he-the son, I mean?" Mr. Baker questioned.

"In London and dying. He wasn't able to come to the funeral; that's why Miss Beatrix-Miss Brandscombe-came It cut me to the very heart to think of her stopping at the Stag's Head like anybody else, when this should have been her own home."

"Her father shouldn't have been such an—so foolish as to become a follower of the Scarlet Woman," Mr. Baker remarked sententionsly.

"He never was a follower of no woman, sir!" Mrs. Jackson replied indignantly.

"My dear lady, you don't catch my meaning." The butler rose and glanced out of the window. "I believe I'll take my evening constitutional. Nothing like a walk, ma'am, for reducing the weight."

With his head full of Mrs. Jackson's story, and a contemptuous smile on his face for her superstitious notions, Baker set out. He took the path that led to that part of the grounds where the ancient Dominican Priory had been situ-

The statue of which Mrs. Jackson had spoken stood on a pedestal formed of stone and mortar, and Mr. Baker viewed it for some time with critical eye. It was cer tainly not a very artistic piece of work-manship. The features were scarcely distinguishable, the hands were loosely crossed in anything but a natural manner; while the stone was covered here and there with the mosses and lichens, and stained and discolored by long years

of exposure to wind and weather. "Not a very elegant piece of work," the man said, with a superior look. He was about to turn away when he saw a lady approaching. "Miss Brandscombe, as I live!" he muttered. "I won't meet her. She has come to say her prayers, likely." He slipped behind a thick cluster of rhododenrons. "Just so!" he remarked to himself as he peered through the green leaves. "She has knelt down. Ugh! the ignorance of the Papists !"

The girl knelt a few minutes in silent prayer. Suddenly there was a crash. A piece of solid stonework of the statue



kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. Fully one-sixth of all the deaths in America are caused by consump-tion. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to

Consumption

work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. The only way get rid of consumption is to work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease. The cure of consump-tion is a fight—a fight between sound tissues and the encroaching germs of

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CAUTION.—Buy of reliable dealers. With any others, something else that pays them better will probably be urged as "just as good."

girl answered. She had thrown back her veil, and Mr. Baker was forced to admit that she certainly was a handsome lady. "Papa often speaks of Our Lady's statue,"
she continued; "and, as I had to wait
for the evening train, I thought I would

come and see it. I hope it is quite firm still."
"I think so. But about the box?" "Oh, the box! I dare say it is of no consequence; but you had better take it

Miss Brandscombe gave a slight cry

"No, no! but I was frightened," the

to the house." Miss Brandscombe moved away with a courteous inclination of the head; and Baker, curiously regarding the box he carried, hastened to the house.

"'Tis lucky Mr. Edwards is here yet. He's waiting for the train," Mrs. Jackson commented, when she had heard the butler's words. "He's in the library; take it to him. I'll go with you."
"Give it to me, please," the lawyer

Baker's explanation.

The case opened after a little pressure, and Mr. Edwards drew forth a folded

said, impatiently cutting short Mr.

paper.
"Another will!" he shouted; "another and a later will! This alters everything. Mrs. Jackson, the Priory is Henry Brandscombe's after all!"

"So the old prophecy came in as true as faith," Mrs. Jackson is wont to say to the the neighbors who drop in of an evening to the comfortable cottage she occupies within the boundary of Brandscombe Park. "I always knew it would, only that Baker put me down with his grand airs. Did you ever hear anything like it all? Of course it was the master I saw that night when coming home from seeing my cousin. Poor gentleman! He walked in his sleep, and I suppose he hid the will he made in the Virgin's hands. And well she cared for it. Oh, yes; the old prophecy came true—every word of it so it is no wonder I'm a Catholic now. I don't deny but I'd sooner have seen Miss Beatrix married and settled in the Priory; but her heart was always set on being a nun, and it is something to have the monks back again. Miss Beatrix meant that they should have it from the first. Hark! there's the bell for Vespers!"

"The glens, the hills, our bell has echoed o'er. Back to the Church shall Mary's hands restore."

And Mrs. Jackson murmurs:



mits that it will do just what is claimed for it, that it will save her time, take away the drudgery, and do the work better; but she argues that, if it does all this it must ruin the clothes. It's a poor argu-Because the dirt is loosened and separated and brought out, why need harm come to the fabric that holds it? It's a delicate matter to arrange-but Pearline does it. All its imitators would like to know how. Hundreds of millions of packages of Pearline have been used-by millions of women. If it had been

She is afraid

to use Pearl-

ine. She ad-

have died long ago. Beware Peddlers and some macros clous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing-wand it back. 335 JAMES PYLE, New York

dangerous to anything it would

A SOCIALISTIC FAILURE.

Troubles of Australians Who Tried an Ideal Plan.

The French Foreign Office has recently issued a report on a socialistic experiment begun two years ago in Paraguay. Paraguayan Government conceded to a colony of discouraged Australians just gone through the panic of 1893 a rich tract of 900 square miles on the river Tibiquari, upon condition that within six years 1,200 immigrant families should be settled there. Colonists presented themselves in large numbers, and \$150, 000 was raised in subscriptions of \$300 each. Any colonist withdrawing from the scheme was to lose all. The settlement was baptized New Australia in advance. The colonists arrived upon the ground in September, 1893, and found themselves in a wilderness. Tibiquari proved to be a miserable little stream, dry half the year and in the wet seasor navigable only in flat boats.

Equality of pay for all was a principle of the organization, and each was to live upon the goods of the community. The abrogation of all authority was declared by the constitution of the colony, but the managers took upon themselves the right to regulate the community and to exclude without the formality of a vote drunkards and idlers. They also surrounded themselves with a strong police

The colony at once divided itself into two camps. One supported the energetic, though very moderately intelligent, old man that had made himself master of the colony. The other, made up of dissidents, eventually quit the colony and returned to Villa Rica, the port of debarkation. This took eighty-five persons from the community. They reported that mutual fear and incessant strife



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St. Peter; Cascade Co., Mont.

A young half-breed Indian was suffering from falling sickness; it was a very bad case. Through some of my acquaintances I was induced to try Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and with very good results. The boy was perfectly cured and is now one of the strongest and healthiest in our schoool.

H. SCHULER.

Principal of the Indian School.

SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME.

SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME.

St. Edwards College, Austin, Tex.,
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This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Roenig, of Fort Wayne, ind., : uce 18:6, and is now under his direction by the

KOZNIC MED. CO., Chicago, III, 49 S. Franklin Street Sold by Bruggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6for \$5. Farge Size. \$1.75. 6 Bottles for 29.

In Montreal by Laviolette & Nelson, 1605 Notre Dame street, and by B. E. McGALE, 2123 Notre Dame street.

tory in the department of Gonzales. Here they began to prosper, though with small regard to the original principles of the colony.

Meanwhile there had occurred a second. schism in the colony at New Australia, This time the director yielded to the schismatics, and, with fifty companions, settled in another part of the country. What was left of the original colony was a prey to continual bickering, and in September, 1894, twenty-five colonists went to Buenos Ayres, where they became a charge upon the public charities.

Those left behind reorganized the community and dropped the socialistic features. They chose for leaders the men they took to be the most intelligent and broad-minded, and settled down with the determination to succeed by the use of the best agricultural methods, without attempting to present to the world a society formed upon the socialistic ideal. -Catholic Advocate.

HOW TO KEEP A MAN'S LOVE.

Do not buy his cigars.

Do not buy his neckties. Do not crease his trousers.

Do not criticise his hat or ask him where he got it. Do not ask him at breaklast what he

vants for dinner. Do not tell him that your boy, if you have one, takes his temper from him.

Do not insist on receiving company that is uncongenial to him. Do not wear a bonnet when he thinks

ou look better in a hat, and vice ersa. Do not ask him when he comes home in the evening what he has been doing

Do not persist in his giving you the same attentions he gave you before you

Do not cross him in his opinions; let him think he is smarter than anybody

Do not tell him what your dearest woman friend has said about her hus-

band's good qualities. Do not tell him that every woman you know has more clothes and has a better

Pendennis: Who is the meanest man you know? Warrington: Old Closefist: Whenever there is a crowd at the railway booking-office he always gets on the outside so as to be the last to part with his

He-"I hear you attend the Handel and Hayden performances. Were you present at the 'Creation?'" She (indignantly)—"I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's ark?"

Mrs. Brownstone—"I think Mary's music professor has a beautiful touch. Mr. Brownstone—"I should say he had! Seven dollars a lesson."

JACK: Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side. Wagge: Is it possible? No won-der he died.



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Banisher of Backaches
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