

like our Archbishop, easy to get on with. A third says, He is like Pius X. Why did the Pope send him so far since he is so fond of him? To be a sort of telephone between the Vatican and St. Boniface. What has the Delegate done? Well, first of all, he finished all his classical course, then he became a great professor, then he did wonders in Cuba. These are a few specimens of the happy bits abounding in this dialogue. Almost every sentence was punctuated with discriminating applause. His Excellency especially positively revealed in the brilliant sallies of wit. He was greatly amused and delighted. The lads expressed their readiness to help the Delegate if ever he needed them, and agreed to ask, not only his blessing, but also a half-holiday.

"The Song of the Flag," a French song on the new French-Canadian flag, was feelingly rendered by Mr. Tremblay, who has a fine voice of great range. The chorus was strong and excellent.

Father de Mangeleere accompanied the musical numbers with excellent effect.

**THE DELEGATE'S TRI-LINGUAL REPLY.**

Of course the great attraction of the evening was His Excellency's reply. He had been addressed in three languages. He replied in three. His Latin was, we need hardly say, perfect. He is less familiar with French than with English, but he is always forceful and attractive.

Speaking in French, Mgr. Sbarretti congratulated the Fathers on getting up on such short notice so charming an entertainment, he especially congratulated the little boys who had played their parts so well. He assured them that they need not be afraid to approach him, as he was very glad to receive them, and his preference was for the young, following the example of the Lord, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." He was disposed to grant what they asked, only instead of a half-holiday, he would give them a whole one. He admired their versatility and skill in music, poetry, English, French and even Latin, which it was not easy to write so well. He admired most their religious sentiment, and their devotion to the Pope. He was pleased to hear that he could count on them for help. He hoped they would be good soldiers, since they were under an order which was founded by a soldier and was thoroughly soldierly in its training.

In English the Delegate went on to speak of the great idea and purpose of the order referred to, as inspired by love of literature, science, philosophy and religion. He dwelt upon the necessity of religion to man as an intellectual, rational, social, moral and religious being. The sentiment of religion is found, not only among savages, but among civilized people, the more noble and civilized the greater the development. Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ could not leave man to himself, but must show him the way to know and love Him; therefore He elevated him to the supernatural order and gave him double light. The men who teach here are inspired by love of religion, love of the Church. The way to know God and love him is to know religion. The love of religion in our hearts will help to the knowledge of science; because science is the knowledge of things by their ultimate causes. We may know a great many facts, but we want to know the laws that govern these. Our knowledge of the facts is perfect only when knowledge of the supreme cause is there. All other things, apart from the knowledge of God, are only imperfect manifestations of knowledge. This is the reason why we give religious training with scientific teaching.

Another reason why we make religion so important is because we want to impart the most noble, the highest kind of knowledge we can. The truths of religion are truths of supernatural order. The smallest knowledge of a very high order, such as the supernatural order, is far more valuable than a great deal of knowledge of an inferior order. Knowledge of supernatural religion is preferred to natural religion. We cannot conceive of energetic, progressive society without morality. The Roman emperor was an example; when they

had men of strong character, they reached the summit of glory, but when they neglected morality they fell. Morality without religion cannot exist; it is the hypocrisy of morality. Pope Leo XIII. was spoken of as one who in our own time with keenness of mind developed loftiness of ideals; saw the dangers to human society from Socialism and anarchism, and fought against Socialistic teachers, in favor of justice, and of elevating the laboring class. So we want religion to be taught to our children, because we love our religion, we love science. We wish to see religion spread that science may spread also. Catholics do not want to be behind anybody, but to be at the head of every human progress. He trusted that the young men educated here would respond to their teaching, and that their families and their country would be proud of them. They would have to overcome many difficulties; therefore they should be strong and show their energy. He trusted they would respond to the care of the Fathers, keep to the highest ideals of Catholic education and be ready to fight the battles of the Church and sacrifice everything for their religion and their country.

Speaking next in Latin, by request, His Excellency briefly said it was a good thing to mix pleasure with study. The boys had asked for a half-holiday, but he thought they should have a whole one. He would leave the choice of the day to the prudence of the Rector.

His Excellency's replies were applauded again and again. The public even caught on to the gist of his Latin reply and applauded each of its sentences.

"Oremus pro Pontifice" was then admirably sung by the college choir, the audience joining in. The national anthem played by A. Chénier, closed the entertainment, after which a number of prominent ladies and gentlemen were presented to His Excellency. Among these were Chief Justice and Madam Dubuc, Senator and Madam Bernier, the Mayor of St. Boniface, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Prud'homme, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Monchamp, Dr. Devine, who wore his D. S. O. ribbon, Dr. Lambert, Mr. J. S. Ewart.

**We have printed a limited additional number of this week's issue of the Review containing a portrait and account of Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, visit to St. Boniface and Winnipeg, which can be had at the rate of 5 cents per copy or 6 copies for 25 cents at office of publication, 219 McDermot Avenue.**

**Home Column.**

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,  
May be a token, that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—  
May be the angel's slackened hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see  
With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain  
And love and glory that may raise  
This soul to God in after days!

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

**THE METHODICAL HOUSE-KEEPER.**

It isn't necessary to be always in a whirl to earn the right to say at twilight time, "I've earned my right to live." In fact, perhaps, the most successful busy people are the ones who have learned the value of real rest times.

Whirling isn't the best kind of work. It lacks method as a rule, and is a sort of rudderless activity. It's more than likely that ten minutes spent in careful planning of work will give an hour's leisure, where the haphazard way of doing things will keep a woman busy from morning till night. I'm convinced that what we need to simplify household problems is not more kitchen machinery, not stronger backs, better purses or more speaking tubes and electric bells, but better working head machinery, and more method. So many of us are "muddlers." We chide our kitchen workers because they forget to set the oven draughts, long enough before dinner to cook the roast, but we calmly leave the ordering of the roast until late because, as we say, we're "so busy." If the kitchen worker says "so busy" we think she's grumbling. One methodical house-keeper will have a good effect upon every one she comes in contact with. A muddler will always seem trying to lift something which is too heavy for her. Every dealer will be more prompt in serving the methodical woman than the woman with slipshod habits. Household machinery will run on oiled wheels if there is some methodical mind at the head of affairs. A man who would try to make a successful business by using the method or lack of method which characterizes many women's home-making, would make a horrible failure.

We wouldn't need to deny ourselves the leisure to go about, to read, to do our mending and to take proper care of our bodies and our clothes, if we paid more attention to the minutes of the day and planned our going up and downstairs and even the simple progress about worn dust-cloth in hand. The most of method is that you must yourself be guided by the rules of the household. And why not? Most of us are very ingenious at finding excuses for breaking rules, but if we would put originality we possess into the making, instead of breaking of them, there would be rest and calm where there is now disorder, and tired, perplexed housekeepers groaning that their muddled up housekeeping is really too much for them.

And when the rest hour has come what a blessing it is. With proper method we can build an invisible wall between ourselves and all the carking cares of the household. We can make right in our own dear, busy times, the restfulness that some people are sent away from home to get. No woman wants to grow narrow-visioned, and she will if she doesn't ascend to the ideal world and rub shoulders with the practical one. She must read. She must mingle with her kind. How her rest hour may be best used, if, book in hand, she is lited away from humdrum or sordid things, or it may be best employed to visit, or to receive visitors, to sleep, to look after her hair, and her teeth, or to baste, clean, turn over collars on her neck bands. Sometimes it's "just lovely" to sit still and do nothing at all, and if you have the consciousness of having earned a lazy hour, it is twice as nice as it could possibly be, if you selfishly stole it from a busy day instead of compelling it to come to you by the cunning of real method in your work. Sometimes, I think, we women take up the habit of an afternoon nap, when what we really need is fresh air, not sleep. The drowsiness which comes to us on Sunday afternoons is not always an indication that sleep is needed. We're drowsy, very often from the combined effects of too much dinner, too little activity and the insidious poisoning of house air. Where little early risers break mother's sleep off short in the morning, or where illness disturbs the rest, the afternoon nap is a good thing, though for the most part sleeping when it is dark and living in the sunshine while it is shining is a more natural, and therefore a better way of living.

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