

and he trusted that with the assistance of God and under the direction of the archbishop, they would do great good, as unity was strength. The Holy Father would be highly pleased in hearing how the Catholics were united together and working hard in this new country to keep up the principles of religion, and were now looking forward for the education of their children. He hoped that God would bless their work, and he was sure the Holy Father would constantly pray for them and be pleased with their course of action.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

Mr. Deegan, presiding, announced, after the address and reply, a short musical programme, which was greatly enjoyed by the large audience assembled. The numbers were as follows: Piano solo, Mr. Betourney; duet, Miss Mable Holroyde and Mr. James Perkins; baritone solo, Mr. S. Brodie; tenor solo, "Killarney," Mr. W. Keneally; duet, Miss J. Perkins and Mr. D. Cameron; song in French, Mr. Geo. Geley; song, Dr. Smith; tenor solo, Mr. Walter McKinley.

The musical programme was concluded with "God Save the Queen," and afterwards the ladies and gentlemen of the company were presented to His Excellency in the parlor of the club.

DEPARTURE.

Tuesday morning, at 7.15, His Excellency, accompanied by Monseigneur Langevin and Monseigneur Pascal, the Rev. Father Fisher, secretary to His Excellency, Fathers Fallon, O. M. I., and Trudel, left for Regina, on his way to the coast. Monseigneur Falconio expresses himself as very pleased with the reception at St. Boniface and Winnipeg.

The report of the children's demonstration on both sides of the river is forcibly held over for next week.

AN ARIAL PAGEANT.

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.
(Written for the Review.)

The writer, during a recent visit to the coast, had the good fortune to witness a cloud-effect, which was so remarkable and striking that a brief notice of the extraordinary phenomenon may be of interest.

The clouds are arranged in several distinct and well-defined horizontal sections, tier upon tier. The lowest range, forming the base, as it were, of the entire superstructure, appears to be a band of liquid fire, crimson and vermilion vying in ardour with indigo and orange-pink, the latter tint, however, gradually gaining the predominance, until the entire western horizon is a blaze of deep orange; the rippling ocean itself also appearing as if tinged with the same glowing hue. Immediately above this great glittering plinth, and resting upon it, are massed together a prodigious herd of heterogeneous and grotesque monsters, some like the hideous gargoyles so often seen in mediæval architecture; some like an ill-favoured animal, half shark, half rhinoceros, ungainly and weird; some like exaggerated ostriches, upon whose backs are riding great ugly baboons; and some like the graceful little "sea-horses" of the Mediterranean, their heads the exact counterpart of that of a wild horse, while their tail and body is like that of a lizard. The whole array reminded the spectator forcibly of the procession of animals marching into the ark.

Above this wonderful animal assemblage hangs a mass of dark, heavy and lowering nimbus cloud, both base and upper surface sharply defined, its black and ponderous sombreness bringing into greater relief the animated pageants beneath and above it. And this latter display is a veritable battlefield, a furious contest between cavalry and infantry; squadrons of horse charging the serried ranks of the enemy; hand-to-hand fights, confused melees, batteries of guns hurrying to and fro; in fact the imagination pictures all the actual incidents of a sanguinary battle in this realistic and strange cloud-picture.

And, enhancing the brilliancy of all this vivid celestial panoply of

war, above it is another dark band of vapour, forming a fit frame to the wonderful spectacle.

But gradually and insensibly a veil is drawn over the whole; first orange-tinted, then darker and thicker, until soon all is over, all merged into one heavy lurid pall, all transformed into a sombre and lowering obscurity. Yet this murky and dismal gloom proves to be but a store-house of hidden light, for suddenly the whole is illuminated from time to time by bright gleams of diffused electricity, while in the distance can be heard the continuous discharge of heaven's artillery, rolling away in throbs of rumbling expiring cadence. And as these coruscations of light continue to break forth, the brilliance is such that it appears as if the very heavens were opened to our view.

And doubtless many of the young, like the writer in his childhoods, have looked upon these discharges of "sheet lightning" as really giving glimpses of the brightness of the realms of glory, and have earnestly sought during the momentary apparent unveiling, for the bright angels, and for the presence of Him whom they had been taught to love in return for all that He had suffered for them in order that they might for ever dwell in the hereafter with Him in those ever radiant and glorious realms.

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.
(Continued from last week.)

When Jason arrived in the reception-room he was infuriated, but he was thoroughly controlled. His black eyes, glittering, cold, were the only indication that he was desperate and dangerous. He was not used to rules and restraint. He had never yet been a prisoner. He saw no reason why he should not pick up his wife and walk right out with her in his arms. She was his, not theirs. But here he was surrounded by white-dressed women; he likened them to "angel nuns." He could not fight them. With men it would be another thing. His eyes danced at the vision of what he would do to that round-shouldered, long-tailed little rat of an apology for a man who—who what?

What did the man mean? Why was his wife a beautiful case and a valuable patient?

What had rabbits and dogs to do with her? He shook his head darkly. Here was a mystery beyond his experience, and how was he to solve it? Whatever it might be, Polly was desperately ill, and must be immediately saved. Somehow, he took no stock in the heart trouble. It was that other thing which clouded his imagination and intensified his apprehension.

He walked aimlessly up the corridor. A door marked "Superintendent" arrested his attention. He opened it abruptly without knocking. The inevitable white nurse met his gaze. "The superintendent has gone out," she said with a pleasant smile, noting the visitor's anxiety. "He will not be back until four."

Jason turned and left without a word. He saw down the hall the first nurse who had met him. His eyes softened a little. "Can you tell me where is the house physician?" he asked as politely as possible.

"Did you find her?" The girl disregarded his question with womanly sympathy.

Jason nodded. "I want to get her right out," he blurted.

The nurse regarded him gravely. "Dr. Savage," she said slowly, "is not in his office, I know. He has

a visitor. If he is not in the laboratory, he has gone out. I can show you the laboratory—this way."

Jason noted every turn, every mark, as he went. His life had educated his eye to following trails. Having gone into a maze once, he could retrace his steps in the dark. Of what avail had this training been since he had taken to the city? Jason had a firm idea that it might help him some time during the next twenty-four hours. At last they halted before a door at the end of a dark corridor and the nurse gave a timid knock. A raucous growl was the response. The nurse opened the door, looking considerably frightened.

"Oh, Dr. Perkins," she gasped, "is the Doctor in?"

"No, he's just gone."

"Do you know when he'll be back?"

"About four, I guess—there! there!"

The nurse hastily shut the door. For the first time that day Jason had a smile on his face. It was sarcastic, and yet kindly. Not understanding how the physicians lord it over the nurses in the hospital, he could not appreciate the timidity that these doctors inspire. But he had caught a glimpse of the interior of the laboratory. It was a place such as he had never seen before. If it had been filled with whiskey or cards or chips, or Indians, or revolvers, he could have understood it. But the labeled bottles, and that uncanny paraphernalia, and especially the acrid odor that smote his face—these seemed to him officers of a hidden death rather than servants of health, and his heart hardened within him. A swift glance showed him the topography of the room; and turning he strode unwaveringly, the nurse following with wonder in her heart as fast as she could, until he reached the front door. He looked at his watch. It was nearly two. He held it dreamily in his hand for a moment. Then he faced about, and with the glance of a commanding officer, measured the building he was about to leave, as if he were meditating an assault. Then with a curt nod at the nurse he hurried down the steps. He had only two hours to make preparations that under no consideration must fail. His purpose was to have his wife home that night.

* * * * *

Jason headed rapidly toward the most fashionable part of the city. He had not gone two blocks before he saw approaching him a high-spirited horse drawing a distinguished buggy and driven by a colored man in livery. A powerful, thick-set gentleman sat within the buggy. Jason lifted his hand with an imperious motion and signaled the driver to halt.

"Doctor," said Jason, "I want to speak to you for a minute alone."

(To be continued.)

Canadian Northern Railway.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave Going South	Leave Going North	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues. Thur. and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon. Wed. and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thurs.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon. and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East	West	15 10 Arrive
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.		8 20	15 45
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed. Thur. and Sat.		8 20	
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed. Fri. and Sat.			16 40

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

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Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Foulds Block, corner Main and Market Streets, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

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April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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TIME TABLE.

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