

ners to be decided upon by the judges at the Annual Drill Competitions of the Winnipeg Public Schools Companies this year.

The State census now being completed by O. J. Olson and his assistants will give Fargo, North Dakota, a population of between twelve and thirteen thousand. The figures are disappointing.

On Sunday evening last, according to announcement a large number of clergy and laity, with the most Reverend Archbishop at their head, foregathered at the corner of Bannatyne Ave. and Lydia street, to witness the blessing of the corner stone of the new French church; but the rain which had just begun and threatened to increase determined Father Portelance regretfully to postpone the ceremony till some future date, probably till the new building is roofed in. The high basement is now finished.

Sunday last was the first day on which the new C.P.R. time table went into effect and by Wednesday all changes were working satisfactorily from Montreal to Vancouver. Two trains leave daily for the east at 7.25 and 19.45. Two trains leave daily for the west at 9.15 and 21.30. The M. & N.W. train leaves at 8.35; the Deloraine at 8.45; the Souris at 8.55; the Brandon local at 16.40; the Winnipeg Beach express at 17.20; the Napinka tri-weekly at 16 o'clock; the West Selkirk tri-weekly at 9.50.

The Catholic nuns expelled from Catholic France are welcomed in Protestant Norway. Such a condition of things appears strange and anomalous, but the fact is vouched for by Bishop Fallize of Norway. He says: "I have another cause for rejoicing. The congregations of nuns, persecuted in many Catholic countries, are so very welcome in Protestant Norway that those already established here are unable to answer all the requests made for their services. So I found myself under the necessity of founding a congregation of native sisters under the name of Sisters of St. Francis Xavier. It was established last winter at Bergen, and the novitiate is full."

The Circuit Court of Chicago has granted the petition of Eugene F. Damm for permission to change his name. His attorney, Mr. Booz, discoursed eloquently and persuasively on the embarrassment of wearing such a patronymic as his client's, without seeming to feel the slightest self-consciousness regarding his own name.

—The Casket.

A GOOD STORY—WITH A MORAL

To the current Fortnightly Mr. W. S. Lilly tells the story of a dinner and of an adventure which befel afterwards, and then, having adored a tale, points a moral. One afternoon he met three lady friends in Regent Street. They were surprised and delighted because they had found some bargains, "some shirt-blouses of a dainty kind, on sale at half a crown each." They invited Mr. Lilly to dine with them at a fashionable restaurant. "The perfection of its cuisine and the excellence of its wines have deservedly won for it a world wide reputation. I could not help noticing that upon the occasion of which I speak my kind hostess received very little change from the five pound note which she tendered in payment for our dinner." But that same evening when strolling homewards Mr. Lilly was able to save a young girl from being run over. He was just able to pull her back in time else she had been under the horse's hoofs. A policeman looking at the frightened half hysterical girl, said simply: "It's hunger. If she sits down for a bit she will pull herself together."

Mr. Lilly proved himself a good Samaritan. He then learned the girl was in debt and owed a fortnight's rent, and was out to earn money. "I inquired what she worked at. She told me she made ladies' shirt blouses, but could not live on what she earned in that way; she was paid four shillings for making a dozen; it was the usual rate; she worked for Messrs. —, mentioning the tradesmen whose shop my fair friends had visited that afternoon. It is a dictum of Renan that the miraculous is the unexplained; and this was the explanation of those miracles of cheapness at which my friends had marvelled." The incident set Mr. Lilly thinking and inquiring as he quotes figures as to the wages a woman's work can earn, and so reveals the secret which conceals "the cost of cheapness."—London Tablet.

MR. CARNEGIE'S IDEA OF NON-SECTARIANISM

President Plantz, of Lawrence University, advises us that there is one person whom he calls a "Romanist" on the Board of Trustees of that institution. He does not give the name of the "Romanist" in question. The "Romanist" in question, if he is a "Romanist," must have made a poor and a far from positive impression on President Plantz, when the president of this alleged non-sectarian institution thinks it an elegant thing to designate this alleged Catholic's religion by a nickname which is distinctly an epithet of the worst days of sectarian polemics.

President Plantz is one of the twenty-five trustees designated by Andrew Carnegie to manage the \$10,000,000 pension fund for aged college professors.

Let our position on the matter of Mr. Carnegie's gift be not misunderstood.

1. We concede his right to keep his money or give his money as he wishes.

2. We concede his right to give his money exclusively to Protestant institutions and to so stipulate.

3. But, if he should give his money expressly to "the Christian colleges of the United States" and appoint none but Protestant Christians on the board of trustees and lay conditions in his grant, indicating that he regarded the term Christian as applying to Protestants only, then we have a right publicly to instruct him on the subject and to show him the error and narrowness of his view.

4. Similarly, if he should donate, as he has donated, a large sum of money to the benefit of the "non-sectarian" private colleges of the country we have a right to discuss the error and the narrowness of his apparent understanding of the term "non-sectarian"—especially when he coolly assumes that it means Protestant non-sectarianism only; when the terms of his letter are so couched as to exclude every Catholic institution, and when in appointing a board of twenty-five trustees he cannot find a single Catholic in this nation of many million Catholics, but makes the whole twenty-five Protestants, many of them Protestant ministers.

Let it be remembered that we do not question Mr. Carnegie's right to do this, if he did it honestly as a Protestant to Protestants. It is the pretense of non-sectarianism—the humbug of broad gauge liberality—to which we object. It is the pose of a national benefactor of education that we criticise, where such is accompanied, as it is, by specific conditions, deliberately intended to shut Catholics out in the cold.

If "sectarian" be defined as the courts of Wisconsin have defined it, Lawrence University is clearly sectarian,—as a theological seminary preparing young men for the ministry in five denominations, (which they may select in accordance with the loudness of the "call").

But if "sectarian" and "non-sectarian" are defined as bigots define such terms—sectarian to mean Catholic and non-sectarian to mean Protestant, then Mr. Carnegie may feel that he is indeed a broad man.

It is this fraudulent kind of non-sectarian that we have for years been exposing. President Plantz obviously thinks that Lawrence University is non-sectarian, because it prepares young men for the ministry in five different Protestant denominations of one of which President Plantz is himself a distinguished preacher. Now it is possible that all, or nearly all, of the ninety-five other Protestant sects may concur in President Plantz's view. But Catholics do not. You may not consider our standpoint, but you cannot force your view of non-sectarianism on us. To the Catholic mind a Protestant institution is a Protestant institution, whether it be Methodist solely or whether it pool the issues of sectarian Protestantism under the aegis of the King James Bible. And this we believe, is the logical view and the one to which our courts incline.

We cannot understand the Carnegie process of mind in raising, by his latest gift, the issue of sectarianism. Why is he afraid in this matter lest any of his money help superannuated professors in what he terms sectarian institutions? Does he fear that it may bring about a union of church and state? Does he feel restrained by the constitutional provisions which prohibit appropriations to theological seminaries? Even if Mr. Carnegie regarded himself for the moment as the state, he ought to reflect that under a system of old age pensions, even the state might give a pension to an aged Catholic priest without violating any constitutional provisions.

And there is the example of Mr. Rockefeller, also a first class power of co-ordinate magnitude with Mr. Carnegie. Nothing in the state constitutions has prevented him from appropriating money to build churches or to finance missionary societies; and nothing in this code of the latter have prevented their accepting Standard Oil money. Here is a legal precedent for Mr. Carnegie; and we understand, too, that the less tainted the money, the more acceptable it is to the Lord. He may not have Mr. Rockefeller's firm faith in the Baptist creed, but he may have more honest pride in the pedigree of his money.

In the stipulation of his latest gift we feel that he has been ill advised in a manner that does injustice to his benevolence. For he is undoubtedly a benevolent man. He must realize that an old teacher—a man who has reached the age of threescore and ten—instructing generations of young men in Truth and Science—upon the meagre salary afforded by a small college, is just as worthy of the kindness of a wise and wealthy benefactor, whether the duties prescribed for him by the college have required him to conjoin instruction in Science with instruction in Religion or not; whether chance has so befallen that there are five sects or one sect represented in the trustees who manage the college, or whether there are three versions or but one version or no version at all of the Bible in the collegiate list of text books.

It is better to be broadly Christian than narrowly "non-sectarian."—Catholic Citizen (Milwaukee).

ITEMS OF INTEREST

We regret to announce that the Rev. Father Kulawy, O.M.I., Holy Ghost, has been seriously indisposed. Latest enquiries at the Presbytery elicit the information that the Rev. gentleman is progressing favourably.

About twenty children are being instructed at the Holy Ghost church for First Communion, which they will receive on Sunday first.

REGINA

Before the national Christening of the new capital takes place Father Suffa, O.M.I., and his zealous body of Promoters have been anxious that religion should have the lead and that all the families be consecrated to the Sacred Heart through the Holy League. Twenty-five active Promoters have been at work for some time with enrolment lists; numerous and in quick succession have been the demands for certificates, badges, leaflets, Messengers, diplomas, etc. The latest account stated that more Promoters were needed to enlist the inflowing immigrants, both English and German, but on the whole long ere the praises of the Sacred Heart all was working well, and it will not be sung by the greater number of families in the new capital.—The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A GREAT CANADIAN MIRAGE

A few days ago a number of farmers at Shepherd, N.W.T., witnessed a most wonderful mirage. An image of the Town of McLeod which lies about 100 miles to the south was clearly depicted in the sky.

Not only was the town visible, but a large circle of the surrounding country, dotted with ranches and other features of the landscape. People could be seen walking or driving on the streets. The Old Man's River, with the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge crossing it, the railway station itself with the cars standing on the track, were all clearly shown.

The mirage lasted for fully ten minutes and then disappeared as quickly as it came. Of late a number of wonderful mirages have been seen in Alberta usually shortly after the break of day. In some instances unknown lakes and towns have been pictured on the heavens with such a distinctness and realism as to make them appear but a few miles away when in reality they were perhaps many hundreds.

Wait on Father

"Mamma, I'm so sleepy! Won't you please tell me a fairy story before I go to bed?"

"No, my child, not now. Wait a little while, and your father will come home and tell us both one!"

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DICKENS AND THE LITTLE SISTERS

Charles Dickens once paid a visit to the House of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris and described his impressions of the institution and the Sisters in an article in his own magazine, Household Words. The great English novelist's account of a Catholic charity is so little known, not being included in his published works, that it is worth reproducing here:

"The little sisters live with their charges in the most frugal way, upon the scraps of waste meat which they can collect from the surrounding houses. The voluntary contributions by which they support their institution are truly the crumbs fallen from the rich man's table. The nurse fares no better than the objects of her care; she lives upon equal terms with Lazarus and acts towards him in the spirit of a younger sister.

"We are ushered into a small parlor scantily furnished, with some Scripture prints upon the walls. A Sister enters to us with a brisk look of cheerfulness such as faces wear when hearts beneath them feel that they are beating to some purpose in the world. She accedes gladly to our desire, and at once leads us into another room of larger size in which twenty or thirty old women are at this moment finishing their dinner being Friday, rice stands on the table in the place of meat. The Sister moves and speaks with the gentleness of a mother among creatures who are in, or are near the state of second childhood. In the dormitories on the first floor some lie bedridden. Gentler still, if possible is now the Sister's voice. The rooms throughout the house are airy with large windows; and those inhabited by the Sisters are distinguished from the rest by no mark of indulgence or superiority.

"We now descend into the old men's department and enter a warm room, with a stove in the centre. One old fellow has his feet upon a little foot-warmer and thinly pipes out that he is very comfortable now, for he is always warm. The chill of age and the chills of the cold pavement remain together in his memory, but he is very comfortable now, very comfortable. Another decrepit man with white hair and bowed back—who may have been proud of his youth of a rich voice for love song—talks of music to the Sister and being asked to sing, blazes out with joyous gestures, and strikes up a song of Beranger's in a cracked, shaggy voice, which sometimes like a river given to flow underground is lost entirely, and then bubbles up again, quite thick with mud. We go into a light oratory, where all pray together nightly before they retire to rest; thence we descend into a garden for men, and pass thence into the women's court.

"And now we go into the kitchen. Preparation for coffee is in progress; the dregs of coffee that have been collected from the houses of the affluent in the neighborhood are stewed for a long time with great care. The Sisters say that they produce a very tolerable result; and, at any rate, every inmate is thus enabled to have a cup of coffee every morning, to which love is able to administer the finest mocha flavor. A Sister enters from her rounds out of doors with two cans of broken victuals; she is healthy, and, I think a handsome woman. Her daily work is to go out with the cans directly after she has had her morning coffee, to collect food for the house. As fast as she fills the cans she brings them to the kitchen and goes out again, continuing in this work daily till four o'clock."

TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

"I like a good novel," said the Judge, stirring his tea,—the Judge always stirred his tea as if he were determined to bore a hole through the cup,—"but I don't like too much froth,—most of the novels to-day have too much froth. And you can't trust the opinion of the critics about them. Most of the critics seem to be publishers in disguise. When I was young I read Edgar Poe's impressions of his fellow authors. I remember how angry his criticism of Longfellow made me, and yet it was better than the 'perhaps this is the best work of fiction since Thackeray' or 'distinctly this novel is a great work of art—probably the first of the century.'"

"I know that style," said the Lady of the house, laughing.

"Well, I don't read at all," said the student. "I cram. I've done a course in Prose Fiction, but I did it through a text-book and the professor's schedules. I haven't time for books, I'm always in a rush. What with laboratory work and lectures, I can't get a chance to open a book outside my line. You



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were talking of Faber's hymns the other day. I borrowed the book; but I have not had time to read it."

"Time!" echoed the Judge, looking hard at the student. "You have all the time there is."

"There isn't much, then; I seem to be running away from something all the time, trying to catch up to something else that has just disappeared around the corner."

The young lady from Virginia laughed, "That's the northern way," said she; "now, in the south, people take life more leisurely. We read books there but I must say there doesn't seem to be as much time as there used to be," she added, turning to the student. I should think you'd have some time for culture."

"A specialist now-a-days," answered the student with pride, "has no moment for anything but his speciality."

"He's a one-sided man then," said the Judge, emphatically.

"A monster!" added the young lady from Virginia. "The men of culture who lived before the war, as my mother often says, have almost entirely disappeared, and even the lawyers and doctors are no longer learned men. My grandfather could quote Horace continually, and he had Virgil at his fingers' ends."

"He had time for that sort of thing," said the student in an injured tone.

"If I get a glimpse of the newspaper or run through a short story in a magazine, it is all I can do."

The Judge took another cup of tea. "Your life will become very dry and arid, after a time, if you do not lay up a store of beautiful things of the mind," he said gravely. "It seems to me that if you bought a good book occasionally instead of borrowing it, you would have a greater desire and, consequently, find more time to read. If you continue to be such a busy man as you grow older you'll have no time to travel; and literature is the only substitute for the culture that comes from intelligent travel. A man who hasn't time to read Faber's 'Eternal Years' when the book is at his hand seems—pardon me!—to understand very little of the value of time.

The student shrugged his shoulders. "They've got me down," he said, smiling at the lady of the house, "don't let them jump too hard on me!"—Maurice Francis Egan, in the Rosary.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of this system. In buying Halls' Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation