

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unseemly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell. Mr. W. S. Hamilton, who is now living in Winnipeg says that his people always pronounce Dalzell "Dee-ell." It is the name of a place near Motherwell, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell owns large coal mines in that county. Mr. W. S. Hamilton does not know the other Dalzells nor how they pronounce their name. By the way, according to "Who's Who," Dalzell is the family name of the Earl of Carnwath, while the family name of the Earl of Cadogan is Cadogan. The two pronunciations of Dalzell may be explained by the fact that one is a family name and the other the name of a place.

The ceremony of blessing the new hall for the social circle of St. Augustine's church, Braudon, took place on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Father Borgonie, Superior of the Redemptorists, Rev. R. Billiau, parish priest, and several other priests. The ceremony, which was very impressive, was witnessed by five or six hundred people, including a large number of prominent citizens. His Grace delivered a short address in which he complimented the Redemptorist Fathers and the Catholics of Brandon on the splendid hall just erected and opened. Rev. Father Billiau also addressed those present.

On Sunday evening, in the first storey of the Church of the Sacred Heart building, took place the inauguration of the already flourishing Cercle du Sacre Cœur, the new French-Canadian club. A very large proportion of the French-Canadian population had turned out for the meeting, which took the form of an installation of officers. The choral union of the church, under the able direction of Mr. Cardinal, supplied excellent music between the speeches. The first of these was delivered by Rev. Father Emard, the chaplain, who concluded by introducing the president-elect, Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc. Mr. Dubuc dwelt at length upon the aims of the club, which are both social and literary. Messrs. P. A. Beaubien and L. A. Delorme, the vice-presidents, also made very neat speeches which proved that the club would not be devoid of debating talent. Mr. H. Fournier, on behalf of the councillors, delivered a ringing address, which evoked great enthusiasm. Father Portance closed the series of speeches by promising that the club would be provided with all modern appointments and that it would prove the extent of the talent within its membership by giving a grand concert on the 14th of December. This concert will take place in the new church, and judging by the care with which the artists are preparing, it should be one of the musical events of the season.

Instances of "bad breaks" on the part of cub reporters describing Catholic religious functions never fail to amuse. One going the rounds is from the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" of Aug.

16 last. It puts it in this way: "Yesterday was the feast of 'Sanctissima Assunta'" (an Italian way of describing the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin) "at the Church of the Holy Rosary. Father Gibelli was in charge of the sanctuary and performed the first service of the day in a special Mass for the Saint's soul." This reminds us of how the Boston "Herald," the other day, informed its readers that the Italian Catholics had celebrated the previous day the birthday of St. Michael the Archangel! Now that John B. Fitzgerald is virtually on the Herald's staff, we would suggest that he be assigned to write up a biographical account of the Archangel's grandmother."—Sacred Heart Review.

A correspondent of the London (Eng.) "Daily Chronicle" writes: "On Saturday morning I went to 'see off' a friend who was going north by the train leaving King's Cross at ten o'clock. As we pushed our way searching in vain for a vacant seat, we saw two uniformed Salvationists putting into a specially reserved first-class carriage baggage that boldly proclaimed itself the property of General Booth. My friend, after turning a rather envious glance at the spare seats in the carriage by now occupied by the Citizen General and one attendant, changed his ticket for a third-class one, and got a thoroughly comfortable compartment all to himself."

"It was a pleasure," adds the correspondent, "in these days of the simple life, to see among the third-class passengers an iron magnate of the North country; also a Catholic Bishop."

A large number of Society ladies and gentlemen left London on November 16 for a luxurious encampment in the African desert to take the sun cure for nervous breakdown and ennui.

In order to accommodate certain graduate nurses who wish to attend the retreat to be preached by Father Drummond to the nurses of St. Boniface Hospital is postponed till next week and will begin on Thursday evening, Nov. 30th.

Keep The Bowels Regular.

If your bowels didn't move for a week you would be prostrated. If more than one day goes by you become languid, blood gets bad, breath horribly offensive you feel sick all over. To remedy this take Dr. Hamilton's Pills which regulate the bowels and cure constipation. Taken at night you are well by morning. They purify and cleanse the system, prevent headache, biliousness and sick stomach. Prompt and certain are Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c. per box or five for \$1.00 at all dealers.

THE USE OF DISAPPOINTMENTS

By Gena Macfarlane
In the Women's Hospital Edition of
The Brandon Sun

The test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth the praise
of earth
Is the smile that comes through
tears.

The subject is not a bright one, by any means, and yet, like most things in this good, old world, it has a bright side. There was never a disappointment borne in the right spirit that did not leave the sufferer stronger and better for it; but if one frets and stew and worries and fumes over every little thing that does not turn out just as it should—from the standpoint of the injured party, of course,—wrinkles and woe-begone looks, fretfulness and general disagreeableness with ever-increasing weakness, will be the result. We should not, however, be too ready with blame for the poor victims of ignorance or bad training. After all, a great deal depends on seeing things as they are—on a lively sense of the relations of cause and effect and a full appreciation of the value of discipline to the human soul. To those who have never been taught, either directly or indirectly, to find anything save special ill-will or bad luck in the evils that befall them, to whom no beacon light of greater strength and nobler life shines just beyond the wreck of hopes, sad, indeed, must disappointments often be; and such are truly to be pitied. Oh! that all could feel the grand principles of growth—feel and know that whatever woes, whatever fallen idols and broken images are piled up around them, they can still climb up and out into the

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glorious light of a higher life, can still see before them grander hopes, more beautiful images, than those they have lost. They may make their ideal as high as they will; still they can rise beyond it, even in this life, by earnest, untiring endeavor and the help of Him who never forsakes.

How much real strength would our characters have if the spiritual road were always smooth and straight before us? A life may be pure and sweet and true, and yet be found wanting when the crucial test comes. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her poem "Worth While" so beautifully expresses that sentiment:

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by the fire,
And the life that is worth the honor
of earth

Is the one that resists desire.
In our earlier years, circumstances have much to do in making us what we are; later we must conquer circumstances. If a nature has at its core the true moral stamina, even though it sink for a while, it is pretty sure to cast off the dragging weights and rise to its proper level.

In the development of strength, and the evolution of a grand character, disappointments play an important part. But for them the initial steps towards the highest would never be taken. In the intoxication of happiness, even in the calm of a quietly satisfactory experience, one is too apt to drift with the current and be satisfied with what is, instead of rowing up stream to higher levels.

And so, at last, we learn to bless the shock that wakens us, to analyze its effect and trace its influence toward the good we covet. This does not refer to the great trials that shake life to its centre and make or overthrow character, but also to the little annoyances and ills, that come very often and are, perhaps, even more trying. Once firmly determine, however, that all obstacles shall be surmounted, that all trials shall be made servants, and not allowed to be masters, and the task is easier. Keep this grand purpose ever in view: the shaping of the soul to its noblest form, and then use everything for a chisel.

But the Virtue that conquers passion
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage
of earth
For we find them but once in a while.

TO BE POPULAR.

If you want people to like you—and what girl, indifferent as she may appear, does not ardently desire that?—do not weep or whine. This is a selfish world, and it is not going to stop and ask what is the matter. It only cares for results of the happy kind. If you will smile, it will gladly smile with you; and if it sees that you smile when you would rather cry, it will respect you all the more. There is nothing more debasing to a human being than incessant brooding over its wrongs; and grumbling and fretting, whether silent or spoken, use up just so much force. So be joy-

ous if you can, girls, but good-natured at all hazards. A welcoming gracious manner and light-heartedness will do more for you than beauty or learning or the riches of India.

"I seek no thorns," said Goethe's wise mother to a sentimental maiden, "and I catch the small joys. If the door is low, I stoop down. If I can remove the stone out of my way, I do so. If it is too heavy, I go around it. And thus every day I find something which gladdens me."

Lucy Elliot Keeler.

THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD'S BEST ATHLETES.

Drained of the best of her population as she is, week after week, Ireland is still the mother of the greatest and bravest of the world's athletes, says the "Frontier Sentinel" of Newry, Ireland. The best of them, somehow, seem to hail from the southern half of the island. Ulster has never wanted for excellent men in the running path, or as jumpers or weight-throwers; but all the "record-makers" whose fame has become world-wide have hailed from the South in our time.

The advent of the Gaelic Athletic Association gave the southern giants and men of speed a great opportunity for distinguishing themselves. It "brought them out," and for twenty years the wide world all over has not produced the jumpers or weight-throwers fit to stand in the field with the champions of Munster.

What a glorious band those Gaels were—and are—beginning with the early days of the G. A. A. John Purcell, the great brothers Davin, Shanahan and Looney, McCarthy or Macroom; O'Reagan of Mourne Abbey; the swift O'Sullivan of Cork and Kerry; fleet Tommy Coneff from Kildare; poor Willie Real, Drs. Barry and Daly; Kiely, ever green and yet invincible after twenty years of invincibility as an "all-round" athlete; Mitchell, who was once unequalled at the heavy-weights; Denis Horgan, the working farmer of Bantree, whose weight-throwing has been the wonder of the world for nearly a quarter of a century; the Mangans; John Flanagan, king of weight-throwers and the greatest wielder of the "ponderous hammer" since the days of Cuculain; Tim O'Connor and Morty O'Brien; Frank Dineen, prince of sprinters and still to the fore as Gaelic handicapper; the brothers Phibbs, Sheehan and Dan O'Neil, long distance runners, who never seem to tire—these were but a few of the mighty band whom Finn himself might be proud to lead to the course or the chase, or to the heroic contests on the field of the Tailtean.

Some are still to the fore in Ireland. Some, like the peerless Flanagan, who has never been beaten, have emigrated to the Western Republic, it may be remarked that while Irish-born men in the States are the greatest athletes who uphold the fame of America in almost every department, we can not remember one of the first-class springing from amongst the Irish exiles of the second or third generation.

The old motherland is still the true nursery of bone and muscle and endurance—and it ever will be.

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