

the history of each candidate's examination, yet it has been followed by a notable decrease in effort on the part of the students. This lessening of earnest work is apparent in the published lists. Not one candidate of the second year obtained, as total standing, 1 A, i.e., 80 per cent., and the great majority, 30 out of 48 who passed, are in the mediocre grade of the second class. In the first year only one student, Jacques Mondor, obtained 1 A for total standing, and he is from St. Boniface College. In this year also the majority, 27 out of 49 candidates who passed, are in the second class. This result might have been foreseen. What incentive to perfection has a clever student when he knows that out of five scholarships he whose standing in the scholarship subjects is 67 per cent. may have as good a chance for the \$60 as another whose standing is 97 per cent.? There may even be a difference of 33 marks, i.e., practically one-third of the total, about as great a difference as that which separates a failure (33 per cent.) from a first-class.

Jacques Mondor secured one of the five scholarships for Latin, Mathematics and Chemistry. From the published lists it appears that he and Thorbergur Thorvaldson, of Manitoba College, had the highest marks in these subjects, since they alone had 1 A for Latin Authors 1 B for Latin Grammar and Composition, Algebra and Euclid, and 1 A for Chemistry. Mondor was also first in Greek out of 24 who passed in this subject, and first in French and History; but, as no one can take the money of more than one scholarship, Alexandre Beaupre, being second, took the \$40 for French and History. As the St. Boniface candidates for the first year were three against sixty, the result, as regards the scholarships in which they competed with the other colleges, is very satisfactory.

The annual meeting of Convocation did not take place on May 15, as was incorrectly announced in various quarters, but will take place on June 5, after the conferring of Degrees in Medicine.

THE SONG OF THE SILENT VALLEY.

(Written for the Review.)

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—
alone!
And I here not the fall of a foot-
step
Around me, save God's and my
own;
And the hush of my heart is as
holy,
As hovers where angels have
flown.

(Father Ryan.)

Readers of the "Northwest Review" probably know that a branch of the Trappists, the order which has a monastery at St. Norbert, near Winnipeg, have a much larger establishment near Montreal. Both these monasteries are offshoots of Bellefontaine, a monastery whose founders came originally from La Trappe, in west-central France. In the latter place and during the seventeenth century, a French nobleman named de Rance, having become a monk, and finally an abbot, restored his order to all the primal austerity of St. Benedict's rule; these reformed Cisterians received the name of "Trappists."

A colony of these monks settled in 1880 about three miles beyond Oka, a delightfully picturesque Indian village some forty miles above Montreal. This little village stretches along a pine-covered bank of the Ottawa, where the river widens out into the grand Lake of Two Mountains. On one of these "Two Mountains," or rather hills, they built their first monastery.

Some fifteen years ago, there rose, in the valley nearby, a larger and more complete building, with a beautiful chapel, a roomy dormitory divided into separate cells and all the halls necessary for the different exercises prescribed by the rule. At the end of July, 1902, a mysterious catastrophe wiped out the great monastery. None can tell when or how; flames broke out in the lower storey during supper, and, though the religious and the pupils of their agricultural college toiled with all possible energy, the

next morning's sun shone on the smoking ruins of the splendid convent.

All this is but the prelude to a description of the delightful experience of five Montrealers, who were staying at Oka, last August. It was a fine midsummer afternoon, and the hot sun was sparkling on the blue Lake. The lovely weather seemed suggestive of an excursion, and when someone proposed a visit to the ruins of La Trappe, the motion was most favorably received. After the usual discussion of ways and means, it was settled that we should leave early and return in time for the primitive six o'clock supper.

A few minutes after four, we were seated with our several knees in uncomfortable proximity, the sole occupants of a sort of cut-down bus, with two parallel seats running lengthwise, a square covering over all, and drawn by two shabby old horses. Our driver was a slight, brown-skinned boy of some fourteen years; his small face, with bright grey eyes and quizzical expression, all but hidden by a wide-brimmed, cone-shaped straw hat. He held the reins with a proud indifference to risks of all kinds that was sometimes rather alarming. On our gentle remonstrance and anxious inquiries as to his acquaintance with the road, the off-hand young driver informed us that he was "le postillon de la Trappe," and was in the habit of going there at least once a day. So we resigned ourselves to the swaying and bumping of the carriage, alternately looking about us and imparting to each other appreciations of our surroundings.

Emerging from the "Rue du Bord de l'Eau" (Riverside Street) a straggly but picturesque lane with dirty little Indian houses on each side, the latter redeemed only by a profusion of bright asters in the small gardens, we came into the cleaner and more prosperous "Rue de l'Annonciation." On we drove, through the village until the houses became few and far between; then out into the open country. To the right lay a blue line of water, to the left were green woods; nearer than either, broad fields stretched away to meet trees or lake, with here and there a white farm-house surrounded by its well-kept barns.

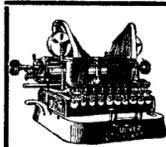
Soon the road was barred by a large wooden gate, the entrance to the Trappists' property, a thousand acres of land, now about one-half under cultivation.

To us it seemed that here the road became smoother and the spreading fields more fertile—and how lovely were the trees, all the freshness of June kept in their thick foliage by the summer's frequent rains. At one time, there rose on the left a pretty slope covered with fragrant white buckwheat, forming a picturesque contrast with the sombre green of the woods and the clear blue of the sky, while on the right lay a great expanse of bearded wheat, nodding its slender golden tassels. Here and there, a solitary elm, wreathed with verdure almost to the ground, stood like a graceful sentinel in the midst of the yellow grain.

At last, in the distance appeared several scattered houses with pointed roofs—it might have been a small village. A little farther on, we passed a long line of wire fence, with lovely bluish-green willows (which furnish the material for baskets made by a Trappist brother), forming a swaying, leathery hedge on the opposite side. Within, an object-lesson in economy of space, gnarled and knotted apple-trees with laden branches carefully propped up, stand in even rows, and, at their feet, grow currant and gooseberry bushes. Then we caught a glimpse of the old monastery, now in use once more; but, having come principally to see the ruins, we passed it by.

The carriage moved on for perhaps a quarter of a mile, down a slope, across a strong wooden bridge that spanned a noisy little torrent, then into a valley encircled by softly rounded and well-wooded hills. At its entrance rises a pretty green knoll on which is a small shrine with a turret-shaped roof: there stands a lovely statue representing Blessed Margaret Mary kneeling at the feet of Jesus.

For several moments we scarcely glanced at the beautiful hills, for the carriage was lurching over stones, and before us lay a mass of



If you think of buying a Typewriter don't forget

The OLIVER,

Patronize
Home
Manufactures

OLIVER
OLIVER
OLIVER

It writes
in
Sight

Cameron, Gordon & Co., Winnipeg Theatre Block.

yellowish-brown debris—the ruins of La Trappe. With his usual recklessness, the "postillon" drove over whatever happened to lie in the horse's way, causing us to gasp now and then, as the awkward vehicle keeled over to one side. But it always righted itself bravely, and at last the small driver pulled in his horses, allowing us to look at the dismal scene.

Over a large extent of ground were scattered blackened fragments of smoke-darkened stone, twisted iron, charred wood and broken glass. Part of the wall was still standing. There, our self-appointed cicerone announced, had been the chapel—as we already knew by the remaining gothic windows, whose vacant casements stared dismally from the dismantled wall.

Turning from the depressing sight we looked across at the uninjured out-houses, all built in a style more suggestive of cottages and villas than of dairies and stables. In the upper portions of these (above the cows and pigs), some of the monks had slept until the Agricultural College was vacated.

Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we drove back along the sylvan road, passing on our way two brown-robed brothers, with habits tucked up to the knee, thus revealing their muddy rubber boots. They were coming from opposite directions, and, on meeting, exchanged some mysterious signs, then parted in unbroken silence. We now noticed for the first time how still was this green valley; we had heard no human voices save our own since we entered it! We were now determined to visit the monastery and speak to the monks who had changed this solitude into a busy village, where the people were all their laborers or farmers. So we drove up to "Our Lady of the Lake," a long clap-boarded house, with a narrow wing at each end, the main building topped by a little belfry.

For a few moments, we waited in a narrow parlor, whose only furniture was a wooden cupboard in one corner and a black bench against one wall. Two doors opened into it: the first opposite the porch, the second to the left on going in. On the wall hung one or two framed mottoes, such as are to be read in most convents.

A lay-brother, with a dark, intelligent face, had answered our ring, welcomed us smilingly and bidden us wait while he went for the guest-master.

Meanwhile, we gazed from the porch at the beautiful trees standing out against the horizon, between which, to the left, was a glimpse of blue lake.

After a brief delay, the door opposite the entrance opened gently, and a monk came in. Two of our party were of special interest to him, one being introduced as the directress of a school in Montreal, but to all he extended the same simple, kindly welcome. As he stood there, tall and spare of frame yet strongly built, clothed in the woolen robe that had once been white, he seemed a remarkably fine specimen of manhood. But after a look at the close-shaven head, the calm brow, and deep-set tranquil eyes, the man was almost forgotten in the monk. His voice was deep, and he spoke slowly, as if unused to the flow of conversation.

A few words of regret about the recent fire were exchanged—sympathy from us, hopeful resignation from him—then he said, very cordially: "You will have supper here, will you not?"

We exchanged glances of eager pleasure—supper at La Trappe, what an experience. The two younger members especially waited in suspense for the decision of their

The Mariaggi

European Plan Hotel

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Rooms. Private Dining Rooms in Grotto.

Meals a la carte at all hours. Rooms single or in suites, elegantly furnished. Baths and telephones in every room.

Rates from \$2.00 to \$5.00 a day

FOR ROOM ONLY

Cor. McDermot, Arthur and Albert Sts.

F. MARIAGGI, PROP.

WINNIPEG

J. Erzinger

TOBACCONIST

Goods of Good Value.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

J. ERZINGER

Opp. Merchants Bank McIntyre Block

By our plan you can afford it now if you can afford it later. We furnish your house on easy payments.

One Third Cash

Balance in weekly or monthly payments is all we ask. We want the patronage of every honest person who takes a pride in his home.

Prices—All goods marked in plain figures, no two prices here. Our reputation assures you of high quality.

Another big shipment of those grand values in parlor suites; five pieces solid oak frames nicely upholstered in strong covering at \$25.00.

Scott Furniture Co.

Largest Dealers in Western Canada

276 Main Street



Trade Mark for Lucina Cigars

Also the name stamped in plain letters on each Cigar, look for these, then notice that sweet flavor and rich aroma NOT EQUALLED in any other 10c Cigar.

Manufactured by

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.

elders. When the guest-master, in answer to a question from our friend the teacher, said that by staying we should be enabled to hear the wonderful "Salve Regina," which once heard can never be forgotten, our impatience for a favorable answer increased tenfold. After some hesitation, one who had the right to decide did, at last, accept the kind invitation.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSIONAL.

J. P. RALEIGH, D.D.S.

DENTIST

TEL. 1074. 539 1/2 MAIN STREET
Christie Block. Cor. Main and James Sts.

Dr. J. McKenty,

OFFICE: BAKER BLOCK,
RESIDENCE: 232 DONALD STREET,
TELEPHONS
OFFICE 541. RESIDNC 1863

HERR KARL WOLFF,

Of Leipsic, Germany, Teacher of Piano, Harmony and Composition, is prepared to receive Pupils Apply at

212 Carlton Street,
Winnipeg.

The Best Bread

Is made by the latest improved machinery. The old idea of making bread by hand is forever dying out. The cleanest, purest system is what we use and Boyd's famous celebrated machine-made bread can be had at the same price as inferior grades. More customers can be added to our routes.

422 and 579 Main St., and Portage Avenue.

W. J. BOYD,

Retail Stores 422 and 579 Main Street.
Wholesale Bakery and Office. Portage & S pence S
Telephone 177, 412, 1030.

Bromley & Co.,

Manufacturers of

TENTS

Awning
Camp Outfits,
Wagon and Cart Covers
Mattresses, Pillows,
Flags, Etc.

Telephone 68 WINNIPEG, MAN.

John Molloy & Sons

Provincial and Dominion

LAND SURVEYORS

All classes of Engineering, Land Surveying, Municipal Roads, Bridges, Drainage, Timber Limits, etc. promptly attended to. Plans and Specifications a specialty.

136 EDMONTON ST.
WINNIPEG

"Flor De Albani" Cigar

New But True Ask your dealer for it.

Western Cigar Factory, Thos. Lee, Prop.

Pianos & Organs.

HEINTZMAN & Co., Pianos.
Bell Organs and Pianos.

New Williams Sewing Machines

J. J. H. McLean & Co Limited,

530 Main Street. WINNIPEG.
Largest Piano and Organ House in Western Canada.

Invalid Port

The Builder

Ask for it the best bracing tonic known.

THE

RICHARD BELIVEAU COY., LTD.,
WINE MERCHANTS.

330 MAIN ST.

Next door to John Leslies Furniture Store,

MRS. MALLABER,

Graduate New York School of Dermatology

Will remove Small Pox Pitts, Freckles, Birth Marks, Wrinkles, Spanpooing Scalp treatment for falling hair, dyeing and bleaching.
13 Rialto Block.