

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The May number of this bright magazine contains many good things. One of the most interesting is the short sketch of the late Father Alfred Young's devoted life. This great Paulist deserves a full biography. He will be known to posterity as the author of that unanswerable book, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared."

In the "Talk about New Books" the writer strikes a note in loud discord with the prevailing chorus of praise welcoming "My New Curate." He finds fault with several points in Father Sheehan's much talked of novel. The gravest fault, and one which is of course hopelessly irremediable, is that it lacks the creative power. We are inclined to think that the reviewer is not far wrong. The general impression Father Sheehan leaves is not so vivid as the admiration his clever bits arouse.

Alice A. Catlin, in a "Visit in South-Western France," describes in a pleasant, chatty vein (with the American girl, however, a little too prominent) the prosperous life of the dwellers in the department of Deux-Sèvres, which, by the way, is not in the southwest but exactly in the middle west of France. "One peasant family in Boisragon has one hundred and five pairs of linen sheets... One gets some idea of the wealth of household and personal linen owned, when told that 12 dozens of everything is not an unusual number to possess." Fancy twelve dozens of white shirts worn under a workingman's blouse, and compare this with America's false fronts, skimpy cotton sheets and wretchedly small blankets. Solid comfort versus show.

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HOUSEHOLD WORRIES

MAKE SO MANY WOMEN LOOK PREMATURELY OLD.

THEY ARE THE FRUITFUL SOURCE OF HEADACHES, NERVOUS DISORDERS, PAINS IN THE BACK AND LOINS AND THE FEELING OF CONSTANT WEARINESS THAT AFFLICTS SO MANY WOMEN.

Almost every woman meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. Perhaps they are too small to notice an hour afterward, but these constant little worries have their effect upon the nervous system. Indeed, it is these little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may also be noticeable in other ways, such as sick or nervous headache, fickle appetite, pains in the back or loins, palpitation of the heart, and a feeling of constant weariness. If you are experiencing any of these symptoms it is a sign that the blood and nerves need attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted as a regulator of the ailments that afflict women, and through the blood and nerves act upon the whole system, bringing brightness to the eye and a glow of health to the cheeks. Thousands of grateful women have testified to the benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among those who freely acknowledge the benefit derived from this great medicine is Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Dromore, P.E.I., a lady who possesses the respect and esteem of all who know her. Mrs. Hughes speaks of her illness and cure as follows: "Until about four years ago I had always enjoyed good health, and was looked upon as one who possessed a robust constitution. Then I began to grow weak, was troubled with severe headaches, and frequently with violent pains in the region of my heart, from which I would only find ease through hot applications. My stomach also gave me much trouble, and did not appear to perform its customary functions. I was treated by a skillful doctor, but although under his care for several months, I grew gradually weaker and weaker, until finally I was not able to leave my bed. Then I called in another doctor, whose treatment, although continued for some eight months, was equally fruitless. I was scarcely able to hold my head up, and was so nervous that I was crying half the time. My condition can best be described as pitiable. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of a cure of a woman whose case was in many respects similar to mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided that I would give the pills a fair trial. When I began the use of the pills I was in such a condition that the doctor told me I would always be an invalid. I used four boxes of the pills before I noticed any benefit, and then I could see they were helping me. I used twelve boxes in all, covering a treatment of nearly six months, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and I have ever since enjoyed the best of health. I believe there would be fewer suffering women throughout the world if they would do as I did—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

A medicine that is not right is worse than no medicine at all—much worse. Substitutes are not right; more than that, they are generally dangerous. When you buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be sure that the full name is on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer

does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NATURE'S MELODIES.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

Near the romantic town of Freiberg, in South Germany, is a natural eolian lyre, which at times produces undulating waves of melody of startling beauty and power, the rising and falling cadence of the melodious strains being audible for a considerable distance from the strange nature-formed source whence these harmonious chords proceed. This literal "wind instrument" is fashioned out of a chasm, rent in the adjoining range of mountains, cleft, as it were, by the ponderous stroke of a gigantic axe struck deep down into the solid rock, and somewhat resembling in form one of those mighty glacier crevasses caused by the splitting of the gradually advancing mass of ice. The deep yawning fissure is clothed on one side with tall fir-trees, whose swaying branches and uprising trunks doubtless add to the rythmical harmony of this music of the spheres issuing apparently from the depths of the solid earth. Near by is a flowing waterfall, plashing down its rock-encumbered bed, whose purling eddies and falling spray add to it a most fascinating accompaniment.

During the prevalence of calms, of course, the strings of this harp of nature are dumb and silent; but when the gathering winds slowly commence to rise, the exquisite tuneful beauty of the soft zephyr harmony thrills the lover of the poesy of music with an emotion—even with a quivering pulsation of unwonted pleasure—such as no artificial chords could create. At first a gentle sighing, melancholy but soft and tuneful, appears to rise from the profundity of the mountain, as from a bevy of earth-fairies in distress. Soon, as the moving air gathers force, this sad and mournful moaning gives place to more vivacious melody. The strings of the harp are better attuned, and the strains of lively music are frolicking up and down the gamut, as if the fairies, who a few moments before were bemoaning in sorrow, were now carolling in the exuberance of bitesome glee; anon, however, flitting, as the cadence sinks for a moment, to return with hilarious gaiety as the bright symphony again swells with ever added sprightly vivacity.

But now a violent storm has arisen, and the wild tempest rages on the mountains, tearing its way through the narrow cleft, and shrieking with shrill and piercing clamour, as if ten thousand marine sirens, attuned to their acutest pitch, were buried deep down in the depths of the cleft, and their half-smothered warning voices were sonorously apprising some far-off mariner of a hidden danger. But though the hurricane is raging so wildly, tearing its way through the forest with destructive blast, and causing ruin and devastation in its path, yet, even in its wildest moods, there is music in its roar; and as it gradually abates and calms down, first to a steady though forceful breeze, and then to a gently moving air, the shrill, fretful clamour from the rocky chasm is changed to an anthem of long sustained chords, succeeded then by a mourning sougning dirge, soon to die away in a soft, scarce audible whisper of tender melody.

Thus even inanimate nature herself is capable of producing music, is able to take part in the universal anthem of praise to the Creator which is continuously resounding from all His works,

and if here below in our present imperfect state we are able to produce such brilliant melody, in that supernal Realm of song, where angels and beatified spirits cease not day nor night to sing His praises, how much more sublime and overpoweringly glorious must be the harmony. Thrice happy they who, living the life of the righteous, through the merits of the Redeemer attain to that home of highest song. For there can be no melody in the Outer Darkness!

THE "BOOKMAN" AND ST. GEORGE MIVART.

The "Bookman" has the following in its May issue:

"A very different type of man from Archibald Forbes was Dr. St. George Mivart, whose death would probably have passed unnoticed by the majority of educated men had it not been for the interest lately excited in him by his controversial correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan. Mr. Mivart can hardly be rated as a really eminent man of science, for his modified evolutionary theories were acceptable neither to Darwinians nor to the opposing school; so that as an evolutionist he was neither fish, flesh nor fowl. His letters, however, to Cardinal Vaughan drew forth an immense amount of discussion, more particularly in this country. Their theological interest to us, at least, was nil, for Mivart's position was one that seems untenable, in that he appeared to wish to remain within the Catholic Church while refusing to accept its discipline. He claimed, indeed, the privileges of a spoiled child, and we cannot feel any sympathy with him whatsoever. He was perfectly free to have left the Church if he found the restrictions galling, and he was equally free to have remained in it and to have submitted his individual opinions to the ruling of those who officially interpret its fundamental dogmas. But what he seemed to wish was to remain a Catholic and at the same time to promulgate views which were antagonistic to true Catholicism. Furthermore, when he found that this was impossible, instead of withdrawing from the Church in a quiet, self-respecting way, he felt bound to make an absurd fuss about the matter and to do a little public posing as a modern Galileo.

"What interests us in the correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan is the perfect way in which the letters of each of the two men reflect and reveal their personality. Those of the Cardinal are so genial, so urbane, and so full of personal kindness and consideration as to be among the most charming that we have ever read. On the other hand, Mivart's replies were bumptious, pragmatismal and aggressive to the verge of actual discourtesy, and in this way they form an effective contrast and a foil to the Cardinal's replies. The whole correspondence is worthy to be preserved and read as illustrating the difference in tone and temper between a cultivated and polished gentleman and a pugnacious pedant."

ST. PIE-LETELLIER.

The splendid spring weather has enabled farmers to get forward their work, without being too hard on the horses; nearly all the wheat and oats are sown, most of them coming up well. The frost this week does not seem to have done much damage.

Mr. Forcier and family leave this neighborhood for Moose Mountain district in the early part of next week.

For the Easter duties, the Rev. Father Blain, S. J., came to as-

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assist the Rev. Father Juras at the end of Holy Week. The reverend Father preached several times and was much appreciated.

On Easter Sunday the new monstrance, which is quite handsome, was inaugurated; the new benches were in their places, and were sold by auction after High Mass. At Vespers, in the evening, a collection was taken up by Mesdames Graveline and D. Parent, of the Altar Society, the proceeds amounting to close on \$15, to be devoted to cleaning and painting the floor of the Church.

Last Sunday, the first Sunday of Our Lady's Month, Vespers were at 7 o'clock. The singing by the Children of Mary was good, and the Rev. Dr. Béliveau delivered an eloquent address on the Blessed Virgin.

Several cases of diphtheria have occurred at Letellier, but as the authorities have now taken every means to prevent the spread of the disease, we trust it will be speedily stamped out.

Mr. Monceau has lost a son six years old; we trust that his other children, also those of the other afflicted families, will be restored to health.

The Letellier school has been closed for a fortnight.

There is no sickness at St. Pie.

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