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SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

Owing to a change in the management of the "Northwest Review," this letter has been overlooked. It should have appeared a fortnight ago. We beg Mr. Henry to accept our humble apology. All comments his letter might suggest are met by our remarks on this question last week.—Editor "Northwest Review."

To the Editor of the Northwest Review:
Dear Sir:

"Por el Dominio," a correspondent writing in your issue of July 7th, in referring to a letter of mine which you kindly published a few weeks ago, says that I went out of my way to make remarks on the dour Scottish Sabbath, also that I made an unprovoked attack on Scottish morals.

As a matter of fact my letter was but a mild reply (first printed in the Free Press) to another gentleman who asked his (Free Press) readers to compare the history of Scotland with those of China, France and America. In such circumstance it was not strange that I should draw a comparison along the lines suggested. At the same time the occasion compelled my expression of regret that I should be inadvertently called upon to adorn a moral at Scotland's expense.

If the argument I used was in error it would have been better for "Por el Dominio" to refute it than to covet the passing vanity of having his "innings" at the expense of a "false and foolish friend."

To my mind, however, it is questionable whether the refutation of my argument was Mr. Dominio's object, in view of the large proportion of his letter which is devoted to that well known modern style of Pharisaical self-appreciation.

But this is the harmless side of "Por el Dominio," for with all his show of righteousness he is guilty of exaggeration in attributing to me a statement in which I refer to the superior morals of a country "where out-door games and dances are in full swing on Sunday evenings." I did not make use of this expression, but I did state, and with an assurance born of intimate knowledge, that the most Christian and the most moral country in the world to-day has a cheerful Sabbath, that it tolerates Sunday sports and recreations and that even Sunday dances are known. My object was to emphasize the fact that to keep holy the Sabbath Day one must, first of all, have a clean heart, for "the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing."

"Por el Dominio" cannot say in Christian charity that every man who indulges in recreation on Sunday thereby sins and breaks God's commandment.

Further, in drawing my illustration, I did not by any means infer that, in regard to the country referred to, Sunday pastimes were the rule. I did not say that such were encouraged by the clergy. Neither did I state that I was speaking of a Catholic country or that I myself was a Catholic. "Por el Dominio" assumes such to be the case and I have to wonder that the intelligence which prompts this assumption was not equally fortunate in locating the country "par excellence" whose morals I compared to those of Scotland.

It is clear that "Por el Dominio" misinterprets my letter and seeks to turn my arguments into his "innings." If I did try to emphasize anything it was the fact that true morality did not consist merely of "tone," and that it was not at all circumscribed by the false "proprieties" of society's requirements.

Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking in London a few weeks ago, in referring to the sins of that smart society who regard "tone" as the be-all and end-all, said: "The set of whom I speak are as unclean and as unwholesome as any condemned product of Chicago." I did not go quite so far as that; yet "Por el Dominio" charges me with "going against" the good priests of St. Boniface. The charge is so absurd that I will not take it seriously.

I believe that if "Por el Dominio" was able to answer his own question: "Who is Patrick Henry?" he would not

be very seriously concerned about the harm I am doing to the Catholic faith.

When, however, I am accused by a responsible person of being a "false and foolish friend" or an enemy to the Faith, I will meet the accusation in a manner characteristic of my race.

Yours truly,

PATRICK HENRY.

662 Beverley street, City.
July 4.

Physically Exhausted

Lacking in courage—out of joint with everything—scarcely on speaking terms even with fair health. Such low spirits are pitiable. Your brain is fagged, vitality so exhausted your constitution is well nigh ruined. What you need is Ferrozone, that great vitalizer and nutritive tonic. It's by making flesh and blood, by infusing iron and oxygen into the system that Ferrozone helps; it repairs weak spots, instills new life into worn-out organs—makes you feel like new. Ferrozone lifts age from the old and imparts resilience and buoyancy to the depressed. Be manly, ruddy-colored,—cast aside weakness and enter the happy life that comes from using Ferrozone. Fifty cents buys a box in any drug store.

THE ALHAMBRA

Wonders of a Mighty Past are Still
To be Seen in Spanish Beauty Spot.

Sunday morning in the Alhambra. Though our hotel was within easy reach of the Cathedral of Granada, whose deep melodious bells rang most invitingly, we had seen a small church, a Moorish mosque in the Alhambra, and its quaintness, its history begot a wish to attend Mass celebrated on the first altar raised in the citadel of the infidel. Up from the old city, half Moorish, half Spanish in architecture leads a long winding street that ends at the main entrance to the Alhambra. Something of the Arab's reverence for this "sacred grove" steals over one as he enters and hears the murmuring sound of rushing waters; tastes the clear mountain air permeated with the pungent odor of myrtle and earth-covered roots, sees the forest of trees rising tier above tier, and over all feels a calm that is infinite.

Still upward we climbed, past Moorish fountains splashing gently as when the white-garbed Moor stopped to slake his thirst; past silvery cascades dancing down the moss covered stones—and then we were entering the Gate of Justice. This tower-gateway is one of the most imposing structures of the many towered ramparts. Its two gates, outer and inner, and connected by a queer winding passage to make defence easy, is a wonderful work of labor and skill. Above the gate is a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child in her arms. After a long walk between two immensely high stone walls with the sky showing like a narrow blue ribbon, we reached the little church which almost adjoins the unfinished palace of Charles V. Handsome as the latter building is, it is a false note in the grand harmony of Moorish art, crowding its Spanish architecture against the cluster of Mohammedan palaces. There is some talk of the government completing this building, which was begun in 1526, and using it for a national museum.

It is something to have one's expectations realized, but to have them surpass a point where the imagination in its most riotous mood failed to reach, is the lavish amount of pleasure the Alhambra furnishes. Whether it be the wonderful architecture of the palaces, the exquisite beauty of the courts with their groves of laurel, cypress and oranges, its fortified walls and towers, or the entrancing views from window and parapet, this magnificent stronghold of the Moor reared in the mountain fastness of Spain, is a cup of keen delight heaped, full and running over. It took more than a century to build the Alhambra. We first see its massive high walls and its twenty-three towers enclosing the hills of the Alhambra and the Albacin, which together make the centre of the Moorish kingdom—then the palaces.

These are a group of buildings indescribably beautiful in the brilliancy of their coloring, delicacy of the slender, marble columns, honeycomb vaulting

of the domes and the wall decoration of inscriptions of passages from the Koran or some religious poetry. These homes of the Moorish kings, who fostered art, literature and science and who made so beautiful their seat of power, are marked throughout with the simple dignity of the civilization of the Occident. When King Alfonso, after his coronation, visited Granada, the senora and senoritas of the city's grandees gave a tea for him in the Court of Myrtles. The fountains that play only on the anniversary of the Conquest of Granada flashed their silver sprays in the sunlight, and when the boy-king entered the Alhambra gate a merry welcome was rung from the old watch-tower, where centuries ago the Moors were wont to sound a warning that the Christian enemy was sighted among the hills. Irving used the cool myrtle-edged pool for his morning bath and in the rooms overlooking he wove romances of the Moor and the veiled princess.

From the Court of Myrtles we wandered into the Court of Lions, which takes its name from the lion fountain made by Christian captives. Nearby is the magnificent audience chamber, the Hall of the Ambassadors. In this room was held the last conference of the Moors before they surrendered the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. Its ornamentation is considered the richest piece of work in the Alhambra. Through courts and palaces we passed, then went down through an underground passage to the baths that are well equipped with large marble tubs. Besides the openings in the wall above the tub to admit fresh water there are others through which would flow a stream of Oriental perfume to make still more pleasant the morning plunge of these favored sons and daughters of Mahommed. The tubs were easily drained of their contents by a line of sunken tile connected with a stream of running water and rushing down the side of every palace—hence the cleanliness of the Spanish Moor.

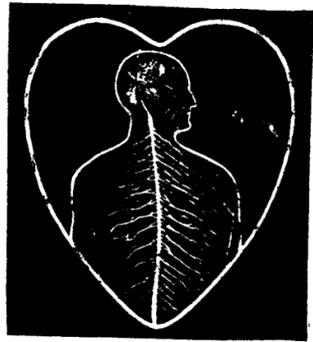
One of the finest views of the Alhambra is to be had from the balcony of the Queen's Combing Tower. Standing there we saw that trio of prison towers overlooking the street walls and at a little distance away a tiny mosque, whose interior is so fairlike and its niche for the Koran so exquisite in decoration that it seemed as if it must be but a pretty playhouse built for the amusement of King Midas' favourite child. Sharply cleaving the blue sky is the great Gate of the Seven Floors, the gate through which Bobadil left the conquered city, and which has been walled up ever since, because, so Alhambra traditions say, of the request of the defeated Moor to Isabella. In one of the most lonely and deserted points of the Alhambra is an old mosque that, after the exit of Bobadil, was converted into a convent, and it was here the body of Isabella was laid until its removal to the Cathedral of Granada. This historic building is now occupied by a poor family that earns a livelihood by doing odd jobs for tourists.

The Alhambra without the Generalife would be like the absence of a beautiful gem from a jewelled cluster. It lies on the side of the mountain opposite to the Alhambra and was the summer residence of the Moorish princes. This shady cypress walk leading up to the palace is delightful, every bend affording splendid views of the valley and the mountains, but it is forgotten in the exquisite charm of the gardens of the Generalife with their foliage, terraces, grottoes, fountains and murmuring streams. At the highest point is the garden where grows the Sultan's cypress. Over 600 years old, this venerable tree is still as full of vigor as when its dark, drooping branches shaded the wife of Bobadil, when she held tryst with one of her husband's courtiers, who paid his head for that midnight visit. The views from the Generalife are unrivalled, taking in, as it does, the Alhambra and Albacin hills.

This magnificent summer palace was a gift from Isabella to one of her soldiers who had shown great valor in the fierce fight with the infidel. In after years one of the descendants of the Spanish crusader, a woman. Married a Moor, when the reigning sovereign exiled her and her family to the last generation, but did not confiscate the property, which, through marriage, ultimately passed into the hands of Italians. Spain is fighting through the courts to regain possession of beautiful Generalife.

The government is showing more interest than formerly in the Alhambra and everywhere evidences are to be seen of its efforts to preserve these monuments of the triumph of the Cross over the Koran. The grounds are splendidly lighted with electricity and the palaces and walls well taken care of. Thanks to the Moor's splendid system of irrigation, in which water is piped from the Sierras, the fountains in the grove are

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never silent, nor the hillside ever barren from drought. A heavy penalty is enforced against the snoring or shooting of the innumerable nightingales who make the grove their home and pay for their leafy quarters by singing an everlasting song. Recently there has been erected a gigantic white marble cross that extends a benison upon the valley below and the mountains beyond, even to where stands the snow-crested Sierra Nevada.

If the cleanliness of the Alhambra makes it a delightful place to stroll and enjoy the surroundings, not so the opposite hill, the Albacin, which was once the dwelling place of the Moorish aristocracy and which is now one of the filthiest quarters in Europe, not excepting Tangier. It is peopled by the vagrant poor and gypsies, but so superb are the views from its summit and so interesting are the glimpses to be had of Moorish palaces and of the antique streets, through some of which persons must walk single file, that the end repays the means. Not all of the gypsies live on the Albacin Hill, many of them dwelling in caves at the foot of the Generalife. Of course, we saw a gypsy dance; the movements were graceful, but the music was a monotonous tomtom; the women were ugly and the men were fat.

Granada is held by travellers to be the culminating point of a journey to Spain. It is picturesquely situated, lying at the base of two mountain spurs and with the snow-clad mountains to the Southeast. Like the Alhambra, it is delightful with its glimpses of the mighty past, Moorish and Spanish. The main thoroughfare, the street of the Catholic Kings, is of considerable proportions, and recently a new street, extending for several blocks and straight and wide, has been opened. Because of the tearing down of a number of old buildings to straighten the street an excellent exterior view of the Cathedral is just now to be had. The Cathedral of Granada is an example of the best Renaissance building in Spain, and is rich in painting and sculpture.

Its greatest interest lies in it being the burial place of the Catholic kings, their daughter, the mad Queen Isabella, and her husband, Philip the Handsome. The iron bound coffins, which have never been opened, rest in a vault beneath the sanctuary. The royal monuments are a nation's tribute to the house of Castile and Arragon. They are of Florence marble, superbly decorated. A life-size figure surmounts the top of each, Ferdinand wears the Order of St. George, and Isabella the Cross of Santiago. Opening off the royal chapel is a room where are kept priceless souvenirs of the two who freed Granada from the Moor. There lie the plain little silver crown Isabella wore and which seeing made the contemporary sovereigns wonder at the Spanish queen's poverty; vestments worked by her, also the flag which she made to float over the conquered city; the little silver casket that held the jewels offered to Columbus; the missal and the sacred picture that stood on the altar erected on the battlefield, and the sword and sceptre of Ferdinand.

Over 250 years before Isabella the Catholic raised the cross above Granada St. Ferdinand had won for Christendom the most noble monument of religious architecture of the Mohammedan in Spain—the Cathedral of Cordova, the chief Mosque of the Moors and the proud rival of the mosque at Mecca. The interior is a forest of columns, forming nineteen aisles. Cordova is the Cathedral.—Elizabeth Angela Hendy, in Catholic Union and Times.

PITY THE POOR RICH

What's the use of hurrying and worrying and scurrying?
Cease your labor, tired neighbor; come awhile and play.
What's the use of plundering and thundering and blundering?
Stop awhile and learn to smile and think of yesterday.
What's the use of bustling and hustling and rustling?
Figures lie and riches fly and death alone is sure.
Quit your game of grabbing and nabbing and stabbing.
None so wealthy, none so healthy as the happy poor.

—Sam. S. Stinson.

St. Vincent de Paul says: We ought to regard it as a great misfortune not only for individuals, but also for whole families and religious orders to have everything go according to their desires, to spend their time quietly and to suffer nothing for the love of God. "Hold it for certain," he continues, "that a person or family that suffers nothing, but enjoyeth the smiles of the world is very near to a downfall."

Learn to put away obtrusive and disagreeable thoughts, for it is not possible to think to good purpose of what disturbs and annoys; and then the effort to acquire the power to turn the mind at will to whatsoever subjects is a wholesome discipline, which, by teaching us not to suffer ourselves to be overcome by our own imaginings and emotions leads to self-mastery.

Every form of passion, whether it be anger or hate or fear or greed or lust, which thrusts reason aside, and asserts itself as blind will is vulgar. It degrades the individual to the level of the species.

Trials of every kind may await you, sterner than any yet experienced. Do not anticipate them, but do not forget their possibility. Do not, as you prize your own soul, forget that your strength for every conflict depends on your being girded for each as it comes, and never being careless or weary.

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold. You have sown the seed of life; you reap life everlasting.

The fourth of July picnic at the Minnesota State Fair grounds was in point of attendance and financially speaking the biggest thing ever held under the auspices of the Catholic parishes of St. Paul. It is estimated that 40,000 persons attended during the day and that \$30,000 was realized for the new cathedral. Stirring addresses were made by Archbishop Ireland and Gov. Johnson.

The Catholic Schulverein in Austria numbers now 60,735 members and 439 branch-unions. During the year 1905 the society received 5,658 new members and held 900 different meetings. The main object of the Verein is the support of denominational schools and opposition to the so-called free schools.

Three brothers celebrating Mass at the same time at different altars was the unusual sight witnessed in the Motherhouse of the Grey Nuns at Ottawa not long ago. The priests were the Rev. Corbeil, missionary for the new Province of Alberta; the Rev. Sylvio Corbeil of the Archbishop's residence, and the Rev. Eugene Corbeil of L'Acension. They had not come together in eight years, and for their re-union at the foot of the altar they selected the motherhouse because their sister, Sister Joseph, a teacher of music, is a member of the community. She had the happiness of assisting at the Mass.

Disgusted Customer—What is the matter with that clock you sold me last week? It won't run more than eight hours a day.

Mr. Eisenstein—Mein friendt, dot vhas a union labour clock, don't you see?

"He is very anxious to find out about his family tree."
"Well, judging from its fruit, it must have been a slippery elm."

Determination

Your daughters have had every advantage," said the old friend.
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "and I'm going to keep at it until they get so cultured and refined that they can keep from laughing at my mistakes."