

did not tell us that the liquor counter is the scaffold on which half a hundred beautiful vital American things are assassinated, on which scores of horrid plagues are glorified.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

The Orangemen of Ulster are neither Irish, English nor Scotch. They are men without a country and devoid of every aspiration for national independence. As well might Captain Shawe-Taylor try to mix oil with water as to attempt a union of Catholics and Orangemen. It cannot be done, for it is an impossibility. The foreign faction cannot give up the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne every 12th of July, though their forefathers were the only cowards led by King William at the ill-fated river. Every liberal Protestant despises them. Listen to Mr. Thomas W. Russell, M.P., the well known Protestant leader of Ulster, on the Orangemen:

"And who are these people who fight these squalid battles on the streets of Belfast in the name of Protestantism? Protestants, forsooth! If the truth must be told, they rarely enter a church door; they never subscribe sixpence for the furtherance of any form of religion; they bellow on the streets about the Pope and about the Protestant religion. The public-house (liquor saloon) is their temple; the publican is their great high priest; they preach a gospel of hate and of hatred that would disgrace a race of savages."—Northwestern Messenger (Duluth).

CRUELTY TO THE HORSE.

Blinders. Check Rains. Curb Bits and Docking.

The horse, the most useful of all animals, is the one marked for the most of men's ill treatment. For the most part housed in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and ill-smelling quarters, worked to its full capacity, cared for only to the degree that selfish interest prompts, the animal is delivered over as the unprotected object of the unrestrained passions of man. The average man fails apparently to understand that animals have a nervous system, among them in a marked degree the horse, and that were he to govern his own temper he could with a little patience get control of the horse's nervous system and make out of it a servant vastly more efficient than it is, under the system in which he beats and jerks and drives it to distraction.

A short walk in any city will discover many blind horses. Why? There are no blind cows, comparatively. And yet the sight of the one naturally is as good as that of the other. The difference is simply that the horse from the beginning has been abused, ill-housed, overworked and worked under conditions that have driven him blind. Its eyes are shut in by blinders at each side, for which there is no use but to satisfy the caprice or fashion of man. So its vision, interfered with and deprived of air, the wonder is that with the other treatment it gets it is not blind oftener. Besides this, in other cases its neck is almost pulled out of joint by overhead check-reins that raise its face to the air and turn its eyeballs to the glare of the sun unprotected, it is bitten with a curb that pulls its jaw to its breast and tortures it in this fashion. And then according to the spreading fashion of the day, it is subjected to that most cruel of all practices, docking, which not merely tortures it in the practice, but leaves it to the torment of flies for the rest of its life. If it is the merciful man that is merciful to his beast, and if it is the merciful that obtain mercy, we have, as a people, some way to come before we get that blessing.—Indianapolis News.

TURF RECORDS.

The season of 1903 will go into history as the champion year for new speed records. Early in August Dan Patch made a new mark for pacing horses by going a mile in 1.59. A few days later Lou Dillon scored that triumph of horse-breeders, and trotted the mile in two minutes flat. A few days ago Major Delmar trotted the fastest mile ever scored by a gelding, in 2.00%. Lou Dillon went against the record of Maud S., 2.08%, under conditions as nearly as possible

equal to those under which the famous mare did her then world-beating mile and made the distance in 2.05. That is to say, she drew a high sulky of the old-fashioned type, such as Maud S. pulled herself against the advantage of the light bicycle sulky of to-day, with which she made her wonderful mile in two minutes flat. Mr. Robert Bonner, son of the owner of Maud S., offered the use of the identical sulky used in Maud S.'s record mile, but it was impossible to transport it in time. That vehicle weighs forty-four pounds, while the one used by Lou Dillon weighed fifty-one pounds. The bicycle sulky of the two minute mile weighs only twenty-four pounds, one ounce. Thus Lou Dillon exceeded even her handicap. She is not so large an animal as Maud S., but this fact did not evidently hinder her in her undertaking.

It is often claimed that if the low bicycle sulky had been in use in the early eighties Maud S. would have gone very close to the two minute mark, if not below it. It is hardly fair to say that Lou Dillon's feat demonstrated the truth or falsity of this claim, although some indication is afforded in this direction. It is evident that the racing horse is finer bred to-day than even a few years ago, as attested by the repeated new records made under similar conditions. Rarus made his mile in 2.13 1/4 in 1878 under practically the same circumstances as those under which Maud S., seven years later, scored hers in 4 1/2 sec. less. Just so, since the bicycle sulky was devised, Nancy Hanks trotted her 2.04 miles eleven years ago with the same advantages, save perhaps the wind shield—which in the Lou Dillon mile helped her very little, if any—as those which aided the present trotting queen. There has undoubtedly been progress in breeding and training, and there will be further progress in the years to come.—Ex.

A RELIC OF O'CONNELL.

Mr. Maurice Murphy writes as follows from the Crown Hotel, Castleisland, to the "Kerry People," his letter being dated August 6, 1903:

"Sir,—Miss Leahy gave me enclosed copy of letter from Daniel O'Connell, which she found recently amongst her father's papers. It appears he was in the habit of travelling to Dublin by coach from Caseltisland and Abbeyfeale, the old coach road. I thought it may interest your readers, especially that part where he shows great regard for the Mass. Letters cost 10d postage in those days, and it was the person who received the communication had to pay the money."

The copy of O'Connell's letter is as follows:—

"Tralee, 15th January, Friday.—Sir,—I will be at your house about 2 o'clock on Sunday. Have four horses ready for me by 2 o'clock. Take care the driver hears Mass. I will not arrive until after the last Mass, and will not allow any man to drive me who lost Mass. Truly yours, Daniel O'Connell."

The latter was written on Jan. 15, 1836. Mr. Leahy, to whom it was addressed, was an innkeeper at Abbeyfeale.—Irish Standard, Minneapolis, 3rd Oct., 1903.

AN IRISHMAN AND THE SUN.

An Irishman who had just landed in New York from his home in Ireland was strolling around the city, taking in the sights. In the course of his walk he came across Battery park, and seeing a bench unoccupied near the water front, he sat down. It was just about sunset when the Celt took his seat in the park, and as he gazed across the water at Governor's Island, the big guns at that place boomed announcing sunset. Now, this noise was new to the Irishman, and he said to a policeman who was passing by:

"That's that noise fur?"

"Aw, it's the sun goin' down," replied the officer.

"Begob," remarked the Celt, "the sun mivir went down thot hard in Ireland."—Ex.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING Done and your Rubber Stamps made by the Northwest Review.

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb.)

CHAPTER I.

"Roi je ne suis,
Prince, ni comte aussi,
Je suis le Sire de Coucy."

Motto of the Coucy Family.

It was a sunny morning in May, a pleasant breeze danced among the leaves of the trees in the long avenue, and gamboled among the flowers, while the sunshine tried its best to enliven the gloomy gray aspect of De Lisle Castle. It did not succeed there though. Not only was the place stern and forbidding in its warlike aspect of high walls, and wide moat, and "grim portcullis," but the ivy that clung to parts of the walls, and the long grass that grew in the court-yard, bore evidence of neglect and decay. As one approached nearer, one might see the moat was dry, and entering within the walls there were still further proofs that the glory of the house of De Lisle was dim, if not departed. The stables were almost empty; not an armed warder was visible; the attendants were few, and generally old, evidently faithful servants, who had clung to the fortunes of a fallen house.

The ascent to Castle de Lisle was long and toilsome, for it had been built on one of the highest points, so that from its towers the surrounding country lay stretched out as in a map, and it was a fair scene: woods of rich foliage, a noble river, which wound its way calmly along till it reached the sea, that sparkled like silver in the distance, hill and dale, lay before the spectator's eye, and far farther than he could reach they were all the rich possessions of the Barons de Lisle. They had held the castle since the time of the first William, and their estates had often been added to by grateful sovereigns, for each De Lisle in his generation had been a faithful and loyal subject. They were a noble line, not only in long descent, but in knightly deeds. No stain of cowardice or of treachery, of avarice or baseness, had soiled their escutcheon. "Sans peur et sans reproche," might have been also their motto.

In the great hall you might see the helmet and sword of the baron who fought by the side of Godfrey of Bouillon, and of him who followed Richard of the Lion-heart, and in the family chronicles you might hear of him who sat at Runnymede, and lent his voice to force a craven monarch to grant the rights of his people. And wherefore, then, this sad change? Has the line of De Lisle, like so many noble families of late times, failed in their heirs male, that their princely possessions are left desolate? Not so, no riches with curses clinging to them had soiled the hands of De Lisle. No ruined abbey had been added to their possessions. No cries of consecrated spouses of Christ driven from their cloister, shall meet them at the judgment-seat. But Edward Baron de Lisle had died a glorious death. He had steadfastly resisted the laws by which he would have been compelled to forswear his religion. He was, with many other Catholic gentlemen, thrown into prison, for his high rank and station made the magistrates determined to set an example. While in prison Lord de Lisle was attacked by one of the fevers which perpetually haunted the place; he died after a few days' illness, away from his wife and children, and without priestly consolations. Prison attendants closed his eyes, and arranged the shroud around the gallant form. It was a hard fate for him, in the prime of manhood, but he murmured not. "Mourn not for me, sweet wife," he wrote: "I die in a braver quarrel than did my fathers, I die for the faith of Christ. Sweet Jesu keep you, my fair wife; in Him I trust, to Him I confide, my soul."

Alice Baroness de Lisle gazed on her two children in dismay. Her Walter, now Baron de Lisle, twelve years old, her Isabel two years

younger. How should she bring them up in the faith of their fathers? For Walter she saw but one course: he must go abroad to the college at Rheims, and there receive his education. Alice hastened to put her plans into execution, and scarcely had she done so, when she learnt that instead of an act of attainder being passed upon the title and estates of De Lisle, the former was untouched; the latter, with the persons of the baroness and her children, left in the guardianship of the Earl of Beauville, a distant kinsman. Then Alice heartily rejoiced at what she had done, for she knew well the Earl would not have left a stone unturned to pervert Walter's faith.

This lessening of punishment upon the family of De Lisle was not to be attributed to clemency on the part of the queen. The Earl of Beauville and the Baron de Lisle had been close friends in early youth, and though in manhood Beauville's profession of the Protestant religion had tended to estrange them, yet the bond of affection between them was very strong, and on hearing of his friend's death Beauville was struck to the heart. He was high in the queen's councils, a man of talents and astuteness, whose value Elizabeth well knew, and by his intercession the bill of attainder was averted, and a chance given to the son to redeem the favor his father had lost. Another grace Beauville procured was to remove the body of the late baron to his own castle, where it was interred in the crypt beneath the chapel. His displeasure at discovering Walter's flight was very great, and he made frequent endeavors to induce Alice to recall him, but in vain. Shortly before our story opens his persuasions had assumed a more urgent form, from the fact that a new order concerning children educated in foreign colleges had been issued by the Privy Council. But no threat of penalty could move Alice from her purpose, and to his indignant letters she returned the same answer. Lord Beauville knew the jealous character of the queen too well to lavish favors on the baroness, and therefore all he had dared to do for her since her widowhood, had been to allow her a moderate maintenance, and to permit her with her daughter to remain in the castle, with a few attendants. All appearance of state was to be carefully avoided, and thus the building gradually assumed the appearance of decay we have described. Still as the servants who remained were old and faithful, the family had enjoyed religious freedom compared with that of other Catholics in those sad times.

On the May morning we have described, on the broad terrace which ran on the south side of the castle, walked two maidens, both apparently about the age of seventeen. One was tall and slender, and her Norman cast of countenance, with her brilliant dark eyes and raven hair, spoke her at once a daughter of De Lisle. The other, who was shorter, had evidently more Saxon blood. Her tresses were of chestnut color, and her merry eyes of blue, and though inferior to her cousin Isabel in beauty, Mary Thoresby was a most winning creature.

The two maidens continued to pace together in silence, while Mary, occasionally stooping to pick some of the flowers that grew along the side of the walk, quickly wove them into a bouquet, and then, passing one arm round Isabel's waist, she held up the flowers to her face with a smile full of tender sympathy. Isabel smiled, too, but said:

"Thanks, dear Mary; oh, how I forget myself. How dull this visit must be to you. All the long journey you have taken to come and see us, and then to give you such cold cheer, is too bad!"

"Darling Isabel, do not talk in this way. If I could only be some comfort to you!"

Canadian Pacific

TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	14 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	14 00	
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		12 30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettapiece, Minniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 20	13 15
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 10
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat., Mon., Wed., Friday	8 20	13 15
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	17 00	9 30
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 15	9 45
St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	13 55	13 35
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 15	19 20

F. P. BRADY,
Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern

TIME TABLE

Winnipeg trains arrive at and depart from Canadian Northern Railway Depot, Water Street, as follows:

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
	EAST	
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 00		17 30
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Keshabowic, Mattawan, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
8 00		17 30
	WEST	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, R.R. Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumus, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, R.R. Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glengale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonka, Swan River.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Bowsman, Birch River, Nova, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Fri. Sat. Sun.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
14 30		11 15
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 15		16 30
	SOUTH	
Daily	Morris, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, The Superiors.	Daily
13 45		13 00
	City Ticket Office, 431 Main Street	
	Phone 1006	
	Additional Time Table will appear next week.	