

ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL

From the Free Press (corrected).

As time passes, and the province of Manitoba grows older, it is natural to expect that its earlier institutions will gradually be taking on an air of venerability such as to give to them a more than ordinary interest in the public mind. Of this character are, especially, those whose formation and early activities had to do with the moulding and nourishing of the inner life of the people, and which was most closely bound up with their joys and sorrows, through periods that were not always the brightest or most promising. Among institutions of this kind there are, perhaps no better examples than are to be found in the historic churches of the country.

The Roman Catholic Mission of St. Boniface was the first founded of any of the religious establishments of Manitoba. To the priests of this venerable communion belongs the honor of first penetrating the wilderness of Rupert's Land, and of planting the gospel banner on the banks of the historic Red.

As early as 1731 Father Messaiger, S.J., accompanied the intrepid explorer, Sieur Varennes de la Verendrye as far as the western shore of the Lake of the Woods. A few years later, in 1736, Father Auineau, S.J., with a party led by a son of the before-mentioned explorer, suffered death at the hands of the Sioux on an island in the Lake of the Woods.

These forerunners of the great church, of course, were only transient, and were attached simply as chaplains to the parties to which they belonged. In passing they left no appreciable influence upon the people with whom they came in contact, nor any mark upon the after history of the country.

The first permanent missionaries of this faith to come into Rupert's Land were the Rev. Joseph Norbert Provencher and the Rev. Severe Dumoulin. These two priests arrived in the country from Montreal on the 16th of July, 1818, and immediately set about the erection of a church and school. Just how soon this church was completed authorities do not state: but the records of the period show that in 1844 the Catholics were in possession of a comfortable stone edifice, which served from that time on as the cathedral church of the diocese.

This original church was a picturesque and, for a time, commodious structure, some 100 feet in length by 44 feet in width. It was built partly of stone and partly of wood, and was surmounted by two graceful turrets a hundred feet in height. In these towers was placed a chime of bells, whose music, as it floated over lonely river and forest, was said to be of singular sweetness and beauty. These towers, with their chime of bells, have been rendered immortal by the poet Whittier, in the poem entitled, "The Red River Voyageur," in which, it will be remembered, he speaks of.

"The bells of the Roman Mission

That call, from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain."

The old church, with its priceless store of historic and poetic associations, thus immortalized by the tuneful Quaker, was destroyed by fire on the 14th of December, 1860. In connection with the destruction there is a story told that is, perhaps, worth repeating, because of the light which it throws on the rigorous hardship and primitive simplicity of those early times.

Early in November, some six weeks previous to the disaster above noted, a certain secular priest, of the name of Goiffon, while returning on horseback over the plains from St. Paul, had been caught and lost in a terrible blizzard, with the result that one of his legs and both his feet were frozen. In this condition the unfortunate man, was brought from Pembina to St. Boniface; and there, surrounded by whatever comfort the humble palace of the bishop could afford, was carefully attended by his sympathizing brothers of the faith. It was soon found, however, that the extent of his injuries was such as to render necessary the amputation of the affected parts. In the hope of saving the life of the sufferer, this was accordingly done. The operation proved successful enough: but soon the primitive surgeon was confronted by a new and most alarming situation. It was found impossible to stanch the flow of blood, and the good brothers were compelled to stand helplessly by to see the afflicted father slowly but surely bleeding to death through his wounded extremities. So sure were they, indeed, of the swift consummation of his impending fate, that candles were being hurriedly prepared in the kitchen of the palace, in order when the end came there might

Canada's Jewelry House.

Jewelry By Mail

Our mail order system, we think is complete.

Through its doors we open the way for our out-of-town patrons. To those availing themselves of its advantages we ask a continuance of their favors. To those who have not taken advantage of its opportunities we ask—

Why not?

We are manufacturers, thus enabling us to sell direct at a saving to our patrons.

Among the rules of our mail order system is to be found—

"Purchase price refunded in full if not satisfied."

A postal card will bring our illustrated catalogue, from which you may at your leisure select your purchase.

Ambrose KENT & Sons Limited
156 Yonge St. Toronto
Canada's Jewelry House.

be nothing lacking in the mystic ceremonial prescribed by holy mother church for such occasions. In the hurry and confusion of such a situation, says the story, the tallow in the kitchen was allowed to boil over on the stove, and this bursting into flame, resulted in the complete destruction of not only the palace, but the cathedral which adjoined it.

There is an amusing turn to the story, which relates that the wounded father, having been hurriedly carried out into the snow upon the mattress upon which he lay, was like to be frozen to death before, in the excitement and confusion, he could be removed to the hospital. The cold, however, had one beneficial effect. It did what the skill of the surgeons could not do; it stopped the bleeding, and the good father lived for many years after, to tell the story of how the premature destruction of the candles intended for his funeral had been the means of saving his life. In fact Father Joseph Goiffon is still living at White Bear, Maine.

The present cathedral of St. Boniface was built under the incumbency of the late Archbishop Tache. The sacristy was erected in 1862 and this completed portion of the edifice was used as a temporary place of worship until the erection of the main building. This was accomplished in the fall of 1863; and from that date to the present it has not only served as the cathedral church of the diocese of St. Boniface, but has been the centre from which has irradiated everything that might be regarded as morally intellectually and spiritually, most vital to the Catholic people of the west.

From an architectural point of view, there is little about the old church to commend it to the consideration of the passer-by. It is a plain, unpretentious structure, suited to the humble needs of a "day of small things" that is past. From the view point of the historian and antiquary, however, it is not without its attractive features. Men of strong purpose, of keen intellect and far-reaching vision have moved within its walls. They lived their lives; they dreamed their dreams; they walked faithfully, according to their light; and now, in the shadow of the old church, they take their rest. In a stone vault, in the crypt, below the main altar, sleeps Provencher, first missionary and founder consecrated "bishop of Julopolis in partibus infidelium," and beside him reposes his beloved coadjutor and successor. Tache, bishop of "Arath," the well known and lately lamented archbishop of the diocese.

On the monuments in the enclosure about the church too one may read names that have been household words in Rupert's Land; names that have stood for movements that have spelled "influence" names that, while the annals of the Great Lone Land remain of interest to men, will be familiar as the moving factors in the scenes recorded. Here are to be seen the graves of governors, judges, Hudson's Bay officers,

"couricours des bois;" and—in a class by himself—Riel, the brave but misguided leader of the Metis, who laid down his life for a mistaken cause, and in death has found a place among the other silent children of the Holy Mother.

With no other basis of judgment than what is presented to him through the channels of his outward vision, the casual visitor, glancing around him on the humble and unpretentious simplicity of it might smile at the seemingly ambitious clericism which dignifies such a place by the term, "cathedral." It is not always in stately architecture and fine carvings, however, that are to be found the things most worthy of respect and veneration. The history of a thing counts for something; what it represents in thought, devotion and influence, counts for much: and judged by these standards, the old cathedral of St. Boniface might stand unashamed alongside of the most stately institutions of older lands.

The Thin Man's Danger.

He can't resist disease germs, — that's why he's such a mark for consumption. In this land of plenty, thinness is wickedness, especially when it's so easily overcome with Ferrozone. This remarkable tissue builder makes you fat quickly; it does so by forming blood that's rich, nourishing and health-giving. Ferrozone supplies the nutriment needed by worn out nerves, rapidly constructs muscle and fatty tissue. The form fills out, the cheeks redden, proving that weight is being added. To be well and stay well, use Ferrozone. Fifty chocolate coated tablets in a box for fifty cents or six for \$2.50 at all dealers.

Obituary

The funeral of Elizabeth Emmerling, the deceased wife of Victor Mager, took place Tuesday morning from her late residence, St. Mary's road, St. Boniface to the Cathedral at St. Boniface. About sixty-five conveyances accompanied the remains from her home. The pallbearers were Mayor Turenne, Joseph Ranger, F. A. Muller, Roger Marion, Medard Guilbault and Joseph Lecompte Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Monsignor A. Dugas, V.G., assisted by Rev. Dr. Trudel and Rev. M. Deshaix, as deacon and subdeacon. Several members of the clergy were present in the sanctuary. The Cathedral was crowded by friends of the deceased lady, who had come to pay a last tribute to her memory. The musical service was very impressive under the leadership of Mr. Clement. Mr. Albert Betournay presided at the organ.

Thirty High Masses were offered by the sons; ten were from Mr. J. E. Cyr; two from Mrs. Ed. Guilbault; six from Mrs. F. A. Muller; two from Mr. B. O. Filteau; two from Mrs. F. Chenier; two from the Lady Patronesses.

Letters of condolence were also received from His Grace the Archbishop, Monsignor Dugas, V.G., Rev. Father Drummond, the Sisters of St. Boniface Hospital and others.

Among the floral offerings were noticed a beautiful cross by the sons, a beautiful large wreath by the Market Gardeners' Association, wreath by James Enright, cross by the National Trust Co. heart by Miss E. Missiaen, crescent by Mrs. James Scott, spray by Miss M. Allyne, spray by Misses B. and M. Missiaen, spray by Nurse McDonald, and many others.

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks at when alone.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It's only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Barwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.



Royal Household Flour Is Always Uniform —Why?

It is one thing to make flour pure, well balanced and strong, it is another thing to have it uniformly so—to make flour that is precisely the same in purity and nutriment on Saturday as on Monday—in May as in November.

Because the "Royal Household" mills have the finest testing equipment available and unlimited resources for securing perfect wheat, they can and do produce—every working day in the year—flour of precisely uniform strength, nutriment and purity.

That is why Royal Household Flour makes always the very best bread and pastry, year in and year out.

That is why Royal Household Flour is the most reliable—the most successful flour—and being scientifically purified by electricity it is the purest—the best of all flours.

The next flour you buy ask for "Royal Household"—and try it for yourself.

Gilvie's Royal Household Flour.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION.

Greatest Wheat Producing Country in the World.

Unrivalled Possibilities in Mixed Farming.

Millions of Acres of Choice Land Still Available.

One Hundred Thousand Industrious Settlers can Establish Comfortable Homes at Once.

Unequaled Opportunities for Investors, Manufacturers and Immigrants of all Classes.

Provincial Government Land can be Purchased at \$3 to \$6 per acre.

Improved Farms at from \$10 to \$50.

For information regarding Homesteads, apply at the Dominion Land Office.

For purchase of Provincial Lands, apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For situations as farm laborers, apply to

J. J. GOLDEN,

Provincial Information Bureau,
617 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Just a Few Copies Left

OF THE

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

With 2 Years' Subscription in advance to

The Northwest Review

P. O. BOX 617