

LOST AND FOUND

A story Concerning a packet of valuable Papers and a prayer to St. Anthony.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Some weeks ago, at the request of a local community of religious, THE CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES gave place to an article on "St. Anthony's Bread." Thereby hangs a tale. The facts as here presented were obtained first hand and are indisputable. The meaning or significance to be attached to the facts is a matter of choice or opinion. The person whose experience is described expresses no opinion, but instead a strong, unshakable conviction. You who read may not be able to share his conviction; you can, however, offer a number of possible explanations, all of which the person most interested casts aside as insufficient.

For obvious reasons the name of the person is not given here, though it is in the possession of the writer. We shall call him Mr. X—. He is a party to a very important lawsuit which came up for a partial hearing on Saturday last. The proceedings of the day ended, he returned to his home. In his overcoat pocket he had carried all the most important papers pertaining to his case, papers upon which rested his only hope of success in his suit. It was with keen distress, then, that he discovered upon entering his house that the papers were missing. He made a rapid and nervous search of every pocket in his clothing. This was followed by a slower and more careful search. Again, for the third time, he carefully searched every pocket. The papers were not to be found. Owing to their bulk, which was quite considerable, it was impossible that they could be present and remain undiscovered in three separate searches, and the unhappy man, assisted by the members of his family, turned his attention to the halls and apartments of his residence. All efforts in this direction were equally futile.

In utter despair Mr. X— retired at a late hour. As he knelt to say his evening prayers he remembered the story of St. Anthony that had appeared in the CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES, of which he is a regular reader, and made a fervent appeal to the "Wonder Worker of Padua" for aid in his extremity. The distress occasioned by his loss made sleep impossible, and on Sunday morning he arose suffering in mind and body. He dressed and started off to attend Mass. When within a block or two of the

church he absent-mindedly thrust his hand into his right hand coat pocket and then came to a full stop on the sidewalk. His fingers had closed upon a packet. Withdrawing the hand, his astounded vision rested upon the precious papers. He almost cried aloud for joy. He had searched that very pocket three times. During the Mass he offered fervent thanks to God and St. Anthony, and upon returning home announced his good fortune, inquiring at the same time whether any member of the household had found the packet during the night or morning and placed it where he found it. Such was not the case.

Mr. X— has fulfilled a promise he made when praying to St. Anthony, and the poor have already benefited through the occurrence. Perhaps (though this thought is not based upon any promise made or implied) the poor will benefit further in the event of a successful termination of the lawsuit.

Strange, isn't it?

A Thrilling Experience

A STORY TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN

His Body Racked from Head to Foot with Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains—Would Prefer Death to Undergoing Such Suffering Again.

From the Post, Lindsay, Ont.

It is the lot of but a limited number of people to enjoy the confidence of such an exceedingly large circle of friends and comrades as does Capt. John A. Brokenshire, who was recently interviewed by a Post reporter at the home of his parents at Rosedale, a pretty hamlet situated at the head of Balsam river in Victoria county, where the elder Mr. Brokenshire, who has reached the three-score years and ten, has held the position of lockmaster for the past twenty-two years. Capt. Brokenshire, the subject of this article, is 34 years of age, is well-known and highly respected throughout many of the leading cities and towns of Ontario, where, during his seven years service in Salvation Army work he has come in contact with a large number of people. He has been stationed at Toronto, Montreal, Peterboro, Ottawa, Morrisburg and minor places, and at one time was a member of a travelling S. A. string band. The following is Capt. Brokenshire's own statement:—"I had been slightly troubled with rheumatic pains for several years, and had to give up the Army work on different occasions on account of my trouble. When stationed in Morrisburg, four years ago, I became completely unfitted for work, as I suffered terribly with pains in the back of my neck, down my shoulders and arms through my body. In fact I had had pains of a stinging muscular nature from the back of my head to my toes. I could not bend my head forward if I got the whole of Canada to do so, and when in bed the only slight rest I got was with a large pillow under my shoulder, thus letting my head hang backwards. I could not get up, but had to roll or twist myself out of bed, as my spine seemed to be affected. My medical adviser pronounced my trouble neuralgia and rheumatism combined, which he said had gone through my whole system. He prescribed for me, but the medicine gave me no relief. I tried various other remedies but they were of no avail. Believing my case to be hopeless I determined to start for my home in Rosedale, but the

jarring of the train caused such terrible agony I was compelled to abandon the trip at Peterboro, where I was laid up for three weeks, when I finally made a herculean effort and reached home. As my mother says, "I looked like an old man of 90 years of age when she saw me struggling with the aid of two heavy canes to walk from the carriage to the house." At home I received every possible attention and all the treatments that kind friends suggested, but I was constantly going from bad to worse. In January, 1896, after many months of untold agony, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, having read so much in the newspapers of the great benefits received by others from their use. To make sure of getting the genuine article I sent direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at Brockville, for the pills. After taking two boxes I noticed a slight improvement in my condition which gave me some encouragement and I kept on until I had taken twelve boxes, although before I got through with the sixth I could go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest such as I had not done for years. I never at any time enjoyed better health than I am doing at present. Since my recovery I have induced several friends to take Pink Pills for various troubles and in each case they have effected cures.

The above is a voluntary and correct statement of the facts of my case and I trust that many others may by reading this, receive the blessing that I have. If necessary I would make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly about once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small box of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of high praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowler, 24, St. Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took grand results.

Mrs. BESSIE WILKMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also some hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ANTON H. BLAUER.

A new style package containing THE RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (24 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (5 tablets) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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A CATHOLIC PRESIDENT.

Once again the Centre Party has shown its power as the governing element in German politics by the election of a Catholic to the office of President in the new Reichstag. Count Baltestrem, a prominent member of the party, has been chosen by the Catholic members of the Centre this important post. The influence wielded by the President of foreign legislative assemblies is extremely great, and we congratulate our German co-religionists on the choice their representatives have just made. Indeed since the famous Falk Laws, German Catholics have proved to the church as well as to the world the importance of Catholic standing together in defence of their religious rights, and defending them by means of a solid phalanx of Catholic politicians. Some day we hope, it may be possible in this country to imitate the example of our co-religionists who are subjects of the Kaiser.—L'pool Catholic Times.

THE SASKATCHEWAN VICARIATE.

Missionary Record, O. M. I.

The Vicariate Apostolic of Saskatchewan is under the jurisdiction of the Right Rev. Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., who resides at Prince Albert. The northern portion of the country is far colder than the districts round Prince Albert and Battleford, in the south and southwest. A new railway will soon connect Battleford and Edmonton.

The total population of the Saskatchewan Vicariate is some-

thing over 24,000. There are over 7,000 Catholics. Protestants are numerous. The eighteen Fathers in the Vicariate serve 13 churches where a priest is always to be found, 12 chapels visited once a month, and 22 other mission posts, scattered over an immense territory. Ten Coadjutor Brothers give invaluable assistance to the priests.

Four convents of different orders teach school in four missions in Saskatchewan. There are other Catholic Schools in various places, but Catholic education is much embarrassed by the requirements of the Government of the North West Territories, which unfortunately favours a common and secular system of schools.

English, French, Polish, Cree, Montagnais, Sioux, Sautaux, and Eskimo are the languages spoken within the limits of the Saskatchewan Vicariate.

Le la Crosse, 260 miles to the north of Battleford, has about 800 truly faithful Catholic Indians. The mission has profited by the devoted services for 50 years of many missionaries including those who became Archbishop Taché and Bishop Faraud O. M. I.; Bishop Laflèche of Three Rivers; and Bishop Grandin of St. Albert, still happily surviving to bless, instruct and edify a later generation.

Father Gasté O. M. I., has been the missionary of the Dénés at Lake Caribou, Cumberland, Saskatchewan these 30 years.

When Fr. Bonnard, of Lake Pelican, Saskatchewan, was in Europe for the General Chapter, he assured us that hot water with sugar and "a little bear's grease" makes an excellent substitute for coffee! He was never one to count his sacrifices.

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