

MONSIGNOR RITCHOT'S FEAST.

Tuesday evening, March 27, the largest room in the St. Norbert Grey Nun convent was crowded with clergy and laity from the village, from Winnipeg and St. Boniface. His Grace the Archbishop shared with the venerable pastor of St. Norbert the honors of the evening. Following was the programme: Entrée, Qui va là, Galop, J. P. Stockton, the Misses E. Cloutier, M. Parent, and A. Blanchard. Grand Chœur, "Un jour de bonheur." A. Trojelli, accompanist, Miss M. A. Martin. "The United Workmen," a pretty little operette in which each of the following boys spoke of his trade or profession in English verse: wagonmaker, A. Leclair; blacksmith, R. Ross; cobbler, N. Lamirande; butcher, A. Lord; baker, U. Pacaud; farmer, J. Ritchot; merchant, E. Pirson; miller, N. Ross; doctor, A. Charette; lawyer, J. E. Goselin; builder, E. Morin; dentist, D. Lord. Gaudentia, a French drama in three acts: Torquinius, Perfect of Rome, Miss E. Cloutier; Cecilian, his wife, Miss M. A. Martin; Hermes, priestess of Vesta, Miss E. Dégagné; Gaudentia, daughter to Parthenia, Miss A. Blanchard; Cornelia, friend to Gaudentia, Miss M. Parent; Parthenia, Roman matron, Miss A. Charpentier; Sabine, Christian maiden, Miss M. J. Ritchot; other Christian maidens, the Misses A. Lamoureux, E. Kennedy, F. Kennedy, M. Gonczy, A. Ross, R. Lachance, T. Gonczy, G. Champagne, L. Goulet; guards, A. Parent, A. Champagne. Song, "Happy Hours," Millard, Miss E. Kennedy, accompanist, Miss E. Cloutier. Dialogue, "Military Discipline." Duet, "Waves of the Ocean," C. S. Blake, the Misses E. Cloutier, E. Kennedy, M. A. Martin, M. Parent, A. Blanchard. Dialogue, "Les Petites Musiciennes," by the smallest pupils. Addresses to His Grace and Monsignor Ritchot, Misses A. Charpentier and M. Parent. God Save the Queen, accompanists, Misses A. Champagne, E. Cloutier and M. A. Martin.

In the Christian tragedy, which was the most important feature of the entertainment, Miss Cloutier's get up and toga were quite Roman, as was also the costume of Miss Dégagné as priestess of Vesta; their acting was also quite in character, Miss Dégagné's anger being particularly vehement. The scenes between Parthenia, the heathen mother, and her Christian daughter, Parthenia, were very touching and occasionally painfully pathetic. Cecilian won the sympathy of the audience by her efforts at conciliation and one is pleased to hear of her future conversion. Cornelia, who dies a martyr before her friend Parthenia has that honor, showed calmness and dignity. The plot, a rather striking one, coupled with the natural feeling displayed by the young actresses, made the performance a most refined and interesting treat.

One of the daintiest numbers was the dialogue by the little musicians. Several little tots of girls get talking and singing round an old harmonium, and it gradually leaks out that the instrument is 35 years old, having been imported by Father

Ritchot in 1864. This leads up to expressions of gratitude to him for having purchased a fine organ for his parish, and of hope that his friends will help pay for that organ as this entertainment is intended to do.

After the completion of the programme His Grace the Archbishop asked

MONSIGNOR RITCHOT

to speak. The venerable priest at first excused himself, alleging that, since his severe illness last summer, his mind was not clear nor his memory all right; but, in obedience to his Archbishop's request, he spoke substantially as follows:

"Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Rev. Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, what we have seen this evening is most edifying and instructive. But education such as these young ladies showed they possess is

NOT NEW

in this country. Nearly forty years ago, when first I came to the west, I witnessed girls' entertainments that were very like this one. We have plenty of women, formed in this convent during the last forty years, who are not inferior to the girls of the present day. What we have seen to-night is that with all our modern superficial so-called improvements, we have not abated anything of the Christian tone of our education. Such exhibitions as this strengthen our faith and make us love our religion. There is much talk nowadays of the importance of a knowledge of figures. Well, cyphering is a useful accomplishment. I was so convinced of that fifty years ago that I had then invented a system of my own for

TEACHING ARITHMETIC,

and thanks to this system my pupils made rapid progress. But even we Catholics are sometimes so absorbed in money matters as to forget that there is something else to be aimed at in this world besides money. Money does not fill the heart. No amount of money could give you that feeling of edification and restful satisfaction which you experience this evening. Here we have complete education of the heart as well as instruction of the mind. In this sense a good education is better than much instruction. The proof that even in instruction, in mere learning, we are not backward is the success of our Catholic colleges here and elsewhere and the way our convent girls succeed in competition with others. In order that their success be publicly recognized it must be ten times true. For the last six or eight years we have had no government school grants and yet the schools continue as you see them. This is due to our system of education, which is

NOT OF YESTERDAY.

Our convents had excellent methods of education before the contenters of those convents were born. Sometimes men of narrow horizons think they have made great discoveries in education, and if they knew the history of education in the Catholic Church they would find their supposed discoveries very old. The best teachers in the world are the Jesuits, and their system is not new. We do not despise what may be good in what is really new; no; we are like the old Romans, who borrowed from the nations they assimilated whatever in their customs was really good. Let me thank

THE GOOD SISTERS.

They have been teaching in this parish for 42 or 43 years, and if they were ever to depart they would leave a great void. When I first came here, we were only five priests in this part of the vast diocese, we had to be continually on the move and could therefore not give our parishioners the continuous instructions

which they required. The Sisters made up for our deficiencies.

Here, as everywhere else in this country—let me say the word—they civilized the population. On my first visit to eastern Canada after a good many years spent here, people ask me "What about the half-breeds?" I answered that the Métis had the civilization of the Gospel, "do to others as you would wish to be done by." In those days a key was a thing unknown. We

NEVER HID ANYTHING.

I have had barns without doors to them. If we must have doors and keys now, that is due to ourselves. We have given the Métis examples they had not before. In that olden time they only had the good example of the Sisters and the thorough religious training imparted by Bishop Provencher, who taught school to the Métis continually. When I came here I found they knew their catechism and prayers and religious practices of all kinds better than most pious Catholics do now. I therefore thank the Sisters and beg of them to continue this excellent education, including respect for parents, for teachers, for priests. The other day while passing through the streets of Winnipeg I was insulted by a lot of children. That is their education. Our schools are and always have been excellent.

Let us not give up anything in our schools that is good. They have produced eminent men. The Prime Minister at Ottawa was at college with me; I was one of the professors while he was a student in another class at L'Assomption College. Chapleau and others among the ablest men in our House of Commons received all their training in our Catholic schools and colleges. We do not, as some ridiculously suppose, spend the whole day in teaching religion; but there is an atmosphere of religion in and through everything all day, and this is the special glory of the Catholic Church, to which we must cling."

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN,

turning to Monsignor Ritchot on his left, said: "Had we believed, Monsignor, that your recent illness had impaired your memory, we should have lost this impression after hearing you state the true principles of Catholic education so clearly with so many instances from the past. We cannot accept the law in what is contrary to our principles, but we take what we can of it and make the most of it. You were right in laying down the thesis that we have nothing to learn from outsiders. Whatever may be useful in their methods is generally borrowed from the Church. Only superficial people will be deceived by their pretensions to originality. I think you were right to praise the Society of Jesus, which uses its time-honored methods so successfully in our day." Turning to

THE CHILDREN,

His Grace went on: "I congratulate you. I will not pay you any compliments lest I should make you lose the merit of your good actions. You were so natural and ladylike. You seemed not to think of the audience but only of the parts you were playing. This is a merit seldom found even in actors of maturer years. Not only was this tragedy in itself a fine one, but its rendering speaks well for the refined training you receive in this house. And, as for that charming dialogue of the little musicians, it was a happy thought to make so humble an instrument as that ancient harmonium pay such a delicate tribute by the mouths of the youngest children I have already had occasion to remark—and I repeat it with

pleasure here—that the Grey Nuns have a most

HAPPY KNACK

in such matters; they have never been surpassed. When the little children spoke of the old harmonium brought here 35 years ago by Monsignor Ritchot, it was easy to gather, from the sympathetic comments of the audience, that the whole parish was moved by these grateful memories. Once more, dear children, in presence of this honorable audience, I thank you; we are all proud of you."

HOLY WEEK ON A BRAZILIAN MAN-OF-WAR.

To the Editor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

Sir,—A good many years ago I spent a considerable time in the service of that good and Catholic Emperor Dom Pedro II of Brazil.

As Holy week is now close at hand perhaps a short sketch of

THE BOUNDARY LINE.

When a young girl steps from girlhood into womanhood, she enters a new and strange country; a land of promise and hope, yet full of hidden danger. Whether she will find happiness or misery depends



largely upon the health and condition of the delicate, special organism which is the source and center of her womanhood. The lives of young women are often wrecked because of a mistaken sense of modesty, which leads them to neglect the earlier symptoms of feminine weakness. These troubles unless corrected, develop into serious chronic difficulties which become a dragging burden, ruining life's best opportunities and blighting all possibility of happy wifehood and motherhood.

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Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of Arlington, Mo., writes: "I have used your 'Favorite Prescription' and am never tired of sounding its praise. When my lady friends complain, I say 'Why don't you take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription?' I told an anxious mother, whose daughter (18 years old) had not been right for five months, about the medicine, and after the young lady had taken two-thirds of a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' she was all right. She had been treated by two of our best doctors."

"I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and about the same quantity of his 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. J. C. Henry, of Strong Avenue, Elkhart, Indiana. "At the time I commenced taking your medicine I had been sick for over a year. Had doctored with five different doctors but they did not agree as to what my disease was. Then I did not take any medicine for a long time until a friend wrote me about your medicine, and told me what it had done for her. I determined to try it. When I commenced to take it I only weighed 92 pounds. Had a hard cough and was very nervous. Had some pain around my heart. Had wasting drain from internal organs very bad; dizzy head; very despondent; would have a chill when my stomach would bother me, and it would palpitate like a pulse beating. I could not sleep well nights; thought all the time that I would die. Have some of those spells now, but when I feel a little sick I just take my old stand-by. Have a nice baby boy, fifteen months old. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' at that time and was only sick a little over an hour and was not very bad then. The child was a nice, big baby. My weight now is 105. I am entirely cured of the female trouble."

"After reading your book I got three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' for my wife to try," writes George S. Richardson, of Little Creek, Kent Co., Delaware. "It is praised so highly for women with child, she took six bottles and half of the third before the child was born, and the medicine did its work to perfection. She gave birth to a 9½ pound baby girl. Our other babies were always weak and delicate, and this one is plump and fat. It is three months old and it has never had a day's sickness, and it is all due to your 'Favorite Prescription.'"

As a medical author, Dr. Pierce holds an eminent place in his profession. His great thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" is one of the standard medical works of the English language. Nearly 700,000 copies were sold at \$1.50 each. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free for the cost of customs and mailing only, 31 one-cent stamps; or cloth-bound for 50 stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y.

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how that time was spent on board of one of her ships of war may interest your readers. In the first place no meat was allowed on board. Our food consisted of fish, fruit, bread and coffee. No bells, which are struck every half hour to denote the time, were allowed to be rung; a clapper of two flat pieces of wood was substituted. Neither conversation nor orders were allowed in a tone above a whisper. All but the most necessary work on board the vessel was suspended. The men were dressed in dark blue, though at other times white was the prevailing colour. At 12 o'clock on Holy Thursday an effigy was made of Judas dressed in a good suit of black with a saw in his hand, though for what reason that tool was put there I never could find out, and he was hanged to the fore-yard arm. At the same time the lifts and braces were let go and the yards and boom allowed to swing anyway. The running and standing rigging slacked off, imparting an appearance of neglect and desolation to the usually trim corvette. A few men with black paint effaced the handsome white ribbon that marked the line of the gunports. The vessel remained in that state till 12 o'clock on Saturday when 8 bells were struck the first time that week. The yards were squared, rigging hauled tight and a few men with white paint brushes restored the usual appearance of the ship. The order was given all to dress in white, then go to a good dinner with plenty of beef. For in Brasil Lent is over at mid-day on Holy Saturday. I will be glad if you think this worth inserting.

Yours respectfully,
J. N.,
Postmaster, St. Vital.

P. S. Alas how changed now. Freemasonry triumphed. The good Emperor was driven away. The best friend Brazil ever had died in exile broken hearted. The result is anarchy, oppression and misrule. Many years have passed since I saw and knew him; but when I saw his death in the newspapers, I felt a shock as if some near and dear friend had gone.

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