

**SIR JOHN THOMPSON**

**Reminiscences of the Distinguished Canadian Convert**

The January number of the "Canadian Magazine," published at Toronto, Ont., contains a highly interesting article, "Reminiscences of the late Sir John Thompson," from the pen of Hon. J. J. Curran. The able writer, who was a long time friend of the statesman, whose career of usefulness was altogether too brief, gives his readers a little insight into the charming personality of a distinguished convert to the Catholic faith.

When, at the death of Sir John Abbott, the brilliant Thompson succeeded to the premiership of the Dominion, he met with much hostility from the bigoted sects on account of his religion. Attack upon attack was hurled at him from unexpected quarters, only to be met with silent scorn. Ministers hurled invectives at him; the opposite party thundered at him, but the brave, silent man heeded not the vaporings of his enemies. He dreaded his political enemies only because they would become his enemies through no fault of his own, but he faced the storm bravely, and bravely he conquered all.

His journeying to England, his death in Windsor Castle, where a priest was brought to his bedside at his and the request of the Queen of England, is recent history. It is remembered that not since the days of the brutal King Hal had a Catholic priest been allowed to officiate within the historic castle walls. The highest honors were paid to the dead statesman, whose career opened as a reporter on a small newspaper, and his name is revered by people of all denominations over all the Dominion to-day.

Mr. Curran's article is worth reading and not the least interesting part is the following letter, written by the dead statesman at the time the storm of criticism and religious bigotry was being showered upon him. The letter speaks more than a volume. It shows the calm, rugged soul of Canada's statesman, and we can easily understand the great and wonderful character of the man who studied faithfully the doctrines of Mother Church and later practised these doctrines as humbly as the lowliest of her members.

The letter follows: "My Dear : Words cannot express my appreciation of your great kindness in writing to me as you did, about the extraordinary attack made on me by Dr. Douglas. The noble words of your relative, too, were a great comfort, and made me realize how many there may be among the 800,000 for whom Dr. D. claims to speak, who have too much of the Christian spirit to follow his uncharitable judgment on one of whom he knows absolutely nothing.

"I have many indications of the same kind from my own province, where my life was spent until the last seven years, and there no enemy, political or otherwise, ever breathed of me any one of the slanders which the Doctor has twice uttered in the West. One acquaintance, writing from Halifax a few days ago, declares that in the Methodist church where I worshipped when a youth there are very many who have referred to these tirades, but that every one has condemned them; and that if I were to run an election in Halifax to-morrow, the great majority of the congregation would be at my back, as it always was. Every reference to detail in the Doctor's two addresses was absolutely false—the Bible class was a myth. I never taught any but a class of poor children who were learning to read. As to the rapidity of my conversion—"as sudden as the wildest Salvationist"—I had been attending the Church of England and Roman Catholic services exclusively for upwards of four years, and reading all of controversy I could get my hands on, and finally yielded only when to believe and not to profess appeared to be wretched cowardice. The "occult reasons"—what could they be? I did not know one R. C. prelate. I had very few Catholic clients—no influential

**USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL**

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.

Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

**Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills**

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

friends. Not my marriage relations—I had made the acquaintance of my wife after I had resolved to make the change; but I had been married a year before the change occurred, as I did not want it to appear as though I had "turned" in order to be married. My wife brought me all the joys and blessings that have made my home happy for twenty-two years, but not one dollar of money. In fact, I believed the day of my baptism was the day that closed my chances of professional advancement, or any other. I felt that I had but one resource left—my shorthand—at which I knew I could support my wife and myself if matters came to the worst. But I felt that there was no use in putting all this before the public, in answer to Dr. Douglas, and that it was better to stand or fall by the certain right which I had, to declare that these were not matters for public discussion, but matters of conscience only. If I had discussed them I must have added that after more than twenty years of experience and consideration, I would do again, if it were necessary, what I did then, and do it a thousand times, if necessary, even if all the blessings and prosperity which I have had were turned into misfortunes and afflictions. This could not fail to offend many who, I felt, were willing to treat the matter in a broad and Christian spirit—or to lay it aside as one that should not be debated. At any rate there would be no end of the controversy that would have ensued as to the "why and the wherefore."

"Permit me again to thank you and to wish you and yours every grace and blessing. Yours sincerely,  
JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

**The Happiness of Home.**

Very largely depends on the mother's disposition; if she is animated and bright everyone is happy; but if she is nervous, irritable and cross—everything goes wrong. Bright cheery women usually use Ferrozone, the greatest health-maker known. By acting through the blood Ferrozone is able to reach all the organs that need assistance, it establishes regular and healthy action of all functions, builds up the general health, fortifies the system with a reserve of energy that defies disease. Don't put off—Ferrozone costs only 50c. at any drug store; get it to-day.

**A MARTYR IN THIBET**

(Letter of Bishop Girardeau, P.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Thibet)

On April 3rd, a troop of lamas of Bathang, escorting a party of sixty soldiers, forcibly recruited in three villages, arrived at Yare-gong shortly before the setting of the sun. Father Soulie, warned by the red lamas of Yare-gong, had made preparations for an immediate departure, and was getting ready to take away his effects. Ignoring what was going on at Bathang, he was under the impression that pillage was the only thing to be feared. So that when, stepping upon his door, he saw his house surrounded by the

**PRINTING**



DONE AT

**The "Northwest Review" Office**

is always done

WITH NEATNESS, CARE AND DISPATCH

**Church Stationery  
A Specialty**

We Have on hand just now

A Large & Varied Assortment of

**In Memoriam Cards**

Call or write—

**THE NORTHWEST REVIEW** Cor. PRINCESS and CUMBERLAND STS.

lamas and their warriors, Father Soulie promptly decided to surrender. He took a few steps forward and called out to the chief: "Here I am, you may do with me as you please, even to the extent of taking my life." No one daring to lay a hand upon him, the chief lama commanded a notorious member of his party to capture the priest, promising him at the same time, a good reward.

The soldier obeyed the command of his chief, and seized Father Soulie. Shackles were placed upon his feet, although his hands were left free. While the shackling was being done, Father Soulie received a slight sabre blow upon the head, and a stone struck him on the side, causing sufferings which he felt until the last. The lamas of Bathang accused him of but one thing, preaching another doctrine than that of lamasery.

The chief lama entered the Father's apartments, in which he found a register containing a diary of everything that was going on in the post, the whole written in Thibetan. This register gave him an excuse to seize everything in sight. After all the provisions and furniture of the mission and that belonging to the Christians had been confiscated, the same official detailed sixteen soldiers and ordered them to execute the priest. They conducted him to a point a little distance from the village and tied him to a tree. Immediately shots began to be fired at the human target, a bullet entering the back of Father Soulie's head, and going through made its exit from the forehead. Another shot fired at close range pierced his heart. The murderers then untied the body and covered it with stones and branches from neighboring trees. It was on the fourteenth day of April, the feast of the Transfixion of the Blessed Virgin that Father Soulie, who had been a missionary in Thibet since 1885 gave his life for his God and his holy religion. He was a native of Rodez, France.—Annals.

**Germ Proof**

"This towel," said the attendant in the germ-proof barber shop, "has been subjected to an extreme heat, and is thoroughly sterilized. We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection and contagion."

"Good thing," commented the patron. "This soap," went on the attendant, picking up a cake thereof, "has been de-bacterIALIZED, and the comb and brush are thoroughly antisepticated."

"Great scheme," said the patron. "The chair on which you sit is given a daily bath in bichloride of mercury, while its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 987 degrees, which is guaranteed to shrivel up any bacillus that happens along."

"Hot stuff," said the patron. "The razor and the lather brushes are boiled before being used, and the lather-cup is dry heated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs being concealed in it."

"Fine," said the patron. "The hot water with which the lather is mixed is always double heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled."

"Excellent," said the patron. "Even the floor and ceiling and the walls and furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first

**WAITING FOR DEATH, BUT NOT WITHOUT HOPE**

"There is a poor woman in this parish apparently just waiting for death to come through consumption. She has not the means to go to a Sanatorium, or she would probably be at one before this. She is still comparatively strong, walks about quite a lot—drives sometimes, too—but every day, of course, is growing worse. Would there be any possibility of her being taken into your Home for Consumptives? It would be a mercy if she could be permitted to enter it. I would much appreciate an early reply, as every day means so much."—REV. HAROLD BURTON, Incumbent, Belmont, Ont.

**LOST TWO DAUGHTERS**

"I am advised by Dr. J.D. Wilson to write you concerning how soon I could get my wife admitted to Consumptive Hospital at Gravenhurst, also please send me pamphlet re terms while there. I have been told that it is free, so please let me hear from you soon as possible. I have lost two daughters, and my wife contracted the disease from our eldest one, who died ten months ago. I am a working man and not able to pay a high rate, but still anxious to do what I can."—A. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.

The above are typical of scores, indeed hundreds, of appeals constantly coming before the trustees of the

**Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives**

No effort is being spared to meet every call. . . . Not a single applicant has ever been refused admission to the Free Hospital because of his or her poverty,



NEW PATIENTS ON WAY TO HOSPITAL

and the anxiety of the trustees to keep none waiting is shown in the decision reached a few weeks ago to increase the accommodation by twenty-five beds.

This increase in patients will add heavily to the burden of maintenance and can only be covered by increased generosity on the part of friends in all parts of Canada. Patients have been admitted from every Province in the Dominion, and it is with confidence in the response to our appeals, that the trustees believe will come from Canadians everywhere, that these additional burdens have been assumed.

Where a cause more urgent? Where a greater call to help suffering Canadians? Where will your money do more good?

Contributions may be sent to SIR WM. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Chief Justice, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, or W. J. GAGE, Esq., 54 Front St. W.

**The Live Sponge**

wiped with antiseptic gauze. The shoe polish at the bootblack chair is boiled and then frozen, and the—  
"Well, look here," said the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the towel during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of germ that you have to talk to death."  
"No, sir," answered the attendant. "I am not the barber."  
"You're not? Where is he?"  
"They are boiling him, sir."

When the sponge is in the sea alive the inside of the pores is covered with a soft substance like the white of an egg. This appears to be the flesh of the animal, and currents of water may be seen running into the sponge through the small pores and out of it through the large ones, and it is supposed that while the water is passing through the sponge, the nourishment for the support of the animal is extracted from it.



**40 BULBS, 25 Cents.**  
You in or out of doors growing Gloriosa, Begonia, Iris, Scilla, Tuberosa, Jonquil, Daffodil, Oxalis, Freesia, Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Japan Lily, Snowdrops, Narcissus, Ailanthus, Chionodoxa, Fagonia. For 25c. stamps or coin, we will send this magnificent collection of bulbs, and also as a premium a fine FREE collection of flower seeds, 20 varieties. Order to-day and be sure to get them in time for planting.  
**WOODLAWN NURSERY, MALDEN, MASS.**