

**IS THIS TOO RADICAL?  
NOT NOW-A-DAYS.**

A reader, noting the following passage in a recent issue, asks whether it is not stating the case too strongly:

"The son of the man who says 'I don't read a Catholic paper,' will say, 'I don't go to church.'"

In the middle ages this statement would not be true; nor would it, perhaps, apply to the conditions existing in a Catholic country. But, here, in the conditions of society which surround us, it has its force:

The young people of the family will read something—perhaps the dailies, perhaps the weekly story paper, perhaps some "sporting paper." Their reading, then, is without Catholic influence, without anything to suggest interest in Catholic progress or to cultivate a Catholic spirit; on the contrary, the influence furnished by their reading, may be such as to withdraw them, or even antagonize them against the spirit of the Church. Then, add to this the influence of their non-Catholic associates.

In the first place, the Catholic family that is without Catholic reading, is apt to be a very worldly-minded family—quite milk and water in its religious views.

The influence of such "a Catholic home" is hardly calculated to stand for much as against the influence of outside society and association. And these are so multiplex (when we come to consider them), that every available influence and circumstance which makes for the Christianity of the home, are hardly enough.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

**A REMINISCENCE OF  
HEROISM.**

*Written for The Review by an English Banker.*

On the 22nd January, 1879, an isolated force of about eight hundred gallant British soldiers, encamped beneath the shadow of the giant rocks adjacent to Isandlwana, in South Africa, were attacked by an army of twenty thousand of the finest race of savages which probably this earth produces. Suddenly from all sides the fierce yelling Zulus threw themselves upon the unprepared and unsuspecting detachment, and in a short time were in their midst, slaughtering with assegai, with club, and with rifle; and although the doomed force sold their lives dearly, and accounted for probably a far larger number than their own aggregate, yet scarcely any escaped; and soon their poor stripped and mutilated corpses lay thick over all the plain, and the fair scene was transformed into a charnel house, so shocking that if angels could weep they must have shed tears at the terrible spectacle.

A few miles distant, about a hundred of our intrepid soldiers, under the heroic Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, whose names will live in history to the end of time, were posted at a small station, Rorke's Drift, in charge of supplies. Hearing of the tragic fate of their comrades, and expecting that the blood-gorged savages would soon be upon them, with fevered haste they formed an entrenchment with sacks of flour, boxes of biscuits, and anything else available for the purpose.

No sooner had they completed their defences than the raging impi of ferocious and murderous warriors attacked them in countless numbers. With yells and unearthly shrieks on they came in their mad frenzy, but only, like the ocean surges beating against the munitious of rocks, to be hurled back against their fellows. Again and again was the terrific onslaught repeated, until the very corpses of the enemy, shot down in hundreds, helped to form a barricade over which they must climb, themselves only to fall prone and add to the ever-increasing height of the hideous dusky piles.

And now the night approaches; but with it no rest. For, clambering and stumbling over the fallen bodies which are so thickly strewn around, the enraged savages now force their way up to, and even over, the parapet; but only to be pierced through the heart by the fatal steel. And now, so impetuous and so fierce is the on-rush that a doorway or embrasure is blocked by the mad struggling host endeavoring to force an entrance; soon, however, to be effectively closed by a heap of more reeking corpses. Some of the

assailants, sheltering themselves with their dead comrades, held as shields, succeeded in penetrating into the enclosure, but no sooner are they there, than, with a ghastly death-shriek, they too bite the dust, and share the fate of their whilom dead protector.

And so the lurid night passes, the heroic little garrison holding at bay the mighty hordes of fierce warrior combatants, whose wild savagery had a few hours before immolated so many of their companions in arms. But at length its long hours have fled, and the morning sun reveals the grim spectacle which lay unfolded in all its horror around those blood-smear'd entrenchments. And so awful is the scene of carnage, that an abject terror seizes the survivors, who in their thousands flee in dismay from the presence of that valiant little band of dauntless British soldiers. Well, then, did they then and there raise their glad psalm of thanksgiving with one accord to the Giver of all victory.

And we, too, must be ever prepared to do battle with hordes of enemies, unseen, but far crueller than those savages, who could but harm the body; for they would cut off our immortal souls from Eternal life. But, in the strength, and in virtue of the sufferings, of One who died for us, we can, if we will, be absolutely sure of a defence, impregnable and wholly unassailable.

**MISS HENDERSON,  
Stenographer.**

"Well," said the Manager to the Literary Assistant, "we must engage a new stenographer. Miss Munn has gone to the departments."

"What!" exclaimed the Literary Assistant.

The Literary Assistant's "What!" expressed volumes. She was totally unprepared for the sudden flight of Miss Munn to the departments, nor was she at all eager for an extra share of work. "We must engage a new stenographer at once," she said, decidedly.

Across the street from the building in which the manager of the News Bureau had his offices there was a sign under the second story windows reading, "School of Stenography and Typewriting." Both the Manager and the Literary Assistant knew of this school; indeed, for not a few of the stenographers in the building had been procured therefrom.

"I'll go across to the school myself," volunteered the Literary Assistant, "and see if they can let us have a girl at once."

"I wish you would," said the Manager.

It was after his promise to the Literary Assistant to send a first-class stenographer to the manager of the News Bureau, that the principal of the School of Stenography and Typewriting came into the class-room and stood looking thoughtfully about him at his pupils. A very excellent position was offered to one of these girls, and he did not wish to make a mistake in selecting the girl. There were four of them ready to fill positions. Miss Turner was rapid and correct as regarded her shorthand, but she made a great many errors in spelling, declaring that shorthand had corrupted her longhand. Miss Griffith was rapid and correct and a good speller, but was inclined to be talkative; he feared the manager would send her back at the end of a week. Miss Mills was a good and thorough worker, but she was slow, unparadoxably slow. Then there was Miss Henderson. The principal cast his speculative eye upon the girl sitting at one of the twelve typewriting machines and felt perfectly certain that Miss Henderson was turning out excellent copy. She was the youngest of the four girls, and had come from the country. She was earnest and eager. He fully believed that the time would arrive when she would be a credit to the school. He walked across the floor, and, taking hold of an end of her paper, drew it off the machine. It was, as he had supposed, an excellent bit of work. He was smiling when he turned to the girl.

"Miss Henderson," he said, "do you really think that you are ready to fill a position?"

The girl's face flushed all over, a light came into her eyes.

"Because," said the principal, without waiting for further reply, "I have had a call for a stenographer from the manager of the News Bureau across the street. Miss Munn has gone to the departments. Shall I send you over?"

"I should like to try," said Emily Henderson, rising impulsively. "If you will try you will succeed, of

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The company are giving a choice of routes to the various points in the east, and are making arrangements for tourist cars being put on every train. These cars will go through to Toronto and Montreal daily, while there will also be a service to Halifax for the accommodation of passengers going to the Maritime Provinces and the Old Country. A very small charge is made for a berth in these sleeping cars, while they are also provided with a range, by which passengers can cook their own food.

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Winnipeg. Winnipeg.

course," said the principal, dogmatically. "Don't let him send you back to me at the end of the week. Take your note book, and have your pencil well sharpened; be prepared to begin work as soon as you reach the office. There, I don't mean to frighten you before you start. Make up your mind that you won't be frightened at all, and you'll get along."

The girls in the room understood that the principal had preured a situation for Miss Henderson, as they watched her put on her cloak and hat and take possession of her note book. Miss Turner and Miss Mills wished her luck in their hearts, while the talkative Miss Griffiths cried aloud her congratulations, and threw her lucky rival a kiss on her fingers.

"If only she doesn't allow herself to be frightened out of her wits," said the principal to the lady reader; "that is apt to be the trouble with her."

"She is very timid," said the lady reader, "but she takes her notes easily and reads them without a balk."

"That's true," said the principal, and banished all disquieting thoughts.

Emily Henderson was totally unconscious of the cold breezes blowing her cloak in wild hilarity as she walked rapidly across the street, carefully carrying her note book and her well-sharpened pencil. Miss Munn had been educated at the School of Stenography and Typewriting, and many a later pupil had sighed for her chance of becoming something higher than a mere office stenographer, for Miss Larence, the Literary Assistant, had also begun her career as an office stenographer, and she now received a salary of twelve hundred a year, besides writing stories for some of the leading magazines. Miss Munn had recklessly thrown over her chance for a place in the departments, and the chance had descended to another of Prof. Rathburn's pupils.

Emily Henderson told herself in that swift journey from the School of Stenography and Typewriting to the offices of the manager that nothing could be more satisfactory to her than to begin her career as a stenographer under a newspaper man. Even long ago, when she was a little girl living out in the country, she had indulged in dreams of a literary future, and she had written verses. Her mother had taken wonderful pride in these verses, and several of them had appeared in the county paper. But her mother was dead, and she was living with an aunt in the city. She had grown practical, and she thought she had given up her dreams when she decided to become a stenographer. Fate was smiling upon her; she was to be stenographer with Miss Munn's chance.

(To be continued.)

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**Canadian Northern Railway**  
Time Table, October 14, 1900

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Winnipeg	Leave	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Tuxiuk, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat		7 30	17 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri	11 40		22 30
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Tuesday		7 30	21 15
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Wednesday	7 15		22 30
Dauphin to Winnipegosis and return, Fridays	17 00	14 00	
Dauphin to Swan River and Track End, Wed. and Sat.		8 20	19 40
Track End and Swan River to Dauphin, Mon. & Thur.	7 00		18 20
Dauphin to Gilbert Plains, Tuesday		12 30	14 15
Friday		7 00	8 45
Gilbert Plains to Dauphin, Tuesday	15 15		17 00
Friday	9 30		14 15
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon. and Thur.	8 20		15 50
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. and Fri.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon., Wed, Thur. and Sat.	8 20		12 06
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.		12 40	16 40

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**ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS and DULUTH**  
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**EAST and SOUTH**  
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**BUTTE, HELENA, SPOKANE, SEATTLE TACOMA, PORTLAND, CALIFORNIA, JAPAN, CHINA, ALASKA, KLONDIKE.**

**Great Britain,  
Europe, Africa.**

Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3 cents per mile; 1,000 Mile Ticket Books at 2½ cents per mile, on sale by all agents.

April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

J. T. M'KENNEY, H. SWINFORD,  
City Passenger Agt., Gen Agt.,  
Winnipeg. Winnipeg.  
CHAS. S. FEE,  
G.P. & T.A., St. Paul.

**TIME TABLE.**

BETWEEN	WINNIPEG.	
	DEPART	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily	1 45 pm	1 30 pm
Morris, Brandon, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed, Fri	10 45 am	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues, Thurs, Sat		4 30 pm
Portage la Prairie, Mon., Wed, Fri	4 30 pm	11 50 pm
Portage la Prairie, Tues, Thurs, Sat.		10 35 am

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ASSISTANTS—  
Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I. Rev. E. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.  
SACRISTAN—  
Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.  
Sunday Services—  
Low Mass—at 7 and 8.30 High Mass—at 10.30  
Sunday School—at 2.30.  
Baptism—from 2 to 4.  
Vespers, Sermon and Benediction—at 7.15.  
Week Day Services—  
Holy Mass—in summer time at 6.30 and 7.30  
in winter time at 6.30 and 8.

**CHURCH SERVICES.**  
CHURCH OF THE  
**IMMACULATE CONCEPTION**  
Austin St., near C.P.R. Station.  
Sundays—  
Low Mass, with short instruction, 8.30 a.m.  
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.  
Catechism in the church, 3 p.m.  
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 pm.  
N.B.—Sermon in French on 1st Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the Children of Mary, 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.  
Week Days—  
Mass at 7.30 a.m.  
On 1st Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m.  
Benediction at 7.30 p.m.  
N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 8 to 10 pm, and every day in morning before Mass

**C. M. B. A.**  
Grand Deputy for Manitoba.  
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.  
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for the Province of Manitoba, with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

**Branch 52, Winnipeg**  
Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Foulds Block, corner Main and Market Sts., every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock, p.m.  
President, D. Smith; 1st Vice-Pres., E. Cass; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. O. Genest; Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds; Asst. Sec., J. L. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allan; Treas., W. Jordan; Marshal, W. J. O'Neil; Guard, L. F. X. Hart; Trustees—G. German, L. O. Genest, P. Shea, G. Gladnish, M. Conway.

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NOTICE.  
The attention of all our subscribers and exchanges is earnestly directed to the fact that the NORTHWEST REVIEW is now published, not in St. Boniface, but in Winnipeg. Consequently, all communications and exchanges should be addressed "P. O. Box, 499, Winnipeg."