

sent for the children. Although early, there were many before us, and the long room was well filled with little groups. In one corner a proud father chatted with two demure little maidens in black, whose arms were laden with the goodies he had brought them. In another group were several boys who had come to visit their sister, but they were subdued boys, indeed, and plainly felt very much out of place within those convent walls. I became so interested in watching the different groups that I had almost forgotten the little friend I had come to see. Presently, however, I noticed a sedate little girl in a black dress, with fair hair, parted in the centre, and drawn primly back, in two long plaits, who, as she came nearer, looked familiar, and I found that it was my little friend, although I was hardly sure of it when I stooped to kiss the soft cheek demurely presented for my salutation. The last time I had seen her she was a rollicking little maid in a pretty pink frock of many furbelows, with tossed hair, tied with a saucy pink bow. No wonder I hardly knew her. However, I soon found that it was only outwardly she was changed, and that she was just as happy in her simple frock, and was quite proud to show me through the convent, to which it was my first visit. Just across from the reception room is a beautiful little chapel, which makes one feel better to just glance around it. The light comes in through beautiful stained windows, all of which, I believe, have been presented to the convent in memory of the little ones who have reached a higher home. We peeped into smaller reception rooms, where other groups of visitors were seated, into the well equipped class rooms, and into a suite of rooms reserved for the bishop's use when he visits the convent. On the second floor are more class rooms, and two large, airy rooms, where the girls gather during leisure hours, and where the sewing classes are held. In one of these rooms a number of the older girls were taking a lesson in plain sewing, and a sister was showing them how to cut out undergarments. In the other one some of the smaller children were also industriously sewing. The view from the window of these rooms was simply grand, one can see for miles over the prairie, and on Thursday it was particularly fine, the whole country was bathed in glorious sunshine, and as the property near the convent is thickly wooded, it is now simply a blaze of gorgeous coloring. The studio is also in this floor and has a splendid light, the view from the windows at present is inspiring enough for any artist. The third floor is nearly all in one immense room, the dormitory, and here all the girls sleep. Just imagine over one hundred beds in one room. Now don't be shocked. There is room enough and plenty of fresh air for all. Such exquisite neatness is seldom seen outside of a convent or hospital. Each small bed had its snow white counterpane spread without a wrinkle, and its pillow sham arranged just so. Upon the tiny washstands every article was in its proper place and shining with cleanliness. Curtains of cream tactory, with red borders, are arranged so they can be drawn at night, giving each girl a little room for herself. Every girl makes her own bed and keeps her little space in order. A winding stairway from this room leads up to the tower, from which a magnificent view of the city can be had. I never realized how large a city Winnipeg has become until I looked from this tower, and what a substantial place it is, with its fine brick buildings. I found it hard to leave this spot, but a bell had rung for the little ones to go to the refectory and have their luncheon, which is given them every afternoon about half past three; so we went down to see this part of the building. The large room, with its long tables all set for tea, was as neat and spotless as the rest of the building, and a one table a Sister was busy serving the little ones with delicious looking bread and butter, which would keep them from being hungry until tea time arrived. The kitchen was next visited, with its immense range and up-to-date appliances. In the basement, where the large laundry is situated, several laundresses were ironing. Imagine the washing and ironing cre-

hundred girls would make. The gymnasium is to be in the basement, but has not yet been fitted up. Under the chapel is the concert hall, which has a sloping floor, a good-sized stage and is lighted in the most approved manner. The floors throughout the building are of hardwood and the reception rooms all have pretty rugs and are tastefully furnished. The good Sisters are especially to be congratulated on the situation of their academy, which seems to be just in the right place. It is a quiet spot, but handy to the street cars, and the girls have plenty of room for outdoor exercise. Their walks can all be taken through the prettiest part of the city, and they can roam through the woods gathering flowers and leaves, which is always a delightful pastime for the children, who delight in finding the prettiest leaves and gathering the nuts.

Home Column.

OUR LADY OF KNOCK.

Cead Mille Failthe, Muire Maitheir. Bright angels are listening with rapture,
To murmurs of welcome so sweet
From the grief-laden hearts of poor Erin.
Their own Mother Mary to greet!
From hearth-covered hill-top and valley,
From every green leaf on the sod,
A "cead mille failthe" is rising
To welcome the Mother of God!

To welcome the Balm of our sorrow;
The mother who watched thro' our woe,
And kept thy dear faith, martyr'd Erin.
As pure as thine own mountain snow!
Our guiding Star upwards and onwards,
Whose blessed light hallows our sod.
Oh! "cead mille failthe" for ever
To Mary, the Mother of God!

And "cead mille failthe" St. Joseph
With the Master's beloved St. John,
Still near to the Empress of Heaven,
As in the dark days that are gone
The great heart of Erin is throbbing,
And tears of love freshen her sod.
To welcome the favorites of heaven,
Who came with the Mother of God!

Sweet Mother, stay with us for ever,
For much as we loved Thee before,
Since our isle has been blessed with Thy presence,
We love Thee a thousand times more!
And, oh! when life's long dreary pathway,
Thy poor Irish children have trod,
May Thy "cead mille failthe" sweet Mother,
Then welcome us home to our God!
—Cork Examiner. "M.M."

Let us look Heavenward; then
no thing on earth can crush us.—
Selected.

It is very easy to assume an air of piety and to utter Christian sentiments when one is in a serene frame of mind, having no particular grievance against fate or one's neighbor. To test the sincerity of such dispositions, one has only to observe how long they endure under the stress of grief, loss or injury. If they cannot survive such ordeals, then they have no root in the heart, but are a mere affectation, a form of hypocrisy, hateful in the sight of the Lord.

But if the Christian who edifies us on Sunday by her devotion in church gives us an equally good example on Monday, through any amount of domestic confusion; if, on discovering the loss of her purse, or the theft of her best silver spoons, or the burning of a cake in the oven, or the fact that her new dress has been spoiled in the making—she can still remember that she is a Christian, and that earthly possessions and interests are therefore of secondary importance to her, then one begins to entertain a deep regret for her convictions and utterances.

If even more severe trials and sorrows find her still mindful of the great purpose of life, if reverses of fortune, illness, death come to darken her home and strain her utmost powers of endurance without weakening her trust in God, her submission to his will; without awakening in her heart feelings of envy towards those more favored, then, surely, no one will doubt that she is in spirit as in word a Christian. A type so noble, so consistent, is, however, far from common. To cry out, to rebel, to give expression in every possible way to impatience, discontent, and resentment is the nearly universal attitude of so-called Christians when ever the least cloud comes between them and the sun of prosperity or happiness. I have often remarked that it is those who say the longest prayers on Sunday, who show the least real courage and perseverance in meeting their week-day trials. It is because they choose the easiest form of piety to discharge what they recognize as a duty to their Maker, a form that calls for no self-control, no renunciation. It satisfies their conscience but does not lortily their souls. True devotion is not expressed so much by formal acts of piety as by constant vigilance, and victory over self. The habit of looking heavenward, not only on Sundays, but every day and all day long is the only real guarantee of good faith on the part of professing Christians.

What matter common little vexations and losses, while the great prize of eternal happiness is safe? What is the brief separation of a few years from those we love compared with the everlasting reunion beyond the skies? The hunger, the cold, the privation of whatever kind that we are forced to endure to-day seems nothing if we know that tomorrow we shall be fed and warmed and housed in luxury. But to-day is our life—to-morrow is a bright and beautiful eternity which awaits all who choose it. Yet we grumble because we are asked to wait the Master's own time for the enjoyment of that priceless inheritance?

Shall we not rather keep the picture of it ever before our eyes, and measure against it every trouble and trial that assails us? It is not a difficult thing to do and it is the truest act of faith and of hope that we can perform. It will constantly increase our courage and our energy and effectually save us from being crushed by anything that can happen on earth.

THE SLANDERER DID NOT HARM HIM.

"Slander's venomous spear" did not spare Cardinal Rampolla, the distinguished and faithful servant of the late Pope's most secret thoughts and purposes. It was perhaps to be expected. No man, however great or good, can in our times, occupy a position so exalted and so difficult as that of Papal Secretary of State without arousing hatred and misconception. But the inevitable has, in the case of Cardinal Rampolla, been enlivened by slander and calumny of the most cruel kind. Foreign and even home journals have even attempted to injure him by setting to his charge a dislike to some nations, notably Germany and Austria, and a decided preference for France. On this ground, utterly baseless in matter of fact, they have tried to inflict harm upon a devoted minister of Pope Leo for services which, at his master's bidding, he zealously performed. Cardinal Rampolla did his duty, and on his death-bed, the Pope, uttering his last farewell to the Secretary whom he had loved and trusted, and who had begged his dying master's forgiveness for aught he had done with slackness or amiss, said: "There is nothing to forgive!" Let these dying words of the great Pontiff suffice to defend his faithful Minister of State.—Ex.

IF YOU ARE GOING AWAY ON A VACATION.

Don't go without having received the sacraments. You cannot foresee what may happen before you come back.

Don't go to a place where there is neither priest nor church.

Your soul cannot stand a vacation; doesn't want one; will come

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back sick if you give it one. It differs in this from your body.

Don't imagine that, where ever you may go, you may get away from the reach of God and of God's law. Wherever there is sun or sky, or sea or land, or woods or light, there is the eye of God, and you can not very well go to a place where none of these things exist.

Don't imagine that because you get away to the bounds of civilization, you are out from under the domain of the Ten Commandments. You may go to a place where the only custodian of human law is a sleepy constable, a one-man police-force, but there are millions of custodians of the divine law—the angels of God, will report you if you violate the least of the commandments.

Don't imagine that because you are away from town you are free to do anything, say anything, wear anything that is not modest. All nature is pure and holy. If you get nearer to nature you ought to become purer and holier.

Don't dream for a moment that loud and boisterous conversation on railway trains, or steam boats, or in any public place, is evidence of good breeding. By talking loud, giggling and fooling, criticising the character of the people you meet at your summer resort, you can easily make people understand that you have had the privilege of "being away for the summer," but at the same time and just as easily, you can persuade them that it would have been better to stay at home and spend your time learning to be polite and refined and charitable.

Don't, finally, imagine that anybody can have a "good time" without being good. You can enjoy yourself perfectly, and yet come back with a beautiful, clean, restful conscience. Try it.—The Paulist Calendar.

BUILT CHURCH TO FULFIL A VOW.

A stone mason named Johann Lenz, living in Neugramm, near Sandan, in Bohemia, has just finished building on a plot of his own land outside the village a church all done with his own hands, in fulfillment of a vow. From foundation to cross on the steeple, everything is Lenz's own work. He chiseled the stones and mixed the mortar, fashioned the woodwork, glazed the windows and even cast the bell. It took him ten years.

A CHINAMAN'S REPORTEE.

From the San Francisco Wasp.

The editor of the Chinese "Daily World," published in this city, is a graduate of Yale, and while retaining all the characteristic reticence of his race he is, nevertheless, rather clever at repartee, as was recently instanced when a rather dapper young fellow called at the "World" office to sell a certain grade of paper. The editor affects the American style of dress, and the paper house drummer thought he would be smart and opened the conversation by impudently asking: "What kind of a 'nese are you—a Japanese or a Chinese?"

The editor smiled blandly, and with a courteous bow retorted: "Before I answer your inquiry will you kindly inform me the kind of a key you are, and tell me if you are a monkey, a donkey or a Yankee?"

The drummer fled in dismay.

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We beg to announce to our Catholic friends that we are about to enter another branch of the business (that of Ladies' Tailoring) and are offering our entire stock of Gents' Suitings at a great sacrifice.

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