

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TOMATO JELLY.

Tomato Jelly is an appetizing and effective relish. To make it, dissolve half a box of gelatine in half pint of cold water and add one quart of stewed tomatoes, a generous teaspoonful of sugar, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Strain through a sieve while hot and pour into cups or individual moulds and put in a cold place to harden. Turn each form on a lettuce leaf and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

TO FRESHEN HARD FIGS.

Figs, when by long storage have become hard and withered, may be freshened without impairing their flavor and rendered quite fit for table use by following these simple directions: Steep the dry figs for a few minutes in a tepid water, wash them well and dry them in a towel. Place in a pan and heat carefully in a slow oven. Remove, roll in powdered sugar and arrange on a sieve to dry.

CREAMED OYSTERS.

Creamed oysters are delicious. To one quart of oysters use one pint of cream. Put the cream over the fire in a double boiler, mix a generous tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk and stir into the cream when it is boiling. Season with salt, a little cayenne pepper, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Let the oysters come to a boil in their own liquor. Drain off all the liquor and turn the oysters into the cream mixture. Have ready on a hot platter square pieces of toast well buttered and turn the mixture over them. Serve at once.

BAKED TOMATOES.

Tomatoes are excellent stuffed and baked. Select round tomatoes uniform in size, wash and drain and without peeling cut off the top, take out the inside, throw away the seeds, and chop the remainder with one onion and part of a green pepper. Thicken with fine bread crumbs, add some melted butter, and season with salt. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, allowing the stuffing to project half an inch above the tomato. Stand the tomatoes in a dripping pan with a little water, and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

STUFFED CABBAGE.

An excellent way to cook a cabbage is to stuff it. Cut out the heart stem and the root of a medium-sized head and remove the outer green leaves. Plunge the head into an abundance of boiling water for 10 minutes and then take it up very carefully so as not to break it. Let it cool. Prepare a forced meat, using a pound of sausage meat with a quarter of a pound of lean veal, ground and pounded to a paste. Stuff the inside of the cabbage and tie it up securely. Put the cabbage into a braising kettle, with a small carrot, a small white onion and a cup of stock. Let the cabbage simmer in the oven or on top of the stove, well covered, for an hour, basting it occasionally. Serve it with a rich brown sauce.

CLAM FRAPPE FOR INVALIDS.

Clam frappe is a new dainty included in an invalid's menu of the Boston Cooking School. Wash thoroughly twenty clams and put them in a stew pan with one half cup of cold water; cover closely and steam until the shells open. Strain the liquid, cool and freeze into mush. Serve in glasses. A small amount may be frozen easily in a baking powder can by setting it in a tin pail and packing with ice and salt in equal proportions. The mixture will freeze in an hour, and should be stirred once or twice during the time. This clam juice is very often diluted and served hot, and in some cases of gastric inflammation will be retained by the stomach when almost everything else is rejected.

TO BE SERVED TOGETHER.

- Roast beef—grated horseradish.
Roast mutton—currant jelly.
Boiled mutton—caper sauce.
Roast pork—apple sauce.
Roast lamb—mint sauce.
Venison or wild duck—black currant jelly.
Roast goose—apple sauce.
Roast turkey—oyster sauce.
Roast chicken—bread sauce.
Compot of pigeons—mushroom sauce.
Broiled fresh mackerel—sauce of stewed gooseberries.
Broiled blue fish—white cream sauce.
Broiled shad—rice.
Fresh salmon—green peas with cream sauce.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A dainty morsel for the hungry half-hour before bed-time is "cheese crackers." Spread salted crackers with a little butter and sprinkle lightly with grated cheese. Place on a dish in the oven long enough to brown them slightly. These will keep for several days.

We all know how untidy a sick room soon becomes and how annoying the dust of weeping is to the patient. To remedy this put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water, and with a mop wrung as dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up all the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take up what is too large to adhere to the mop and raise no dust.

One who has to use pomade would be wise to make her own, in order to be sure of using only pure stuff. The best thing for this purpose is the pure beef suet. Melt about two ounces of suet over a hot fire. This will become about a fill of liquid fat. Let this cool, and add to it has become hard and white, whip it as you would an egg or white potatoes, until it is light and creamy. This gives you a poor unadulterated ointment, which you can use without risk. Just a touch of extract or eau-de-cologne makes it lighter—the merest suspicion, however, for it is in wretched taste to use in any way perfumes that talk.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The new collars are worthy of attention. They cleverly display the modiste's art and her headstrongness. For the Parisian, the new collars are known as collars.

are said to be as uncomfortable as they are original. But the novelty of the new gowns are dependent largely upon them, hence they are not to be ignored. Novelty is their aim, and to attain this end feathers, lace, jewels, ribbons and tur tails are brought into combination. The variety of styles in vogue is so great that they vary from an historical neck adornment to a simple silk ruffle.

To see them at their best one must get a back view of the maiden of the period. No matter how simple a collar may appear in front it is pretty certain to develop some eccentricity before it reaches the extreme back. It is there that a plain stock develops with a bow of astonishing proportions or is finished with a cluster of fur tails or some other odd device.

A ribbon stock of velvet or silk is the usual foundation upon which the new collars are built. They are then jeweled, lace trimmed or adorned with feathers or fur.

HOME MATTERS.

The season for preparing winter delicacies in the way of canning and preserving has almost passed, and the housewife who has been detained in the country is attracted by the fruits so temptingly displayed, but deterred from purchasing by the prices, which are higher than in the early part of the season. Housewives so situated who are solicitous for something with which to fill the still vacant store-room shelf might try some of the following receipts:

A preserve that is generally liked is made with cantaloupe, peaches and pears. Take the inside of half a dozen lemons and remove the seeds and chop the pulp. Put it in a preserving kettle with two quarts of water and ten pounds of sugar. Place over the fire and let the contents cook fifteen minutes after they begin to boil. Have six pounds of pears peeled and cut into slices and add to the syrup. Cook fifteen minutes before adding six pounds of cantaloupe, weighed after it has been peeled and cut into thin pieces. Lastly, add six pounds of peaches, pared and quartered. Cook together very slowly three-quarters of an hour. Turn into glass jars and seal.

Apples are fine and plenty this season, and make a delicious sweetmeat, as well as being suitable for canning for early spring use. For sweetmeats, select ripe golden pippins, russets or greenings. Peel, quarter, core and weigh them. Put them in a porcelain kettle and cover with boiling water. Let them cook slowly until tender enough to pierce with a straw. Meanwhile make a syrup of one quart of water, two pounds of sugar, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon to four pounds of fruit. When the apples are tender, take them from the water, drain and put them into the boiling syrup and cook until clear. Place the fruit in glass jars, pour the syrup over them, and seal. Equal quantities of apples and pineapple, omitting the lemon, make an exceedingly nice sweetmeat.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A RAISY DAY ADVENTURE.

"Oh, look at that rain!"
"Dear me we'll have to stay in this poky house all afternoon!"
"The woods won't be dry for a week."
"See those chickens with the water running off their wings!"
"I'd like to be a chicken for a half hour, and be out in that rain. Oh, come here—"

A brown head, a yellow head, and a black head, met in earnest consultation in the doorway of the old farm house. There were nods of approval, ripples of laughter, stifled exclamations, and hushed clapping of hands.

"Won't it be jolly? But hadn't we better ask Aunt Lizzy first?"
"Ask Aunt Lizzy? No, she's asleep. She's always taking a nap at this time of day. Don't let's disturb her."

Outside, the rain was falling in great drops, fast and furious. The tall elms bowed their heads and waved their branches in response to the wind. A torrent of water poured from the gutter at the end of the house, making a water course for itself across the front walk. There tumbled helter-skelter in a small cataract over the stone steps at the gate. Everything else was motionless.

Inside there was the hush of a summer afternoon, not even the cat was awake. A low rumbling sound from the closed sitting room door assured the children that Uncle John was safely in the "land of nod," and Aunt Lizzy—yes, she was in the last best parlor, with her spectacles on her forehead and a book in her lap; out it was the same book she had been reading all summer, and not a leaf had been turned in ten minutes.

The pussy was mewing for her milk, and while the black headed little girl slipped off to the pantry to get a cupful for the saucer, the other two kept pussy company.

Six careful feet crept up the broad stair case, and in a very short time six bare feet pattered softly down again.

"Did you ever get wet through before? What would our mothers say if they could see us?"
"They wouldn't care. We can't hurt anything. We've got on our old clothes."

"Yes, and we're barefoot. Ugh! don't those stones hurt? I don't see how you can stand there under the gutter and let the water run down your neck. My back's all shivery."
"You goosey, I thought you wanted to be a chicken and get out in the rain. Chickens do not squeal when they get wet. Why, this is lovely."

It was anything but quiet under the weeping elm trees now. Shouts of laughter and calls of delight filled the air. Bare pinked toes splashed up and down the walk, making deep prints in the soft sand. Little chip boats went sailing from the corner of the house through Muddy River, over Stony Falls, out into the broad ocean in the road. Three mermaids sat side by side in the rushing torrent by the gate. They were not very pretty mermaids. You know how Rover

looks when he comes out of the river with his hair wet and shiny and dripping. These mermaids had wet, shiny heads, too, and their stained gingham dresses clung closely to their bodies.

"Rose! Alice! Ruth! What are you about? You dreadful girls!" exclaimed a voice in the doorway.

"What are they doing?" asked Aunt Lizzy, too, as awakened from her nap, she hurried to the door, spectacles on forehead and book in hand.

"They're sitting there on the stone step with the water pouring around them, drenched to the skin."

"Mercy on us!"
"We're chickens," called the children, "and we're having lots of fun."

"Well, then, trot off to the chicken house and dry off. I don't want you trailing mud and water all over my clean oil cloth. Saturday, too!"

"Hang 'em up and let 'em drain," suggested Uncle John from the sitting room window, laughing till his shoulders shook as the children came towards the house.

"Better put them through the wringing machine," grumbled Nora. "Who's to wash these grimy dresses, I'd like to know. I never saw such children."

Half an hour later, the brown head, the yellow head and the black head were tossing uneasily side by side in the big, four-posted, spire room bed.

"What—go to bed at 4 o'clock, Aunt Lizzy?" the children objected. Why, the sun's just coming out. Joel promised to let us go on Brownie to the pasture lot this evening, to give the calves salt out of our hand."

"You are chickens, you know," Aunt Lizzy answered, with a determined look. "Drenched chickens have to dry off under their mother's wings. I promised your mothers to take good care of you while you were here with me this summer. I only wish they were here now."

Then Aunt Lizzy helped each child out of her cold, wet garments, and rubbed her off with a coarse towel, and put her in bed. That done, she went down to the kitchen, and came back, bringing three glasses with her, filled with a steaming, reddish liquid.

"There, drink it down," she insisted, giving one to each child. "That will warm you up and keep you from taking cold. It's only pepper tea."

"Oh, but it's hot! It burns, it stings us!" spluttered the children.

"You are chickens, you know," replied Aunt Lizzy. "Uncle John gives cayenne pepper to chickens when they get chilled in winter, and he says it is the best thing for drenched children in summer. You are not chickens? You are little girls? So you are, dearies. Never mind, it will not burn long, and Nora's going to bring you some nice pancakes with maple syrup for supper, right here in bed. And you won't be chickens again, will you? Any way, not until you are once more under your own mother's wings."—Catholic Citizen.

OCTOBER READING.

AN ANGEL VISITANT.

As the month of October is dedicated to the Holy Angels as well as to the Holy Rosary, it seems fitting to continue for a while our thoughts upon those blessed spirits who for ever see the face of God, and yet love and wait upon sinful men. It is easy to imagine them joining with us in our recitation of the beads. How they must love to say over and over the sweet names of Jesus and Mary! How the angelic salutation must seem to belong first and fittingly to them, since an angel first said it to their virgin queen! How fervently they must repeat the prayers for us, her children, placed under their holy guardianship: "Pray for these sinners now and at the hour of their death, amen."

Could our eyes be opened to see spiritual presences, each recitation of the rosary would be a wonderful thing, indeed. Is it less really wonderful now? What a sense of security, of peace, of hope, we ought to have, to whom a strong angel is given for our never absent friend and guide!

In the life of Monsieur Olier, who founded the venerated Sulpician Order for the care of seminaries and the training of holy priests, we find an account which fits in well with these thoughts.

It is a well known and solemnly attested fact that a certain Dominican nun, called Mere Agnes, had a most marked influence upon the spiritual life and holy work of Jean Jacques Olier. She appeared to him once, in the company of "an angel of surpassing beauty"; and it is narrated that she sometimes bade her guardian angel lead him safely over the dangerous ways he had to go in the twilight hours, and that he was even permitted to see "the tall, majestic form of this heavenly guide" going on in advance of him, and shielding him from the fury of tempests and from the rain.

At the hour when the Venerable Mother Agnes died, Monsieur Olier was journeying to Paris, in this very month of October, the month of the guardian angels, the twelfth day, in the year 1634. And, at that solemn hour of death, when he knew nothing of what was passing in the distant convent, a marvelous event occurred to him. He had been thrown from his horse, and had remounted, "when lo!" he says, "an angel lighted upon me from the height of heaven with the swiftness and force of an eagle pouncing down upon its prey; his wings, which encompassed me, extending very far beyond what was needed for my protection. At the same moment I heard these words uttered by my angel guardian, the one who had been with me ever since my baptism: 'Show due honor to the angel who has come to thee, and is now bestowed upon thee. He is one of the highest ever given to a creature upon earth, and I am myself filled with veneration for him.'"

Once before, on approaching this same spot, I had experienced certain carresses and sweet impressions of joy from the good angel of the parish, but he had not inspired me with the respect and sense of his greatness which this one did. This angel, who had been given me for a very special boon,—for which I can never return sufficient thanks to God,—is a seraph. I remember that, on passing along the streets of Paris a little after,

when they were full of people, I seemed to see the other angels pay him great reverence and honor."

Monsieur Olier did not immediately comprehend the full significance of this wonderful event. The angel was Mere Agnes' angel, hatched to him; but the news of her death did not reach him until the feast of All Saints, and he then went to lay his sorrow before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. And there he seemed to hear in his heart these words: "Grieve not; I have left you my angel," and an immense consolation was granted him.

Writing, in 1647, he declares that this was not the angel of his person, but of his office: "his wide-spreading wings were destined to show me that he was to be the protector of others who should be associated with me; and, in fact, the company of holy ecclesiastics whom God has given me has experienced his assistance and protecting guardianship from the first."

St. Francis de Sales, who likewise was sensibly aware of the presence of the angels, speaks of this distinction between the guardian of his person and of his office; St. Peter Favre, the first Jesuit priest, says beautiful things in regard to the angels of places and people, and the deference he was accustomed to pay to them. The noted Pere Boudon has written a treatise on "Devotion to the Nine Choirs of the Holy Angels." Is it possible that, in our modern day, some of us ask what the practical use of all this is, and are inclined to think such events as the one here recorded of Monsieur Olier: myths or superstitions?

In our modern days a traveler returns from the Dark Continent, and tells us of the strange tribes he has met there, the weapons they use, the customs prevailing among them, the wonderful adventures he has had; often, the very horrible and awful events that have come under his notice. We listen with interest and respect, believing that an addition has been made to the realm of science; we are glad of an introduction to the distinguished traveller; we crowd to hear him lecture, and to see his stereopticon views. Though we have never been to that dark continent, and never expect to go there, we believe that this man has been there, and has seen what he describes.

Why, then, shall we doubt the saints who tell us what they have seen of the Land of Light and the inhabitants thereof?

You and I on earth may never see them, these blessed angel visitants who, nevertheless, we are glad to think, guide our steps and guard our beds. It needs clear eyes, indeed, or a supernatural gift, to enable mortal men to see such guests below. But the spiritual life is the daily, the home-life of the saints. Why should we doubt what the saints tell us they see?

And the use of it all? May God help us to comprehend that immense utility! It is to draw our hearts from the things of time to those that are eternal; to make us realize that what we do not see is as actual, as true, as what we see; and to make us "reverence our angel."

Ah, dear Lord! we never are alone, never without help, never without a friend. It is our faith that is weak. If we live the saints' lives, did as the saints do, prayed as they pray—if the same divine love filled our souls and swayed our hearts, untrammelled and alone, our only wonder in our child-like faith would be that the saints did not see greater things than these; and our only thought, in our deep humility, that we were not worthy ourselves to see them. And each story like this would draw us nearer to the Lord of lords and the angels' king.—SACRED HEART REVIEW.

AN INFREQUENT CEREMONY.

With the lamentable increase of mental derangement tending to the suicidal impulse, it is a matter of wonder that a ceremony like that which took place recently at Notre Dame is so rare in France, writes the Paris correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times. The mere act of attempting suicide in a church does not render any ceremony of "reconciliation"—commonly termed purification—necessary. In the recent case, however, at Notre Dame there was not only attempted suicide, but actual bloodshed. Had not the unfortunate man who committed this act while in an un-

Motherhood is the scene of woman's triumph and of her defeat. It rounds out a woman's life and completes her most important mission in the world. The bearing and rearing of healthy, happy children is the chief achievement of any woman's life.

Health is an inheritance due to every child and within the reach of every parent to bestow. It is something that costs no money and is more precious than a mountain of diamonds.

The child's health depends almost wholly on the mother's not good. It has been used in thousands of cases, with the most gratifying results. It is a tonic to the whole body, but particularly to the organs distinctly feminine. It cures all female troubles and promotes regularity.

A large book, written by Dr. Pierce, entitled "Woman and Her Diseases" will be sent (securely sealed in plain envelope) to those who will send this notice and ten cents, in stamps, to part pay postage.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

doubtedly unsound state of mind split his blood in the consecrated portion of the building the officers of religion would not have been suspended. Although the wound inflicted by the revolver has not been followed by death the infusion of blood on the pavement on one of the piers was considerable.

The archbishop, Cardinal Richard, being absent in Brittany, whither he went a few weeks since for the benefit of his health, the vicars-general found themselves placed suddenly in a position of no small difficulty, for the ceremony, which was rendered unavoidable, was one that could only be performed by a bishop. Pending the return of Cardinal Richard, a "provisional reconciliation" was decided upon. During the interval between the profanation and this ceremony the cathedral was closed. When, on the morning after the unfortunate occurrence, the bell ringer went up into the tower and, creature of habit like others of his calling, proceeded to ring the bell for the first mass, he was soon stopped. If any of the faithful responded to the summons they found the door closed against them. The ceremony, however, was not long delayed, for it took place at 7 A.M. The Abbe Pousset, archpriest of Notre Dame, wearing the amice, the alb, the stole and a white cope, attended by the canons of the chapter and the vicars, passed round the interior of the church, asperging the walls, piers and altars, while the prayers enjoined for the occasion were said in an undertone. A longer stay was made on the spot where the attempted suicide had taken place than elsewhere.

Immediately after the short ceremony the doors were thrown open to the faithful. Two years ago, on the same day of August that the recent attempt was made and almost on the same spot, a man shot himself dead in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The Madeline had a very narrow escape of profanation when Pauells, the anarchist, killed himself by the explosion of a bomb which he had brought there with the undoubted motive of throwing it into the midst of the assembled congregation. It happened, however, providentially—we may almost say miraculously—that the explosion took place in a dark lobby near the entrance where Pauells was waiting for the church to fill. Where he happened to be was not a part of the consecrated edifice.

covered by the collection of the arrears due to the Board by the city for the school tax of St. Gabriel.

Dr. Desjardins said that they could also sell their lots on the corner of Mance and Ontario streets.

CATHOLIC NEGRO NUNS.

Interesting Sketch of an Old Southern Mansion and Its Inmates.

Within the boundaries of Bienville's, New Orleans, or, as it is called, "La Vieux Carré" (the Old Square), at the corner of les Rues Royal and Orleans, adjacent to the historic St. Louis Cathedral, stands an extensive brick building, St. John Berchman's Asylum, known also as the mother house of "The Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Family." This prosperous house, which is the home of a unique sisterhood, is situated on the site of what was once known as the Orleans Theater, famous in ante-bellum days as the scene of quadron balls.

As the quadron balls were a peculiar product of Louisiana soil, so this sisterhood, chiefly of quadron or octonon women, is an outgrowth of the Pelican State. It is strangely coincident that the same spacious portal and broad stairway over which, in other times, the misbegotten woman tripped gaily on her way to the ballroom, in which she spied her mission of frivolity and sin, should now echo the footfalls of the same caste of woman vowed to chastity, as she sedately passes to and fro on missions of charity and love.

Recently nine young colored girls took vows for life and seven became novices. Of these sixteen, five only were without the white tincture. They were not all Louisiana born; in fact, the majority were of other states or far distant countries. One came from Spain, another from British Honduras, two from Mexico, and four were from the city of Baltimore.

The present superioress of the Order, Mother Austin, in the world Mary Ellen Jones, who, although she has been eighteen years professed, is still a young woman, having renounced the world when in her early teens, is authority for the information that there are but two orders of the kind in existence, the other having its origin in Baltimore and known as the Sisters of Providence, Oblates of Mary.

The order in Louisiana was not built up on the privileges afforded the emancipated. It was founded in New Orleans, November 21, 1842, fully twenty years before the publication of the edict of freedom. The originators of this now extensive work were necessarily what were then known as free women of color. One was a native born, Miss Harriet Delisle; another, Miss Aillot, had crossed the ocean, coming from France; and the third, Miss Juliette Gaudin, was of Cuba. Shortly after entering upon the work another New Orleans girl, Miss Josephine Charles, joined the trio. To these four colored women is due the credit of having opened up the avenue whose usefulness has been, and will further be, of incalculable benefit to their race.

The original purpose of the order was simply to teach young and old women catechism and to prepare them for their first communion. Being a French community, there was then, as they are now, many Catholics among the colored people of New Orleans. Then Archbishop Blanc fostered the work, and his successors have ever since evinced a peculiar interest in it.

The gradual growth of this work would make interesting reading, if but to illustrate the executive ability of this group of women, and the help and sympathy they have always received from the Southern communities in which their various houses are located. But in a limited space it is only possible to give the results of their fifty-two years of life.

In the large building, St. John Berchman's Asylum, which serves as the mother house, there are sheltered more than ninety orphans. Attached to it is a young ladies' academy, which now has on roll about 150 boarders from all abroad. African society at home and abroad. The first school was not established until 1867, and now, besides the academy, they are conducting a flourishing day school for boys and girls in three localities in the French districts. There are houses established in Opelousas, Donaldsonville and Baton Rouge, in each of which there are large schools. Besides the school and orphanage work these sisters have in charge a home for aged colored men and women in which there are now about fifty inmates. The sick and indigent poor also are visited and cared for.

There are now sixty members of the community, besides a goodly number of novices and postulants.—Catholic Union and Times.

Singular in the horticultural way—see a garden walk.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Well Chicago, Ill., May, 1895. One of our sisters suffered from nervousness and sleeplessness and could not find any rest day or night. After taking Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic the sleep returned and the nerves were also quieted. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS, 573 Centre Ave.

Good Results. New Orleans, La., Sept., 1894. I am a sufferer from nervousness and sleeplessness and could not find any rest day or night. After taking Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic the sleep returned and the nerves were also quieted. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS, 573 Centre Ave.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to our address. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9. For sale in Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame Street, and by B. E. McGUIRE, 2128 Notre Dame Street.



It's hard getting through with your washing and cleaning, if you don't use Pearl-ine. And you can use it, with great gain, upon anything that you want made clean. In washing clothes, perhaps you won't believe that Pearl-ine is harmless. It has been proved so to millions of women, over and over again, but perhaps you won't be convinced. Then use it for something that can't be hurt. Use it for washing dishes, for instance, and save work. When you come to know it better and let it wash the clothes, you'll find that it saves the wear and tear as well as the work. Beware of imitations. 33 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Attendance At the Night Schools—Fire Escapes.

At last week's meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners, Canon Bruchesi read the following communication from Mr. McGown, school inspector:

"As to the complaints which some inspectors made at the recent congress at St. Hyacinthe as to the insufficiency of the education given in the public schools of certain rural municipalities, where there are unqualified teachers, I need not say that the schools of Montreal are not open to that reproach."

A letter was read from Rev. Father O'Meara, asking for the opening of two new classes in his parish, as there were 60 pupils in one room.

Dr. Desjardins said that he had visited the school and that the overcrowding was a danger to the health of the children.

A sub-committee was appointed to take the necessary action. The report on the attendance at the night schools showed the number of pupils inscribed to be as follows at this date last year and this year:

School	1894-95	1895-96
Montcalm	209	214
Champlain	83	51
Sarsfield	142	89
Belmont	—	113
St. Ann	73	17
Total	507	484

Rev. Abbe Leclerc brought up a circular sent to all the schools, in which it was stated that the Minister of Public Works, having suspended the law which required schools to have fire escapes, the Board wished that the teachers drill their pupils to leave the class rooms, so as to avoid panic in case of fire. The rev. gentleman said that the Board had never expressed such a wish.

Rev. Abbe Leclerc said that there were difficulties in the application of the rule, and it was decided to send another circular, leaving greater discretion to the teachers. The financial statement shows a deficit of \$12,000 for 1895. But this would be