

JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA,
Famous War Correspondent Dead.

John Augustus O'Shea, the famous war correspondent and author, died at his residence in Clapham, Eng., on the 13th ult.

Mr. O'Shea was a native of Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ire., and was about seventy-five years old. He was, perhaps, the last representative of the Bohemian school of journalists, whose name was familiar in literary circles all over the Three Kingdoms and on the continent. He was a delightful companion, full of reminiscences of a most interesting and humorous nature, and the stories of his own experience in many lands were always matters of intense interest. He was a true and staunch friend, and ever took delight in assisting others.

O'Shea worked at different periods of his life for some of the best known newspapers in Ireland, England and America. His writings always found a ready market, for he had a rare literary faculty, and his contributions were ever attractive and racy of the soil. Mr. O'Shea was a staunch Irishman, and in his latter years he followed the history of the present National movement with keen interest.

He experienced all the horrors of the siege of Paris, and used to tell weird stories of the wants of the besieged. In his admirable book, "An Iron-Bound City," the siege is graphically described. In "Romantic Spain," he tells of his Carlist experiences, and in "Leaves From the Life of a Special Correspondent" and "Roundabout Recollections," he has written much autobiographical reminiscences of early days in Ireland, of the famous personages he met in various countries, and of the different duties of a special correspondent.

One of the most interesting chapters of his volume of Recollections is that devoted to the Catholic University, in which he was educated, where he mentioned his schoolfellows, many of them afterwards celebrated.

He was one of the earliest contributors to the Shamrock, when Harry Furniss and Francis Walker were its principal artists. For this magazine he wrote "The History of a Cravat" and other witty and agreeable stories and sketches.

It is to his credit that he was always Irish of the Irish, and long before the present revival of Irish literature was heard of, he had, in season and out of season, advocated the claims of Irish literature. When the present writer first met him—in 1885—he was president of the Southwark Irish Literary Club, a small body of Irish people who met in a small hall in a back street in South London, and by lectures, Gaelic classes, "original nights" readings of Irish history and literature, endeavored to keep up and spread a knowledge of and feeling for Ireland among the scattered Irish of London.

To that little club—the nucleus of the present Irish Literary Society and London Gaelic League—came W. B. Yeats, Dr. Todhunter, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and many other notable visitors.

O'Shea was one of the best after-dinner speakers ever heard, and had few equals as a raconteur. Besides his various books and innumerable articles, and stories, he wrote a play, of which I have one of the few copies printed. It was called "Blonde or Brunette," and the copy I possess is from O'Shea, "With the author's cordial invitation to laughter."

It may be said that journalism and oratory were in his blood, for his father was a well-known journalist in the South of Ireland, and the author of a volume of poems called "Nenagh Minstrelsy," and his relative, Peter Gill, was a popular orator, an irrepressible fixture at all the political gatherings from the Tenant-Right movement down to the Land League days.

In its notice of the death of O'Shea the Daily News, of London, said that "this is the third, and, unhappily, the last, obituary notice to be written of the genial 'Irish Bohemian' The first was written when he was reported as killed in an explosion during the siege of Ancona, where he was with the Papal Army.

"The second obituary notice appeared in the Evening Standard

during the siege of Paris, where he was its special correspondent. He was supposed to have escaped in a balloon from the doomed city, and to have been drifted over the English Channel, where he was believed to have been drowned. But he never left Paris, where he endured hardships which undoubtedly shortened his days.

"On this subject he wrote: 'I spent the four tedious months of the siege shut up in a penitential cage. I was half starved: I knew what it was to eat horseflesh raw. . . . I went into that siege a strong man; I came out of it haggard and hysterical, with pinched features, and a bodily constitution which still bears traces of the too heavy strain imposed upon it.'"

THREE VETERAN PRIESTLY JOURNALISTS.

Rev. Dr. Lambert, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, in commenting upon a compliment paid to the Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, says:

In heartily endorsing all this, our memory, taking us by the hand, leads back to the good old times—before the war—when in 1858 we first met Dr. Cronin at Carondalet, on the banks of the Mississippi, when he and we and Dr. Phelan of the Western Watchman were preparing ourselves for the priesthood. Little did any of us think about newspaper work then. It was then theology, dogmatic and moral, and philosophy, with its entologic and psychologic schools, and the discussions between them, and their wrangles about the meaning of St. Thomas, and Gioberti and Rosmini and Liberatore and Sanseverino and Brownson! What arguments and undeveloped philosophical wisdom were wasted on the circumambient air, and what might have happened to social progress if they had been bottled up, kept cool, and allowed to mature? Be that as it may, they served their purpose then. They kept our minds busy, and therefore were not in vain. Young Phelan was argumentative, and did not require much effort to assert himself—a virtue he has ever since retained without considerable loss, as all his broken-backed and broken-legged controversial opponents well know. Young Cronin was less argumentative, but more sentimental, with a tendency to the extremes of riotous rejoicing or meditative sadness. How often have he and we—both being poetically inclined—loitered and strolled about in the cabbage garden—the only thing in the way of flowers about there—to gaze on the moon, or the stars—as the case might be—and swap sentimental things about the whichness of the what, the beckoning unattainable and such like, suggested by the vast starlit void overhead. Then we would musingly retire, thinking about something good to eat, and what punishment would be likely to overtake old Grady for his neglect to properly provide for the table. Thus we alternated, or he did, between the sentimental and the substantial, between poetry and prose, with a plurality in favor of the latter.

Big events were going on then—the pattering of the rain drops on the dead leaves before the onrush of the storm. Lincoln and Douglass were having their great debate through Illinois—the debate that made Lincoln President. The young fellows were mostly Democrats, and Douglass was their prophet. How bad they felt as the genius of Lincoln began to overshadow and shrink the little giant. Much history has been made since then in the passing years that have been bleaching your head and ours gray, dear Father Cronin. During those years you have devoted your rare intellectual gifts and physical energies to Catholic truth and the glory of God's Church, and you have made for yourself a distinguished place in American Catholic literature.

That you may live long in good health to continue your work is the heartfelt wish of your fellow student of 1858.

The Hardest Pain to Endure

Is the pain of a tender corn, but experience proves that corns are cured quickest by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's never burns or causes sores. The only painless cure is Putnam's. Use no other.

Why don't you quit if you are using poor tea. Joy Blue Ribbon and you'll see where the good comes in. We know the quality is there and want you to know it. A test is what we ask.

The Coupons are Worth Saving.

AGENTS WANTED
English Manufacturer
FOR THE New Diamond Gold Pen
Everywhere

GOOD INCOMES Can be Secured
(Whole or spare time) (Male or female)
Good wages and constant employment can be earned by intelligent agents.

The New Diamond Gold Pen superior to the best Gold Nibs cost One Penny only. Points finished like Diamond Shape. One Nib will last for many months.

Advantages of the New Diamond Pen:—Beautiful touch—glide smoothly over the paper—makes writing a pleasure—improves in use—durable—non-corroding—one nib will last longer than grosses of steel nibs.

Every man, woman, or child should use the New Diamond Pen.

To start at once send 40 cents (stamps will do) for Agents' Sample Box, or One Dollar for large size Sample Box post free by return to all parts of the world with particulars of the best paying agency.

STANDARD CORPORATION, DIAMOND PEN WORKS,
49 Newgate Street, London, E.C.
ENGLAND
(Postage for letter 5 cents).

KOBOLD & CO.
CITY MARKET, WINNIPEG
Dealers in all kinds of
Fresh and Cured Meats
BUTTER, EGGS and VEGETABLES
GAME IN SEASON

Dr. J. McKenty,
OFFICE: UNION BANK BLOCK,
RESIDENCE: 232 DONALD STREET,
TELEPHONES
OFFICE 541. RESIDENCE 1863

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION.

MANITOBA with its network of railways, giving markets near at hand for all farm products, offers unrivalled opportunities for investment. **PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT LANDS** can still be purchased at from \$3 to \$6 per acre. **IMPROVED FARMS** in all districts of the province can be purchased at from \$10 to \$40 per acre. These prices are advancing every year.

A FEW POINTERS

On arrival at Winnipeg the wisest policy for any new settler to adopt is to remain in Winnipeg for a few days and learn for himself all about the lands offered for sale and to homestead.

There are districts that have been settled for many years in which land can be purchased. Some of this may be unbroken prairie which still possesses all the richness and productive powers of our virgin prairies. Other lands, cultivated and having comfortable farm buildings, are ready for immediate possession.

There are Provincial Government lands, Dominion Government homesteads, and railway lands to be secured.

The price of land varies from \$3 to \$40 per acre. Location with respect to railways, towns, timber and water determines the price of land.

For information regarding homesteads apply at the Dominion Land Office.

For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

For situations as farm laborers apply to: **J. J. GOLDEN**
PROVINCIAL INFORMATION BUREAU, 617 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

YOUNG MEN, BECOME INDEPENDENT.—Our School can give you a Veterinary Course in simple English language, at home during five months of your spare time, and place you in a position to secure a business of from \$1,200 upwards yearly. Diploma granted and good positions obtained for successful students. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for full particulars at once. **THE ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,** London, Ontario, Canada.

WANTED.—A Lady or Gentleman in every town to represent the Northwest Review. To send in local items weekly, canvas subscriptions and represent the paper in their locality. Liberal commission. Apply to Northwest Review, P.O. Box 617.

GET YOUR RUBBER STAMPS at the Northwest Review, 219 McDermot Ave.

If a man's wife is a good baker, nothing

but the best flour is good enough for her. There can be no greater extravagance than the use of inferior flour.

Winchester Springs, Feb. 27th, 05.

"I read about Royal Household Flour which is purified by electricity. I also read about the woman paying freight 25 miles before she would be without it. Royal Household was not sold in our town, I was asking about it and my grocer told me to wait a day or two and he would get some, and I am glad I did so. My wife is a good baker and made good bread out of other flours, but what she has now made out of Royal Household is so far ahead that I would be willing to pay freight fifty miles instead of twenty-five, rather than go without it. There is no flour 'just as good' as Royal Household."

(Signed) **JOHN HENDERSON.**

Now, is there a single woman in the whole country who, after reading what Mr. Henderson says, will not at once send for the Royal Household recipes and give Royal Household Flour a trial. Mention this paper and address

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED,
MONTREAL.