

realization of its duty to protect the citizens of St. Boniface against injury to life and limb?

Rev. Father Cherrier's new building for his young men's Catholic Club is already several feet above ground. The young ladies of the parish have donated to the club a beautiful Martin-Orme cabinet grand piano now to be seen in the vestry of the Immaculate Conception Church.

Clerical News

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface is expected home on Saturday, the 19th inst., after attending the meeting of Archbishops assembled to consider the preparations for holding a plenary council of the Canadian episcopate.

Rev. John George Hagen, S.J., who has been invited by Pius X., to be the director of the Vatican Observatory, and is now in Rome, was director of the Observatory of Georgetown University since 1886. Born in Bregenz, in 1847, he studied at the universities of Munster and Bonn, entered the Society of Jesus, and being excluded from Germany by the Falk laws, studied theology in England and was ordained there. In 1880 he came to America and was stationed for a time at Buffalo. He has won a great reputation in astronomical research and by his mathematical publications.

Rev. J. A. Lemieux, rector of the cathedral of Fargo, accompanied by his aged brother, a retired priest of St. Lazare de Bellechasse, Que., came here on a visit last Monday, but had to return the next day owing to his brother's illness.

Rev. D. Plante, S.J., returned on Tuesday from Bottineau, N.D. On his way there, the previous Friday, between Omamee and Bottineau, the train encountered a sudden and violent sandstorm, which, however, did no damage beyond covering everything and everybody with sand. The storm was accompanied by a great noise. The wall of sand, forming here and there into columns high up in the air, appeared to be several miles wide and swept over the prairie with astonishing rapidity. The wall of moving sand, which seemed to be several hundred feet high, was first discerned at a distance as a cloud some 45 degrees above the horizon, then it darkened the sun and the next moment it struck the passenger train at right angles, the sand rattling like hail on the windows. Fortunately the passenger train happened to be standing at a small station or a siding where it was protected by a freight train immediately to windward of it. As the sandstorm took about one minute to pass a given spot, and must have been travelling about a mile a minute, the thickness of the sand wall—for there was no whirl about it, except perhaps in the columns high up above the ground—must have been about one mile.

"The Tidings," published at Los Angeles, prints a graphic story of the collapse of the buildings of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, and consequent hardship experienced by priests and students, as told by one of the latter, John F. Byrne. Awakened in his room in the senior wing by the falling of a statue of the Blessed Virgin from its pedestal in a niche in the wall, Mr. Byrne ran down three flights of stairs and got out on the lawn just as one of the sway-

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing just as good."

ing cupolas of the building toppled and fell with a deafening crash.

One after another priests and students dashed out. Some were obliged to climb through the transoms to escape, the doors being held tight by the sinking of the building. One of the priests had just vested for Mass and had to flee in his robes. A glance at the junior wing showed a spectacle of utter destruction. The whole front of the junior college was down, the timbers still crashing and the bricks falling. It seemed that many must have been killed but after a hurried survey it was discovered that not one was injured, though some had to dig their way out through the debris which had fallen on their beds.

It was evident at a single glance that the seminary, one of the monuments to the work and energy of Archbishop Riordan, was in ruins. The new chapel had entirely collapsed. The walls had spread outward and the roof had dropped.

Wednesday night students and priests spent on the lawn, sleeping as best they might, some suffering intensely from cold and exposure. Early the following morning a temporary altar was erected in the shadow of the building and Mass was celebrated in the open air with the ruins around them. Afterward the president, Father Ayrinhac, dismissed the students, telling them to go to their homes as best they might, and also announced with quavering voice that there was little possibility of their coming together again for several years at least—perhaps never.

The seminary was erected at a cost of \$500,000. The junior college, administration building and chapel are entirely ruined, nothing being left of them but heaps of debris. The theological and philosophical wing suffered the least damage, but the foundations are cracked, and it will be necessary to tear them down before they can be rebuilt.

Latest authentic advices report that the losses of the Jesuits in San Francisco are rated at \$800,000, and in the rest of California at \$100,000. They will rebuild in September.

Rev. Father Ryan, of the diocese of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, was here on Sunday on his way east. He will make a tour of the American continent.

Rev. Father Lefloch arrived from France at the end of last week with over fifty settlers, whom he accompanied on Monday last to Melfort, Sask. Others will soon follow.

No Satisfaction in Eating.

Food does you no good. You can't digest.—Consequently you're afraid to eat; tongue is coated, mouth tastes bad, stomach is bloated. Pretty soon you'll be overcome by weakness and nervous prostration.

Best prescription for your condition is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. For dyspepsia and indigestion it is doubtful if a better remedy will ever be devised. These Pills bring new strength and vitality to the stomach and digestive organs; they build up the general health and instill such vim and resisting power into the system that sickness is impossible; try Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"Yes, Harker married a physical culture girl."

"Did he? Is she a better house-keeper than other girls?"

"I should say so. She can take the toughest steak and pound on it till it is tender as a quail."

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IS FAITH DECAYING?

In Thursday's Tribune there appeared an admirable "Open Letter" from Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., on the alleged decay of faith. The letter was addressed to Mr. Masterman, M.P., who, like Mr. Belloc, is a man of deeply religious temperament, and of much distinction as a literateur. It was called forth by something written by Mr. Masterman in the "Speaker." "You," writes Mr. Belloc in this letter, "say that (as you conceive it) the Christian religion is in peril, nay, that the immortal battle is now decided; that the quiet enemy has conquered and that no army will return to oust him; that we shall not hear again the horn of Roland.

"Your words are clear; you speak of the passing of a whole civilization from a Faith in which it was founded. You speak again of a 'Faith that is slipping from the horizon of mankind.' Let me detain you upon these things.

"Have you considered the Irish? Here is a people scattered over the whole earth; they live chiefly in the great cities; where the influences of which you speak are most strongly at work. They have been till recently proletarian of the proletarian. God has distributed them to live among the worst of his creatures—among the rich of Liverpool and Chicago and New York, whom Christ risen from the dead can hardly save. Can you not see that the Irish are a sign? Their nation exists. They have a territorial base. Their sacred island approaches every day more nearly to decent and Christian government, and they themselves throughout the world are increasing in comfort, in influence and in security. What is of yet greater importance, they are increasing rapidly in numbers. Where there were none, as in London or Philadelphia, there are now many; where there were few, as in Sydney or Melbourne or San Francisco, there are now a multitude, and soon to be a majority. Nor is this people of the sort that pose for martyrs. They are not literary Christians; they are of Faith, combative and exultant. Their altars do not grow impoverished; they grow daily more resplendent with offerings. Their churches rise daily over all the ends of the earth; and almost in proportion as the Irish are to-day wealthy, dominant and governing, almost in that proportion do they, I will not say submit to, but proclaim and blazon that by which mankind may achieve at last its salvation.

"Now you may tell me that all this is a sort of rhetoric (so it is, and small blame to it), but that you would have something more. I can give you something more. I will, however, tell you two stories, one of which is probably true, the other certainly.

"It is said (I cannot be certain that it is true; I have not been to Rome myself to verify the matter), but it is said that the Pope keeps laid open before him upon a desk perpetually a page from the writings of that high writer, De Maistre. They say he keeps this page for a short and repeated daily reading. Here is the passage:

"The temples are empty or profaned; the altars are deserted. Mere reason, that powerful governor, not to be despised, which is not only the weapon of the intelligence, but it is also our human power of integration, our judgment, and almost our sanity—mere

The institutions of the National Sanitarium Association, including the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium and the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, are under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and Countess Grey.

Readers of this announcement will be glad to know that there has been an encouraging response to our request for help for the

Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives



Since this institution was opened, a little more than three years ago, 560 patients have been cared for. Over 2,000 patients have been treated in our two Muskoka homes within the past seven years.

—Not a single applicant has ever been refused admission to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives because of his or her poverty.

Our plea for help is that the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives cares for patients that all other hospitals refuse. If the needed money is forthcoming, this dread disease might be stamped out.

—Dr. T. G. RODDICK, an eminent physician of Montreal, ex-president of the Canadian Medical Association, and ex-president of the British Medical Association, stated at a meeting of the Montreal League for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, his firm belief that in twenty-five years, provided proper means are adopted, a case of consumption would be a curiosity.

Within the month the accommodation has been increased by twenty-five beds, adding to the burdens of maintenance, but in the faith that a generous public will come to the aid of the trustees.

Contributions may be sent to SIR WM. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Osgoode Hall, Toronto, or W. J. GAGE, Esq., 54 Front St. W.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

reason has every temporal chance in its favor that it will sweep the fields; and if it wins it will make a carpenter's bench of the Cross, and Jesus Christ will be partially forgotten and wholly lost, as are mere literary figures. But what if the Faith should rise and lift the Antean thing, this human judgment from the earth, the common soil, which is its only strength? What if the Faith, like Hercules, should lift humanity up in one of those spasmodic wrestling strains which its own history proves

native to it, and should so keep it off the plane of this world, that at last the Faith and not reason should conquer? For the Faith is a demigod. Patuit Deus."—London Catholic Weekly.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.