

FAREWELL TO MR. PARE.

Last Sunday the parish and district of St. Anne des Chenes bid a sorrowful farewell to its most esteemed citizen. The occasion and the scene were memorable. Mr. Theophilus Pare, who has been registrar some twenty years and secretary of the municipality almost thirty years, has, at the age of 54, determined to enter the ranks of the clergy. His wife having died a couple of years ago, and his only child, a daughter, having made her profession as a Grey Nun, he gives her \$4,500, is now winding up his business and donned the cassock in the Archbishop's chapel on the 9th inst. During all the years of Mr. Pare's civic and parliamentary life, for he was eight years a highly respected member of the Manitoba Legislature, he won the esteem and affection of all who came in contact with him by his wide and accurate knowledge of municipal and provincial affairs, his incorruptible honesty, his unvarying kindness. He and his lamented wife were father and mother to all the poor people in the neighborhood of their home. Their charity was active and inexhaustible. In that home, which has now become the property of Mr. Joseph Bleau, a large circle of friends foregathered last Sunday to say good bye to their dear friend. Besides the venerated pastor of St. Anne's, Rev. Father R. Giroux, there were present Rev. Father Defoy, of Thibaultville, who drew up the beautiful address, Rev. Father A. Giroux, of La Broquerie, and a host of lay friends, Catholic and Protestant, many of whom were Mennonites. Mr. Bleau read the address, which emphasized Mr. Pare's devotion to duty, a rare and most admirable virtue, and his charity to the poor. Rev. Father Dufresne, of Lorette, wrote sending his regrets at not being able to be present by the Lorette delegation, who contributed generously to the purse of \$125 presented to Mr. Pare. Had this demonstration of affection been properly organized, the offering would have been three or four times as large; but Mr. Pare's self-effacing modesty prevented his friends from knowing the date of his departure till it was too late to canvass the district. Mr. Pare replied in a few well chosen words. He thanked his friends for their expressions of affection and esteem, and thought he would comply with their wishes by offering the contents of the purse to the New Cathedral Fund, for, said he, "the Cathedral is the parish church of the whole diocese and I am about to take up my abode in the Archbishop's house." Several of the spectators in this remarkable scene, and in particular some Mennonite farmers, were moved to tears. They all felt they would never look upon his like again. No other could be found to disentangle the threads of notarial documents as he did, to draw up unbreakable contracts as he did and to give every one his due without fear or favor or acrimony as he always did. One leading Protestant resident remarked that the people of St. Anne were now discovering what a treasure they had lost. Many of them had failed to appreciate the virtue and capacity of him who was now leaving them for a higher service. Each of the priests then said a few words, the parish priest of St. Anne's concluding with the hope that he might be spared to serve Mr. Pare's first Mass.

SOMEWHAT OF A SEER.

Converted by a Vision—Foretold the Galveston Flood.

There died at Dallas, Tex., lately an odd character, whose life had been spent in many parts of the globe, and whose peculiar distinction it was to have foretold the Galveston flood. His name was Michael Rennie, and he was known throughout the country as the "old telescope man." He died suddenly at the workmen's hotel conducted by the Salvation Army. Upon the window sill near his bed was found an open Bible and a well-worn hymn book. On the fly-leaf of the Bible was written: "Give this book to Father Kirwin. Michael Rennie, Galveston." Inside the fly-leaf was written:

"If anything should happen to me, sudden death, this is my will. You will find enough money in the boss of my telescope to pay my expenses, and a Mass for my soul, the remainder to be given to Father Kirwin for the use of the little orphan school, the telescope and one microscope. One microscope for Father Kirwin himself, a present from me.

Michael Rennie."

Rennie was born in Scotland more than three score years ago. He received some education and soon drifted out as a sailor before the mast to the end of the earth.

For more than twenty years he followed the rough ways of the sea. In the early '80's he arrived at Galveston in a jute ship, and left the sea for the interior of Texas. He settled at Dallas and became the moving spirit of the Liberal Club, an agnostic organization.

He soon tired of life away from the sea, and eventually landed in Australia, during the period of the Melbourne Exposition. One day by chance he wandered into the Catholic Cathedral at the moment of the elevation of the Host, and afterwards declared that he saw in the priest's hands the Infant Child.

He returned the following day, and witnessed the same sight. Immediately he applied to the priest for instruction in the Catholic faith. At the close of the Exposition in Melbourne he purchased a street telescope and two binocular microscopes sent out by Couch & Son, of London. He continued his travels, finally returning to the United States. He gave exhibitions in every large city and gradually worked his way back to Texas.

In regard to the prophecy of the great flood, Father Kirwin vouches for the following story:

"On the Thursday evening preceding the great Galveston storm I encountered him at the corner of Market and Tremont. He was not busy as a showman, and I engaged him in conversation. He made arrangements for a Mass for his deceased parents on the following Tuesday, and promised to be present thereat.

"Much to my surprise he came in the following morning—he was a regular attendant at the early Mass—and said he would not wait over till Tuesday, as he had been warned to leave the city.

"I see a terrible, engulfing flood," was the way he worded it. "I see thousands struggling in it, and hundreds floating dead. Then I see a steel grey wall, stretching from one extremity of the city to the other, and then I see the wall disappear."

"Rennie left the city on an early morning train. The following day the storm bore down upon us, and after events, the world's charity and Galveston's pluck have built the steel grey wall; and now the grade rising and the gradual secretion of sand upon its seaward side are about to cause it to disappear from view."

Father Kirwin, who is rector of St. Mary's Cathedral at Galveston and whose name became national property at the time of the flood by reason of his unexampled work and heroism, went to Dallas to officiate at the funeral.—Catholic Columbian, May 7.

AN ENCHANTING LECTURER.

Father Stafford has lectured here (Augusta, Ga.), on Richard III., and taken the town by storm. He is an exceptionally eloquent man with a handsome, masculine presence, a voice of melody and dramatic talent of the first order. Had a man like Dr. Van Dyke delivered this lecture it would have made no such impression. I do not mean to imply that the substance of the lecture, exclusive of the Shakespearean quotations, sonorously uttered, is not of the first order, but I am sure that, given literary excellence, the amazing elocution-



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

ary talents of Father Stafford produce an enchantment, a sorcery, that would, otherwise, break the spell to a considerable degree. As it is, in these Shakespeare lectures, Father Stafford holds his audience as Coleridge's ancient mariner did the wedding guest, "with his glittering eye" and sublime mimicry. It is said that Junius Brutus Booth could recite the Lord's Prayer so that his audience wept. Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, in his prime was a magician vocationally. Father Stafford adroitly teaches Catholic doctrine through the Bard of Avon, and is doing immense good wherever he goes. His lecture on "Hamlet" I have accepted in one pivotal point, but there is no doubt of its enchantment. He should discard his lecture on "Dickens," for, like Beau Brummel's cravats, it is a failure. Even Homer sometimes nods. But on Shakespearean lines, Father Stafford is not only at his best but, I think, unapproachable, and as a pulpit orator he has few rivals, and possibly no superior. His extraordinary gifts are being put to noble purposes and he is of the stuff out of which great Bishops are made. Very likely, he would prefer remaining the pastor of St. Patrick's church at Washington, for I learn, from high authority that an American prelate's life is a terrible burden, just as happened to St. Alphonsus of Liguori, who declared that had he not been relieved of the official load he could not have stood it another year. Yet he was a saint.—J. R. Randall in the Catholic Columbian.

THIS BEATS THE SEA SERPENT.

It is told of a professor at one of our seminaries that after walking half way to town one day he turned around against the wind to light his pipe, and absent-mindedly continued his walk until he found himself back at the starting point. A Pennsylvania professor being called out on some urgent matter recently, and expecting to be engaged for some hours, affixed a notice to the door of his private sanctum, stating that he would not be back till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. As it happened he was able to get away earlier and arrived back at his chambers a little before 2 o'clock. Seeing his own notice, which he had quite forgotten, on the door, he read it carefully. When he had thoroughly digested its contents he took a seat on the stairs and waited patiently until 3 o'clock.

Blood Poison Often Results

From paring corns with razors. Wise people use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, the standard cure of America and Great Britain, for all sorts of corns, warts and bunions. Use only Putnam's.

BEST BUY IN B.C., CANADA, AT 15 CENTS

GREATEST GOLD DISCOVERY OF THE AGE IS IN B.C.

The Big Four

Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited.

Capital \$625,000, of which nearly 40 per cent. is now in our Treasury. Shares fully paid and non-assessable.

Mines directly west of the LeRoi and LeRoi No. 2, two of the largest gold-copper mines in the world, both of which have paid large dividends.

Same identical ore and veins now in sight on the BIG FOUR. Large ore bodies. Assays from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, silver, etc., as now on exhibition in the city ore exhibit, causing considerable attention.

We have two miles of railway on Big Four property with water and timber in abundance.

Rossland ore shipments for 1902, 350,000 tons. Shipped for 1903, about 450,000 tons. Total value of Rossland ores mined, \$25,000,000.

PAYS TO MINE.

Rossland's large ore bodies are a great success with the concentration system of ore reduction of \$3.00 ore as now proved by Center Star and LeRoi No. 2 Dividends.

Shares can be had on instalment plan, payments monthly. Twenty per cent. cash, balance within a year.

Company has no debts or liabilities.

References.—The Hon. Mayor, Gold Commissioner, Postmaster or any bank or business man in city.

There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and miseries

Please Note Price at

15 CENTS PER SHARE

For One Month

Any amount less than \$1.00 send by post office or express money order; over this amount, by bank draft to

JAMES LAWLER,

Box 545 Secretary and Treasurer ROSSLAND, B.C., CANADA.

Booklets, Order Blanks, and Prospectus with Maps and Reports from Mining Engineers sent only to investors or those desiring to invest. And further, LEARN TO DISTINGUISH THE REAL FROM A SHADOW

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION.

NOTICE TO FARMERS

There are now daily arriving in this Province, numbers of young men from Eastern Canada and Great Britain who desire employment on farms. Many of these are experienced farm hands and others are anxious to learn.

NOW IS THE TIME

to secure your farm help for the coming busy season.

IF YOU NEED A MAN

or two or three, write to the undersigned, giving full particulars of the kind of help you want, whether experienced or inexperienced, nationality and age preferred, and Wages You are Prepared to Pay.

Write at once and avoid disappointment.

ADDRESS,

J. J. GOLDEN,

Provincial Government Immigration Agent, 617 Main Street, WINNIPEG.

The Northwest Review

JOB DEPARTMENT

Has special facilities for all kinds of

CHURCH PRINTING



BOOK, JOB & COMMERCIAL STATIONERY

Printed in Artistic and Catchy Style

P.O. BOX 617

Office of Publication: 219 McDermot Ave Winnipeg, Man.

