

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

MADE MUSTARD. Three tablespoonfuls of mustard, one tablespoonful of sugar...

REMOVE THE FAT FROM THE TOP OF ONE QUART OF BROTH OR SOUP. Strain and heat to scalding; put in soup tureen...

SPICED TOMATOES. Wash, scald and skin ten pounds of ripe and solid tomatoes and cut in small pieces...

MACARONI AND TOMATOES. Stew the macaroni with a little salt; when it is done pour off the water and rinse in cold water...

HAM RELISH. Cut small pieces of cold ham, fry in their own fat; lift out and place in a warm dish while you prepare the sauce...

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The house furnishing stores have cat-snip bottles at eighty-five cents a dozen for quarts, with air-tight rubber stoppers fastened with clamps like a beer bottle's...

Asbestos plates, to put between the stove or fire and kettles and sauce-pans, cost only five cents each. They are indispensable in slow cooking...

Clean, new wooden spoons, enamelled iron spoons, a basting spoon of this latter ware (that is an enamelled one with the point on the side)...

FASHION AND FANCY.

Almost any one is ready to make little changes at any time in her hats, and women at the shore have to. The wind and sun, to say nothing of the water, play sad havoc with the feathers and flowers that have been brought along with the fond hope they would last all summer...

The 1890 redingotes are very much up-to-date garments, made of tulle, silk, either plain or changeable, with a long fluted skirt, as long or nearly so as the dress skirt. They are made mostly in colors, the most fashionable color at present being red, verdigris, a brownish green and violet blue...

A very pretty semi-morning gown worn at a lawn fete was of gray faille. The very full skirt was covered with gray mousseline de soie, and the waist and sleeves with the same material accented with the belt and stock collar were plaited. The belt and stock collar were dotted with silver sequins. The large gray straw hat was trimmed with gray ostrich feathers and white wings. A little cape that hung gracefully from the wearer's arm was made with the same gray faille, covered with gray muslin accordion plaiting gathered under a yoke of applique lace. It was all lined with bright white silk.

HOME MATTERS.

When a nervous headache and an imperative engagement occur on the same date, as they usually do, try this treatment. Take a hot bath liberally tinctured with toilet vinegar. Put on a dressing gown, lie in a shaded room and, if possible, go to sleep for half an hour. On awakening rub the back of the neck gently with any toilet water and rub the muscles of the face also. Drink a cup of hot bouillon, milk or cocoa. Rest a little longer. If this treatment fails to put you in trim for the engagement either it is no help for you, and you must either break it or keep it at the peril of your health.

To prevent mosquitoes from harassing one, smear the hands and face with pennyroyal and keep a bottle of that pungent perfume open to frighten away the pests. Once they have succeeded in biting one the only thing to do is to amoint the bites with ammonia, lemon juice or salt.

A sign of advancing age almost as inevitable as the crease in the neck is the gradual receding of the gums from the teeth. To counteract this tendency an astringent tooth wash should be occasionally used. The teeth should, moreover, be brushed crosswise and down rather than up.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FOUND FAITHFUL.

"As the business cannot be postponed, much as I dislike being absent on Saturday, I must go to the city to-day, Willie, so you must keep occupied and try not to be lonely."

"Well, I'm sorry you're going, mother, but I'll not be lonely, for the ice on the lake is splendid, and the boys will be there."

"But you forget, dear Louis cannot be left alone, and besides, the load of kindling came yesterday; you must cut and stack it in the wood-house to-day."

"That's a bright prospect," answered Willie, with a cloud overspreading his handsome face. "I thought I was going to have a glorious time; there's little enough fun comes to me, anyway."

"The mother's hand was laid very gently on his head as she continued: 'The winter is long, there will be lots of skating before it is gone, so try and make the day happy for little Louis; he always misses me sadly. Remember: 'It is required of a steward that a man be found faithful,' and you are my steward to-day.'"

Then she turned away and soon had taken the train at the village station, and off to the city. Willie felt that he was a much abused boy, and set about cutting and stacking the kindling with a very bad grace. Louis, only three years old, was lonely and very restless, and followed him out into the yard, but did not find the elder brother a very cheering companion.

The day seemed to creep along, and the hours to drag as never before, but at last the factory bell sounded for noon, and the two boys sat down to the lunch prepared by their mother.

"I will take up the ashes," said Willie, "and fix the stove, so that it will be clean and nice when mother comes."

So after the sandwiches were eaten he replenished the fire, and carried out the cinders to the ash heap in the yard.

"Now you stay in the house Louis. I don't want you hanging around all the while," he said crossly, and then went back to his work, thinking: "Oh, well, the day is bound to come to an end after a while."

A half hour later, a merry crowd of boys called out eagerly: "Willie! Willie! Where have you been all day? Come, we're going to have a race on the lake."

Willie heard and approached slowly, with a sullen look on his face. "Can't do it boys," he said in a dissatisfied tone, "mother's gone and I must remain here."

"Why, that's a shame!" answered Jack Thompson, "the ice is better than it has been before this winter; come along for an hour anyway; she'll never know; we want you to race with Al Simkins; all the boys and girls in town will be there."

The temptation was great; there was no other sport that Willie loved so well as skating, and he was tired of work and the loneliness of the place without his mother. A vivid picture of the lake rose to his imagination—the glistening surface, the gay colored sleds, the bright faces and merry voices, and the swift flying figures dashing hither and thither.

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "I'll—" but suddenly he remembered his mother's last words: "It is required of a steward that a man be found faithful," and then came the thought of Louis—he could not be left at home and he could not take him along.

"No, boys," he said, impatiently, "there's no use talking about it, I can't go; it's my duty to stay here."

A laugh followed this reply, and Jack Thompson said sneeringly: "Well, when did you turn preacher; duty, that's a new word."

"New or old, I won't go, so there!" and Willie turned from them and hurried to his work. He had almost finished a day's work, and the sun was nearing the horizon, when suddenly a shrill cry fell upon his ear, and he gasped, "Louis, Louis, where is he?"

Willie had not been very kind to Louis, and had not made the day a happy one, and as the cry grew louder he sprang out into the yard with a stinging feeling of remorse in his heart. But where was the child—into the house flew Willie, but he was not to be seen, then out into the side yard, and there rushing back and forth near the ash pile, his little check apron all ablaze, was Louis. The dress beneath was burnt through in one big place, the underclothing already on fire and the poor little fellow, in an agony of terror, was beating the flames with his hands and screaming wildly.

One glance and Willie jerked off his coat, caught the child in his arms, wrapped him in the garment; tumbled him on the ground, rolled him about,

pressed out the flames with his hands and, when the fire was carried the boy into the house was visible. In a moment he had called a neighbor, and then started off for a doctor. Louis had only fainted, and his injuries, though painful, were not serious. The doctor had just finished dressing them when the mother came.

"Willie is a hero, madam," said the doctor, kindly. "Little Louis owes his life to his brother."

The mother threw her arms around her boy. "Oh, my darling," she cried, "thank God that you were faithful!"

Willie felt the tears rising to his eyes, to think how nearly he had been persuaded to desert his post, and what would have been the result? He lifted his right hand, "See, mother, I wish you would put something on this."

"Why, the worst burn of all," said the doctor, "and he never mentioned it."

That night Willie told his mother about the visit of the boys and his temptation. "Once I decided to go, and now, only think what might have happened! I will remember this lesson as long as I live."—Catholic Citizen.

THE LITTLE IRON BOY.

In the middle of the garden stood a little boy under a big umbrella. He always kept it spread, no matter what the weather might be, and winter and summer, day and night, he was always in his place. A fountain's spray fell on the top of the umbrella, which was iron, and splashed it all around the boy, who was iron, too.

"Oh dear, thought the boy, 'how I hate to carry this old umbrella! I wish I was the stone general over there in the park, and then I could always ride on horseback.'"

"Then," he continued, "instead of this ridiculous old thing, I should have a great long sword in my hands, and I'd hold it right over the people's heads as if I was going to fight them all!"

You see he was a boy, even if he was only an iron one.

Meanwhile the air in the garden was growing more and more sultry, but he never felt it in the middle of the cool fountain. The people in the hot, dusty street looked longingly at the iron boy in his snug water house. How they wished they could change places with him!

At last a great raindrop fell, and then another, and then it seemed as if some one was pumping water out of the clouds. Everybody rushed home as fast as they could. A little school boy ran past and looked up at the iron boy.

"Wish I was that fellow!" he shouted. "Hullo, lend us your parasol?"

But the iron boy stood still and sulked. "Oh, may I come under your umbrella?" gasped a butterfly, who was caught in a new spring dress. "How wise you are always to carry one!" She sat on his finger and dried her blue and gold suit. The rain fell in torrents all around them, but did not touch her.

At last the sun came out again and made a great rainbow in the sky and a little rainbow in the fountain.

The butterfly said she must go. "You have saved my life, you kind boy!" she said, gratefully. "This dreadful storm would have quite washed away poor little me. How much nicer to hold an umbrella over such a helpless thing than to flourish a sword like that big doll yonder!" and waving her pretty wing to him, away she flew.

"Perhaps she is right," thought the iron boy. And then he held the despised umbrella straight and high as if he was proud of it after all.—Youth's Companion.

THAT COMMISSION.

The Owl holds no brief from the Christian Brothers; neither it nor the institution whence it emanates is under any obligation whatsoever to defend that body of teachers. But the Owl loves justice and hates iniquity, and it feels that the Christian Brothers have been made the victims of an intolerable amount of the latter in the formation, procedure and report of the recent commission appointed to examine into the workings of the Ottawa Catholic Schools. It is not our business at present—though the task would be neither difficult nor disagreeable—to show that the methods and results of the Christian Brothers' educational system are unsurpassed by any other body of teachers in this country. It is simply to our present purpose to inquire why the report of the Ontario commissioners has given rise in the minds of many to grave doubts regarding its fairness, honesty, accuracy and impartiality; why, from the first, numerous true friends of educational reform looked with suspicion on the composition of the commission, and can now accept its conclusions.

It is claimed that the Christian Brothers were inefficient; that they did not hold qualifying certificates; and that the teaching of English, as by law required, was neglected in the French schools. To inquire into these—and other—charges, a commission was appointed, and there the difficulty began. The Minister of Education appointed the members of the commission—but on whose suggestion? It is very important to have a satisfactory answer to this question—and to others. How came it that, on both the first and second commission, there was at least one member notoriously unfriendly to the Christian Brothers? Were the accused or their friends consulted in any way regarding the formation of the commission? Why were graduates of the Brothers' schools carefully excluded from the commission? Were the commissioners at any time, directly or indirectly, under influences that might reasonably be considered hostile to the Brothers? Did the commissioners ever see a Christian Brother teaching, or did they know anything about the Brothers' methods? Did any member of the commission ever have difficulty with the Brothers, or had he any prejudices against them? Since a large majority of the schools and scholars to be examined were French, why were commissioners appointed who had not the slightest practical knowledge of the French language? Did any member of the commission ever do any inefficient teaching himself? Did he ever neglect his school to look after his personal advancement? In fine, was the commission such as the commissioners themselves would like to be judged by? Was it

honest? Was it impartial? Was it unprejudiced? Had it no axe to grind, no imaginary slight to avenge, no former course of action to justify? We wait an answer to all of these questions before condemning the Christian Brothers and their Ottawa schools. One thing is certain, that if the enemies of a system or of an order, have had the naming of its judges, the verdict is not worth the paper on which it is written.—The Ottawa University "Owl."

THE NEW LAVAL.

ELOQUENT SPEECHES AT THE FORMAL OPENING.

A MOST ENTHUSIASTIC AND BRILLIANT SCENE; ONE OF THE EVENTS OF THIS SEASON FOR MONTREAL; THE ARCHBISHOP PRESIDES.

In our last issue we spoke editorially of the grand opening of Laval University. The event took place too late for our paper to give the account with we furnish this week.

Most of those people who were present visited the new Laval halls of learning for the first time, and were naturally surprised and pleased with what they saw. The faculties of law, medicine and theology are now comfortably housed, yet it still remains for friends of the university to contribute the necessary funds to secure furniture in keeping with such a splendid edifice and the requisite appliances to carry on a well equipped university. Strong appeals in this direction were made by more than one speaker last evening, and it is not likely that these eloquent words will have been spoken in vain.

Amongst those present in the body of the hall were the Archbishop of Montreal, Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, Bishops Emard, Larocque and Desclé, Hon. J. J. Curran, Hon. A. R. Angers, Mr. Justice Baby, Acting Chief Justice Tait, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. P. E. Leblanc, Hon. Mr. Laviolette, the Mayor of Montreal, Hon. J. E. Robidoux, A. T. Lepine, M.P., and other distinguished citizens.

A very pleasing feature was the presence of the new principal of McGill, who occupied a seat on the immediate left of the archbishop. The different faculties were strongly represented on the platform, among others being Sir Alex. Lacoste, Justices Jette, Delormier, Hon. Judge Jette, Hon. H. Archambault, M.L.C., Dr. Villeneuve, Dr. Rottot, Dr. Lachapelle, Dr. Mignault, Dr. McDonald, Dr. Bell and others from McGill and Bishop's colleges.

THE VICE-PRINCIPAL. Rev. J. B. Proulx, vice-rector of Laval, who presided, made the first speech. He said it was with the greatest satisfaction that he welcomed the sister universities and all those present to take part in this demonstration. He proceeded to designate Laval as the citadel and rampart of the Catholic faith in Canada. A moral as well as a great material monument had been erected and one that would reflect credit on the Catholic province of Quebec. Rev. Mr. Proulx then gave some details as to the working of the university, the administration being in the hands of twenty ecclesiastics and twenty laymen. The lay governors, he said, were chosen from the most experienced citizens and business men and both elements worked together in perfect harmony. All this, however, had been brought about by many sacrifices.

THE POPE'S PROPHECY. He extended the university's grateful thanks to the Holy Father and the Roman Court, who had studied so faithfully the difficulties of the past. The vice-rector related that at one time, when he was kneeling before the Sovereign Pontiff, His Holiness said: "Take courage and you will see the end of these difficulties."

"I will," added Abbe Proulx, "and to-night is the grand realization of the Pope's prophecy." The Seminary of St.

Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Pain and suffering and wrong living write their history on our features in unmistakable lines. Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, listless steps and languorous looks tell of wasting debilitating disease some place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source—impure blood, and impure blood starts in the digestive organs.

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NOTICE.

The Executors of the Estate of the late F. X. BEAUDRY, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, in order to be authorized to pay to the heirs the income of the estate, all expenses paid, and for other ends.

E. LALIBERTE, N.P.

Sulpice had also to be remembered, for had it not been for their generosity this reunion could not have taken place. (Cheers.)

THE DEAN OF MEDICINE.

Dr. J. P. Rottot, dean of the medical faculty, was then introduced and learnedly described the rise and progress of medical science, claiming that Laval had done her part, considering the faculty's limited resources, and predicted a bright future for the faculty and university as a whole.

Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of St. Sulpice followed, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in seeing the completion of this Catholic university. He extolled the work of higher education throughout the Catholic world, and held that it was a great honor for students to belong to such an institution as Laval. It was said that four hundred years ago, and repeated now, that Catholicism had run its course, but he said that as long as they had such institutions as Laval university in the country the Church would always triumph over its enemies. The Rev. Superior then told his hearers what Laval would be if it were not Catholic. It would be a university without the revealed truth and would bring about

INTELLECTUAL ANARCHY

in the country. This, he declared, was not the end reserved for the city of Maastricht. He declared that the clergy and laity of Laval made common cause and called upon Catholic Canada to support such a deserving institution.

Mr. Justice Jette, dean of the faculty of law, made a finished speech, in which he said that 585 students had graduated in law from Laval since the faculty was started.

Rev. C. Lecco, of the theological faculty, was the next speaker and his address consisted in a learned answer to the query: Why should a faculty of theology exist in connection with Laval? It was because the university believed in theology and believed in God.

Hon. G. A. Nantel extolled the origin of Laval and regretted that Hon. Mr. Taillon, his leader, was not to speak. The Minister held, however, that the province could not fail in its duty to such a deserving institution. The whole country would rejoice in the completion of the edifice, although much remained to be done, and he hoped that the appeal that had been made would not go unheeded.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Hon. J. J. Curran, was most enthusiastically received. He made a pleasing and happy reference to the professors of sister universities present, brother scientists, fellow workers in the fields of literature, but, above all, patriots who had come to rejoice on the progress made by their fellow-countrymen. He spoke of their attempt to build a nation. Universities would give it immortality. (Applause.) Reverence for the Divinity and love of arts and sciences had been the characteristics of every nation that lived in history. He described Greece and Rome, with their magnificent temples and their devotion to intellectual culture. Those nations had disappeared, but they still live. Millions of scholars study Homer and Demosthenes, Plato and Aristotle; whilst Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Tacitus were more honored now than in the days of their highest glory in their native land. So with the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, on behalf of those descendants he was the unworthy spokesman. The speaker here gave a glowing description of the love of religion and of art and science in the land of his forefathers, which was no longer in its cradle when Caesar invaded Gaul, and whose existence as a nation dated away back into the twilight of prehistoric times. He spoke of the schools and scholars of Ireland and those who had taught philosophy and the highest sciences from Paris to the foot of the Papal throne beyond the Alps. Their love of religion and education they carried with them as famine stricken exiles beyond the seas, and the children of those exiles in every land filled the most exalted positions in church and state. The early history of the French Canadian race was not lost in antiquity, but it was surrounded by an aureole of glory. (Applause.) Could the venerable Laval who first planted the seed in the seminary of Quebec witness this magnificent demonstration, see this institution with its faculty of theology imprinted with the brightest mark of excellence by the gentlemen of St. Sulpice, their faculty of arts, the pupils of the world, renowned followers of Loyola, receiving their diplomas at its hands, their faculty of medicine with such men as Sir William Hingston and Dr. Rottot at its head, and the faculty of law for the learning, zeal and ability of its professors standing second to none on this continent, what would be his feelings? They might well be proud of their university and look forward to bright days to come. The people of the province loved education. And it would be their glory. Education, that was a subject now occupying grave attention. But let the system that provided here be for better or worse there was one thing it had incontrovertibly done for the people, it had

INCULCATED THE GOLDEN RULE

of do unto others as they would wish others to do unto them. (Great applause.) Other glories they might have but none that would rise in such honor on their race as the enactments on their Statute books guaranteeing and perpetuating to the Protestant minority their educational privileges. The two systems were now growing up and working in a spirit of mutual toleration, side by side. That was the true spirit of civil and religious liberty, which others who claimed a superior system would do well to emulate. Side by side, in this province, the Catholic and the Protestant, each in his own way and animated by the same patriotic spirit, were assiduously working for the greater glory of God and the honor and renown, the peace, progress and prosperity of the land they all loved so well. (Prolonged applause.)

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau followed the Solicitor-General, saying that he was glad to testify by his presence to the work of the old university and to the veneration he held for its founder. There was never a moment when he was more proud of the province of Quebec than at this time. He then dwelt upon the liberty possessed by

the people of Quebec, and paid an eloquent and loyal tribute to her Majesty. All lived together here in such perfect unity that we shuddered when hearing of people being deprived of equal rights in other places. (Cheers.) The Archbishop closed the meeting with a few touching words. In the morning a most impressive Mass and dedicatory service took place in the cathedral.



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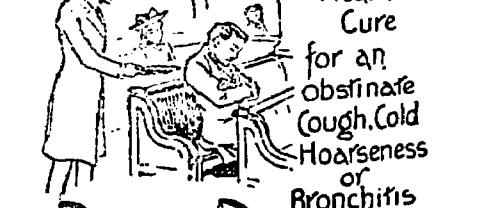
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