

NOTES FROM CALGARY.

31st October, 1900.

The grand bazaar in aid of St. Mary's Church, Calgary, will be held at the end of November, and promises to be a great success. In a meeting lately called by the Rev. Father Lemarchand, a committee of direction was formed. The members elected were as follows: Madame Judge Rouleau, Mrs. P. J. Nolan, and Mrs. J. W. Costello. This election is a guarantee of success.

A gold watch valued at \$125, gift of Mr. P. Burns, will be given to the most popular young lady of Calgary, on the occasion of the bazaar for St. Mary's Church, and the receipts of this competition will be for the completion of this Church.

Mr. P. Burns is building a princely house, which will cost him no less than \$25,000. Pat has succeeded well! He deserves it, for he loves to do good.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart in Calgary is more prosperous than ever. More than 200 children frequent it, and nearly 40 boarders are sheltered under its roof. All acknowledge the entirely superior education given by the Faithful Companions of Jesus, and the time is not far off when they will be obliged to think of enlarging their beautiful establishment.

The Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, is always full. The sick like to go there to be cured, and those who are well to rest there. All find there the necessary comfort, and the cheerfulness and cleanliness which reign make of it an abode very agreeable and sought for by all, both Catholics and Protestants. However, everything here below has its dark side. This hospital is so much esteemed and patronized that it has become too small, therefore the authorities desire to enlarge it as soon as their means will permit. Let us hope that some rich persons with generous souls will wish to succor suffering humanity by giving to the devoted Sisters a place where they may display all their zeal.

The Rev. Father Riou, director of the Mission on the Blood reserve, is going to the Industrial School of Dunbow, to help the Rev. Fathers of this school in the religious formation of their pupils.

The Catholic boarding schools of the three reserves, the Blood, the Black Feet, and the Piegans, are becoming very prosperous, thanks to the zeal of the Rev. Fathers and Sisters, and above all thanks to the initiative of His Lordship Bishop Legal, who always takes the greatest interest in his old missions.

Thanks to the steps taken by the Rev. Father Lacombe, the Catholic Mission of Calgary, already so well provided with religious establishments, will be still further enriched by an establishment of Brothers for the education of boys.

THE REVOLT OF MARY HENNESSY.

(Continued from last week.)

"And how did you live," asked Mary, "when you first started in?" One lived at home, another had joined with three other girls in taking one room and living on little more than bread and coffee. "But, surely," she questioned again, "surely the girls upstairs do better than that?"

"Well, if they do make a little more sometimes," was the answer, "they have to dress better than we do, and they dare not sit down."

"They do get a little air," said Mary, as she looked at the beached faces of her companions. "There's always a damp odor down here, and artificial light all the time is hard on the eyes."

"Well, what can we do?" said another, sighing. "My name was on the application book seven months before I got on here, and I went around to the other stores

every day. Why, sometimes there's hundreds standing in line just to sign the application book."

This conversation set Mary thinking, and on further inquiry she found that while a few in the millinery and cloak departments earned as much as twenty dollars a week, it was only after they were wrinkled and gray with experience and had made their own custom by humoring their wealthy patrons. They had to dress extravagantly too, and Mary wondered if after all they could save anything for the lonely old age that was hurrying on so fast.

Mary tried to be hopeful and she was always cheerful, but she found herself wondering wearily if her life was to go on forever in the same way—no seclusion, no peace, no comfort. All day the stuffy basement and the chattering of the pale-faced girls at night, a little closet of a room shared by an odorous girl who worked in a cigar factory and who talked for into the night about her "fellah." Sunday after Sunday Mary had tried to find something a little more home-like, but her search was fruitless. Invariably the landlady would first ask her, "How much do you pay?" "Three and a half," Mary would answer, meekly. "How many in a room?" "Two." "Well," was the sharp retort, "if you can get board at that price and only two in a room, you've got a snap and you want to hang on to it."

So poor Mary would go reluctantly back to the "snap" and look forward to the evening, when her roommate would go down to the little parlor to entertain her "fellah." Then she would read a little and revel in the brief privacy.

"How nice your kitchen must be!" she said one day to a kind-faced lady customer. She had grown to be quite friendly with some of her patrons, and her manner was always so quiet and lady-like that they enjoyed a few minutes' chat with her over their purchases.

"Yes, I try to get all the new appliances," answered the lady. "I keep only one girl, and although we are only two in family, I like to get her anything that will save labor."

"Pardon me," interrupted Mary, quietly, "but may I ask how much you pay your girl?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I pay her four dollars a week, and I hire a woman one day to wash and clean the kitchen. Then the girl does the ironing. But, oh dear!" she sighed, "she is to be married in six weeks, and I dread to hunt for another, and breaking her in is still worse."

A sudden thought flashed through Mary's mind, and she felt her cheeks burn as she said, eagerly, "Oh, Mrs. Bolton, would you take me? Let me stay a month without salary to learn the work from your girl."

"And do you really think you'd like housework?" asked Mrs. Bolton, taken back by the suddenness of Mary's request. "It is quite different from this, you know."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know it's different from this, but I've been thinking of it for some time. Of course, I've had no experience, except a little at home before my father died. I know it is not hard to get into a family where they keep two or three girls, because one helps the other, but I want a room to myself, so I can think in the evening when my work is done. Of course," said Mary, "you do not know me, but Father Bradley, of St. Ignatius, will tell you something of us. He was so kind during my father's illness and death, and, smiling, "he got me in here, but of course I wouldn't think of bothering him with complaints about it now when he was so good in finding me the place—and ninety-four girls ahead of me on the application list. Yes," she added, as she noticed Mrs. Bolton's look of amazement, "it is that way all the time."

Mrs. Bolton had been watching Mary's face keenly. "Well," she said, "I'm sure you're honest and earnest, and I'll take your word. Let me see — this is Saturday. Well, two weeks from next Monday you come; then you go under training with Julia for four weeks without salary. That's what you mean, is it not? Yes? Well, then, at the end of that time—that is, if

we are mutually satisfied — you take up Julia's work and salary. Now, that's settled—" as Mary tried to thank her. "Here is my card, and I shall expect you as agreed. Good-bye, and try to get a little more color in your face, because," she said, smiling, "Julia is a Christian Scientist, and she'll be insisting on your going to a healer."

This thought of housework was not a sudden one inspired in Mary's mind by Mrs. Bolton's conversation. She had decided weeks before that nothing could be much harder than her present life. She saw herself growing shabbier every day, as, except for an occasional pair of shoes, she found it impossible with all her efforts to earn more than her board and car fare. So it was with a light heart that night that she left her week's notice in the office of the cashier, and as she made her usual visit to the church on her way to her boarding-place she thanked God earnestly that her prayers had been answered and begged His guidance and help in the new field His care had found for her.

The next week she had to bear a great deal of scoffing and many covert sneers from the girls in the store. "Kitchen mechanic," "pot wolloper," and a score of like epithets greeted her, and with raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders they did not hesitate to express their opinion of Mary's "lowering herself." The poor girl who shared a room with three others and lived on bread and coffee was the worst of all. "Before I'd work in anybody's kitchen," she said, scornfully, "I'd throw myself in the river."

"Poor soul!" said Mary to herself. "It will hardly be necessary. You are going fast enough as it is." She had seen for some time that the poor girl was failing, and had often walked down in the morning that she might buy a banana or an orange for Sadie, who now said to her, contemptuously but dramatically, "Mary Hennessy, my friendship is no longer yours!"

All this had occurred eight years before, however, on the day of Mary's conversation with her mistress concerning "In His Steps." It had not taken Mrs. Bolton long to discover that Mary was far above the average working girl. She could discuss intelligently most subjects of current interest, and with such naive originality that Mrs. Bolton liked to talk with her and draw her out. In this matter Mary showed the innate refinement of her race, the kindness and equality of her mistress' manner never causing her to forget her position or become in the slightest degree familiar. "Oh, the comfort of her!" Mrs. Bolton would exclaim to her friends. "Really, I'm ashamed to say that in the last year or two, since I've gotten so deep in club work and advancement theories, I just have to leave everything to Mary."

She felt tired and dispirited this afternoon as she climbed the stairs to Mary's bedroom. Her life seemed to be growing so nerve-wearing and club-driven while so little was really accomplished with all their meetings and discussions. "How sweet and restful!" she sighed, as she paused in the door-way. "Mary keeps every place so spotless and yet never seems driven."

Mary's room was as restful with its dainty desk and bookcase, her own purchases, its spotless curtains and potted plants. She called it her haven of rest, and many times as she entered it she recalled with a smile the old days in the basement when the girls laughed at her desire for a room to herself.

Mrs. Bolton crossed to the table and found the book she sought under the "Imitation of Christ," which she opened carelessly to see where Mary had placed the marker, and read: "Behold if all should be spoken against thee that could be most maliciously invented, what would it hurt thee, if thou sufferest it to pass and madest no more reckoning of it than a mote? Could all these words pluck as much as a hair from thy head?"

"But he that hath no heart in him nor hath God before his eyes, is easily moved by a word of dispraise."

(To be Continued.)

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Time Table, October 14, 1900.

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going S	Leave Going W	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makiak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat		7 30	17 45
Dauphin, Makiak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri	11 40		22 30
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Tuesday		7 30	21 15
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg Wednesday	7 15		22 30
Dauphin to Winnipegosis and return, Fridays	17 00	14 00	
Dauphin to Swan River and Track End, Wed, and Sat		8 20	18 40
Track End and Swan River to Dauphin, Mon. & Thur.	7 00		18 20
Dauphin to Gilbert Plains, Tuesday		12 30	14 15
Friday		7 00	8 45
Gilbert Plains to Dauphin Tuesday	15 15		17 00
Friday	9 30		14 15
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon. and Thur		8 20	15 50
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. and Fri.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon., Wed, Thur and Sat.		8 20	12 00
Bedford to Winnipeg, Wed. and Int. Stns., Tues. and Fri. and Sat.		12 40	16 40

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The attention of all our subscribers and exchanges is earnestly directed to the fact that the NORTHWEST REVIEW is now published, not in St. Boniface, but in Winnipeg. Consequently, all communications and exchanges should be addressed "P. O. Box, 499, Winnipeg."

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 Sts., every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

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Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3 cents per mile; 1,000 Mile Ticket Books at 2 1/2 cents 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.

J. T. M'KENNEY, H. SWINFORD, City Passenger Agt., Gen. Agt., Winnipeg. Winnipeg.

CHAS. S. FEE, G.P. & T.A., St. Paul.

TIME TABLE.

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