

self. All reception committees and guards were to be dispensed with. He would meet the "lecturer" at the railroad station with his own carriage and make him his personal guest. The press heralded abroad that the Catholics were snubbed, that the "Reverend" Slattery had to be saved from death by the personal interference of the Mayor. The Mayor, in his carriage, met Slattery at the depot. There were no policemen in evidence. The Mayor briefly explained the situation, promised him complete protection and ordered his coachman to drive to different points of interest in the city, which he wished his guest to see. They first visited the educational institutions, public and parochial, then the churches, libraries, and the magnificent hospital erected by the city for the Sisters. Though the Mayor treated his visitor with the utmost kindness, the latter seemed bored and could not be led into conversation. Evidently the Mayor was not the kind of man he relished and the absence of violence on the part of the Catholics was monotonous and mortifying. The Mayor inquired of his guest if he was weary and politely asked him if he wished to see any more of the city. Slattery bluntly told him that he had seen enough. The Mayor told him that there was one more place of interest which he wished to show him. They were soon at the gate of a cemetery. They entered and walked toward a marble shaft that towered as high as the beautiful southern trees that draped it with their luxuriant foliage.

"Mr. Slattery," said the Mayor, "I have a purpose in bringing you here." His voice was husky with emotion, and his eyes gleamed more in sorrow than in anger. "Let me read what is there." The Mayor read aloud the inscription which stated that the monument had been erected to give testimony to the self-sacrifice of the Catholic priests and nuns who laid down their lives on the altar of Christian charity in the dark days of the terrible plague.

The Mayor's eyes were filled with tears. "Read the names upon that shaft," he continued. "The pastor heads the list. We was of that race to which you are a disgrace. He was Nature's nobleman, benevolent, pure, faithful to every trust and a lover of liberty. The other men whose names are there were like unto him. They had neither kith nor kin in our city. Read that long death roll of those devoted women whose earthly names even were given up for charity. Where can you find a parallel of heroism and Christian devotion? No earthly motive moved them. Until the dark days of our sorrow came, they were unknown to us. Then, when dread and sorrow filled every heart, when the most sacred ties and obligations failed to save our sick from desolation, when there were no hands to smooth the throbbing brow, or give drink to the parched lips, when all hope of succor seemed gone, those heroic priests and angelic women entered our homes, dared the horrors of the plague, smiled at the spectral face of death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives, gave up their own. Look at the fourth name on that roll of angels. I do not know her name, but she was a beautiful girl and her voice had the mellow 'brogue' of the south of Ireland. I had an only daughter just her age. She was stricken down, the terrible death mark of the plague set its seal on her beautiful brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl, robed in black, holding the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man! do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her. No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough. Now to you. Do you think you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by your foul slanders of that priesthood and those sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement should fly in your face. If the men of our city should prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the women of our city should rise and stone you to death. Get your foul presence from our city."

It is needless to say he went, and the press were hard put, to explain why Slattery did not speak at Memphis.—The New World.

**THE FRENCH RESISTERS—WHO ARE THEY?**

(Sacred Heart Review)

What kind of people make up the "mobs" which have resisted the government officials in France in entering the churches to take account of the sacred vessels and other ecclesiastical property. This is a question discussed by a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post." The Paris anti-clerical newspapers call the resisters "Aristocrats

**How Is Your Cold?**

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.  
Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?  
Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.  
Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup**

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.  
For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.  
Mrs. G. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's

and Apaches." The London "Times" says the real heads of the opposition are the Jesuits. The whole implication is that those who have taken part in this resistance to the first act of the law of Separation are not, and do not represent, true French patriots. The "Evening Post's" correspondent, who speaks as an unbiased looker-on, has a different story. He mentions as follows a few of the men who are leaders in this opposition to what seems to them a tyrannical invasion by the State of the Church's sacred rights and liberties:—

"The nucleus of the agitation is made up of young men from twenty to forty, of respectable family, regularly university-bred, alert, and looking to the future—a new generation. Irresistibly they remind one of Gambetta's young men in the agitating years that closed the Second Empire.

"Marc Sangnier, the leader of the Young Catholics and working in unity of views with such older laymen as Brunetiere and Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, is a good sample. He is neither aristocrat, royalist, politician nor Apache, but he was present to protest in his church.

"There is no doubt that the older Catholic laymen are following these younger men. In the churches during the troubles were such of them as Denys Cochin, deputy, disciple of Pasteur, the fourth generation of a family associated with the charitable institutions of Paris for two centuries, and himself universally respected by all parties. One of the arrested was M. Odelin, 'Jesuit plenipotentiary' as the London 'Times' calls him (he was president of the civil corporation of one of their colleges); but he is in reality a man of property and municipal position, and a brother of the Cardinal Archbishop's Vicar-General. Francois Coppee perhaps feebly represents the Academy among the resisters; but there were more than a dozen members of Parliament and of the Municipal Council in the trouble, and some of them incurred arrest. Christian de Tocqueville, third in descent from the author of 'Democracy in America,' got off with three nights at the Police Depot and a forty days' prison sentence. Before foreigners pronounce, it would be well to know who is on this side, sure to be beaten down for the present, yet bound to surprising Jack-in-the-box resurrections in the future."

**Not Sleeping Well.**

Without sleep there can be no bodily or mental vigor, consequently sleeplessness is a dangerous condition. Nothing so surely restores sleep as Ferrozone; it's harmless—just a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Ferrozone vitalizes every part of the body, makes the nerves hardy, completely rebuilds the system. The cause of sleeplessness is removed—health is restored you can work, eat, sleep,—feel like new after using Ferrozone. Don't put off—Ferrozone costs 50c. per box at all dealers; get it to-day.

Grace—This photograph makes you look so old.  
Gladys—Yes, it's an old picture, you know.

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**Da Fightin' Irishman**

Irishman he mak' me seek!  
He ees gat excit' so queeck,  
An' so queeck for fightin' too.  
An' baysides, you nevva know  
How you gona please heem. So  
W'ata deuce you gona do?

W'en I work een tranch wan day  
Irish boss he com' an' say:  
"Evra wan een deesa tranch,  
I no care eeff he ees Franch,  
Anglaice, Dago, Dootch, or w'at,  
Evra wan he musta got  
Leetla pieca green to show  
For da San Patricio.  
Dees ees Irish feasta day.  
Go an' gat som' green!" he say,  
"An' eef you no do eet, too,  
I gon' poncha head on you!"  
So I gat some green to show  
For da San Patricio.

Bimeby, 'nudder Irishman  
He ees com' where I am stan',  
An' he growl at me an' say:  
"Wat you wearin' dat for, eh?  
Mebbe so you theenk you be  
Gooda Irishman like me.  
Green ees jus' for Irishman,  
No for dumba Dago man!  
Tak' eet off!" he say, an', my!  
He ees ponch me een da eye!

Irishman, he mak' me seek!  
He ees gat excit' so queeck,  
An' so queeck for fightin' too.  
An', baysides, you nevva know  
How you gona please them. So  
W'ata deuce you gona do?  
—T. Daly in the Catholic Standard and Times.

**How Editors get Rich**

After a good deal of study and work we have at last figured out why so many country editors get rich. Here is the secret of success.

A child in the neighborhood, the attending physician gets \$10; the editor gives the loud-lunged youngster and the "happy parents" a send-off and gets \$0. When it is christened the minister gets \$10, and the editor \$00. It grows up and marries. The editor publishes another long winded, flowery article, and tells a dozen lies about the "beautiful and accomplished bride;" the minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake and the editor gets \$000. In the course of time it dies and the doctor gets from \$25 to \$100, the minister gets, perhaps, another \$15, the undertaker gets from \$50 to \$100; the editor publishes a notice of the death and an obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks and gets \$0000. No wonder so many editors get rich.

**ENGLAND AND HER RAILROADS**

"Our acts of parliament specify maximum rates for passenger and freight traffic," said an English visitor in New York, "and as long as our railways keep within them they are all right. If any shipper or other individual has a grievance, he brings it to the Board of Trade, which can make an investigation and a report, but has no power to interfere. In case it finds good grounds for the grievance, it endeavors by the use of moral suasion, to secure an adjustment of the difficulty and the removal of the ground of complaint. If however, it fails to do so, the matter is sent to a special court called 'The Railway and Canal Commissioners,' which

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 Con-
- sumptives 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.

tries nothing but transportation cases and whose action is final. The court is kept fairly busy. The railways generally keep to their rates. I do not know when we have had a complaint of overcharges. The greatest grievance is on the part of small shippers because of preferences given to large shippers. The law allows wholesale rates for the same distance. That is, a railway company may lawfully give better terms to a patron who ships a large quantity than to one who ships a small quantity of the same kind of goods between the same stations, but it is not allowed to give one shipper a better rate than another when quantities are equal. We have no big combinations like your Standard Oil Company and beef trust and coal trust, however, and the most of the complaints refer to the passenger rather than the freight traffic. They come from communities which do not get as many trains as they want, and from passengers who think the companies ought to put on more carriages and to make more frequent stops."—Catholic Citizen.