

of the very book which the reviewer considers a real revelation. An example of these false assertions is contained in this astounding sentence: "He (Ignatius) was an irrepressible, an incorrigible." This is said of the man who is known the world over as the great preacher of obedience, and whom this "Autobiography," so greatly admired by the writer, represents as most docile and submissive in every detail to the tribunals before which he was cited. We are not denying that there is in this article of the Catholic World much that is both true and well put, but the general view of the Saint's character is distorted by those very faults which the writer is all the time girding at in the old-style biographers, viz., "ignorance, pious fraud and preconceptions."

We reproduce elsewhere a remarkable retraction which the distinguished Catholic writer, Mr. Merwin—Marie Snell, published in Mr. Preuss's Review (St. Louis) on Aug. 9. A letter from the Right Rev. P. J. Hinth, Catholic Bishop of Dacca, India, had appeared in "The Review" of July 26, enclosing two letters written by Mr. Snell in 1894, which extolled Hindu above Christian ideas, and the Bishop, righteously indignant that they should be palmed off as the work of a Christian, wrote; "The writer of those letters can never again become an expounder of Christianity except it be after long and serious penance, after honest efforts to repair the scandal given, and after studying his catechism." This quotation will help to the understanding of Mr. Snell's apology.

In our last issue in "Notes by the Way," page 2, column 3, in the phrase, "it would be as reasonable to expect figs to grow on hills," the last word should, of course, be "thistles." Our proof-reader confesses that he is to blame.

"The votes of the readers of the London "Daily News" for the best portrait in the Academy exhibition that closed an Monday have been gathered in and counted up. The verdict is that the portrait of the year is the smaller of the two portraits of Lord Russell of Killowen, painted by Mr. John Sargent, R.A. This portrait is the property of the sitter's son, Mr. Charles Russell; and, after a visit to a Lancashire exhibition, will find its permanent home in Hyde Park Gate." The Tablet writer who thus chronicled this vote on Aug. 4, little dreamt that "the sitter," Ireland's greatest son in our time, would be dead in less than a week. The vote, though not much of a compliment to the merit of the artist, since it is the vote of people who are mostly gushing and inexperienced amateurs, is a very welcome tribute to the popularity of England's Irish Chief Justice.

It will be noted that the relief of Pekin occurred on the great feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, a holy day of obligation in China, a day on which all the Catholics of the Chinese Empire must have been

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beseeking the Mother of God to come to their help. Nor does the unbelief or misbelief of many of the allied troops at all affect the providential coincidence of the date; man proposes and God disposes.

A propos of the appointment of the Rev. Father Cherrier and in answer to the Echo's remarks aent the same, the *Manitoba* has a very good article. The perusal of it may prove beneficial, not only to the Echo which richly deserves the dressing down administered to it, but also to all who seek true and correct information about the Manitoba School Question.

THE STORM CLOUD'S CRADLE.

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.
Written for the Review.

Amongst the most startling adventures which the writer has experienced, perhaps one of the strangest occurred some time ago in Switzerland, in the course of an ascent of one of the mountains. The morning broke fair and bright, one of those glorious days, neither hot nor cold, but genial and invigorating; a day when, under the bracing influence of the pure mountain air, the delightful exercise of walking and climbing must ever create a sense of supreme and unalloyed exhilaration. The first stages of the ascent led through wide pastures of gay wild flowers; the Alpine Rose (which however is only a Rhododendron), with its shapely pink trumpet flowers; the mountain Gentian, with flowers painted in the most brilliant blue which perhaps exists in nature; the Androsace, whose pink flowers become blue in drying; the lovely Star of Bethlehem, with tall stalks, bearing umbels of white and green flowers; with several varieties of lilies, cyclamens, daphnes, and other flowers, which at home are only seen in conservatories or gardens; while higher up the mountain may be found, if fortunate, the coveted Edelweiss, that striking flower with which every Alpine climber aspires to decorate himself.

And now, after passing through a gloomy forest of pines, extending upwards for a considerable distance, a glorious spectacle bursts upon the view, the diversified country beneath being laid out as a great map; blue lakes winding amidst the jutting promontories of mountains, green meadows covered with chalets and small hamlets, while foaming rivers pursue their sinuous course through the valleys formed by the surrounding snow-capped mountains, to whose slowly-melting glaciers they owe their birth.

But the sun is now obscured, and dark lowering clouds hang threateningly immediately overhead, black and menacing. In a short time the travellers have entered the storm cloud, and find themselves in a heavy suffocating mist, so evidently charged to the full with electricity that, though still hastening upwards they await with some degree of trepidation the inevitable outburst. And now comes a terrific crash, deafening and resonant, which appears to shake the very mountain, followed ever and anon by continued explosions, sometimes a terrible reverberating roar, sometimes a series of sharp re-echoing concussions, the terrific uproar culminating in a discharge of heaven's artillery so appalling and terrifying that it appears as if the mountain itself must be rent from its foundations. And to add to the weird alarm the mountaineers now perhaps find themselves surrounded with an aureola or halo of electricity, which imparts to them an unearthly and supernatural appearance, creating apprehension and awe. (This, however, was not the writer's experience, as the elements did not canonize him with this aureola of glory.)

At length the travellers emerge from the black storm-cloud into the glorious sunlight, and, as far as the eye can reach great billows of pure and dazzling whiteness stretch out beneath on all sides to the horizon, the mountain winds impelling them forward, moulding them into all manner of capricious shapes, the whole appearing like a mighty storm-tossed ocean, over whose rolling, contending surges, monster and fantastic forms are ever and anon launched forth, soon to be merged themselves in the glistening radiance of those lustrous snow-like billows.

And, like as the mountaineer emerges from the dismal and lurid obscurity of murky storm-cloud into the full splendour of this brilliant and radiant scene, even so does he who has been grovelling in the darkness of doubt, and uncertainty as to his future lot in the great hereafter, emerge into glowing transports of ecstatic rapture, when he realizes that by applying to himself, through prayer and the sacraments, the vicarious atonement of the Saviour of the world, the record

kept on high of his misdeeds has been obliterated, and that he has secured for himself an inheritance infinitely more glorious than anything this world could offer, eternal and never ending.

A CHINESE CATHOLIC DOCTOR.

Dr. Joseph Chan, or Chin Win King, as his countrymen called him, a widely known Catholic physician, died on Tuesday, July 24, at St. Alexis' hospital, in Cleveland, O. In addition to his Chinese degree he held a graduating diploma from the Western Reserve Medical college. Having come to the United States many years ago, he became dissatisfied with the religion of Confucius and professed Protestantism. But this, he found, was hardly more satisfactory than his native faith, and finally he embraced Catholicity. About six years ago he went to Cleveland and began to practise medicine. The Cleveland Chinamen looked askance at the queueless Chan with his changed faith and his advanced ideas. But Chan went his way serenely, and knowing the curative properties of many an Oriental herb, he succeeded in making his living and becoming better known in that Ohio city than any of his countrymen. When he died, the old estrangement was forgotten and the Celestials of Cleveland all attended his funeral in the Catholic cathedral.

DO - OT TREAT.

Day by day says the "Lancet" it is announced in the press that the victims of war, whether laid low by wounds or by disease, are returning from the front. Some of them are well enough to be sent to their own homes or to convalescent homes almost at once, and we wish to urge upon every one coming into contact with these returned warriors the plain fact that knowing a man as a friend or the possession of admiration for a man who has done his duty is no reason for treating him to an overplus of alcoholic drinks. We do not say this because we have an objection to alcohol *per se*, but for any man, and more especially for one who has just recovered from a serious illness, to be filled with a selection of alcoholic drinks, and those, too, in many instances, not of the best quality, is conducive neither to his health nor to his chance of success in civil employment. A mixture as is very possible, of beer, rum, and "whisky-and-soda" is calculated seriously to disturb the progress of convalescence, in addition to the fact that if a man on sick leave is treated to over-indulgence his resulting state of incapacity would not raise him in the eyes of a possible employer.

THE LARGEST TUSK.

The largest tusk of ivory in the world has recently been put on exhibition in San Francisco. The mammoth tusk is 12 feet 10 inches long, its largest circumference is 23 inches and its weight is 200 pounds.

The tusk was discovered by two brothers. While prospecting for gold along the Buckland River, Alaska, they noticed a white, shining object sticking upward about a foot from the river bed of blue gravel. Upon closer inspection this object proved to be a lump of solid ivory. Thinking that this was but another bit of fossil ivory which they had been collecting on their way, they commenced to excavate the object. After much hard labor the whole tusk was finally dug from its resting-place, and the two men were lost in amazement and wonder at the monstrous specimen they had brought to light.

The largest mammoth tusks about which anything is known fall far short in actual measurement with this. Some other large tusks of

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solid ivory are the Chicago skeleton, the tusks of which are 9 feet 8 inches long, and the St. Petersburg skeleton, the tusks of which are 9 feet three inches long.

BRIEFLETS.

Seventy-two Belgian Catholic Missionaries have suffered death in China.

Father Stephano Satti, a Catholic missionary, who has arrived at Hong Kong after a series of terrible adventures, states that there was fearful carnage in Southern Hu-nan on the 14th July. The victims included the Bishop of the Diocese, three Fathers and many native converts, all being butchered in the most brutal fashion. Houses and other property belonging to the Catholic mission were looted and then burned to the ground by the fanatical mob.

—Catholic Times.

A member of Parliament has received a letter from his brother in South Africa, dated June 29th, in which the writer says that the paralysing of the railway administration by the want of engines and stock is really one of the causes of the frightful mortality among the soldiers at Bloemfontein. They have been dying at the rate of 200 a week, and the correspondent says he has been attending so many funerals that he could write out the entire burial service without mistake. "The officers" he goes on, "do their best for their men, but the medical and nursing service is so frightfully under strength that the doctors and nurses cannot bear the strain. It is the old, old story of self-satisfied departmentalism."

Often a printer's error in an old book becomes only superficially amusing. Mr. Strong, in the "Temple Magazine" for August, gives some of these errors real and otherwise in old Bibles. Among them he mentions the "Bugge" Bible. "Judging by actual book sale purchases within the last decade, the 'Bugge' Bible of 1551—which has in Psalm xci., 5, this very curious passage; 'So that thou shalt not nede to be afrayde for any bugges by nyghte' is worth no less than £60 a copy. 'Bugge,' by the way, appears to have been the ancient equivalent for 'bogey'."

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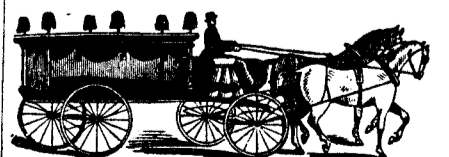
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