

SPIRITUAL NOVELS.

The field of fiction is as limitless as the world of men. Hence the folly of condemning all fiction. What are the parables of Our Lord but fiction pointing a moral? What is the Canticle of Canticles (Song of Songs) but a factless allegory hymning the love of God? Underlying all these inspired creations of fancy is some great soul-saving truth. Why not apply this principle to the novel of the present day?

Some such idea must have been latent in the mind of Mr. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., when he published, a year ago, "In His Steps," a development of the idea broached in "His Brother's Keeper." The former consists in weaving into a connected story the adventures of a chosen band of men and women who determined to ask themselves, before every action of the day, "What would Jesus do if He were in my place now?" and who had the courage to follow Christ's example to the best of their lights.

Much has been written about a book which took the Christian Endeavorers by storm and which has lately formed the theme of special debate in Protestant religious circles in Winnipeg. We mean to call attention to its Catholic tone. In the first place, there is a marked absence of the slightest tendency to sneer at things Catholic. Once only in each of the two books named above is anything professedly Catholic mentioned. In "In His Steps," Rev. Dr. Calvin Bruce writes: "Henry Maxwell tells me that, so far, no one has interpreted the spirit of Jesus in such a way as to abandon his earthly possessions, give away his wealth, or in any literal way imitate the Christians of the order, for example, of St. Francis of Assisi." In "His Brother's Keeper" Eric, a workingmen's champion, says: "If I was a Catholic, I'd be willing to sit on the hottest fire of purgatory to say what I think of an 'aristocratic church'."

In the second place, these books are full of Catholic ideas that would have shocked the early Reformers. Faith without works, and painful works at that, is held up to continual and scathing obloquy.

Converted men and women grow angry at their past lives of ease and luxury, although their faith does not seem to have changed except in vividness. One of them, perhaps the finest character of all, a Protestant bishop, and, by the way, an unmarried man, exclaims: "What have I suffered for Jesus's sake? Do you know, I have been tempted of late to lash myself with a scourge." An all the more valuable defence of Catholic ascetical rigor because it simply means to portray the first tendency of a heart riven with supernatural sorrow.

The same Bishop, we read, "said many times afterwards that the moment his decision was reached to live the life of personal sacrifice he had chosen, he suddenly felt an uplifting as if a great burden was taken from him. He was exultant." Again, we are told that "the Christianity of out times must represent a more literal imitation of Jesus and especially in the element of suffering, a suffering that does not eliminate, but does appear to intensify

a positive and practical joy."

Is not this the experience of all truly converted souls who have entered upon a course of entire self-renunciation for the sake of Christ? Such sentiments remind us of the conversion of St. Augustine, St. Ignatius Loyola or St. John Colombino. They are the common heritage of multitudes of fervent souls in the Catholic Church, who will rejoice to see the knowledge of the Holy Ghost's ways spreading among the great world of ordinary non-Catholic readers.

In "His Brother's Keeper," which, though written before "In His Steps," was only lately reprinted and sent to us by the Poole Printing Company of Toronto, the inner history of Stuart Duncan's conversion (pages 76 and 77) is a true and faithful picture of the workings of Divine grace.

The secret of the very large sale of these books is not in the manner of the writing. Mr. Sheldon is evidently not a carefully trained writer. He continually makes educated people say, "I don't know as I would do so." He invariably prefers the weak past tense "kneeled" to the strong, Saxon "knelt." But these rather annoying blemishes vanish in the grand reality of his love for our Lord, of his genuine scorn for the frivolities of what is pleased to call itself "the best society." One feels that here is a man who has a message to deliver and a message of awful, inevitable import. And, what is very rare in such burning zeal outside the true fold, he does not exaggerate the evils that result from the conflict between capital and labor, he does not lean at all in the direction of socialism; he sees, as Leo XIII. does, that schemes of social equality are vagaries, that the only remedy is in individual recognition that the Christian capitalist is but the steward of God.

These books cost only 25 cents each and may be had of any bookseller in Winnipeg, or direct from the Poole Printing Company, 28 and 30 Melinda Street, Toronto.

A REBEL RAG.

Morning Telegram.

One of Mr. Sifton's most valiant champions is Mr. A. F. Martin. Mr. A. F. Martin has a newspaper organ, L'Echo de Manitoba. This newspaper is liberally subsidized by both the Federal and Provincial Governments. It is only a few weeks ago that it published a special edition which was the means of extracting considerable sums from the public exchequer. This did not, however, exhaust the enterprise of L'Echo de Manitoba. This paper of Mr. Martin's, which is kept alive by the government pap given it by the Governments of Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Greenway still further spread itself in celebration of the 16th November, the anniversary of Louis Riel's death. It published a supplement consisting of a portrait of 'Louis David Riel', and a "poem" by that distinguished gentleman. The sentiments which it seeks to inculcate by means of this poem are worthy of attention. The poem is entitled "Les premiers Temps"; and the last two stanzas will serve as a specimen of it, both from a literary and a political point of view:

"Lorsque la Compagnie  
Voulut vendre nos droits,  
Toute la colonie  
Tomba sur les bourgeois.  
Sir John, en petit maitre,  
Nous a livre combat;  
Il a fallu lui mettre  
La bride avec le bat.  
"Le Haut-Canada grince  
Des dents en furibond.  
Il mange sa rince;  
Il a mange du plomb.  
Il cherche le devoire,  
Il court apres son sort.  
Vive le Provisionaire  
Des Bois-Brules du Nord!"

This doggerel, it will be observed, proceeds to tell that, when the Hudson's Bay Company wished to sell the rights of the Metis, all the French colony fell upon the traders; and that, when Sir John Macdonald, like a fop, offered battle to the Metis, the Metis found it necessary to put bit and pack-saddle upon him. It continues after this style: "Upper

Canada gnashes its teeth in fury. It has got its liking; it has had to eat lead. It is looking for trouble; it rushes upon its fate. Long live the Provisional Government of the Bois-Brules of the North!" Besides being a glorification of rebellion, this effusion is particularly insulting to English speaking Canada. The French version conveys insult which cannot be well rendered in English. And it is towards sustaining a journal which thus glorifies rebellion and insults English speaking Canadians that Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Greenway are devoting the public funds. They are doing so, well aware of its character. This is by no means its first offence. In its St. Jean Baptiste number this summer, it published as a special attraction a double page illustration consisting of portraits of Riel and Papineau; which it headed in large type "Two Great Patriots of the Century." It also published an "ode" addressed by Riel to the Metis in August, 1883, in which, amongst other things, the inhabitants of this country other than the Metis are referred to as "our assassins." In this "ode" it is also declared that "the Church is Queen at the head of everything", and the halfbreeds are reproached as being given too much to compromise. It may be remarked that the channel through which L'Echo de Manitoba gets most of its federal pap is Mr. Sifton's department. What do the McCarthys, whom Mr. Sifton presumed to represent, think of Mr. Sifton's action in thus keeping alive such a paper? And what do the McCarthys who supported Mr. Greenway on the School Question think of Mr. Greenway for sustaining such a rag out of the Provincial Treasury?

TOLD BY THE EDITOR

DURING A HOLIDAY RAMBLE HE VISITS THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

He Found Changes that Astonished Him, One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefit it May Prove to Others,

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction.

The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the counties of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead where he was

born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Euphrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended and he removed with his family to the county of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticeable a first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him, and advised him to go to California. During all

these weary months, he read in the papers from time to time, and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he thought he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he has not taken any medicine whatever, and today you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than Geo. J. Fawcett. "What do I think of Pink Pills?" he queried with a smile; "why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system; but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive to-day."

The experience of years has proven that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself may say it is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly 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 out two of the small 5 cent boxes 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 highest 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, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss BESSIE WINDMAN.

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 would not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was 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 and is enjoying hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ANTON H. BLAUBER.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change: I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN 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 (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS TABLET COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN 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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