

PERSONAL.

The venerable and yet strong and hearty Lord Bishop of Athabasca—MacKenzie arrived here at the end of last week and preached a most edifying sermon in the cathedral of St. Boniface on Sunday evening. Last winter he made a perilous journey, full of hardship, to Great Slave Lake and the Providence Mission, returning southward to Fort Liard, where, on the 60th parallel, wheat is harvested every year. Then he went north till the branching out of the delta of the Mackenzie River, whence he rowed in a skiff—he himself actually rowed a great part of the way—down or up various small rivers till he reached the Porcupine, down which he rowed to Fort Yukon. Thence he took a steamboat to Dawson, and, after visiting the Oblate parish there, he took the usual route by Fort Selkirk, Lake Labarge and the White Pass railway, which is now finished as far as White Horse, to Skagway, and on southward through the maze of coastwise waterways to Vancouver. Monseigneur Goonard, O.M.I., who has been a guest at the Archbishop's palace, returns to his northwestern diocese this week in company, as far as Edmonton, with Father Lestanc.

The Rev. H. Blondin of St. Bonaventun, D'Upton, P.Q., and the Rev. G. H. Jutras of Berlin, New Hampshire, have been spending a short time visiting points in Manitoba. They were in Winnipeg last week and while here were the guests of the Rev. Father Cherrier.

Monsignor Ritchot found his brother, whom he went to see at L'Assomption, Que., rather better, although the disease is incurable; the venerable pastor of St. Norbert is expected home, with Father Clontier, this week.

Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., is preaching a retreat to the Faithful Companions of Jesus in Alberta.

The Provencher Academy and the St. Boniface Convent (Sisters of the Holy Names) reopened yesterday. St. Mary's Academy reopens next Tuesday.

Father Ponliot left last week for the province of Quebec.

St. Boniface College opens for boarders this evening, for day pupils tomorrow morning. Several boarders have already arrived.

Father Tourangeau, S.J., sang High Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception last Sunday.

Rev. Father Lestanc, O.M.I., who was formerly, in 1864, Superior of St. Boniface College, preached at the Cathedral of St. Boniface last Sunday morning.

His Lordship Bishop Dontenville, O.M.I., of New Westminster, stopped over here on Sunday morning on his way back from Rome, and continued his westward journey last Monday morning.

Dr. Barrett, Inspector of Inland Revenue, will shortly inspect the division of Port Arthur.

Mrs. Thomas D. Deegan will be at home to friends on Thursday and Friday afternoon at her residence, 348 Cumberland avenue, corner Hargrave street.

Mrs. Devine is staying with Mrs. T. Anderson at Camp Comfort, Rat Portage.

The Very Rev. A. Dugas, Vicar General, will return next week. He was present at the great Acadian celebration at Arichat, being himself of Acadian descent.

Rev. Father Daandurand, O.M.I., who has been for so many years parish priest of St. Charles, Man., is at last going to enjoy the rest he has so nobly won. In his 82nd year he retires to the "otium cum dignitate" of the Archbishop's palace, where his experience and the garnered lessons of an unusually long life will be invaluable to His Grace the Archbishop. Rev. Father Beaudin, O.M.I., takes charge of the parish of St. Charles.

Father Marquette, the great Jesuit missionary, and St. John Baptist de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, were kinsmen.

THE CENSOR.

Newspaper Man—I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot.

Censor—I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets.—Life.

A CHINESE WAR STORY.

Pierre Lotti writes the following striking story of a French missionary in China. It is translated by Katherine Head for the Outlook:

In the sinister yellow country of the extreme Orient, during the worst period of the war, our boat, a heavy ironclad, was stationed for weeks at her post in the blockade in a bay on the coast.

With the neighboring country, with its impossible green mountains, and its rice fields like velvet prairies, we had almost no communication. The inhabitants of the villages or the woods stayed at home, defiant or hostile. An overwhelming heat descended upon us from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of lead.

One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said:

"There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into bay, and which seems to be trying to speak to us."

"Ah, who is in it?"

Before replying he looked again through his glass.

"There is, captain, a kind of priest, Chinese or I don't know what, who is seated alone at the stern."

The sampan advanced over the sluggish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow faced young girl, clad in a black dress, stood erect and paddled the boat, bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the headdress and the round spectacles of the priests of Anam, but whose beard and whose astonishing face were not at all Asiatic.

He came on board and addressed me in French, speaking in a dull and timid way.

"I am a missionary," he said, "from Lorraine, but I have lived for more than thirty years in a village six hours' march from here, in the country, where all the people have been converted to Christianity. I wish to speak to the commandant and ask for aid from him. The rebels are threatening us, and are already very near. All my parishioners will be massacred, it is certain, if some one does not come promptly to our aid."

Alas! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had had been sent to another place, and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the vessel; truly, we could do nothing for those parishioners "over there." They must be given up as lost.

The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegetation on the bank, and the missionary had, naturally enough, staid with us, a little taciturn, but not recriminative.

The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an Anamite that any conversation with him seemed difficult. After the coffee, when the cigarettes appeared, he seemed to wake up, and asked for French tobacco to fill his pipe; for twenty years, he said, a like pleasure had been refused him. Then excusing himself, because of his long journey, he sank back on his cushions.

And to think that, without doubt, we should have to keep with us for several months this unforseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one of us went to him to announce on the part of the commandant:

"They have prepared a room for you, father. It goes without saying that you will be one of us until the

day when we can land you in a safe place."

He did not seem to understand. "But I am only waiting until nightfall to ask you to send me to the end of the bay in a small boat. Before night you can surely have me put on shore, can you not?" he asked, uneasily.

"Landed! And what will you do on land?"

"I will return to my village," he said, with sublime simplicity. I could not sleep here, you know. The attack might be made tonight."

This man, who had seemed so vulgar at first, grew larger at every word, and we surrounded him, charmed and curious.

"But it is you, father, who will be most in danger."

"That is very likely," he replied, as tranquilly as an ancient martyr.

Ten of the parishioners would wait for him on the shore at sunset. At nightfall, all together, they would return to the threatened village, and then, at the will of God!

And as they urged him to stay—because to go was to go to certain death, to some atrocious Chinese death—this return, after aid had been refused, he became indignant, gently, but obstinately and unchangeably, without long words and without anger.

"It is I who converted them, and you wish me to abandon them when they are persecuted for their faith? But they are my children!"

With a certain emotion, the officers of the watch had one of the ship's boats prepared to take him to shore, and we all shook hands with him when he went away. Always quiet and now insignificant again, he confided to us a letter for an aged relative in Lorraine, took a little French tobacco, and went his way.

And as the twilight fell, we watched in silence over the heavy, warm water the silhouette of this apostle going so simply to his obscure martyrdom.

We got ready to leave the following week, I forget to where, and from this time on events gave no rest. We never heard more of him, and I think for my part that I would never have thought of him again if Mgr. Morel, director of the Catholic missions, had not insisted one day that I write a little missionary story.

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TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave Going South	Leave Going North	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thur.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon, and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East	West	15 10 Arrive
Winnipeg to Warrad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.	8 20		15 45
Warrad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 10
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed, Thur, and Sat.	8 20		
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed, Fri. and Sat.			6 40

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C. M. B. A. for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG,

Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Streets, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

President, D. Smith; 1st Vice-Pres., E. Cass; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. O. Genest, Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds; Asst. Sec., J. L. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Treas., W. Jordan; Marshall, W. J. O'Neil; Guard, L. F. X. Hart; Trustees: G. Germain, L. O. Genest, P. Shea, G. Gladnish, M. Conway.

BRANCH 163, WINNIPEG.

Meets at the Immaculate Conception school room on 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month.

Spiritual Advisor, Rev. A. A. Cherrier; Pres., F. W. Russell; 1st Vice-Pres., J. A. McInnis; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. Schmidt; Rec. Sec., J. Markinski, 180 Austin St.; Fin. Sec., J. E. Manning; Treas., J. Shaw; Marshall, F. Welnitz; Guard, F. Krinkie; trustees, P. O'Brien, C. Caron, F. W. Russell, J. Schmidt, F. Theirs.

ST. MARY'S COURT NO. 276. Catholic Order of Foresters.

Meets 2nd and 4th Friday in every month in Unity Hall, McIntyre Block.

Chief Ranger, T. Jobin; Vice-C. R., K. D. McDonald; Rec. Sec., F. W. Russell; Fin. Sec., P. Marrin; Treas., T. D. Deegan; Sr. Conductor, P. O'Donnell; Jr. Conductor, E. Dowdall; Inside Sentinel, J. Mellon; Representative to Provincial High Court, T. Jobin; Alternate, R. Murphy.

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Great Britain Europe, Africa.

Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3cts. per mile, 1000 Mile Ticket Books at 2 1/2 cts. per mile, on sale by all agents.

April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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TIME TABLE. BETWEEN WINNIPEG.

DEPART.	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily	7 45 p.m. 1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon. Wed, Fri.	10 45 a.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues, Thurs, Sat.	4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon. Wed, Fri.	4 30 p.m. 11 50 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues, Thurs, Sat.	10 35 a.m.