

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

LEMONADE SYRUP.

To one tumbler of lemon juice add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, dissolved in one tumbler of hot water. Pour in jars, and when needed add water.

WATERMELON ICE.

Cut a watermelon in halves, scoop out the entire centre, taking out the seeds. Chop in tray; add a cup of sugar. Pack the freezer, turn a few minutes. It will be like soft snow and delicious.

A SALAD OF LEMONS.

A refreshing way to serve lettuce is to make a dressing flavored with lemon. First cut up the lettuce small, then squeeze a small lemon or half of a large one into a tumbler; add a little sugar; a little water and a good pinch of salt, and pour the mixture all over the lettuce.

GRIDDLE EGGS.

Heat the griddle almost as much as for griddle cakes. Butter it lightly and place upon it as many eggs as you desire to cook. When they become slightly browned turn them with a cake turner. They will get sufficiently cooked in about a minute and a half. This is a delicate way of frying eggs. If the griddle be a very smooth one the buttering may be omitted.

FRUIT COMPOTES.

Among the various ways of serving fruits in season, a compote is one of the most delicious, yet few cooks understand the art of making it properly, their attempts to do so resulting in a dish of stewed fruit. Firm, perfect fruit only should be selected when a compote is to be made. It should be peeled quickly, dropped in alum water or ice water and lemon juice; then into the boiling syrup and cooked slowly until clear.

GOOSEBERRY MERINGUE.

Boil two quarts of green gooseberries in a little water and some moist sugar, pulp them through a sieve and lay the pulp at the bottom of a shallow pie dish. Beat up the yolks of three eggs well and add to them three-quarters of a pint of milk; pour this on the top of the fruit and place in a moderate oven to bake; when nearly done whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix in lightly one ounce of caster sugar and pile it on the custard; return it to the oven to brown.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The young person known to fame as the summer girl, if she is far-sighted, pays particular heed to her foot gear. She studies slippers and she speculates on spats. Hosiery becomes her hobby, and the question of boots she considers well. For the far-sighted summer girl realizes that her feet are more on exhibition during the hammock and row boat season than at any other time. And she understands also that her comfort, and consequently her comeliness and charm, depend upon a wise choice of shoes.

The first thing which the far-sighted summer girl needs to impress upon her mind is that pretty feet do not necessarily mean small shoes, and that comfortable feet do decidedly demand large ones. Heat expands feet as well as other things. Tight shoes on hot feet mean agony, and not even the vainest of the tribe of summer girls cares to purchase a pair of Cinderella feet with an agonized countenance and purple hands. Summer shoes should be bought at least half a size larger than winter ones.

The number of pairs of shoes a woman should carry away with her depends upon the sort of summer she expects to spend. If it is a gay one of dances, tennis and teas, she must carry shoes for all such occasions. If it is a sort of camp life, she will not need Louis Quinze slippers.

The ordinary summer girl will need two pairs of tramping boots. They should be low heeled, fairly broad at the toes and fairly thick soled. Laced shoes will afford the ankles a more even support than buttoned ones. These shoes may be tan or black, as the wearer prefers. Two pairs are necessary in case of dampness.

A couple of pairs of dainty shoes for calling and driving are also necessary. A pair of slippers for one's room should be taken. The athletic dandy should, of course, be provided with canvas shoes, with rubber or cork soles. The dancing girl should take three or four pairs of slippers—satin, suede and patent leather. A pair of worsted slippers for the bedroom should form part of every woman's wardrobe, and even the girl who never dances will need one pair of frivolous slippers.

Alpaca, harge and grass linen are practical materials to buy at reduced prices, as the last issue to be worn more or less next summer, and the first two are old-time fabrics revived for fashionable gowns made later in the season. Yellow is one of the most popular colors just at present, and a yellow harge gown can be made very striking with a yellow satin blouse waist striped with cream guipure insertion, and finished with a belt, collar and frills over the shoulder of black satin ribbon. Black, gray, beige and white are the favorite colors in alpacas, and, with the striking contrasts employed for the waists, they make very stylish gowns. One model for black alpaca has a short jacket with a fluted basque and a wide collar of mauve velvet, trimmed on the edge with cream lace applique. It is worn over a blouse vest of mauve silk, which has frills of cream white batiste, edged with yellow Valenciennes insertion and lace down either side of the box plait. Ivory satin is a usual combination with beige alpaca, and is employed for the entire waist, which is covered with Venetian lace. Ruffles of beige chiffon extend down both sides of the front, which boasts the usual wide plait; jaunty little capes of alpaca are made to match this style of gown, and are trimmed simply with ruffles of beige chiffon. Gowns of Havana brown, chiffon, finely trimmed with tiny rows of the same, and finished with collar, belt and Dresden ribbon, are still another

combination which adds much to the effect of a plain beige skirt and sleeves. This makes an especially pretty gown for a brown-eyed woman, for the brown waist, according to good authority on the selection of becoming colors, will bring out the color of the eyes. It is a pretty idea to use the color of the eyes as the leading note of color in dress, and while it is not necessary to wear the same color always, it is true that the blue-eyed woman will look her very prettiest with a touch of blue near her face.

HOME MATTERS.

The housekeeper does not need to be told that during the summer days pies and heavy puddings are out of place for desert, and even rich cake pails. If the mistress is wise she will put nothing else on the table before the black coffee save custards, jellies or creams. The name of these is legion, and their variations so diverse that something so totally different is possible at each dinner.

Custard is custard, and there is not many receipts for making it. The difference between one sort and another lies practically in the flavoring. There is the old-fashioned baked custard, which was simply the flavor of a grating or two of nutmeg. For the making of this use one quart of milk, four eggs well beaten together, four tablespoonsful of sugar and a third of a teaspoonful of salt. It should be baked slowly. It is done when a silver knife can be slipped in and come out absolutely clean. The safest way of baking custard is to put the dish containing the mixture into a pan filled with water.

The recipe for boiled custard is a quart of milk, which should be allowed to come to a boil. Take two tablespoonsful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and mix with four tablespoonsful of water or cold milk. Four eggs should then be beaten light with four tablespoonsful of sugar. Into the boiling milk stir the flour and water and let boil until the milk is slightly thickened. Then draw to the side of the fire and beat in the eggs. Boil very slowly for the reason that otherwise the eggs are apt to curdle. Put aside to cool. Two teaspoonfuls of vanilla should be put in as it is taken from the fire. Let it be remembered that this dish should always be served cold.

As to jellies, it is simply a question of flavoring—and gelatine. The flavors that are most tasty are wine (sherry and brandy mixed), lemon, coffee, orange, raspberry and strawberry. It is comparatively easy to make jelly nowadays, as with the specially prepared gelatines which come in packages practically all that is needed is to dissolve them in a little cold water and add the flavoring. Then add boiling water and sweeten, afterward pouring into the mould. The jelly should be put in the coolest place available, and after it hardens should be deposited in the ice box.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

BLANCO'S BOY.

BY EDITH E. CUTHILL.

Queenie was an only and a lonely child. That was why she had so many dolls. Her father and mother had died when she was quite tiny, and she lived all alone at "The Court" with her grandfather, who had quarrelled with his only other child, his daughter, for marrying against his will. He had the gout, and was really a great deal duller than Queenie; for he had not even the companionship of the dolls you see.

Everyone at "The Court" spoiled Queenie, and it was perhaps just as well that she had only dolls to play with; for dolls can't answer or slap back, and never want to be first in a game and only say what you like.

When Queenie and grandfather went to the seaside, she took six dolls; two babies, Master Tommy, Misses Arabella and Araminta, grown-up young lady dolls with nearly as many frocks as Queenie—and her darling, shabby, old Mollie.

It was on the sands they met Blanco and Blanco's Boy, and a very unpleasant meeting that first one was. For Blanco, bounding and barking, suddenly rushed up to Miss Arabella, sitting quietly under a dear little parasol with Miss Araminta, and seizing her by her lovely pink silk frock, carried her off, biting and shaking her like a rat.

Queenie shrieked with terror, Mademoiselle shouted, and Blanco's Boy, who came racing along after him, stopped short and began laughing at the dog's antics. Happily, a lady followed them, and when she saw the state of affairs she called to the dog "Blanco! Blanco!" and Blanco dropped the doll.

"You are a rude dog!" exclaimed Queenie, choking with tears and indignation. "And you are a rude boy!" she added as Blanco's Boy came up; and then collecting all her family from their different seats around, she stalked off to Mademoiselle with a great air of offended dignity.

"I don't like boys or dogs either," she exclaimed. "Dolls are heaps nicer!" A few days later, however, Queenie altered her mind a little. She sat at the window reading a fairy book. She had caught a little cold, pattering, when nurse had told her not to, and was not allowed out. She was tired of every one of the dolls, and would have liked someone to talk to. Fairies and dolls were all very well, but they were not alive.

Suddenly she looked up and saw Blanco and his boy coming down the road, and when Blanco's Boy saw her, he called Blanco, and put him through his tricks, just to show Queenie that, after all, dogs were better than a row of stupid dolls, who sat still on the sands just where you put them.

Blanco was very smart with a blue ribbon round his neck, and he was very clever. He sat up, and begged, and caught and lay dead, just as he was bid; while his boy tapped him with a little whip, and gave him orders in French, which Queenie thought was quite as clever of him as it was of Blanco to obey them. She was sorry when the performance was over, and Blanco and his boy disappeared down to the sands to dig. Happy Blanco's Boy!

Next day they met again on the sands, Blanco first trotting along, blue ribbon and all, sniffing at the seaweed, digging in the sand with his forepaws, now and then, after the crabs which scuttled and burrowed away from him.

"Blanco's Boy!" said Queenie, stopping short and looking up at him, her arms, as usual, full of dolls; "make Blanco beg!" with a little authoritative nod of her head.

Blanco's Boy looked down at her for a minute with an amused smile.

"Blanco doesn't beg for people who don't say 'please!'"

"Please," then, Blanco's Boy," repeated Queenie, with a pout.

"Or for people who call him a rude dog," added his master, and walked on.

"Oh! please do!" and Queenie ran after him. "I'll let you carry Master Tommy," she went on, holding out her tweed-suited hero.

"I don't play with dolls," sniffed Blanco's Boy scornfully.

"But he's a boy-doll; you'll like him!" implored Queenie.

But to deaf ears. Whistling to the dog, Blanco's Boy ran off among the rocks, where Queenie might not follow him.

The sea and the sands grew suddenly quite blurred with mist in Queenie's eyes. No one had ever refused her anything before, like that.

Grandfather was a little better next morning. They wheeled him out on to the beach in an bath-chair, and Queenie went with him, and he sat and watched her build a large and beautiful sandcastle right out on the wet sand, with a moat round it for the incoming tide to fill.

When it was finished, on the top proudly she sat her beloved Mollie, which alone of all her dolls she had been allowed to bring with her. Then, suddenly, grandfather called to her.

Up on the esplanade the Italian woman with the performing parrots was holding her show. Grandfather and Queenie hurried off to see, and she sat on the end of grandfather's chair.

The parrots were very clever, almost as clever as Blanco, and Queenie was just going to make Mollie admire them—she always talked to her dolls as if they were alive—when she suddenly found that there was no Mollie there to admire.

Mollie had been left behind on the sands on the top of the castle. Queenie gave one look out towards the sea. The tide had risen while the birds were performing!

With a little cry of dismay, unheard by grandfather, who had dozed off while watching the show, she darted off like lightning back to the sands.

Horror! There, indeed, sat Mollie, placid and smiling as usual, on her castle, but a wide strip of water—how deep, Queenie knew not—intervened between her and her little mistress.

Just then there was a bark behind her. Blanco came along, and, after him, Blanco's Boy.

"Oh! dear, nice Blanco's Boy!" cried Queenie, rushing up and seizing his hands, "please, please! make Blanco go and fetch my doll—the my dearest of all my dollies!"

It was quite impossible to resist her, and in less time than it takes to tell, clever Blanco had rushed in to the rescue, half wading, half swimming, and triumphantly brought back Mollie in his mouth. At a word from his master he laid her at Queenie's feet.

Grandfather's voice was heard calling behind. They had missed her, and the footman had wheeled him back again to the beach. Queenie ran up to him, cuddling Mollie with one hand and dragging Blanco's master by the other.

"Gan'pa! Gan'pa! Do thank this nice boy of Blanco's, what's saved Mollie! She got forgotten and would have been drowned, quite. If he hadn't sent his dear doggie in to fetch her!"

"Indeed! Well, I'm sure we're very much obliged to you. Queenie, Mollie and I, Blanco—what's your name, eh?"

And then grandfather started and leant forward in his chair, amazed, while Queenie gazed open-mouthed in astonishment. For the first two names that Blanco's Boy gave were those of her dead father, and the third a surname she had never heard.

But ere anyone could say anything a voice was heard calling Blanco's Boy by name.

"Mother, I'm coming!" he replied, and the lady who had befriended Arabella from Blanco, came down the esplanade path, but stopped short when she saw the group round the bath chair.

Queenie laid a detaining hand on Blanco's Boy.

"Don't go. Stop and dig with me, do! Gan'pa," ask Blanco's Boy and Blanco to stay and play with me—I'm so dull with only dolls!"

For answer grandfather drew Blanco Boy gently to his chair and stroked his curly mop of a head.

"Go," he said, calling him by his real name, in a voice that shook. "Go and ask your mother to come and tell me if you may stay—and say your grandfather sends you!"—The Orphan's Raucous.

VERY SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.

Alexander, Walter and Edward Brophy and George Winfield Meet a Watery Grave in the River at Aylmer.

One of the saddest drowning accidents ever known occurred between 5 and 6 o'clock on Friday evening of the week before last, at Aylmer, nine miles from Ottawa, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa river, by which four Ottawa young men lost their lives, and one had a very narrow escape. Aylmer is a favorite summer resort for Ottawa families, and many Ottawa people have cottages there, amongst them being Mr. George P. Brophy, superintendent of the Ottawa River Works, and vice president of the Ottawa Electric Railway Company; Rev. Thomas Winfield, private chaplain to His Excellency the Governor-General, and at present filling the pulpit at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church during the absence of the Rev. W. T. Herridge in England, and Mr. Edward Miall, Commissioner of Inland Revenue. About 5 o'clock Friday afternoon Alexander, aged 25; Walter, aged 20, and Edward, aged 13, sons of Mr. Brophy; George, aged 13, only child of Rev. Mr. Winfield, and Edward, only son of Mr. Miall, went for a sail in a canoe in Aylmer bay. Just as

they reached the point of the island, where two sons of Judge St. Julien were drowned a year ago, and where a number of accidents have occurred, a squall struck the canoe and it upset, throwing the occupants into the water. Young Miall managed to cling to the canoe and was rescued in a very exhausted condition, but the other four were drowned. Mr. Alex. Brophy's eldest son was a very promising young man, universally liked and the second son, Walter, had just matriculated at McGill College, Montreal. The youngest Brophy and young Winfield were boys at school. The sad accident has thrown more gloom over the city than anything which has occurred for years.

The funeral was one of the grandest that Ottawa had ever witnessed. The sympathies of all—Catholics and Protestants alike—went forth to the bereaved families. The floral tributes were equal to even those on the occasion of Sir John A. Macdonald's death. It will be a long time before the gloom is lifted from Ottawa.

IRELAND IS FIRM.

The People Stand by the Liberals and Elect a Home Rule Delegation.

One important and significant fact of the English elections is that while the Liberals have been overwhelmingly beaten in England, Scotland and Wales, Ireland returns more Nationalists than before. Even the Tory papers acknowledge the significance of this result. Some changes have been made in the Irish delegation and the Redmondites are the gainers. Faction rent the Irish party, the people show no sign of dropping the Home Rule principle, thus disposing of the Tory sneer, that but for the politicians the Irish people would not seek Home Rule.

Of the changes in the Irish party Kilkeny was given to the Parnellites, by the gross ignorance and incapacity of Sheehy, Secretary of McCarthy's organization, in making out papers so imperfect that they had to be invalidated. East Clare was given up by the Parnellites, and they only held it through McCarthy's organization providing them with an opponent in P. J. McHugh, who was weaker than anything that they imagined possible. On the other hand, this organization did not propose to fight Maguire in West Clare at all, and they put up no official candidate.

The local Nationalists put up Maj. Jamieson, a friend of Tim Healy's, on their own account and swept Rochefort Maguire and the Parnellites out of sight. In East Mayo the people repudiated Roche, whom the McCarthyites nominated instead of Crilly, who is a Healyite, and elected Crilly by a big vote.—Catholic Citizen.

PROTESTANTISM OF RITUALISTS.

Their Protest Against It Seem to Be in Vain.

The innate Protestantism of the Church of England, in spite of its boasted claims of Catholicity, could scarcely be better exemplified than in a leader in the acknowledged organ of the self-styled "Catholic" party in that Church. The occasion for the article appeared to have been a charge of the Bishop of Exeter in which, while upholding the practice of evening Communion on the one hand, he has been inveighing against "Romish observances," notably Benediction, on the other. The Church Times, anxious to proceed in the old via media of the Anglican Church, condemns both as equally contrary to her principles, and goes on to lecture its readers on self-restraint in the adoption of continental devotions, which, it says, "disgust Englishmen by their mawkish sentimentality." It then proceeds to particularize the devotions to be avoided by these imitation Catholics, and it will surprise real Catholics to hear that the condemned devotions are Benediction, the

RUIN AND MISERY

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE YOUNG MEN OF THE DAY?

Cigarette smoking is one of the evils which is fast increasing among the young men of the period. It is an age of nervousness; nervous excitement, nervous weakness and debility is the growing malady of the day. Mice are over-burdened in school, the pleasures of social life follow business worry; intemperance, sexual excesses or abuses over excite the already enfeebled nerves and result in exhausting diseases or drains upon the nervous system.

It is a drag and a handicap to every young man to be a sufferer from nervous debility or weakness, low spirits, irritable temper, impaired memory, loss of will-power, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from pernicious habits often contracted through ignorance of nature's laws. The wreck of constitution, weakened vitality and manly power, following such habits would be a sorry ending to life in this splendid age of learning and labor. It will fast become an age of unsatisfied brains and shattered nerves unless our young men know themselves.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of this notice with ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century physicians collected with this widely celebrated Institution have made the treatment of the diseases hinted at above their specialty. Thousands have consulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent cures.

Sufferers from premature old age, loss of power, will find much of interest in the book above mentioned.

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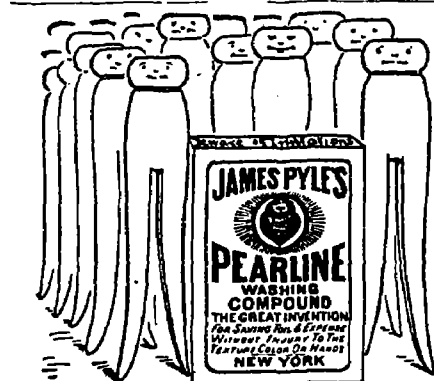
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Rosary and devotion to St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart. "Such services as Benediction," says the Church Times, "such feeble sentiments as many continental forms of devotion are stuffed with, are things that are never likely to help true religion in this country." Such language as this towards the service, second only to Holy Mass in solemnity and sacredness, is to real Catholics little short of blasphemy, and there is less excuse for the Church Times than there would be for an avowedly Protestant paper in using it, because the former professes to believe in the Real Presence. Again, to condemn the Holy Rosary as a "sickly plant of sentimental devotion" is only another proof of the utter ignorance and prejudice still prevalent among the most advanced Ritualists and shows how wide the gulf is which separates Anglicans from the Catholic Church. How can we hope for union with those who use such language as this towards devotions so dear to every Catholic?—Liverpool Catholic Times.

An American farmer had a small house to let, so he got some paint, a brush, and a board, and hung out a sign reading, "To Wrent." Everybody who passed by smiled at the orthography, but it was three or four days before the owner ventured to ask a neighbour, "Say, what makes everybody grin at the sign?" "Why, it's the spelling that gets 'em." It was explained that the word "wrent" was not in accordance with Webster's "latest," and the speller went away mumbling: "Well, if they are so very particular about it, I can change it." And he did. Within two hours there was a new sign reading, "Two let."



"On or off the line, we're with the majority—'stuck' on Pearl Line!" And they're right—you will observe that their heads are level. Millions of women sing the same song as the clothespins. They may express it differently, but they mean the same thing. They mean that their work is easy and sooner done—and better done. No clothes worn out with the endless rub, rub, rub on the washboard. No backs tired out with it, either. These millions of women mean that they're using Pearl Line, saving labor, time, and money with it, and have proved it to be perfectly harmless. Now, what do you mean? Do you mean to try to do without it? Beware of imitations. 332 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Missionary Recommends It Heartily.

St. Paul's Mission, CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 12, '90.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in its effects on any nervous diseases caused by the inability or over exertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness; the use of the Tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. FRED. EBERSWILER, S. J., Superior, Ill., Oct. 28, '91.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever helped one of our sisters who was suffering from nervousness and sleeplessness for ten years, was also recommended to me by many others and it always had the desired effect. I am in Ohio now suffering from epileptic fits for several years and found no relief, until she used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; three bottles cured her entirely. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856, and is now under his direct supervision.

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IS THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Another successful concert took place last Thursday evening at the Catholic Sailors' Club, and as usual the hall was filled with a large assemblage of citizens and seamen. An excellent programme of songs, dances, recitations and instrumental music was well rendered, and the several numbers received rounds of well merited applause. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the entertainment: Misses Wheeler, Delaney, Singleton, M. Milloy, B. Milloy, Brown, and Lawlor, Mrs. Clark, Messrs. Reid, J. Rankin, M. Power, Duritto, F. Gault, Lawlor, Baxter and Murray. The chair was filled by Mr. J. P. Curran.

BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHE.

"We are pleased with the paper dolls, which are sent for one trade-mark from Hood's Pills and ten cents in stamps. We find Hood's Pills all that could be desired. They are prompt and painless in action and are an excellent remedy for biliousness."—HARRIET PARKER, 17 Boswell Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Those who take an interest in the Missionary Work of Mary Immaculate and who contribute to its support by collecting cancelled postage-stamps, will be glad to hear the result of their combined efforts in the good cause. The last assignment of stamps forwarded to Paris by Brother Valerian, S.C.C., numbered 2,225,000, making a grand total of 4,255,000. We are assured that the value of so many stamps is considerable, and that the amount easily realized from their sale is sufficient to support many important missionary enterprises. The widespread and growing interest in the work of collecting cancelled stamps may be judged from the fact that they are sent to Notre Dame from every part of the United States and Canada. All classes of persons are represented among the collectors—from eminent prelates to little children. It is emphatically a work in which every little helps, and one in which almost everyone can take part. Many who could not otherwise contribute to the support of foreign missions are thus enabled to do a great deal of good by taking very little trouble.

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

"It never came," he said.—The following request was recently heard at a seaside hotel: "If any evening paper comes out later than the last edition, please send it up to No. 6."

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

Wanted by a Lady.—Dialogue overheard at the Mansion House. Old Lady to "hus conductor,