

Northwest Review.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO) AND THE PACIFIC COAST

VOL. XIX. No. 19

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

Subscription per Year
\$7.50 if paid in advance
Single Copies 6 cents

CURRENT COMMENT

Mr. William O'Brien's determination to withdraw from public life, seems, unfortunately final. This will do much to upset the work for which he has labored so long and earnestly. In statesmanship as in affairs of the soul perseverance until the end, in spite of trials the most disheartening, is essential to success. In this respect the Saxon has certainly the whiphand of the Celt.

At an official dinner given in Rome on the Feast of St. Edmund by the new Archbishop of Westminster, Mgr. Stonor said that the Archbishop had done a great work in Southwark, chiefly in the organization of the diocese and the establishment of a seminary there, and added that if Dr. Bourne did as well at Westminster he would make a perfect Archbishop.

The French Government under Combes is continuing to set an example which the Socialists will not be slow to follow if ever they secure a majority in the French Chamber. Since Combes expels religious orders, persecutes even their secularized members, and confiscates the property of the orders, why should not Socialism expel or disfranchise all who profess belief in the future life, and seize on all their private property. There would be as much reason and justice in one cause as in the other.

"Records & Reminiscences Personal & General," by Sir Francis C. Burnand, in two volumes, is a charming book, occasionally too prolix, but quite free from egotism or vanity. The son of a London stockbroker, he was sent first to a dame's school and then to Eton, whence he went to Cambridge, where he settled down seriously to the study of divinity at Cuddesdon College. What happened at that time he thus relates:

"I studied hard; went at it with a will. Suddenly a difficulty. Vice-principal does not explain it satisfactorily; principal doesn't explain it at all. Unsettled. Another difficulty; men are going in for ordination and I read the oath that every candidate has to take. I am faced by the 'Royal Supremacy.' Still more unsettled. Explanations hopelessly unsatisfactory. The black rubric stares me in the face. On posers' heads posers do congregate. They increase and multiply; principal and vice-principal helpless." He was advised to see Mr. Benson, the originator of the Cowley Fathers. He did so, and found on Mr. Benson's table Newman's "Doctrinal Development," took it to his inn with other books given by Mr. Benson and read it carefully. Benson, on visiting him, found him reading Newman's work and denounced him in severest ecclesiastical phrase, but afterwards apologized. Sir Francis, however, was now on the road to Rome, and the denunciation had no effect. He applied to the famous Bishop of Oxford, Sam. Wilberforce, asking him to explain certain difficulties, but the Bishop only replied by saying that these difficulties were slight when compared with greater difficulties elsewhere. Sir Francis then wrote to Cardinal Manning, at that time head of the Oblates of St. Charles. Within a couple of days he received a letter answering his questions clearly and straightforwardly, and enclosing a little pamphlet which Manning thought might be of use to him. "Letter and pamphlet," he writes, "practically clenched the matter. I had made up my mind there and then, and never for one single second

at any period of my life have I repented of, or regretted the step I then took." The reception he met with on imparting the news to his father may be imagined, when we state that the epithets addressed to him were limited only by the exhaustion of the vocabulary at his father's command. After he had been thus bombarded and assured that he should never receive another penny, he was left alone in the dining-room, and the butler came and asked if he should get him a cab. He had to go, but he knew not whither to betake himself. Suddenly he remembered that Mr. F. C. Wilson a Cambridge friend and a Catholic, had some time before asked him to stay with him. To his rooms in Conduit Street he went, and it appears that Mr. Wilson had a strange presentiment of the event and of its being likely to happen on the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady. He had actually had dinner prepared for two and before Sir F. Burnand spoke he said, "I knew you'd come." Mr. Wilson introduced him to Cardinal Manning, and that distinguished prelate, of whom Sir F. Burnand writes in affectionate terms, encouraged him to serve a novitiate on trial with the Oblates of St. Charles. The scene between himself and Manning when he informed the Cardinal that he had no vocation for the priesthood, was one of such solemnity that it put a strain upon Sir Francis, but fortunately his sense of humor came to his relief. He told Manning that there were other things for which a man might have a vocation besides the Church—the stage for instance, Manning was indignant. "You call that a vocation," he said; "why you might as well say that—that to be a—a—cobbler—is a vocation." "Well," replied the novice, "a cobbler has a great deal to do with the sole." Manning's gravity was not proof against the joke, and the interview ended with the Cardinal's blessing.

Francis Burnand then figured on the stage at Edinburgh, but the experiment made him decide "that the pen was mightier than the boards." His father relented a little and gave him an allowance on condition that he resumed the study of law, which he did, was called to the Bar and practised a little. However, he preferred humorous dramatic literature and produced a burlesque, "Dido," which was successfully staged at St. James' Theatre. The proprietor of "Fun," which was started about that time, having refused a contribution of his, he submitted it to Mark Lemon, then editor of "Punch" who at once accepted it. It made a remarkable hit, and Burnand was admitted to the staff of that peerless comic paper, of which he ultimately became and still is the efficient editor.

The following quotation from the New York "Freeman's Journal" for November 28th is as eloquent as it is brief.

At the Unitarian Club dinner in New York some days ago President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbian University, made the following comparison:

"One of the most pitiful sights is our Protestant Sunday school, disorganized and taught by teachers not themselves capable of thorough teaching.

"One of the most wonderful sights in New York may be seen on Sunday morning at Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, where from 1,200 to 1,500 children gather in the Church of the Paulist Fathers and are taught for two hours by devoted and capable teachers."

A London non-Catholic paper thus describes an incident which occurred at a recent Presbyterian meeting in New South Wales:—

"One of its members roundly declared that the Roman Catholic Church is the grandest example of Christ's ideal. Shades of John Knox! Naturally there were cries of dissent, but the audacious minister declined to withdraw, and went on to state his reasons. In his town—Geelong—the clergy of all denominations were the best of friends and visited each other's houses, and the local head of the Roman Catholic Church 'was the best fellow of the lot.'"

Our learned and thought-provoking contemporary, the "Casket," has, in its issue of November 27th, a convincing article on the United States appeal in criminal cases. The writer quotes Judge David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court as saying that this right should be taken away, because it tends to prevent the punishment of crime, for punishment must be properly administered to have its proper deterrent effect, and with the rights of appeal there is an even chance that no punishment at all will be inflicted. Another bad result is the crowding of the docket of the Appellate Court with cases that should never have been appealed. The consequence is that a compromise is offered and accepted, and thus the ends of justice are defeated. A third result is that the judges of the Appellate Court, being overburdened with work are tempted to hurry through the cases without due consideration. "Is it strange," says Judge Brewer, "that a community, incensed by some atrocious offence, aware of the common experience of criminal proceedings, takes the law into its own hands and summarily punishes the offender?" Nor will the limitation of the rights of appeal lead to the punishment of an innocent man. On the contrary, the trial judges and jury would then have a greater sense of responsibility, and prejudice would be checked by a desire to preserve the good name of a locality. This is what happens in the British Empire, where the prompt punishment of criminals has such an excellent moral effect on the community.

Persons and Facts

The Catholic priests of Denver are organizing a campaign against Church fairs; they prefer to organize some fixed source of revenue.

The "Univers" announces that at a meeting held on the 8th November, under the presidency of Cardinal Rampolla, the Biblical Commission held a prolonged session, in which the Abbe Loisy's recent works were under discussion. Both the secretaries, Abbe Vigouroux and Father Fleming were present.

"Today November 20, is the Feast of St. Edmund, King and Martyr. Mr. Cyril Power, A. R. I. B. A., writes: 'I wonder how many Catholics will wend their way to Hoxne, where, surrounded by the Danish Pagan horde, torn by their scourges and pierced through and through by arrows, our glorious Saint laid down his life for the Catholic faith. I trust that some of his devout clients will travel down to Bury St. Edmunds on Sunday, November 22, and join in keeping his festival in the church there.'—Catholic Times, England.

His Honor Wm. Bourke Cockran has sent a cheque for \$500 to the directors of the Catholic Missionary Union, for the Apostolic Mission House at Washington. Dr. McSweeney of New York, has given

\$1,000 dollars to the same work, thereby becoming one of the founders.

Five or six months ago Superior, Old Superior, South Superior, and West Superior, Wis., were all merged into the one city of Superior, with about 32,000 inhabitants. But of course the old names still remain in common use.

A telegram from Rome dated Saturday November 14, says: "The Pope today received in private audience Mgr. Murphy, the rector of the Irish College, who has just returned from his summer vacation in Ireland. Mgr. Murphy presented to his Holiness the Peter's Pence, from the dioceses of Derry and Killaloe. This is the first offering of the kind made from Ireland to the present Pontiff. Mgr. Murphy also presented an address of congratulation and affectionate loyalty from all the Catholic Bishops of Ireland. The Pope asked Mgr. Murphy to convey to the Irish Bishops his warmest thanks. The Pontiff added that he would himself write his thanks to each prelate.

His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic having wired to Rome the burning of the Ottawa University, the Holy Father sent to the rector of the University, through Cardinal Merry del Val, a message of sympathy, asking for further details, and urging the immediate reconstruction of the edifice.

Some pretty bad misprints appeared in the issue of December 5th. On the first page, second column, tenth line, "last" should be "lash," fourth column, first paragraph, "conspicuous" should be "conspicuous" and "incorruptible" should be "incorruptible." On page four the editorial on the New "Standard Dictionary" is sadly marred by the horrible barbarism "pronunciation," repeated several times in defiance of the writer's copy, and by "permissible" instead of "permissible."

A recent case in Duluth shows that amputations are not always necessary even when surgeons say they are. Last week the young son of Mr. William Boyd, a well known contractor, developed unmistakable signs of blood poisoning. His left foot became almost black and in a short time the entire member was affected. Amputation was declared by the doctors to be the only reasonable measure, but the young man said that death would be preferable. Mr. Boyd declared that his son's wishes should be respected, and other measures were resorted to. Binding the body and isolating, as it were, the afflicted limb, Dr. Graham cut it open in many places and succeeded in drawing off the poison. The lad withstood the fearful shock and loss of blood, and the member is now healing rapidly. Dr. Graham believes his heroic young patient will be entirely well in a few weeks, and that there will be no trace of poison left in the system.

In reply to inquiries about the interesting letter—quite thirty-six (36) years old, for the context shows it was written in the autumn before the spring of 1868, when it first appeared in an Ontario paper—we published last week, we beg to state that John McLean was a famous character in Portage la Prairie, where he died last year. His house was near the slough.

Clerical News.

On November 16 Cardinal Macchi conferred the Pallium upon Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster in the Cardinal's private chapel.

The Archbishop of Tuam has appealed to the people of his diocese to enable him to build a new archiepiscopal residence, for which a suitable site is available.

The Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, Australia, has arrived in Rome to pay a visit 'ad limina.'

Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, has written a letter to his coadjutor, describing his first audience of Pope Pius X. "I have had a great many audiences during the last thirty years," he remarks, "but I never before was received with so much cordiality. . . . He appears to be the very embodiment of earnestness and simplicity, affection and piety."

Rev. Father Drummond writes that he is well and pretty busy. On Sunday December 6, he said Mass and preached in English in St. Patrick's Church, Superior, then took a car and a transfer for St. Joseph's Church, two miles off, where he said a second Mass, preached in French, and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Father Charron, whose place he is taking, is gone for a much needed rest in the east. He has four churches to attend to here. Rev. Father Arnolis takes two of them. Rev. Father Hartmann, O.M.I., was to have attended to the French service in the St. Joseph's Church, but on Sunday evening he was taken ill with fever and could not undertake the trip from Duluth. Since that time he has improved, though he is not yet quite well. Rev. Fathers Guillet and Lucasse, O.M.I., are flourishing. They have their address on the telephone list as "St. Charles Baptist Church," which, their friends say, must be either a new saint or a new shade of Baptist persuasion.

A dispatch received at the Archbishop's palace on Tuesday morning conveyed the sad intelligence of the Rev. Father Fulham's death. This is the first victim of the recent disaster caused by fire at the Ottawa University.

The Rev. Father McDonald, S. J., gave a very impressive sermon last Sunday at the Immaculate Conception. He was equally successful on Tuesday evening at St. Mary's Church.

Great preparations are being made at the Catholic Churches of Winnipeg for a worthy Christmas celebration.

Ste. Rose du Lac Notes

Last week we had in our new novitiate the interesting ceremony of clothing a novice, when Mademoiselle Carmela Loiselle of Letellier, became Sister Margaret Mary, the Mother Vicar being present, also the brother and sister of the young novice, and Mademoiselle Grave-lines.

The School Inspector, Mr. Goulet has been here and at Ste. Amelie, also at Crooked River, inspecting the schools, which he found satisfactory.

We who live in here are like the people who live on the other side of the blue mountains, never quite happy, but always hoping to be come so, what we want now is a new organ for the church. There is, in the possession of Rev. Father Lecoq, a very valuable phonograph, which will be raffled for this intention early in the new year.

Land here is going up in price all the time, Baron de la Rue du Camp bought in the fall of Mr. Robinson, 15 acres in this village on the river for \$1,000, on which he is building a fine house, his son is spending the winter here superintending his

erection, the rest of the family being expected in the spring.

Love making is quite an art, when rightly understood, no one understands this better than country postmistresses. A certain young man was in the habit of writing to a certain young lady, but on one occasion his hand writing appeared on an envelope addressed to another young lady, the post mistress insisted on giving it to the previous one, after that the deluge of tears, I mean; but the forsaken fair was consoled within a month, by a much finer fellow, not as needles go, so all comes right to the maid who knows how to wait, she might even get a jewel and live happy ever after.

Regina Notes.

We are sorry to learn from Saturday's Review that Rev. Father Drummond is not his usual self, we are, however glad to hear that he is taking a vacation. Father Drummond's friends in Regina, and they are many, will earnestly pray that he may enjoy his well earned rest and return fully established in health.

Miss Bristow, at one time lady superintendent of Regina Hospital, was on Thursday married to Mr. Snow of Regina. Mrs. Snow was a universal favorite, having by her gentility and true kindness of heart endeared herself to all classes and creeds alike. The flowers used for decoration at the marriage were simply magnificent. The bride carried a large bouquet of exquisite American Beauty Roses and Ferns. A bouquet from these flowers with a rose from the bride's bunch adorned the altar of St. Mary's church on Sunday. We tender most hearty congratulations.

The Mass at half past nine on Sunday was well attended, the Church being packed to the doors. A German choir sang, and congregational singing was carried on. Now this congregation is not like the late Charles Dudley Warner's congregation. They can sing.

Wednesday treated us to an old fashioned blizzard. It was almost impossible to keep one's footing, the wind was so high. Several pedestrians were unable to keep the sidewalk. One skating rink in course of erection seems to be the only building suffering from the storm.

GENA MacFARLANE.

Obituary

We regret to have to record the death of the M. M. Christopher Patrick, David, and Mrs. Dalziel's mother, which occurred on the 30th ult., at Barrie, Ont. The venerable old lady died from the consequences of an accidental fall and was ill about one month. All of the above named went down east to attend the funeral which took place on Thursday the 3rd inst. The Review extends its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of Northwest Review:— Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your most valuable premium, viz. the "Life of our late Father in God, Pope Leo XIII.

Both my wife and myself are delighted with it. The print illustrations and binding are perfect, while the reading matter will afford us instructive information and improvement for many a lonely winter evening. And as a historical work of times gone by, and written in so attractive a manner will be read long after this generation has passed away.

I am pleased to see the enlargement of your paper, and you will please accept of my best wishes for the success of the Northwest Review, and that it will increase in circulation and in power of increasing the zeal and faith of our people.

Yours very respectfully,
J. NISBET.
St. Vital, Man., Dec. 4, 1903.

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

Lectures in a Unitarian Church.

The following unusual incident is related by the London "Tablet." Mr. Lister Drummond is an able

barrister who often lectures on Catholic topics at the open-air Hyde Park meetings. He is a zealous convert, an active member of the Guild of Ransom.

"On Sunday afternoon last, Mr. Lister Drummond had a novel and interesting experience. The minister of the Unitarian Chapel, Quex-road, Kilburn, has instituted a series of 'open conferences on Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the men of his congregation, on religious and social subjects. The Rev. James O'Reilly, O.M.I., rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Kilburn, having received an invitation to send a Catholic layman to explain his reasons for belonging to the Catholic Church, commissioned Mr. Lister Drummond to give the desired address. Mr. Drummond accordingly attended and lectured on "Why I joined the Church of Rome," before an extremely attentive audience."

Home Column.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone;
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that doubting, looks within;
That not in speech but thought the virtue lies.
But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand, to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and seath it like a whip?

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words,
Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak;
And he will bless you—he who struck those chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The tight cord is the easiest to snap.

The temptation to tyrannise over those whom domestic or business relations have placed within our power is latent within us all, and is sufficiently resisted only by natures, as just as they are generous. It is not always with a deliberately cruel intention that parents, guardians, teachers, employers, and alas! husbands and wives, take advantage of the authority vested in them as such, to render miserable the lives of those who are subject to, or dependent on them. In many cases the offender believes him or herself to be actuated by the best motives. Reasons based on the highest religious convictions are occasionally given in explanation of disagreeable acts of coercion or prohibition, and the unconscious tyrant even takes much credit for the performance of a so-called duty, which inflicts pain, humiliation or injury on one whose interests he is supposed to safeguard and promote in every possible way. It is difficult to judge a person so misguided, other than severely. Since the beginning of the world men have fought and died in defense of their liberties and in doing so have commanded the sympathy and admiration of all the greatest minds. It is in obedience to natural law and instinct that individuals as well as nations, seek the most favorable conditions for development and progress. You may as well sow wheat in a swamp and rice in the desert, expecting a

rich harvest therefrom, as to plant a human being in uncongenial surroundings, and look for a full expansion of his or her physical and mental powers. Nature will have her way in spite of the strongest human influence, and will either refuse to support the life that is forced to depend on artificial sources of energy, or will urge it to the point of revolt. When the cord is tightest, it snaps unexpectedly, and not all the forces of the universe can avail to reunite the divided strands and make them as they were before.

All over the land there are homes in which with a little mutual forbearance, love might have reigned supreme; the love of husband and wife; of parents and children. But grim tyranny had usurped the golden throne from which its rightful lord had long been banished by somebody's coldness, selfishness, or mistrust, and the thin cord of a common welfare that binds these hearts together is drawn so tight that its cruel mark is plainly visible to all but the one who could so easily slacken it. The moment draws ever nigher when at its weakest point the cord must burst asunder, bringing sweet deliverance to the sufferers from its galling tension.

The tyrant, who, consciously or not, has been the cause of so much pain, will stand aghast to see his power set at naught, his victims rejoicing in their new found freedom. When the disoriented son or daughter, the long suffering wife, or unjustly used employee has at last thrown off the hated yoke and left an empty place that shall not easily be filled again, perhaps the veil of selfishness and injustice will be rent at last, revealing the full extent and hatefulness of those long years of oppression.

The sharp tongued, jealous or nagging wife, the harsh, ill-tempered mother, the haughty exacting mistress, always lays up for herself some bitter surprises, by her systematic tyrannies, big and little. When the tightened cord snaps it is too late for repentance or atonement, she can but sit ruefully contemplating the eternal rupture of relations which her own persistent folly and selfishness has rendered unendurable.

While there is yet time, shall we not occasionally slacken the reins of our authority, now here, now there, with the certainty that what is lost in the direction of slavish fear of us, will be doubled or trebled in love and loyal service.

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

Michigan Catholic Review.

One of the organizations in the Catholic Church which the average run of Catholics know very little about and do not sufficiently appreciate is the St. Vincent de Paul Society. We read about the great work done by non-Catholic societies in charitable endeavor, but we seldom give a thought to the persistent efforts to alleviate the wants of the poor which our own society of St. Vincent de Paul puts forth from year to year, truly as Cardinal Gibbons says:

"The public takes hardly any notice of the work of charity quietly performed by the St. Vincent de Paul Society in our very midst. The members of this association meet every week and take council as to the best means of aiding the deserving poor who are ashamed to expose their indigence. They make no speeches at the meetings; they are not heralded by the press. They go about relieving distress without noise or ostentation."

Most of us know that the St. Vincent de Paul Society was founded by Frederick Ozanam, a French layman; that it was intended by him as a work which educated Catholic men might do for the poor, and that since its establishment in France it had spread all over the world. Thus we have a general idea of the society, but no more. Yet it is an organization with whose work we should be more familiar. It is a work which should appeal most particularly to Catholic young men of education—professional men, for whom Frederick Ozanam intended it.

We find in the St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly a succinct account of the Society. The headquarters

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of the Society is at Paris, France, the centre of authority being vested in a Council General composed of the presidents of the superior council of the world.

In the German Empire there are 486 conferences or branches with 11,116 active members, professors, students of the university, merchants, tradesmen, and men from the humblest walks of life, vying with each other in doing works of mercy for Christ, the Master's sake, under the banner of St. Vincent de Paul.

In Austria-Hungary there are 338 conferences. 379 Conferences are actively at work in Italy. In Belgium there are 1,011 conferences, holding a membership of 16,427. France has 1,400 conferences; England, 176 conferences; Brazil has 256 conferences, with 4,470 active members; Canada has 115 conferences with 5,000 members. In the principal cities of the United States there are many conferences, New York has 63; Philadelphia 94; Washington 21; New Orleans 29; St. Louis 50; Boston 59; Springfield 24; Worcester, 8—and this is only a little of the work.

Throughout the world there are nearly 6,000 conferences, with a membership in the last report of 100,000 active members. Here is a Catholic lay organization to be proud of! Yet we must not be vainglorious. There is still room—nay, urgent need—for more workers in this cause.

The "intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for October was "Young Men." Throughout the world the members of the Apostleship of Prayer were called upon to offer up their prayers for "Our Young Men." Let us hope that the hearts of our young educated laymen may be turned to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Truly there is no other work which means so much for God's poor and the sanctification of their own souls!

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

A Magnificent Seat of Learning Destroyed by Fire.

The following details regarding the destruction by fire, on the 2nd inst., of the Ottawa University, cannot fail to awaken the deep and warm interests of the readers of the Review.

We quote from "United Canada." Blaze started in Academic Hall. Loss—\$500,000. Insurance—At least \$160,000. Library—30,000 volumes destroyed.

Seven persons injured, one likely to die, Personal effects of 200 students burned.

THE INJURED.

- Rev. Father McGurty.
- Rev. Father Boyon.
- Rev. Father Fulham.
- Mrs. Bastien, who may not live.
- Miss Ardelle Dupuis.
- Miss Cordelia Trembly.
- Mr. Colin.

Reported Missing—Miss Davis. Again has fire proved a destructive element, and to lay wiped out one of the city's finest institutions. Breaking out at 7.35 this morning, within two hours the Academy, main building and seminary of Ottawa University were destroyed. Several priests and servants were injured, the personal effects of two hundred students who board at the College were destroyed. Over \$500,000 worth of property and equipment went up in smoke.

The fire will closely affect two hundred students, thirty professors, thirty ecclesiastics, and seminarians and thirty female and two male servants.

A library of thirty thousand volumes and many valuable exhibits and collections, of which the authorities were justly proud, and which cannot be replaced, are among the loss.

University was insured to the extent of at least \$160,000.

HISTORY OF UNIVERSITY.

Its Record and Development Since Its Inception in 1848.

The history of the Ottawa University is interwoven with the history of the Canadian Capital. To trace its origin one must go back to the beginning not of Ottawa, but of the humbler Bytown, the original nucleus of the grand city of today. Upon the invitation of

the Bishops of Montreal and Kingston, the Oblate Order undertook the spiritual charge of the Catholic population in this district. That was in 1844. In July 1847, Father Eugene Guigues, Provincial of the Oblates in Canada, was raised to the episcopacy with the charge of this district, and one of his earliest achievements was the founding of Bytown College. Its first home was on Church street, facing the cathedral, and it was there that his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Dr. St. Jean, Judge Curran, Dr. Robillard, and Henri Robillard, ex-M.P., received their early education. The course was opened by Rev. Father Chevalier, in 1848, with an attendance of 65 students. In May of the same year it was incorporated as the "College of Bytown." The wooden structure which had hitherto done service soon proved inadequate to the growing attendance, and in 1853 the school was transferred to what was then regarded as an elegant structure, now the Christian Brothers' school, at the corner of Church and Sussex streets. The institution had so many difficulties to combat that Bishop Guigues selected for its direction a young man of exceptional administrative ability and energy. Father Tabaret. In 1855 a further extension was needed. An effort was made to secure the present site of the Parliament buildings, but that failed, and the present land on Wilbrod street was chosen. The location had already been given to the Episcopal corporation by Mr. L. T. Bossere on the understanding that a college should be erected thereon. Property was purchased on either side of the original grant, and in a year the walls of a solid stone structure, 84 by 40 feet were complete. That was the foundation of the University of Ottawa, which now lies in utter ruin.

The loss involved by the disastrous fire at the University is not easy to measure. Old students will never have the same interest in returning to new halls. The Journal says:

The lamentable destruction this morning by fire of nearly the entire Ottawa University buildings must bring home to every citizen a realization of the fact that the University is one of the very important assets of the Capital. When such institutions are established and running smoothly they are taken as a matter of course. People do not stop to think of their value. The blow which has fallen upon the University, a blow which it is conceivable might have ended its work had there been no insurance and which at best must seriously cripple the institution for some time, perhaps for years, must awake every one to the fact that without Ottawa University the Capital would lose a great educational advantage, an important centre of learning and culture, and a civic asset which brings a large number of students and their friends here, and impresses the standing of Ottawa abroad in quarters which other considerations might not effect.

THE OLD FATHER AND HIS SON.

The old farmer died suddenly, so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go up to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the Judge was the leading lawyer at X—, and every hour was worth many dollars to him.

As he sat with head bent in the grimy little train which lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.

He had been a good respectful son. He had never given his father a heartache, and the old

man died full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for 'John! John!' unceasingly."

"If I could have been with him," said the Judge.

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.

"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."

"I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."

"No he never felt at home in the city."

The Judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portugese Hymn" every night. The Judge humored his children, and had ceased to ask his father into his house.

The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean; but its bareness gave a chill to the Judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin.

Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He recently uncovered the coffin, and then with Martha went out and closed the door. The Judge was alone with his dead.

Strange enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings, and pored over them!

Looking now in the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice before—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion!

There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The Judge saw the strength in the face.

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought. "There is more promise in his face than in mine."

In the desk was a bundle of old account books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of work in winter and summer, and often late at night to pay John's school bills, and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

The man knelt on the bare floor, and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. "O father! father!" he cried. But there was no smile on quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's Companion.

"That is the third bicyclist who has barked himself against me this morning," mused the wayside tree, "without hurting me a bit. Take it all in all, I am more skinned against than skinning."

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Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	40,900
Peas	34,154
Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343	

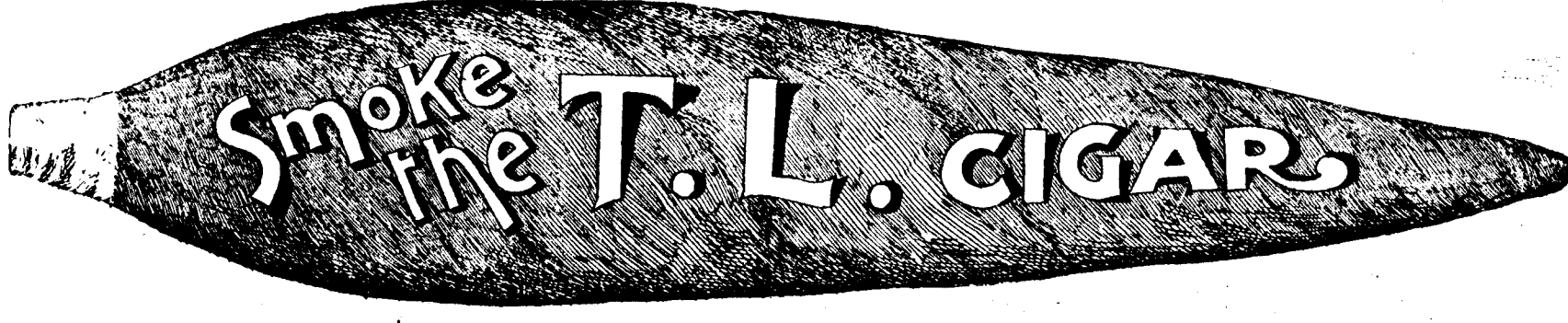
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SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1903.

Calendar for Next Week.

DECEMBER.

- 13—Sunday—Third Sunday in Advent. Sem.
- 14—Monday—Of the Octave. Sem.
- 15—Tuesday—Octave of the Immaculate Conception. Dup.
- 16—Wednesday—Ember Day. (Abstinence and fast). St. Eusebius. Sem.
- 17—Thursday—Feria.
- 18—Friday—Ember Day (abstinence and fast) Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- 19—Saturday—Ember Day (abstinence and fast). Feria.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE SODALISTS.

On Tuesday last the Sodalists of St. Boniface College celebrated their Feast Day with the usual exercises. His Grace Archbishop Langevin presided. Among the distinguished guests were noticed Rev. Father Trudel, secretary to His Grace, and Rev. Father Mireault, Master of Ceremonies, Hon. Senator Bernier, Hon. Justice Prud'homme, Hon. Justice Prendergast, Mayor Turenne, of St. Boniface, and Dr. Lambert, physician to the College. Several of the Alumni of the College, members themselves of the Sodalists attended, among whom were Messrs. Jos. Bernier, C. H. H. Royal, Nap. Betournay, Jos. Mager, Jos. Guay, A. Lemay, E. Comeault, F. Hearn, P. H. Coutu, E. Turenne, X. Gosselin, A. Cusson, G. Senecal, A. Prieur.

After a hymn in honor of the Immaculate Conception had been sung by the College choir, Archbishop Langevin addressed the Sodalists, and the audience, with that warmth and fluency of speech with which His Grace is eminently gifted. In accents of thrilling eloquence he spoke of the days' celebration in connection with the Sodalists' obligations. His text was from Genesis iii., 15: "and she shall crush thy head." His Grace first demonstrated from his text the all important part allotted by Divine dispensation to the Mother of God, in the redemption of mankind. He insisted on the fact that since the very beginning of the Church down to our own days, all heresies have been crushed by the power of Mary Most Holy, and proceeded to show how devotion to Our Lady is still working the destruction of heresy in the world. He then reminded the Sodalists that among their obligations this devotion stands prominent, and explained that its effects must be to unite them all in the bonds of charity against the enemy of mankind, the serpent whose head Mary has crushed under her virgin heel. He recalled how in some parts of the world, we can see a handful of rascals, daring and united among themselves, overthrow the most sacred traditions, because the upholders of the rightful cause are not linked together with the sacred bond of charity. Against this evil he inveighed, in the words of Pope Pius X., reminding the audience of the earnestness of the sovereign pontiff to restore all things in Christ and to have as co-operators in the work, not only the bishops and Priests but the laity as well. The

Sodalists in particular should consider those words of the Pope as especially directed to them. They should be careful to gain a thorough knowledge of their faith and their religion and stand foremost among Christians for their science of these. Indeed, as the Holy Father very properly expresses it, it is not science, it is sheer ignorance, which now a-days fights against Holy Church. If Christians would be more learned in religious matters, if they would devote more energy to the mastering of the great religious truths, they would undoubtedly be better Christians. Then His Grace dwelt on the promise by which the Sodalists pledge themselves never to join the secret societies which the Church of Christ has always abhorred. He showed them how this obligation was to be ever binding on them, and how their fidelity to it would ensure their perseverance in Christian life preparing their everlasting happiness.

The Archbishop then addressed, with no less eloquence, the English speaking part of his audience. In this second speech he began by explaining the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. This is no new dogma, no recently introduced belief. There is no new belief in the Church, and there cannot be any. No authority on earth can bind us to believe what has not been left by Christ, in the sacred deposit of faith which he handed to his Apostles, to be transmitted by them to their successors till the very last day. The belief that Holy Mary was from the very first instant of her existence entirely free from the stain of original sin, which is precisely the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, has been handed down to us by the Apostles themselves. The Archbishop quoted the words of Saint Andrew, which evidence the fact, and confirmed it by historical proofs. The most remarkable of these is the answer of the Oriental Schismatics to the inquiry letter of Pope Pius IX. When about to state as a formal dogma the teaching of the Church that Holy Mary was conceived without the blemish of original sin, this Holy Pontiff sent a circular letter to all bishops, even those not in communion with the Roman See to enquire which were their own tenets, and to request them to inquire from their own people what they believed and had believed on this particular point. The Latin Bishops were unanimous in asserting their belief and that of their flock. But still more striking was the answer of the Schismatics, who after expressing their own belief in forcible terms, subjoined that they did not think it advisable to enquire from their people whether they concurred in the same opinion, for fear said they, lest they would give the people an occasion to doubt a truth which has heretofore been considered by them as unquestionable. These Schismatic communities can trace back for fifteen centuries, or thereabout, their being severed from the Church of Rome; and thus they afford us a most convincing evidence of the antiquity of the belief in this exceptional privilege of the Mother of God. His Grace afterwards insisted on the duty binding on all Christians, but more particularly on Sodalists, to make an open profession of our faith, and never to be ashamed of it. He recalled the anecdote of the great O'Connell saying his beads by the seashore, and ended with an earnest entreaty to behave always as true and loving children of Mary.

Then the regular ceremony of reception was held, the Archbishop presiding. He first blessed the medals to be distributed to the new Sodalists, after the names of those to be received were called by the Secretary of the Sodality, J. Mondor. The names were: J. Dufrense, J. Dupont, Am. Laplume, P. Lesage, Jos. Painchaud, A. Cherrier, Emmet Kennedy and Ed. Richardson. After the customary questions had been put by the Prefect, J. Plante, and answered by the candidates, they pronounced the formula of consecration, the Master of Approbanists, M. Dufault taking the lead. Every one of them in turn then knelt before the Archbishop and received from his hand the badge of Sodality, which he gave them with the words: "Receive this medal of the Sodality for the welfare of thy soul and body, and

may thou through the Divine bounty and the help of the Blessed Virgin Mary, thy Mother, obtain everlasting bliss. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." His Grace was assisted during this ceremony by the Rev. Father J. Dugas, President of St. Boniface College, and Rev. Father Jos. Blain, Director of the Sodality. After it was ended the blessing was given by the Archbishop to the new members.

The ceremony closed with a solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which His Grace officiated pontifically, assisted by Rev. Father Blain, S. J., as deacon and Rev. Father Cote, S. J., as sub-deacon.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

We are drawing nigh to the Christmas tide, it is the time when parents are thinking of some nice presents to give to their loved children, when friends are working their wits to imagine something new and agreeable to offer to a dear friend; perhaps we may not without profit venture to make a suggestion. Not long ago we happened to be consulted regarding the selection of a book as a birthday gift, could it not be that a like present or something of the kind, for instance a good Catholic newspaper, would be a welcome Christmas box to those who can judge of and appreciate good things.

It is an impossibility to deny now-a-days the great influence that lies in print. The press knows of no barrier; no sooner does any event of some social, historical, moral, or intellectual importance happen than it travels the world in no time, carried on the wings of the press. And like the electric spark that takes it across the vast ocean, it brings the thought of man to the uttermost parts of the earth. It has even this marked advantage over the speech, that whilst the latter is often soon effaced from memory without any return, the former remains on your table always ready to quicken the dullness of your memory.

But how often is the power of the press made subservient to lies and vice! We often hear about the necessity of suppressing what is known as the social evil, may we not ask if ever a social evil could be imagined worse than the one accomplished by the licentiousness and obscene productions of those slanderous authors, whose whole life and energies are devoted to the apology of the most abject passions as well as of the most degrading doctrines. From the 'edition de luxe' to the cheapest form of publication, these books are made accessible to every one, rich or poor, learned or ignorant. Go into the humblest of homes, and I doubt whether you will find any in which there is not lying somewhere on a table or window seat a magazine, a novel, a pamphlet or a feuilleton, most of the time not worth the paper on which the reading matter is printed.

Are not these evils to be counteracted? Should not the children of God put to profit the lesson given them by the children of the world? Why, then, is there no more interest shown in the reading and spreading of good literature. The press is as much of a power in the hands of the good, as at the service of the wicked. A good book has made an Augustin, a Loyola, and so many others, men of God and lights of the Church. The same means may and should produce the same great results. Let us therefore be permitted to advise Christian parents and true friends to enter into the battle field, fighting press by press. A new and worthy Christmas gift to have would be a good book, or a sound newspaper. Let us awake to a sense of duty, and make the coming year a year of zealous propaganda of a sound and moral literature.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.—Sel.

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Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
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—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.
N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

The remains of the Ottawa University are now entombed in a sepulchre of dismal ruins. Of a group of imposing buildings, which it had taken years of persevering energies and sacrifices to build up, practically nothing is left standing, they have fallen a prey within a couple of hours to a raging fire, and one might feel inclined to wet their ashes with tears of sorrow, repeating the words of old: "how doth the city"—that real city of learning—"sit solitary that was full of people?" No one could undertake to describe that dreadful disaster. We give in another part of the Review, details, mostly borrowed from the United Canada, on that sad catastrophe. What we wish to do here is to extend to the authorities of the Ottawa University, our most sincere sympathy. That abode of learning was under the able management of members of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; Manitoba and the Northwest Territories are indebted to the same religious order for the greatest part of evangelical success achieved here and there, how then could not our hearts go forth in true sympathy to the afflicted ones. We are informed that the work of rebuilding will begin immediately, and that in the meantime temporary quarters will be provided for the 450 pupils in attendance at the time of the dire disaster. May the walls of that loved city of learning rise from their ashes with increased solidity and glory! The University of Ottawa is certainly not doomed to oblivion, many precious treasures of learning are no doubt buried for ever in its ruins, but we have every hope that those missing links in the history of that noble institution will soon be replaced by other no less enviable achievements in the field of science and knowledge. May the day soon dawn upon Ottawa when the dome of a new building surmounted by the cross, symbol of all true hopes, shall spread its beneficent light and influence, not only over the capital, but throughout the whole of Canada and our neighboring Republic.

A. A. CHERRIER.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

On Sunday the 29th, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Rev. Father Cherrier made a strong and warm appeal to his parishioners with a view to increase the membership in his parish of the grand Society, whose aim is the spreading of the saving Faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The result was a gratifying one, although it must be admitted that greater still might the number be of those who so cheerfully joined the association.

The following will be read, we are sure, with a lively interest by all the subscribers of the Review.

We reprint from the Catholic News: "The Society for the Propagation of the Faith (Baltimore, Md.), acting in accordance with one of its laws to make all its affairs public, has published in the November issue of the Annals a report of the monies apportioned to the various missions throughout the world during 1903, together with some interesting details as to how the apportionment is made.

We are informed that the Society does not deal in investments and has no permanent fund. At the beginning of each year all the alms contributed by the faithful during the year previous are distributed. The apportionment of the funds is committed to two councils—one at Lyons, where the Society was founded in 1822, the other at Paris. These councils are composed of ecclesiastics and laymen known for their position, talents and experience in administrations. They receive the applications, which must be sent yearly, of Bishops and heads of missions, consider carefully the claims of each, and divide the money at their disposal according to the needs of the missions which have applied for help. The total sum applied for by the various chiefs of missions amounted this year to four millions of dollars, whereas the Society had for distribution \$1,245,537.78 only; all petitions had therefore to be reduced

proportionately, and after long and careful study the apportionment was made as follows: Missions in Europe, \$138,520.70; missions in Asia, \$635,842.43; missions in Africa \$276,255.94; missions in America, \$66,642.13; missions in Oceania, \$128,275.78. The number of dioceses, vicariates and prefectures apostolic assisted amounted to over 300—fifty of which are in Europe, 135 in Asia, 64 in Africa, 32 in America, and 21 in Oceania.

As the aim of the Society is merely to help missionaries to implant the faith, as soon as the missions are able to exist by themselves it withdraws its aid, because the demands made upon its resources are many and the money at its command is altogether insufficient to meet them. This explains why the number of American dioceses which receive assistance is not larger. Years ago nearly all our dioceses could be found in that list of allocations, whereas only fourteen dioceses or vicariates of the American Church received aid in 1903—among them some the existence of which is hardly known to American Catholics, though the American flag floats over them. Thus it is that the Catholic missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, Samoa, etc., all now American possessions, are supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

We are told that the Society aims to be Catholic in name and in fact; that in the same manner as it applies to all for support, it is, and always has been, to the full extent of its power, ready to assist all Catholic missions, properly speaking, in whatever part of the world they may be situated. It is asserted, also, that the nationality of missionaries has absolutely no influence in the apportionment of the alms received by the Society. A perusal of the list of missions assisted in 1903 is a clear evidence of that fact, for all nations sending Catholic laborers and religious orders and societies in charge of missions are represented in the list.

It is a regrettable fact that the money at the disposal of the Society is woefully inadequate to meet the demands of the missions. Many missions are not and cannot be for a long time to come self-supporting, and the missionaries in spite of personal self-sacrifice and zeal, cannot maintain them without financial assistance. For this they depend upon the alms of Catholics throughout the world. Hence it is that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith makes earnest appeals to the charity of all, that the divine command to "preach the gospel to every creature" may be fulfilled."

AN EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH SUPERSTITION.

Superstition dies hard, and some quaint beliefs are still held to in rural districts in all parts of the world. Of course an old country as England is, is not exempt from this human failing and in some parts of that land the credulity of some of the peasantry is almost pathetic. The eastern counties of England are particularly distinguished for the persistency with which the inhabitants adhere to the lore of their fathers, but the report that the London 'Daily Express' gives as to happenings in Cambridge recently, almost passes credence. Cambridge, the seat of one of the most renowned universities of the world, is undergoing an epidemic of smallpox. The diagnosis of the disease has presented some difficulties, and many well-known physicians have given their opinion on the matter, and the most modern methods have been put into force in order to stamp out the disease. There are, however, within Cambridge itself, despite its colleges and learned men, a goodly number of citizens who have no faith in "new-fangled views on medicine," and who follow with admirable doggedness the old-time methods of treatment handed down to them by their forefathers. Thus the Cambridge correspondent of the 'Daily Express' writes, "It is practically a set-down rule in the Newmarket Road district of Cambridge, known as Barnwell, that where a goat goes smallpox will not follow, and almost every householder is in sympathy with the idea. A good Sam-

aritan of the locality keeps a goat. After daily work is completed in the evening, one of the men takes the goat out on a chain, and followed by a large congregation of children, goes from house to house, until both the goat and man are tired. When in a house the goat is treated with great kindness—in fact it is regarded almost as a doctor. It is led into every room, and after circling it several times, passes on to the next, and the house is henceforth regarded as clean, and its occupants continue their duties in the fixed belief that they will never have smallpox."

We take the above from the 'Medical Record.' If such superstition prevailed in a Catholic country, it would be set down to the discredit of the Catholic Church. We notice that the 'Record' does not blame the Anglican Establishment for not stamping out the goat superstition.—Sacred Heart Review.

A JESUIT COUP DE MAIN.

Years ago there was in the English Parliament a member whose name of Whalley at last became synonymous with folly because of the ridiculous position he always managed to place himself in over the Catholic Church and the Jesuits. He saw Jesuits in the running brooks, black gowns in the milliner's shops, of Regent street, the Catholic Church in the Tower of London. So ubiquitous was his haunting Jesuit, and so constantly expressed his dread of the terrible spectre, that Disraeli one day convulsed the House by suggesting that the honorable member suggested the idea that he himself was a Jesuit in disguise. Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell is now somewhat in the same absurd position. He spies Jesuits in everything that transpires in Irish public life, and he writes to the papers in dismal jeremiads over their pernicious and baleful influence on education. His craze, or humor is not so easily understood as Whalley's, inasmuch as he has always posed as an earnest Catholic. Whatever its object or origin, it landed him a few days ago in a gloriously comical position—and the contriver of the mischief, to make it all the more side-splitting, was a real Jesuit. It was at a meeting of "Convocation" of the Royal University that the fun occurred. Mr O'Donnell got up to offer a resolution protesting against the Jesuit body getting control of the new educational system about to be offered the Irish Catholics, and delivered a thunder and lightning speech on the crippling influence of that crafty organization. To his amazement, a Jesuit priest, Father Darlington, who is also a member of Convocation, arose calmly and declared it gave him pleasure to second the motion. Then he proceeded to show that the men now in control of the Queen's colleges were strangling University education—and these were not Jesuits. Mr. O'Donnell interrupted and declared that the Reverend gentleman, while seconding his motion, was really speaking against it. Then Father Darlington said Mr. O'Donnell had boasted in the House of Commons that his Jesuit education was to be credited with his talents, and not the Queen's colleges, and that when he (Father Darlington) first came to Ireland the name highest in esteem was that of Frank Hugh O'Donnell!—Tableau; curtain.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote: When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, where her somewhat remarkable reply was: 'Oh, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England.'"

"Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?"
"First rate. I ain't doing so well as some of the boys, though I can stand on my head; but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without the wall at all!"

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W. J. D. CROKE ON CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

The following is taken from the Rome correspondence which Dr. Croke writes for a syndicate of American Catholic papers.

All who have had any acquaintance with Cardinal Merry del Val must feel that he is a man of iron will. "He was born under a lucky star," some one remarked to a Cardinal on learning the news of his appointment. "Not so much born," was the answer, "as placed under it by his own strenuous willing." "Voll, voll, fortissamente voll," he might say with Alfieri, who, by sheer will-power made himself a scholar, a poet, and the most eminent writer for the Italian tragic stage, as the readers of Vernon Lee's vividly human Countess of Albany should remember.

His strength of will—which by the way, is not clad in any complete Italian, and still less, in any Spanish disguise of courtesy—covers without, however, its being comprised in this, immense prudence and reserve. But not silence, for he is one of the most loquacious of men, and while his manners are those of London, he has a Castilian flow of eloquence in Spanish, English, French, and—I believe—German, which makes the eloquent style of the half-Spanish Wiseman (with whose life his career has so many points of resemblance) look like a stony mountain torrent. Only the ceaseless talking of Castelar (who as a brilliant observer has said, gluttled and swamped Spain instead of saving it) does not dwindle into insignificance beside the pace, the colors, the sound, the rushing abundance of the new secretary's conversation.

His habitual self-suppression makes possible this amazing utterance, giving it zest for him; and only his long caution and flexible will-power could effectually keep him from indiscretions. But he has never sought out people; they have gone to him. Thus given his position, every conversation has become a sort of consultation, for he was confessor, spiritual director, controversialist, polemical writer, lecturer or—better—conferencier, preacher. Hence his conversation has run on the safest topics, not personal to him, orthodox in themselves and edifying to the hearer; and if questions too adroit were set he had a ruthless dexterity for putting them aside which no Roman prelate has or uses.

An amusing instance of his literary style was given a few years ago, when he had to translate the reply to Leo XIII. to an English pilgrimage. The tired Pope spoke in brief sentences which formed tiny paragraphs. He stopped after each one. Mgr. Merry del Val, standing, delivered, as if without preparation, the reduction of a vast and ornate discourse. Leo XIII. had said: "Many (or 'some') of you are Irish." The Italians pleasantly call translators betrayers: "traduttore, traditore." Mgr. Merry del Val softened the adjective into "of Irish descent" or "Irish relationship."

WILL HE BE POPE?

Cardinal Rampolla had passed forty when, some seventeen years ago, he was called to be secretary of State. The intense self-devotion of that comparatively brief space of time brought him within an ace of the tiara. His successor is less than forty, and, if he be the first foreign secretary of state, he must inevitably create chances for his becoming the first foreign Pope since Adrian VI. (1522-1523). The papal secretariate of state is an institution substituted in modern times for the mediaeval chancellorship, and this first innovation in its history may well lead to a change in the traditions of the papal throne itself. What is certain is, that a man of youth, if but of indifferent health, of nervously strong, though delicate physique, of adamant will, and restless energy, kept in perfect control, who has proved successful in every other considerable charge entrusted to him, and who has always mounted by leaps, has been raised to an elevation, where it will long remain a surprise to behold a foreigner, and that the English and Irish leaven in his character has told for much in the choice.

Let us hope that no one has been so foolish as to declare that Cardinal Merry del Val will prove hostile to the United States, since even the Times has declared it to be an open secret that he is a persona grata, with the American government, which actually requested that he should be sent as delegate to the Philippines. I hope that I commit no indiscretion in saying that his warmest friend in Rome is an American of Americans. For the rest the American colony had a place with the English and Spanish at the private ceremony of his reception of the berretta.

THE DOINGS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.

Referring to the recent troubles in Turkey, General B. Williams, a former resident of Washington, D.C. writes an interesting letter, illustrating the pernicious activities of the Protestant missionaries in Turkey. That the statements are reliable is questioned by no one who knows the general. I give here the most important features of his letter.

"Of all the people of southeastern Europe, the most honest, the most cleanly, the most generous, the most hospitable, and the least bigoted are the men that we Americans, looking through foreign political and American missionary eyes, call the 'unspeakable Turks.' I am not referring to the Turkish officials or upper classes, but to the ordinary, common, toiling, tax-paying man of the soil, the loom, and the shop.

"Ask any sane man who has been here and knows—your past and present diplomatic and consular agents, even your missionaries—they will, with hardly an exception, corroborate the above statement.

"Among the Turks you find no drunkards and no strumpets—you must look to the Armenians and Greeks for these—and the fact that the Sultan has from ten to fifteen millions contented Christian subjects does not evince much intolerance. He has, for example, more Greek subjects than the King of Greece, and they are all Christians. This talk of the 'fierce Moslem' is largely fancy. The Moslem does not worship Mahomet—does not look upon him as a God, as the Christian does upon Christ. Mahomet was merely a prophet, and they recognize that Christ was one, but they pretend that his teachings have been dethroned by the later revelations.

"And the bug-a-boo polygamy, there are not three hundred plural families in Turkey. How many are there in New York? The Moslem religion permits polygamy, but poverty, empty pockets, prevents it.

"If all this is true, why the frequent turmoils in Turkey? The answer is:

"First. The exceptional geographical position of Constantinople and the possession of the Bosphorus by Turkey, is a prize that Russia has fought, and will again fight, for, and which other nations will, if possible prevent her winning. The result is the corrupt use of money in Turkey by all parties, which accounts in part for the turmoil that often exists.

"Second. The machinations of Bulgaria and contiguous Macedonia. The pious missionaries are known to be mixed up in the intrigue, and Miss Missionary Stone was a cat's-paw in the hands of the conspirators. The ransom paid by Americans for her release was used to purchase arms and ammunition for the present insurgents.

"Third. The Armenians and the Missionaries! The Turk could handle the Russian and the Bulgarians, but when he has to fight for his life among the Armenians and Missionaries, it becomes a more serious thing. They are the curse of the country.

"It is pitiable to see the sleek Armenian bamboozling the wileless missionary! The Armenians are members of the Armenian Church, with a few Roman Catholics and a few Protestants among them. The missionary thinks he is doing something to convert those people to his particular sect. His great weapon to accomplish this is the missionary schools, of which there are some 300 in Turkey being supported by certain soft-headed

missionary societies in the United States. And the Armenian students and graduates of these schools gradually imbue themselves with the idea that they are no longer Turkish subjects but a privileged class under the protection of the United States government. They, consequently, when opportunity occurs, foment political disturbances and are generally at the bottom of the internal intrigues of the country. The missionaries ask the United States to protect these schools, to urge the porte to recognize this protection, to have United States Consuls appointed at certain points where these schools are numerous, etc. And the United States is doing their bidding, in violation of treaties, of laws of common decency, and common sense. These Armenian schools are not attended by a single American student! What have we to do with them? Is it for Armenian schools our consular service was inaugurated? I say it is a corruption of the service, and that consuls should be withdrawn from places where there are no Americans, or American trade to justify their presence. The truth is well known to our government, but the powers that be have always bent their heads to the bigotry, the narrowness, the persistence, and the ignorance of the Board of Foreign Missions of our great and foolish country. If the auditing officers of the Treasury will submit a statement of the direct and indirect expense these schools and useless consuls, including the item of cablegrams, have been to the government, it will perhaps open the eyes of the taxpayers of our country."

E. L. SCHARF, Ph. D.

GOOD-BYE TO THE RAZOR.

A New York Physician Has Discovered a Formula For a Clean Shave.

According to Dr. W. E. Dreyfus, of New York, chief Chemist of the Department of Public Charities and Bellevue Hospital, the day for the razors is past. Dr. Dreyfus has finished his preparation of the hospital formulary, which is said to be one of the most complete and extensive in the world. It is used as a basis every year for the national formulary issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association. This year the formulary contains 387 formulas, among them being some that are unique. One of these is a formula that consists of several ingredients that are to be made up in to a paste. According to the chemists, by allowing the paste to remain on the face for about two minutes it will give a result similar to that of a "clean shave." The formula is as follows:

Barril sulphidi, 25 parts.
Saponis pulvis, 5 parts.
Talcii pulvis, 35 parts.
Benzaldehyli, quarter solution.
The formulary also includes remedies for delirium tremens and a disinfectant for telephone receivers.

A newsboy saw a dime lying on the ground in the City Hall Park. A tramp sitting on a bench near by, saw the boy pick up the piece, and claimed it at once as his own.

"Your dime did not have a hole in it, did it?" asked the boy.

"Yes, it did," said the tramp, "give it up!"

"Well, this one has not got any hole in it so I guess I'll keep it."

CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM.

By a Protestant Theologian.

Sacred Heart Review, CCLXXVII.

It must not be imagined that because the French Catholics were so profoundly devoted to the monarchy, and because this from the time of Clovis himself, and still more deeply from the time of Charles the Great has been indissolubly united both with religion and with nationality, therefore the Catholics imagined themselves slavishly bound to obey the mere arbitrary will of the monarch. On the contrary, whenever the States General had met, they had claimed and more or less carried out, a

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

It may seem strange that so proud and stubborn a character as Isabel could have grown up under the teaching of the meek and saintly Alice de Lisle; but Isabel's strongest element was her affection—an affection apt to expend itself on one object and with the true selfishness of all fiery passions, on an object which must be dependent upon her. Lady de Lisle was all in all to Isabel, her pleasure was hers, she lived but in her presence, and she proudly felt that she was to her mother, solace and counsellor, nurse and protector; and yet Isabel's love, though it bore the aspect of unselfish devotion, was selfish. She could bear no other object to attract her mother's notice, or that she should lean on other aid than hers. In De Lisle castle Isabel had ruled with undivided sway; no one had dared gainsay her will; and Isabel, who was most noble and just in her dealings with inferiors, never gave real cause of complaint. Thus her faults grew up unheeded and unnoticed, save, indeed, by Father Gerard, but who, in his few and hurried visits to the castle, had little opportunity to do more than warn her solemnly, and the warnings were ever received in the same way, with self-defence, broken down at last, into violent grief, which passed away and left no trace behind; rather Isabel secretly consoled herself with thinking that Father Gerard was so severe to himself, he had no mercy for others, and misjudged her harshly.

And so Isabel went on in self-deceit, deeming her present conduct fitting respect to her condition, and a protest against injustice.

After Mary's departure Walter sought his sister, and with a patience very hard for one of his impulsive nature, to attain, he strove to break down the sort of barrier that had arisen between them. He thought he had succeeded. Isabel's sternness relaxed, and the love that was really in her heart for her brother began to show itself; but there was one condition, Walter must join with her in the line she took towards the Beauville family; and Walter would not. With an impulsiveness and a guilelessness which made him a boy for his years, Walter had a keen perception of right and wrong; and his training, so different of that of his sister, had taught him to submit to lawful authority, and he knew Lord Beauville had not at present exercised his authority beyond its lawful limits. He told Isabel so, and she drew back into her stately distance, and treated him at once as joining in the league against her.

Poor Walter wandered disconsolately about, and heartily wished himself back at Rheims, with the hardest day's work he had ever performed, rather than dragging through these tedious hours at Apswell Court.

CHAPTER VII.

"Her love to him,
Before a spark of his grew dim."
—Willis.

Master Gregory Oldcastle, though he did not dare to broach the subject to Isabel, had not any fear of Walter, and was very desirous of proving to him the utter corruption and horrors of the Church of Rome. Walter did not shrink from the encounters, and indeed rather enjoyed them; and when they had taken place two or three times, there was no doubt he had reason to do so, for Lord Beauville desired Constance should be present, and hear how well Master Oldcastle could defend his cause; and so oftentimes Constance, attended by Rose Ford, sat in the garden at her work while Master Gregory recommenced the strife. Walter's whole spirit was thrown into his argument; he was well instructed in controversy, and possessed great

natural clearness and eloquence. Many a peal of laughter would the discomfiture of Master Oldcastle elicit from Constance. At other times she would lean forward, her whole attention absorbed in the contest, her embroidery falling from her hands, her eyes fixed on Walter who stood, a picture of energy and vigor, tossing back the dark locks from his brow, his eyes radiant with light and eagerness, and his face in one glow; and she felt that from his heart flowed every word of his gallant defence of his holy faith. It was no task learnt by heart, as Master Gregory's (albeit he grew heated enough on the subject) appeared to be.

Often after these contests, Lady Constance would call on Walter to explain some point she had not understood, or to translate some Latin quotation, for the little lady was not to be numbered among the learned ladies of her day, and her awe of Isabel was sensibly increased by finding she understood both Latin and Greek. It may naturally be supposed that these conversations generally wandered from theology to lighter subjects. Constance loved to hear of Walter's college life, of his studies, his emulation there for fame, and the pleasures and frolics which he had shared with his companions; and in return, Constance related anecdotes of her childhood, a great part of which had been spent within the atmosphere of the court. She knew all the men whose names were then great in the world; and she could describe many a brilliant pageant and royal progress; in such converse hours slipped away. Neither the Earl nor Lady Anne interfered in this intercourse; the latter left her niece to do as she listed in this as in all her other pursuits; while the former did all he could to encourage it. Whenever Lady Constance rode forth, Walter was sent to the side of her palfrey; he sat by her side at supper, he became her regular escort wherever she went; and so the days went by of the bright summer at Apswell Court, but the time did not hang heavily on Walter's hands all day long he was occupied either in contriving something for her pleasure or in her society. At night his dreams were of her. Walter loved with all the vehemence of his youth and all the strength of his nature; his life became wrapped up in her. He made an idol, and fell down and adored it. For some time he never wondered whether his love was returned. In itself it was happiness enough; and when the longing to be loved again did come, Walter feared to speak, lest he should break the spell. Was Constance unconscious of the love she had inspired? She was court-bred; young as she was she had imbibed some of the poison of hollowness which, above all other courts, pervaded those of the Tudor sovereigns. She had learned how cheaply love and truth, and honor were held; and for some time Constance trifled on, forgetting in the amusement of the hour the misery she might be bringing on Walter; but there was too much that was generous and good in Constance's soul for this frivolity to last; the nobleness of the heart that was cast at her feet, grew daily upon her, and Constance loved not with the idolatry she received; but warmly deeply, and sincerely Constance loved.

Lord Beauville had gone to court, and their love was yet unspoken, though each knew well the other's secret and rejoiced in the knowledge.

Isabel now withdrew entirely from the society of the Lady Beauvilles; she could not endure to see her brother tamely and blindly yielding himself a dupe of Lord Beauville's schemes, for she doubted not that the Earl allowed his daughter to give encouragement to her brother only to let him have

limitation of the royal authority. Moreover the teaching of Suarez renewed by Ranieri and Palmieri, and other divines, that in a monarchy the King, although of divine right is this by virtue of being the chief Manitary of the nation, had been expressly approved as sound doctrine by Paul V., and at the very time of the Revolution by Pius VI., as it has since been approved by Pius IX. President Eliot's strange misstatements can not overturn the historical facts.

We are to remember besides that on the eve of the Revolution nobody, not even Robespierre, was a Republican. It was assumed on all hands that the monarchy was to continue, only more definitely subordinated to the sense of the nation, and that even nobility was to continue, although stripped of its oppressive privileges. The legislation of 1789 was monarchical, but thoroughly constitutional; that of 1793 was Jacobinical, at once anarchical and despotic. The Catholics, with the whole nation, heartily embraced the former, and utterly abhorred and rejected the latter. I wish I could say as much for the Protestants and the Jansenists, but both of these influences were more or less seduced by the opportunity of revenging old persecutions to throw themselves into the current of the Reign of Terror.

There is no better authority in these matters than M. Taine. Not only are his researches exceedingly thorough and careful, but as a pronounced unbeliever, he can hardly be accused of Catholic partisanship. Indeed, so unfriendly was he for himself, to the Catholic Church, that, unbeliever as he was, he inscribed his name on the roll of a Protestant congregation, and was buried with Protestant rites.

Now Taine informs us that the great influence by which the principles of 1789 were thoroughly settled in the minds of the French people was the Catholic priesthood. The Bishops were largely indifferent or hostile, but the parish clergy were at once enthusiastically monarchical and enthusiastically constitutional. We remember that it used to be said: "Give us Spanish Bishops and French Priests, and you have a perfect clergy."

Jacobinical influences, however, intruded themselves even before the Reign of Terror, in the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. The attempts made to show that this was only an assertion of the legitimate control of the State, leaving doctrine wholly untouched, are exceedingly lame. By a mere act of civil legislation it broke up and reconstituted the dioceses and metropolitan provinces which had existed for ages, and completely ruptured, leaving nothing of them but a ceremonial acknowledgment, the relations with Rome, without which French Catholics could not conceive the Catholic Church as working at all. This new order would have been as abhorrent to the Gallican Bossuet as to the Ultramontane Fenelon. No wonder, then that the clergy as a body adhered to the admonitions of Pius VI., and rejected the Civil Constitution, for which, as M. Taine shows, they were persecuted with a malignancy that outdid even the usual fiendishness of the Reign of Terror.

Nevertheless, while this persecution greatly purified and deepened the piety of the French priesthood, already eminent, it does not seem to have detached them from their fidelity to the principles of 1789. How should it, seeing that the Jacobins of 1793 were thoroughly hostile to the true constitutionalism of 1789?

No doubt the excesses of the first republic (for Taine shows that the directory was hardly less Jacobinical than Robespierre himself, merely substituting deportation for the guillotine) drove a certain proportion of the priesthood into absolutistic zealotry. This fraction of the clergy helped Charles X. to his overthrow. The body of the priesthood, however, does not seem to have been affected with monarchical fanaticism, for it received with placidity the dethronement of the elder line and the elevation of the younger line of the blood royal, an event before wholly unknown

during the eight hundred and fifty years since Hugh Capet was chosen King. Here was a practical exemplification of the Catholic teaching impressed by Las Casas on Philip II., that a nation has a right to displace a misgoverning elder line in favor of a more hopeful younger branch of the reigning family.

We see then that although Catholic France had always been, not by any necessity of doctrine, but by the force of various historical facts deeply devoted to the monarchy, in its various feudal limitations, in its gradually growing authority, and during the Bourbon autocracy, it received with thorough enthusiasm the constitutional kingship of 1789, and was not ill-pleased to have this even more pointedly established in 1830 under the house of Orleans, even though the change involved an abandonment of the white flag, and of the immemorial consecration at Rheims.

It should seem, therefore, that there was no such excess of monarchical zeal, either in the Catholic laity of France, or among the clergy, as must needs have stood in the way of recognizing that perhaps the time had come for a reverent laying aside of the monarchy itself, and the acceptance of an elective Republic.

However, the first Republic had so thoroughly identified itself with an anarchical and persecuting Jacobinism that it is no wonder if Catholic France could not easily overcome her misgivings that a renewal of the Republic meant a renewal of the old hatred of religion and of true constitutionalism. And indeed, although the Republic for a while wore a milder face, it seems now to have reverted almost incurably into the old malignancy. The Protestantizing 'Temps' itself declares that the present government of France is once again pure Jacobinism merely substituting for the guillotine the more refined, but not less intolerable persecution of the present methods, which make the mention of the name of God equivalent to an exclusion from office, and watch to see that even a country postman or constable shall not visit a sister or niece that happens to be in a convent, and make the celebration of the Easter Communion equivalent to a permanent sentence of 'incivisme.' From such a ferocity of hatred the guillotine itself does not seem far remote.

Leo XIII. however, viewing matters with the detached impartiality of a foreigner placed on the supreme eminence of mankind, did well to remind the French Catholics that they had no right to treat Royalism, any more than Republicanism, as being in itself any inalienable part of the Catholic religion. He did well to remind them that secret plottings against the established order were ill-becoming to Christians. He reminded them also that thirty years of uninterrupted republicanism went far to induce the persuasion that France had finally chosen this polity, and that if it were so, they ought not to allow historical sentiment, however worthy, to interfere with the settled will of the nation. He reminded them also that as monarchy could be detached from religion, so democracy was not inseparably conjoined with irreligion. He exhorted them therefore frankly to rally to the established order, leaving the names of Bourbon and Bonaparte behind them as things of the past.

This was counsel, not properly command, but it was counsel as of one "who had obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful." Accordingly it broke up previous Royalist plottings, and rallied to the support of the Republic a number of eminent Catholics. Had these been received as cordially as they approached, by this time, probably Catholic France would have been heartily and permanently Republican. However, Catholic help was precisely what the reigning Jacobins did not want. M. Combes speaks angrily of those congregations that inclined to royalism, but much more angrily of those which have taught their pupils republicanism. What he and his want primarily is not democracy, but publicly established Atheism.

I may still have some desultory remarks to make on this matter.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.
Andover, Mass.

*Father Hyacinthe, in a letter to me, singles out the French and the Irish priesthood as peculiarly worthy.

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	14 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	14 00	
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		12 30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City Junc., daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettapiece, Minitota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 20	13 15
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 10
Pipstone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat., Mon., Wed., Friday	8 20	
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	17 00	9 30
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 15	9 45
St. Paul Express, Greta, St. Paul, Chicago daily	13 55	13 35
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 15	19 20

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Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
	EAST	
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun. 16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowke, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 16 25
	WEST	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumus, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minitonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat. 17 00
Mon.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninctte, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun. 18 25
	SOUTH	
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glynndon, Barnesville, Ferguson Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily 10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily 18 30

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the mortification of being refused; for to allow his only and beautiful daughter, who might ally herself to the highest house in the kingdom, to marry the penniless and proscribed Baron de Lisle, was impossible. She dared not remonstrate with Walter, for the distance between them was too great now. She sighed over the estrangement, without being conscious she had caused it.

"It is as I foresaw," mused she; "he would not take my counsel, and this is the result."

The Earl came home somewhat unexpectedly; and as he sat at supper that night, he seemed disinclined for conversation, but his glance passed often from Constance to Walter and from Walter to Constance, till the former felt embarrassed. When alone that night, Walter determined the following day he would tell his story of his love for Constance to Lord Beauville. He was not utterly blind to the possibility of refusal, but when he reflected on the evident encouragement the Earl had given to hopes he must have known but too likely to spring up, his courage rose. Walter was sanguine and lovers look not beyond the present; he went to sleep to dream of Constance.

At an early hour the following day, while Walter was deliberating what would be the best time for him to seek Lord Beauville, he was summoned to the Earl. He found him in his private cabinet, employed in writing, and surrounded with papers and letters, for he had no little charge of state affairs, nor share of the queen's confidence.

"Ah, Walter," said he turning round so as to face him, "I desire some converse with you. Dost know thou hast been here full six months?"

Walter started. "Is it indeed so long?" said he, as he remembered that spring had indeed passed into summer, and summer begun to yield to autumn, and it had seemed one short day to him, who had so sighed over the loneliness and tedium of the first few weeks.

"It is too long since your mother's death," answered the Earl, "for you to be able to plead that excuse for retirement from court; you must now present your self before the queen, and endeavor to win her favor."

"But can I appear before her in my own title, my lord?"

"Most certainly you can; you have now only to come forward, and by swearing fealty to Elizabeth you can hold both your title and estates."

"Swear fealty!" answered Walter; "that is all that is required, I am willing and ready to make all the reasonable submission that a sovereign can require of a subject; but I had deemed far more was asked than this."

"When I say swear fealty," said the Earl, "I do not mean saying the oath with your lips, but ranging yourself among those faithful followers who abjure all that can hinder their devotion to their queen. Those who hold an Italian Prince as greater than an English born sovereign, are no true and loyal subjects."

"I understand you not, my Lord. In all temporal matters I will serve Elizabeth Tudor; but I will never forswear my religion, and confess that the keys given to an apostle long ages ago are now fallen into a woman's hands."

Walter drew himself up when he spoke; he was arming himself as if for a contest with Master Gregory. The Earl fixed his keen eyes upon him.

"I had deemed differently, Walter de Lisle; observing as I have done, certain passages between you and the Lady Constance. Dost mean me to understand," continued he, his voice growing hoarse with anger, "that to trifle away thy time thou hast dared to act the suitor to a daughter of mine?"

"Lord Beauville," he answered, "this very day I would have sought you to tell my tale. I love the Lady Constance with my whole heart and soul, the very earth she treads upon is dear to me."

A momentary expression of anguish passed over the Earl's face; but he answered, "I do not perceive your meaning; what proposals had you to make, if you intended to seek the hand of Lady Constance Beauville?"

Walter raised his head proudly. "My Lord, a de Lisle may wed with the noblest house in Europe and bring no stain on their escutcheon. You know well the injustice of the law which deprives me of my inheritance; give me Constance for my wife, and let us seek a foreign court, where my rank will be recognized."

"I would sooner see her dead at my feet than send her an exile to a foreign court. No, Walter, there is but one path—take your place as it is offered you, among the peers of England: an alliance with this house would not prejudice you in the eyes of Elizabeth, and believe me, to no man on earth would I sooner commit my child. To-night you shall see Constance, for it is but fair that you should learn whether you have won her favor. I am no tyrant; Constance shall marry the man she loves, for I know my child will love no one that is not noble, true and fitting for her alliance. I return to court in three days, ere then I must receive your answer, for, save as the accepted suitor for my daughter, with your present feelings, Apswell Court is no fitting place for you."

Soon after Walter had quitted the apartment, the Lady Constance was summoned thither, and remained for a considerable time alone with her father. Meanwhile Walter spent the day wandering restlessly about and counting the hours ere he could see Constance. "She shall marry the man she loves," rang in his ears. If she loves me, he cannot refuse, he cannot part us; and Walter had not much uncertainty. He believed Constance, as the type of all womanly perfection, incapable of trifling; and Walter's nature, like all true ones, was full of trust in others.

The short autumn evening was closing in, the gorgeous hues of the sunset yet floated in the sky, and on the distant horizon the moon was rising, when Walter and Constance met beneath the shades of the trees of Apswell Court. What needs it to linger on that meeting? Then was whispered the story, that though so very old, is still ever new, as the world goes on. They loved each other, and in the first bliss of the acknowledgment the future was forgotten.

"Constance, my own," said Walter at last, "have you seen the Earl, and do you know what passed between him and me this morning?"

"Yes," she whispered, drawing closer to her lover; "he told me all, and bade me come hither this evening."

"He cannot mean the cruelty he threatened," said Walter; "he will not part us now, my Constance?"

"Dear Walter, my father is very firm; I fear me if you will not comply with his conditions—" she hesitated.

"But, sweet Constance, he has not then told you all; you would not honor me with your love if I were a recreant to honor and faith?"

"But, Walter listen," said Constance, sweetly; "I know the court and you do not; there are hundreds there Catholics in heart, though Protestants in outward seeming. Nay, am I not nearly that myself, for your eloquence has well nigh converted me?"

"Has it, dearest?" answered he; "then surely there is no reason why we should not cast our fates together, and seek a land where we may worship God in peace, and wait for brighter days to dawn over this unhappy land."

"Alas!" said she sadly, "I know my father too well, his word once passed will not be broken. And consider, Walter the disgrace and ruin it would bring on him. The Queen would banish him at once, perhaps even worse. Oh no, Walter, it is we must submit."

"But Constance cannot ask me to stoop to dishonor?"

"Dearest, it is not dishonor. Surely, the prisoner who feigned in order to outwit his jailor, and escaped, would be fully justified, and England now is one great prison, where we dare not say or do as we list, but as pleases the queen. Walter you have such wild notions," continued she, looking playfully at him, "fit only for the times of the crusades, this is what half the world does now, why should you scruple?"

(To be continued.)

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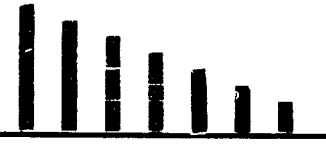
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