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WILDEST WHITE MISSION IN AMERICA

Christian Reader, in whose heart glows the fire of the love of God and of his Church, kindly meditate upon these facts that a Missionary priest puts before you. You have heard of the West and of its many material advantages; you have perhaps seen its irrigated valleys, gazed in admiration upon its limpid mountain waters; climbed its loftiest mountain peaks, and from their heights perhaps have you tried to scan the meanderings of the Idaho lava wilderness, contemplated the irregular fringe of ranches that border the silver thread of some sinuous streamlet speeding its waters to one of these several crevices, the depth of which man cannot fathom. Perhaps you have even been temporarily harbored in one of these townlets set by greedy man, in some dent of eternally snow-capped mountains, within the shadow of projecting rocks, within a stone's throw of the haunts of the grizzly bear, the catamount and the mountain lion. If so, dear reader, you must realize some of the spiritual conditions that prevail in the West. The Boise diocese is 84,290 square miles in extent, an area of territory larger by nearly 10,000 square miles than the archdiocese of Philadelphia, New York, St. Paul and the dioceses of Harrisburg, Cleveland, Burlington Buffalo, Brooklyn, Albany, Newark and Syracuse combined. Two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five priests minister to the spiritual needs of the above-named archdioceses and dioceses. Not thirty have the charge of souls in the diocese of Boise. It is true that Catholics are far less numerous in our missions but therein lies the very cause of our misery. The Writer has jurisdiction over a territory larger in extent than the dioceses of New York, Syracuse, Albany and Newark combined. Some parts of his territory can be reached only by following deer or bear trails on the steep slopes of mountains bordering the frenzied waters of Salmon River. A missed step means death to the missionary, for no human agency could rescue him should horse and rider roll down to the abyss below. These dangerous journeys he has often to undertake for the sake of some poor soul, stranded somewhere in some dug-out in some nook of the mountains, held there by the fascination of the get-rich-quick bubble. Of visionary delves and delves in the mountain sides, hoping to find gold; but unwittingly digging into his hopes, perhaps unto himself, a grave. It is only a few days ago that "Old Sheehy" was found a corpse in his dug-out on the Creek. The Indian who gave us the news characterized him as a "heap good man." However we knew his history. Sheehy was of good Irish parentage. He landed from Ireland in the "East," where his circumstances were more than satisfactory. He graduated at law and even contemplated for a while nothing less than a sacerdotal career, in which, we are sure, he could have achieved distinction. The unfortunate man left home and friends, attracted, moth-like, by the glow of the hopes extended by one of these numerous mine swindlers. And he dug—dug—dug for gold! Under the action of the light of the real faded the illusion as does a sunlit waffure of smoke. He beheld at last the spectre of failure; his spirits became jaded at the sight, dejection possessed his soul and soon he became a physical wreck. A letter would have restored him to his former happiness; but the miner is proud. "I have not written to them in fourteen years! How can I write now?" would he say. "He is dead." "Those whom he once loved wonder what became of him! They long for his return; but he is dead! Dead to their affections; dead in his body; dead in his soul.

Sheehy in his contact with the rough jest of the occasional passers-by did not dare to withstand their scoff; in his passion for gold he forgot to say the prayers learned at a mother's knees. Her sweet memory did not hover about him as a protecting shield, for he had the mining, digging passion. He died with the works of Ingersoll as a pillow, and a miner's shaft as a grave. Such is—such has been—such, we presume, will be the history of many a miner in the West. The West, although, in parts a barren wilderness, has many a valley whose fertility surpasses any other region of North America. To these deltas were sent, by the president of their religion, numerous colonies of Latter Day Saints, who implanted home and creed in these favored districts. In the course of time, "Gentiles" drifted from the South-east, in certain numbers, into these Mormon communities; and within the meshes of an organization whose God is flesh, whose tenets mean indulgence to the longings of the flesh, with a promise of wives of their own choice even for eternity, finding it impossible to exist in their new surroundings without becoming a part of the religious, industrial, agricultural, political body in whose embrace they were, the Murphys, the Kellys, the Crepeans, the Rosenkranz, etc., gave up Jesus Christ for Joseph Smith, and at this writing, some of them are amongst the two thousand advocates of Mormonism that the "Church" every year lets loose over the world for the purpose of recruiting new members. We have nothing but praise for the active energy of the Mormon people who braved famine and wild beast to implant themselves in the West. To them is due the material prosperity of this extensive part of our national estate. They utilized the forces of nature to lift up the waters that now irrigate the land turning its barrenness into fertility, its desolateness into a paradise of beauty. To these pioneers of the West let us be grateful. The heart of the Mormon people is in the right place. They have been deceived and forced with a rod of iron into their present condition. The day has come, however, for their spiritual shackles to be broken asunder. Many of them told the Writer that they were looking towards the Catholic Church for salvation. "If it be true that the Church of Christ has not collapsed in the second century, if Joseph Smith be not a prophet, the Catholic Church must then be the only Church." The Protestant claim they meet with a sneer, pointing out to their numberless divisions as the surest mark of error. In other words, the harvest is nearly white; but we have not the means to crop it and store it into the granary of the Eternal Father. One priest in Idaho, the Rev. W. J. A. Hendrickx, has demonstrated the possibilities of the work that we Catholics should undertake. Dempsey is a little valley, that, a few years ago, was a stronghold of Mormonism in Idaho. Now it is inhabited solely by Mormons converted to Catholicism. Through the efforts of the above-named priest, the prestige of the "Church" was broken and these now adore that formerly scoffed. The Senatorial investigation has set the bulk of the Latter-Day Saints or Mormons a thinking, that they who like to can now burst the shackles of their bondage. They will come to us if your charity will help extend to them the hand of fellowship in Christ's own fold: the Catholic Church.

Amongst our non-Catholic friends the field is also ready for culture and harvest from the fact that ministers have not penetrated across the wilds of a barren wilderness into the fastnesses of the mountains where are hidden many small settlements of miners, cattle and sheepmen, who cry for some one to come and distribute the bread of life to themselves and their hungering families. Christian Reader, you

have a regard for the blood of Christ! Will you not help us to bring within the shadow of the Cross, within the range of the dripping blood of Jesus, so many souls wishing, eager, to come to the very top of Mount Calvary to embrace the Cross with an ardor that would shame the disciple? So many noble souls are not within the range of the beacon light of faith, because they are not shown the way. It is in your power to light up the signal-fire, to place a guide board by the wayside that would lead them to truth. Our Bishop, the Rt. Rev. A. J. Glorieux, for the last eighteen years has been trudging over every part of his diocese, through immense deserts in his efforts to forward the cause of the salvation of souls. "How beautiful over the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation; that saith to Zion: 'Thy God shall reign.'" What has been achieved is wonderful under the circumstances. The Bishop is poor, the priests are poor, and you can help us.

To help cope with our special circumstances, to achieve the part assigned to us by Providence in bringing once more within the pale of the Church, within the proper focus of truth those of our own faith who have strayed from the fold as well as those who would willingly enter it were they shown the way, we purpose to found a Truth Society whose special object will be to issue booklets of Catholic literature adopted to our special needs. The Paulist Fathers have been doing noble work with their publishing house, yet their books do not answer many of those objections peculiar to Idaho, Utah, etc., for instance, the assertion that God has a body, parts and passions, etc. Hence the necessity of booklets specially gotten up for the purpose. We therefore beg of you dear reader, to become a member of our Association. A remittance of twenty-five cents will entitle you to membership. A remittance of one dollar will entitle you to a copy of Missionary "Ramblings," now nearly ready for the press—a book startling in its realities and "whose graphic descriptions and pen pictures are second to none in literary merit." We are asking this favor from you in God's name, trusting that you will not refuse us.

Respectfully in Christ,
J. L. M. CAMPBELL,
Missionary Priest.
Green creek, Idaho Co., Idaho, 1905.

IRELAND AT CRISIS

The Earl of Dunraven has written a remarkable pamphlet entitled, "The Crisis in Ireland," in which he says: "Ireland is at a crisis in her history. Year by year the country has been sinking deeper and deeper into misfortune and has now reached a point at which it must be decided whether the dominant tendencies shall continue to the inevitable melancholy end or whether a supreme effort shall be made to lift the country into intelligence and material prosperity."

He discusses at length the existing situation and insists that the British government, if it desires to maintain the union, must provide money for the education of the people and give the country a measure of self-government which will afford the people an opportunity to appreciate their own good qualities. He appeals to the moderates in Ireland to lay aside their differences and do something for the salvation of their country. He says that Ireland's best are continually drifting out, while its worst are drifting "towards lunatic asylums and the remainder will remain in Ireland only by necessity."

Lord Dunraven says the land question is now in course of settlement and that the time is possibly coming when Nationalists and Unionists will work together.

He assails with the utmost bitterness the present system of government in Ireland as a gross anachronism which satisfies no one. He contends that the Irish are not lazy or devoid of intelligence and points out that they do good work and become leaders of men abroad.

Lord Dunraven says Ireland cannot be anglicized, that she understands her own affairs best and should manage them. The pamphlet concludes:

"If the union is to be maintained an active living, democratic, progressive policy must be applied to the causes of decay."

THE EDUCATED MIND

(Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee)
The Christian religion entered the world opposed by all the "culture" and "enlightenment" of the time. Christ sought the pillars of His Church among the fishermen of Galilee—not among the dialecticians of the West or the

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East. For centuries this antagonism continued. The philosophers, the critics, the satirists and the Gnostics sneered at the uncultured champions of the Church. Time decided the great debate; the academicians, the keen dialecticians, the astute leaders of cultured Paganism are gone forever and the system of the Fisherman has overspread the world.

History thus gives us a very pointed instance that would indicate among other things that the opposition of the world's intellect and culture does not always militate against the final success of a religion, nor does it preclude the truthfulness of that religion from being subsequently universally confessed to in the very world of this culture and intellect.

So, that, even if we choose to admit that the "educated mind of to-day" is opposed to dogmatic religion that does not prove that "dogmas are becoming a thing of the past." They may be spreading among fishermen.

That the English and American "educated mind" especially has no faith in dogmas should not conclude anything against Catholicity. This geographical division of the "educated mind" is positively ignorant of what dogmas are.

As Cardinal Newman has said it knows no more about Catholicism than it does about the religion of the inhabitants of the moon. What weight can the judgment of a mind so conditioned upon the question have with me, or with you or with any other earnest seeker after truth?

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