

Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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A GREAT MAN.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor self:
Content to know and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that in face of wrong
Establish right.

And free is he, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismayed,
Has power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss;
Great Providence hath him in care,
God's cause is his.

—Adapted from Owen Meredith.

LOVE'S GOOD-BYE.

Look into my eyes, my love, and say good-bye—
Love is not love save it hath made us strong

To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng

For doing. Men may fail, but you and I
Should be invincible to live, or die;
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long.

For joys with-that, and God to answer why;
To banish yearning hope if it be vain;
To say good-bye if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved, then we might complain

Parting were murdered possibility;
But loving, O my love, so perfectly,
We are beyond the touch of any pain.

—Katrine Trask.

IRISH WRITERS

THEIR PURITY OF STYLE AND ITS INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHARM OF ANECDOTE.

(From the Connecticut Catholic.)

The Irish novelists, by the charm of their style and the raciness of their work, show a distinct individuality from their English brethren, and it is a peculiar fact that the vast majority of Irish writers who have become famous in the world of letters, had no particular training for literature, but had been educated for other professions.

Perhaps the most widely known Irish novelist is Charles Lever. He was educated for the medical profession, and practiced medicine for many years. It was his collection of anecdotes from peninsular veterans whom he met while attached to the British embassy at Brussels which first inspired him to try a literary venture. This piecing together of scraps of information and anecdotes accounts for the incoherency of the plot in some of his work. His method was always one of observation and reproduction more than of actual creation. Many of the adventures of college life shown in "Charles O'Malley" are said to have actually occurred. The wild rolicking student whom he calls "Frank Webster" was an intimate friend of his; and the character "Major Monson," was easily recognized as a general attached to the Belgian embassy. In 1830 he visited America and for several months he adopted the dress and mode of life of the Indians. Living with them and taking part in their hunting expeditions, the adventures he met with are shown in "Arthur O'Leary" and "Con Cregan."

In 1858 he was appointed consul at Spezzia by Lord Derby, and here he had ample opportunity to observe the peculiar traits and snobberies of the traveling Briton, which he depicts so vividly in "The Dodd Family Abroad."

His pictures of the Irish peasantry are at times somewhat overdrawn, and his illustrations of the Irish priests have a slight tendency to irreverence, but they are couched in such humorous language, that it is clearly evident that no irreverence is meant. An Irishman has always a keen sense of the ridiculous, and will enjoy a good joke no matter if it were at his own expense.

Perhaps the best portrait Lever has drawn of the genuine Irish soggarth is shown in the character of Father Tom Loftus in "Jack Hinton."

SAMUEL LOVER.

We find a genius of a rarer kind; one in whom the artist, novelist, poet, and musician are all combined, in the person of Samuel Lover. He began life as an artist, and was elected a member of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts, of which body he after-

wards became secretary. His first literary venture was as a contributor to the Dublin University Magazine, where he published his "Legends and Stories of Ireland." His songs chiefly illustrated Irish legends and folk-lore as is seen in "The Fairy Boy," "The Four-Leaved Shamrock," "The Angel's Whisper," etc.

His style of musical composition is purely Irish, and the beautiful simplicity of his compositions have a wild sweetness of their own. He was a writer who appealed entirely to the imagination, and his work and poems show some daring poetic flights of fancy. In his musical works he kept rigidly within the lines of the Irish style of composition. In his poem, "Oh Native Music" he expresses his appreciation of the power of Irish melody:

"The proud, the lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
All are touched by thy power sublime.

The soldier fearless, the captive cheerless,
The mother taught by nature's hand,
Her child when weeping, doth lull to sleeping
By some sweet song of her native land."

The publication of "Rory O'Moore" made Lover's reputation as a novelist, but his best known work is "Handy Andy." In this work he gives a vivid picture of the manner in which Irish elections were conducted before the "ballot act" became law, and the ingenious way in which he contrives to place his own poems in the mouths of his characters gives the book a piquancy and charm of its own. The pretty little poetic conceits of Lover are his especial attraction; the simple way he will turn the most trifling incident to advantage; no object in nature is too trifling a theme with him. What a simple fancy it was that suggested his pleasing little poem "The Wind and the Weathercock." Si vous ne changez pas je suis constant.

In Dublin he gave a charming series of public entertainments which he called "Irish evenings." At these meetings he fully illustrated his own works, and powers, as a musician and composer.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

The earlier works of William Carleton teem with felicitous pictures of Irish national life. The Cromwellian "squireen" is fully shown to advantage in "Valentine McClutchy." Here the system of absentee Irish landlords is fully illustrated. The character of Phil McClutchy, the squireen's son, is not one bit overdrawn; the type could be easily recognized in Ireland down to ten years ago, and that sanctimonious hypocrite, "Solomon McSlime," still exists in many parts of Ireland. The later works of Carleton are not at all up to the standard; they are full of rather illtempered diatribes against some unknown person or persons; the plots are intangible; indeed it seems that after Carleton's repudiation of Catholicity he never appeared to be himself. He rather presented the sad spectacle of a baffled intelligence cast adrift among the wrecks and shadows of what had once been its greatest pride and glory.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

A writer of a very different type is found in Gerald Griffin. After a long and weary struggle in the literary world, he, like Byron "awoke one morning and found himself famous." But the appreciation of his genius came too late; his proud and sensitive spirit was broken, and he retired into a monastery, where he died at a comparatively early age. His charming novel, "The Collegians," is a masterpiece of its style. Irish domestic life is beautifully pictured in the "Daly" family. The proud, impetuous, reckless spirit of "Hardress Cregan" shows plainly how an otherwise noble and generous nature can be misled by a false family pride; and the noble devotion and rustic chivalry of "Myles-na-Coppaleen" is a perfect specimen of the Irish peasant, and then the simple tender ballads that he introduces give a clear idea of the gentle nature of the writer. His novel the "Duke of Monmouth" has a peculiar weird strain of melancholy all through from its sad beginning to its tragic ending, and is a contrast with his "Tales of the Jury Room" which though full of fun and genial Irish humor conveys an object lesson on the Irish jury system of the day. It is supposed that after entering religious life Griffin destroyed the manuscripts of several unpublished works.

JOHN BANIM.

Although the historical novelist has never been very popular amongst the readers of English literature, Michael and John Banim by their singular

dramatic skill, succeeded in gaining the attention of the literary world. In their "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and "The Boyne Water" they have endeavored to show how the demon of class hatred and religious bigotry has been fostered in Ireland; and their works while infinitely amusing, are also highly instructive. They show evidences of deep historical research and geographical accuracy.

SIDNEY LADY MORGAN.

No paper on Irish novelists would be complete without mention of that wild Irish girl, that brilliant little social butterfly, Sidney Lady Morgan. The flash of her wit and bright intelligence delayed, if it could not altogether prevent, the exodus of talent from the Irish capital after the passage of the "Act of Union." She could forgive the perpetrators of this act which tried to degrade her native land from a nation into a mere British province. In "Florence McCarthy" or "Ireland After the Union," she shows the effect of that infamous act on the commerce and industries of Ireland. She lampoons the caste officials, and the parvenu aristocracy of the Cromwellian confiscations, in a most merciless manner. She delighted to encourage literary talent and her brilliant receptions at her home in Dublin were always crowded with the intellectual lights of her time who immensely enjoyed her keen criticism of the follies and foibles of the age.

Some writer (I forget whom) has said that Irish character always reminded him of a waltz, where you alternately see two faces, the one grave, sad and sweet, and the other bubbling over with mischief. Lady Morgan seems to have caught this idea in her descriptions of Irish characters, in their emotional and impetuous natures, the ever blending tear and smile.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Of living Irish authors, Justin McCarthy may certainly claim first rank. His chief charm lies in his magnificent descriptive powers. He loves a varied theme, and from his extensive travels, he is perfectly at home in the craggy passes of the Tyrol, the prairies of Western America, the valleys of Japan, of the pampas of the Argentine Republic. Indeed he seems to have followed Sir Walter Scott's idea of always visiting the scenes of his writings. Before he published his "Maid of Athens" (the scene of which is laid in Greece) he resided for several weeks in the Greek capital, visiting the Acropolis, the plain of Marathon, etc., and became personally acquainted with all the chief features of the "City of the Violet Crown" which he so graphically describes. Perhaps the clearness of his descriptive power is nowhere seen to better advantage than in his description of the City of San Francisco, in his novel "Lady Judith." Like Lever, Justin McCarthy is a very close observer, and many of his characters (notably in "A Fair Saxon" and "The Dictator") are taken from real life. It is a pity that Mr. McCarthy has not devoted more of his splendid ability to Irish subjects, but he has certainly done a great deal to elevate the tone of the English society novel.

The various phases of the political history of Ireland have, of course, supplied a wide field for several bright story writers, such as "The Untenanted Graves" and "The Home by Sleiv-na-mon," two pathetic tales of the Irish famine by Charles J. Kickham, one of which was written by him while in prison. William O'Brien, M. P., has also produced an interesting book (written in prison), a stirring tale of the Fenian rising in 1867 entitled "When We Were Boys."

It is to the credit of Irish writers that their works are always pure and healthy reading. They are quite free from those indelicacies which make the heads of families look askance at the average novel. We have no instance on record where an Irish writer has descended to the ribaldry of Fielding or the unmanly indecencies of a Wycherley or Congreve. It seems at the present time that the English novel has a tendency to lower its moral tone, or, that some of the more modern English authors imported their style from France, and that this imported style had suffered considerably from the sea voyage. That the Irish novelists have so far escaped this taint may be, to a certain extent, due to the circumstances under which they have to publish. Irish works as a rule are never very popular in the sister island and must therefore be published at home and the guardians of the faith and morals of the Irish people watch their charge so very jealously, that if any Irish writer dared for a moment to transgress the bounds of decency his reputation would be ruined and like Iago in "Othello" "his occupation would be gone."

WHERE IRELAND BEATS ENGLAND.

What She Makes Is Genuine—Irish Products Under English Names.

(From Answers.)

Most Englishmen are under the impression that the only thing in which Ireland beats them is in bogs and the number of its emigrants. And even among Irishmen themselves the belief prevails that in industry and commerce they take a very back seat.

As a matter of fact, considering the dearth of capital and the political unrest under which the Emerald Isle labors, she has good reasons to be proud of herself. Handicapped as Ireland is, she can boast of the largest ship building and the largest brewery concerns in the world, of supplying half the people of these islands with their linen collars, tablecloths, handkerchiefs and shirts, of placing on their breakfast table the choicest bacon and butter—although these generally masquerade as products of Wiltshire and Dorset—and of beating the Scotch in low with their famous "John Jameson."

There is nothing of which England and Scotland are more proud than their skill in building ships. But neither the Tyne, the Clyde, nor the Mersey can show anything equal to the shipbuilding yard of Harland & Wolf, of Belfast. For four successive years this firm held the highest place in the world as regards the amount of tonnage launched. Only forty years ago the factory was so small that its total of employes amounted to less than 100 men. At present it employs 9,000, which probably means that it is the life and support of some 20,000 men, women and children—the population of a good-sized town. The works cover eighty acres, and include such a host of carpenters' and joiners' shops, painters' shops, cabinetmakers' shops, upholsterers' shops, boat-building sheds, drying kilns, engine works, etc., that the visitor thinks he is in a large manufacturing town rather than in a single factory. All the ships of the White Star line were built here, including the famous Teutonic and Majestic. The largest vessel for commercial purposes afloat was completed at Belfast last year. She is now engaged in the cattle trade, and carries the enormous burden of 10,000 tons. Several gunboats and torpedo boats have also been built by Messrs. Harland & Wolf for the navy; and cruisers and battleships have been ordered by them. And we do not hear of that accident so common in the English fleet, the breakdown of machinery, ever occurring to those ships which have got their machinery in Belfast.

Nothing in the nature of "shoddy" ever comes from Ireland, in fact that is why the Canadian, in his Irish frieze coat and Donegal stockings, defies the winter; why "Balbriggan" hose—a dozen pairs of which would wear as long as the Queen's reign—are imitated by not only English but German manufacturers; why Irish tweeds find their way all over the continent, and why Irish stout has a foreign export greater than the total export from England, Scotland and Wales.

Guinness' brewery hardly needs description. It is probably the best existing proof that all Ireland needs to make her a great industrial nation is a few dozen men of capital and energy. No commercial company in the world can show such a record as that of Guinness' during the past ten years. The enormous trade of this firm may be understood from the fact that their products pay half a million pounds excise every year. Although only one out of the 13,000 British breweries, they produce one barrel in twenty of the total British brew. It takes 67,000 acres to grow the 2,500,000 bushels of barley (one-third of the whole produce of Ireland) which they use annually. They have storage for 1,000,000 bushels of malt and 20,000 "pockets" of hop; they have nine miles of water mains and 150 horses; employ forty hands to make barrels alone, 2,500 hands altogether and have a printing press that turns out 100,000,000 labels annually. And they "lick creation" in making stout.

Another industry in which Ireland excels is linen making. A London outfitter told the writer that every high-class linen shirt, collar and handkerchief in the London shops comes from the North of Ireland. France has a reputation for turning out a finer quality than Belfast, but the best "French" goods are really Irish, and that amusing story is true of the Belfast manufacturers' wife, who brought home some beautiful handkerchiefs from Paris, and asked her husband why he could not make goods

like them. On examination he found they were part of a lot he had recently exported. The annual produce of linen must be worth little short of £15,000,000, and the size of the factories may be known from the fact that two of the chief Belfast concerns employ 9,000 hands between them.

Paraphrasing the saying that "whatever is Irish is good," its Limerick and Waterford bacon has one rival—Wiltshire; and the quantities of the Irish article consumed in England are the best proof of how it is appreciated. Unfortunately, some Irish provision merchants are, intentionally or otherwise, leagued together to defame Irish produce; and they sell the best Irish bacon under the name of Wiltshire. Just as they sell thousands of tons of the choicest Irish butter as Dorset and Danish, while to inferior grades, and no doubt to American products, they give the name "Irish." Why do not the Irish dairies combine with the bacon factories and establish shops all over London? If the movement were universal we should soon have half of England breakfasting on Waterford bacon and Tipperary butter, lunching off Matterson's sausages—of which two ounces are equal to a pound of London bread and fat—and dining off Limerick hams.

There is one Irish product which Englishmen certainly appreciate, even under its own patronymic. England drinks 3,000,000 gallons of Irish whiskey annually. Even Scotland—and Scotchmen are epicures in alcohol—takes 500,000 gallons from across the water. And this is one of the things in which all Irishmen agree with their English neighbors, for they practically drink nothing but their own distilling, getting only 60,000 gallons altogether from England and Scotland. Probably Jameson's whiskey is the best distilled on the whole globe. It is the highest-priced in the market, anyhow, and commands as much as 10s a gallon in bond. The produce of this article in Ireland, however, does not quite equal that of Scotland, chiefly because the Irishman only drinks about two-thirds as much whiskey as the Scotchman. There are twenty-seven distilleries in Ireland, which manufacture nearly 8,000,000 gallons annually. Four millions they drink at home; they send 3,000,000 gallons to England, over half a million to Scotland, and about a quarter of a million direct to the colonies and foreign countries. In eight years Ireland has contributed no less than £31,000,000 to the exchequer.

One last product let me mention. You may go to Carrara for marble; but if you want the most beautiful green serpentine in the world you will find it in Galway; if you want black marble that cannot be equalled you can get it from the shores of Lough Corrib; and nowhere will you find anything to beat the beautiful red marble of Donegal, the blue and yellow marble of Armagh, the purple and white of Cork and the variegated marble found in Kerry, near Tralee. It is admitted that the most beautiful stones in the "Albert Memorial" in Hyde Park, are the four specimens of Irish granite; while the Thames embankment is a perpetual illustration of the excellence of Dalkey granite.

A NECESSARY CORRECTION.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal: A newspaper writer is frequently at the mercy of the printer's imp and his particles, criminals, the careless proofreader. Between them they made us say last week as follows:

"The Catholic believes, with a most profound conviction than the Protestant, that the Bible is the Word of God, but he believes it for the same reason that the great St. Augustine did, mainly, because the true Church of Christ teaches him that it is the Word of God."

Here it will be seen that the substitution of the word "mainly" for the word "namely" takes the whole pith and point out of our statement. It requires 16-to-1 patience sometimes to preserve the sweetness of the milk of human kindness.

St. Augustine did not believe the Bible mainly because the Church told him to. He believed it solely and for no other reason than that the Church told him to; and that is the only logical and sufficient reason why we can today believe the Bible to be the Word of God.

Biliousness, Fever and Ague.

So pleasantly do Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills search out and drive away the seeds of disease that all persons living in a country where fever and ague and all other bilious diseases are prevalent, will find they should never be without them. From two to four pills each night upon going to bed, will in a short time, drive away the sickly yellow look of bilious persons, and bring to their cheeks a beautiful glow of perfect health. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine.

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Northwest Review.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20.

TERMS OF

OUR SETTLEMENT.

THE CATHOLIC PLATFORM

- 1 Control of our schools.
- 2 Catholic school districts.
- 3 Catholic teachers, duly certificated,
but trained in our own training
schools as in England.
- 4 Catholic inspectors.
- 5 Catholic readers, our own text-
books of history and descriptive
geography, and full liberty to
teach religion and comment on
religious questions at any time
during school hours.
- 6 Our share of school taxes and gov-
ernment grants, and exemption
from taxation for other schools.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In our last
week's comment
on "His Grace's
Consistency,"
there was one word that must have
puzzled our readers. After quoting
"The Tablet" to the effect that, in his
sermon on the school settlement at St.
Mary's Church, Winnipeg, the Arch-
bishop "made a free use of notes, being
evidently desirous of making nothing
but the most guarded utterances," we
added: "These last words should be
pondered." The proof bore "produced"
instead of "pondered." We struck out
all the letters except the initial "p,"
and wrote "ordered" in the margin.
The compositor, thinking that the
whole word had been deleted and that
"ordered" must be a slip of the pen,
set it up as "ordered"; which, of
course, was precisely what he was
ordered not to do. He hereby apolo-
gizes for the oversight.

**The January number
of Donahue's
Magazine is**

a very interesting one. The article by
Mr. R. Taylor on the Benedictine
Order gives us, in the portraits of
Bishop Haid, O. S. B., and of several
well-known Benedictine abbots, as fine
a collection of serene monastic faces as
one could wish to see. Among the
various abbeys, the history of which
reproduces in America the old time
victry of prayerful labor over the
desolate wilderness, the nearest to us is
St. John's, of Collegeville, Minnesota,
with its successful university, its
numerous parishes and its wide-
spreading influence for good. Two
curious and not generally known facts
are mentioned in this excellent sketch:
the first, that the American Hierarchy
has its source in a son of St. Benedict,

since Archbishop Carroll, one of the
members of the then suppressed
Society of Jesus, was consecrated by
Bishop Walmsly, a Benedictine; the
second, that Cardinal Satolli was once
a Benedictine, though not a fully pro-
fessed monk, before he was summoned
from the cloister of Monte Casino to
assume the post of secretary to the
Archbishop-Bishop of Perugia, now
Leo XIII.

**Lifelike
Pictures.**

Donahue's is
really admirable
in its illustrations.
Undoubtedly the
best portrait ever published of the late
Archbishop Fabre, a side view redolent
of his surpassing gentleness, appears in
this number; and, although the death
of the lamented prelate had not yet oc-
curred when the magazine went to
press, the editor finds room to say that
a large number of the priests ordained
by the Archbishop of Montreal and
laboring in different portions of the
United States "feel a personal sorrow
for the saintly prelate at whose hands
they were invested with the dignity of
the priesthood." Other particularly
good likenesses are those of the Hon.
Wilfrid Laurier and Mrs. Mary A.
Sadlier. Of the latter we are happy to
read: "Where is the Catholic home
in America, in which the name of Mrs.
Mary A. Sadlier is not a familiar and
venerated one, and where is the writer
who has done so much to create a
healthful Catholic literature in this
country?"

**The Catholic
Chincoteaguers.**

In the
World
for this
month, the eloquent Paulist, Father
Doyle, relates in a pleasant vein how
he and another priest preached a three
days mission to the primitive folk of
Chincoteague Island, six miles off the
coast of Virginia. Among the three
thousand people there not one was a
Catholic; and yet, after the first night,
the hall, which the Fathers had hired at
their own expense, was filled, and "as
these hardy men, with their peaked
faces, and leathery skin, and lanky
necks, and shoulders rounded as a
spoon—as they listened a new ex-
pression came into their countenance
and a new light into their eye that
seemed to transform them, and so
eager was their look and so intent their
gaze that it was quite evident that
they were interested as never before."
It is not often that one finds, in this
end of the nineteenth century, a com-
munity working out to its logical con-
sequence the Protestant heresy of the
impossibility of falling from grace; but
it appears that there was not long ago
at one end of Chincoteague Island a
settlement of "Sanctified People," who,
under the persuasion that they could
do no wrong, rapidly fell into all sorts
of vices, until, when they began to en-
danger the lives of sensible people by
their free use of firearms, they were
driven out. Old Marm Jester, who re-
membered vividly the scenes she had
gone through, said to Father Doyle:
"It was far worse than the fever'n
ager."

**Homer
Nodding.**

"When Dante
and Petrarch sung
in the mellifluous
Tuscan, Ireland
was encountering the best soldiers of
Europe under Elizabeth's generals." This
astonishing anachronism, or rather
asynchronism, occurs in "The
Ballad Poetry of Ireland" in the latest
Donahue's. Considering that Dante
lived from 1265 to 1321 and Petrarch
from 1304 to 1374, while Elizabeth
reigned from 1558 to 1603, the two sets
of events mentioned above fail to syn-
chronize by from two to three hundred
years. It is a pity that the writer of
this otherwise graceful and impassioned
study should not be more accurate
in his historical reminiscences, and
that the editor should have so comple-
tely overlooked a blunder unworthy of
an intelligent schoolboy as to select the

passage containing it for his monthly
collection of specimen extracts entitled:
"Editor's Supplement." We are nat-
urally inclined to distrust the compe-
tence of a guide into the mazes of
bardic literature who is so unfamiliar
with the beaten paths of European
history.

**Well Paid
But
Inefficient.**

Mr. Jas. N.
Davidson, of
Aikinside, Man-
itoba, writes to
the Free Press a
letter which, while richly amusing in
its description of facts, must be rather
unpleasant reading to those who plume
themselves on the superior efficiency of
Protestant schools. It appears that
one of the school trustees, who is also
secretary-treasurer for Aikinside, got
dint of misrepresentations, got his
wife appointed teacher in the Nelles
school at a salary of \$420 for ten
months, although there were several
other applicants better qualified and
willing to accept smaller salaries. As
this lady was foisted into the position
against the protests of the majority of
the ratepayers, "she had," says Mr.
Davidson, "an average of about eight
scholars when there should have been
at least twenty-three, and what to me
looks worse, the married teacher brings
her baby to school and puts it to sleep
on the seat, when her husband, the
secretary-treasurer, is absent from his
farm; and she comes to school any
time that suits her best; sometimes not
at all, and sometimes at 10 a. m., and
sometimes at 2 p. m. At other times
she opens the school at 10 a. m. and
closes it at 12 noon, and does not come
back any more the same day, but takes
care to draw her full salary." This is
truly an expensive teacher. Each of
her eight pupils costs the Aikinsiders
and the government \$52.50 cts. a year.
And how regular must be the attend-
ance, how steady the progress of these
eight youngsters under the tuition of
a mother so devoted—to her baby!
We commend this palmary in-
stance, to Mr. Tarte and his ad-
mirers who hold up to our admiration
such schools as this. Just after Mr.
Davidson's letter in the Free Press of
last Friday, we notice that the mun-
icipal council of North Norfolk are
waking up to the extravagant demands
of school teachers. They have sent a
letter to the several councils of the
province for united action looking to a
reduction of teachers' salaries.

**An
Epistolary
Duel.**

The people of
St. Malo, Man.,
sent last month
their protest
against the
"Settlement" to "La Presse" of
Montreal, and to the French Canadian
members of the Federal Cabinet. Hon.
J. Israel Tarte wrote thereupon to
Father Noret, parish priest of St.
Malo, who replied to the minister's
letter. Both these communications are
published in "La Presse" of the 18th
inst. Mr. Tarte's letter, dated Decem-
ber 21st, is an insulting production,
full of his stereotyped attacks on his
Manitoba compatriots. Father Noret,
who, by the way, writes much better
French, answers him in a dignified but
vigorous manner, and leaves him not a
leg to stand upon. Tarte had said:
"The protest bears three signatures
all presumably in your own handwrit-
ing." "Of course they are," replies
Father Noret, "all in one handwriting,
because I sent you a certified copy; the
original is in the Archbishop's Palace.
If you think there has been forgery,
prosecute me at the next assises of
Salaberry county." "I am just back
from Manitoba and I know how things
are done there," says Tarte. "Yes,"
replies Father Noret, "You have been
to Manitoba, but I do not believe you
know the true state of affairs; you
know only what Mr. Greenway has
told you. You visited only Protestant
schools, no Catholic schools." "You
have not seriously studied the settle-
ment," says Tarte. "I have," says
Father Noret, "and I find it mere dust,

to blind those who will not see."
"You wish to deprive Catholics of a
good education," says Tarte. "Good
education," replies the priest, "is based
on the religious teaching left us by
Jesus Christ. You are aware of that,
you who are a Catholic—by accident,
possibly—but still this accident, how-
ever regrettable it may have appeared
to you at the time of the Winnipeg
banquet, has occurred in your life."
"If you contributed to public ex-
penses," says Tarte, "your attitude
would be different." "In the single
year 1893," answers Father Noret, "I,
the poor parish priest of St. Malo, a
very small parish, have contributed
more than \$150 to public expenses."
"You are a militant Conservative,"
says Tarte. Hitherto we have con-
densed Father Noret's words, but here
we must give a literal translation of
his eloquent reply to this point. "I
come now to the most singular pas-
sage of your letter. I am, forsooth, a
'militant Conservative,' because I have
sent our protest to a few Conservative
journals; but then I must be also an
out and out liberal (un libéral
français), since I sent it to you, to
Mr. Laurier and Mr. Greenway. So I
am, forsooth, the leader of the Tory
party at St. Malo! Ha! you would
fain drag me down from the altar-step
on which I stand, on which you are
not and on which you make a show of
wishing to be in order to set me down
alongside of you on the ground, where
you really are, where I am not and
where I refuse to be. No, I will not
down. That is not my place. Your
political arena! It sickens me, since I
have there heard one man deliver, at
six months' interval, absolutely con-
tradictory speeches. I know not, sir,
what education is given in the Prot-
estant schools; but here, at St. Malo,
children are taught, in the catechism,
that solemn pledges, which are not ful-
filled when they might be, make a per-
jurer of him who took them. Away
with the political arena! Our arena is
called the chair of truth, wherein we
speak in the name of Jesus Christ,
under the control of the Church, which
holds its authority neither from any
minister nor from any government." Mr.
Tarte was seized with inflamma-
tion of the liver directly after reading
this letter. We don't wonder. His
bile must have been all upset.

**Childless
Child-Lovers.**

There is
one point the
full malice of
which Father
Noret does not seem to have realized.
Twice does Mr. Tarte reproach him
with not being the father of a family.
and Father Noret, unused to the perfid-
ious jargon of anti-Catholics, replies
simply: "No, I am not 'pere de fam-
ille.'" The good priest is apparently
not aware that any so-called Christians
could deem it a reproach not to have
begotten children in the flesh. He has
experienced too vividly in his own life
the priceless boon of religious celibacy
to understand how any follower of
Christ could find fault with that state
which St. Paul lauded above all others.
But this is one of Mr. Tarte's stereo-
typed reproaches to the clergy, a reproach
which he has borrowed from
ultra-Protestantism. The latter, a coun-
geries of unhistorical, unscriptural and
irrational prejudices, has, in its blind
hatred of everything Catholic, done
what no decent heathen society ever
dared to do. It has branded religious
celibacy as a wrong or at least an im-
perfection. The pagan Roman honored
the Vestal virgins; the Brahmins of
our day admire and practise spiritual
celibacy, in fact despises the Protestant
missionaries for not doing so; the un-
tutored savage himself recognizes
in the unmarried Black a
superior being; the ultra-Pro-
testant alone despises the mode
of life which Christ Jesus chose
for himself. Mr. Tarte has picked up
this missile from the heretical refuse-
heap and now flings it right and left at
the Catholic clergy, insinuating that he
who has no children cannot take a real

interest in the education of children.
Experience is dead against him. What
is more, this insinuation is a direct in-
sult to the vast majority of Protestant
teachers in Manitoba, very few of whom
are or have been fathers or mothers of
families. The greatest of educators were
and are childless: St. Benedict, whose
followers educated the whole of Europe
and are still educating multitudes; St.
Ignatius of Loyola and his sons all over
the world; the various orders of teaching
Brothers with their innumerable and
matchless schools everywhere; the Sa-
lesians of Don Bosco with their thou-
sands of devoted teachers; the countless
host of teaching nuns in both hemi-
spheres. But why heap up examples to
prove what common sense indicates—
that those who have sacrificed the joys
of family life for the love of God and the
good of their brethren are pre-eminently
qualified to follow the child-loving life of
the childless Master Who said: "Suffer
little children to come unto me"? Were
it not for the devotion of Catholic cel-
ibates, Christian education, the only edu-
cation that is at once strong and tender,
would soon be swept from the face of the
earth.

**His
Grace's
Denial.**

Last week we
proved that His
Grace the Arch-
bishop of St. Boni-
face could never
have accepted the terms of the "Settle-
ment," since he condemned them in a
general meeting of his clergy before they
were published. Now Monseigneur Lan-
gevin, for the second time and still more
categorically, denies the shameless as-
sertions of the Echo de Montmagny.
Here are the Archbishop's words:
"I positively deny having changed
my opinion on the so-called Laurier-
Greenway settlement, which on the
contrary I have always condemned as
being adverse to our Catholic schools, as
establishing neutral or atheistic schools,
as contrary to the national interests of
the French Canadians, and as contrary
to the constitution of the land."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD.

At a recent School Board meeting in
this City, one of the Trustees, a Mr.
Porter, resigned his position on the
school management committee to make
way for Mr. John O'Donoghue, his reason
being, as stated by himself, that he
thought it only fair that the Catholics
should have a representative on such an
important committee. It may be that
some people will look upon this as a
graceful action on the part of Mr. Porter
and it is even possible that he was
actuated by the very best intentions, but
we venture to say that if he is in the
slightest degree an observer of current
events he must be aware that one of the
very last things the Catholics of Winni-
peg want is a share in the management
of the Public schools as they are at
present constituted and, further, that
they will not appreciate his action in
describing Mr. John O'Donoghue as their
representative on the School Board. The
Catholics of Winnipeg did not put Mr.
O'Donoghue on the Board, he is not
there at their request, and, indeed, he
is probably the last man in the City
they would select to represent them in
any capacity. He is, in a word, simply
the representative elected by the Public
School Board supporters living in ward
three and is so evidently deficient of the
qualifications one would naturally look
for in a member of an educational body
that there is good reason for believing
that he is selected solely because he is
one of those unfortunate beings who
allow themselves to be used to bring
ridicule upon the church of which they
profess to be members, and to harass and
annoy all who cherish and live up to the
principles of that church.

MR. N. BAWLF.

We earnestly congratulate Mr. N.
Bawlf on the honor done him last week
by the Board of Trade of this City
when the members of that important
body selected him as their president for
the ensuing year, and, we may add, that
we also felicitate the members of the
Board on having prevailed upon him to
accept the position. Mr. Bawlf is in
every sense of the word a citizen of

whom Winnipeg may well be proud. He has been here so many years now that it may almost be said he has grown up with the country and if we were to search the whole of the Canadian West for one possessing the qualities which loyal and patriotic Manitobans would hope to find in men taking a leading part in the development of this new country we could not find one who would better fill the bill than does the newly elected president of the Board of Trade. None know this better than do his colleagues on the Board and other similar organizations with whom he comes into daily contact and it is owing to this no doubt that they have selected him as their President for the coming twelve months, a position we may add, which he is all the better qualified to fill because of the commanding position he occupies in the staple business of the country, viz., the grain trade. It is however, not only as a prominent man in the commercial life of the community that Mr. Bawlf is well known but it may perhaps be said he is even better known to the mass of the people as a truly representative Catholic layman, who is always to the fore when anything affecting Catholic rights is in question and ever ready to devote his time and his means to further the interests of that religion to which he is so devotedly attached and the Church of which he is such a staunch and valued member. Every Catholic takes a deep personal interest in the public life of his co-religionists and all our people will be delighted to see that the true worth of one whom they esteem so highly as they do Mr. Bawlf is recognized by the leading business men of the City and that they show this by electing him to one of the most responsible and honorable position in their gift.

CONVERSIONS TO CATHOLICISM.

Many Notable Persons at Home and Abroad Who Have Recently Joined the Church of Rome.

New York, Jan. 7.—The Herald says:

Names of many notable persons in this and other countries who have united with the Roman Catholic communion, having abandoned Protestantism, or Judaism, are recorded in the list of recent converts made public by the Paulist Fathers.

Among those mentioned are: General Wingate, of St. Louis, Mo.; Judge Parker, of the United States Circuit Court, and the Rev. Ernest Silicostker, of Lena, Ill., a former minister of the German Lutheran denomination. Mr. Silicostker has announced his intention of entering some Catholic order, as a brother, preparatory to joining the priesthood.

The list also contains the name of former Representative Bellamy Storer, of Wisconsin. Mr. Storer was led to change his faith through the instrumentality of Archbishop Ireland.

One of the most important of the conversions is that of the Rev. Thomas Nelson Ayres, who was ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood last week in New Orleans, La., by Archbishop Janssens. Father Ayres was born in Sing Sing, N. Y., in 1841. the son of Thomas Nelson Ayres, a Wall street broker. He was ordained as a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1873 by the Right Rev. Alexander Gregg, Bishop of Texas. His last charge was in Bay St. Louis, Miss., where he conducted the Coast Mission of the Episcopal Church. It was while he was at Bay St. Louis that he left the Episcopal ministry, about two years ago. His wife, who was Miss M. De May Morrison, died in 1894. They had five children, three of whom survive.

In Italy, at the shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii, the Marchioness Dittmar di San Giorgio and her son were received into the Catholic faith by the Bishop of Salerno a short time ago, having previously been Lutherans. At Devonport, England, the Rev. H. Patrick Russell, Anglican vicar of St. Stephen's, has resigned his living to unite with the Roman communion. The living of St. Stephen's is the gift of Keble College.

Another case reported from England is that of the Rev. E. Lloyd Thomas, M. A., who, with his wife and six children, has given up his living to become a communicant in the Catholic faith.

From Budapest information has been received that Herr Heinrich von Levay, the only Hebrew member of the House of Magnates, has abjured Judaism and has been baptised into the Catholic Church.

TORIES AND NATIONALISTS AGAINST EXCESS TAXATION.

Meetings Held in Cork and Dublin—Ireland Pays \$12,500,000 of Taxes More Than Her Share.

From the Catholic Citizen (Milwaukee.)

The English Tories have recently been congratulating themselves that the overwhelming Conservative victory at the last election and the quarrelling of the Irish factions had taken it out of the realm of present politics. They have awakened, however, within the last week, from their dreams of Tory rule and tranquillity to find that Ireland threatens to come to the front at the next session of parliament in a most formidable style. That is to say United Ireland, Tories and Nationalists on one platform. That would be a strange spectacle, but not impossible.

ROBBED OF \$12,500,000 ANNUALLY.

The trouble grows out of the report of the committee on financial relations between England and Ireland, made last September. According to that report, Ireland pays \$12,500,000 annually in revenue in excess of her relative taxable capacity. That would mean excess taxation to the amount of \$500,000,000 since 1869.

Restitution is the cry. It is raised in all parts of the island. At the Cork meeting the other night, where the lord lieutenant presided, the whole assembly of Protestants and Catholics, Tories and Liberals, Dillonites, Healyites and Redmondites shouted as one man in approval of Lord Castledown's declaration that it was just such wicked taxation as this which lost America to England. He was not so sure, he said, that Cork ought not to do now as Boston did more than a century ago.

LANDLORDS REVENGE.

Ever since the Tory Irish landlords, however, had their savage fight with the Tory government over the land bill last summer and were finally forced to swallow that nauseous mouthful, they have been nursing a secret project of revenge and studying this financial relations report with the purpose of using it as a weapon. They have also perfected private arrangements with their willom Nationalist foes, for Irish emitties always have a curious elasticity where common interest against the Saxon is involved, and on Saturday last the Tory landlords sprang upon astounded England the first of a series of remarkable public meetings.

They had Catholic and Protestant bishops, Tory Peers and Fenian leaders, landlord Unionists like Smith Barry, and tenant-right attorneys like Maurice Healy, all on the platform together with their arms around one another and a single cry coming from their united throats of defiance to England. This amazing spectacle, produced first in Cork, and repeated on Monday in Kingstown, and on Tuesday in Dublin, is now growing strong all over the place.

IRISH TORY REVOLT IS MANIFEST.

The violent anti-Home Rule Irishmen have not heretofore been more sweeping in their denunciations of English misrule than were these people, or more fierce in threatening rebellion if England remain deaf. Indeed, one now finds even Nationalists qualifying their speeches on the subject by saying that they are unable to go quite so far as do Lord Castledown and other Tory lords, who a year ago wanted to hang the Nationalists for treason. All this, as has been said, quite stupefies the English mind.

This is more than "tall talk." Similar meetings are being held in other large towns. At Dublin, where the lord mayor presided, Tories of prominence threatened that if this grievance was not redressed they would make government in Ireland impossible.

Now, here is the point. There are 103 Irish members. If they, Unionists and Nationalists, unite with the Liberals, they can force the government to come to terms by the simple expedient of blocking legislation. The question is, will they cast aside factional and all other differences and make the alliance? If they do there are hot days ahead.

It is stated that the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, wants the government to refuse to do anything. The Times sets out this view when it argues that Ireland must be taxed just as England is, and that to yield would be yielding her Home Rule.

The Irish reply is that it is illogical to treat Ireland as a separate country in the matter of local legislation and yet to refuse her the financial treatment contemplated by the act of union.

THE FIGHT TO BEGIN.

Mr. Dillon will move an amendment to the address in reply to the queen's speech, and will formally call attention to the injustice. The fight will then begin. Mr. Balfour will probably endeavor to put the whole question over until the coming up of the Irish local government bill at a later session. That measure contem-

plates a redistribution of seats, with a reduction of twenty.

As to this question Ireland is said to have more seats than she is entitled to by her population. But as the extra twenty often count heavily in a division, she will cling to them to the last. The prospect of losing them altogether may modify her attitude on the question of over-taxation.

COLLEGE BRED CRIMINALS.

When a graduate of Cambridge university, England, commits a crime, the authorities of the university take his degree from him and strike his name from the rolls of the alumni. Commenting on this, the New Haven News says: "Some of our American triennial catalogues, and Yale's among them, would bear a little pruning of this kind and look the better for it. They use abroad loss of honor and position more than we do to make or accentuate the punishment for crime. It is a healthy deterrent for those who have any station in society to lose."

QUICK WORK.

In order to ascertain the shortest time required to convert the wood of a standing tree into paper, and the latter into a journal ready for delivery, the experiment has been made at Ebenthal by Menzel & Co., paper and wood pulp manufacturers. For this purpose three trees were felled in a near-by forest at 7:35 and carried to the manufactory, where they were cut into pieces twelve inches in length, these being at once decorticated and split, and, thus prepared, the material was afterward raised by an elevator to the five defibrators of the works. The wood pulp produced by these machines was then put into a vat, where it was mixed with the necessary accompaniments, and, this process finished, the liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine. At 9:34 in the morning the first sheet of paper was finished, the entire manufacture having thus consumed two hours, lacking one minute. The owners of the establishment, accompanied by a notary, then took a few of the sheets to a printing office about two and one-half miles from the works, and at 10 o'clock a copy of the printed journal was in the hands of the party—only two hours and twenty-five minutes having been consumed in converting the wood of a standing tree into a journal ready for delivery.—New York Sun.

St. Boniface College.

This College, situated in beautiful and extensive grounds, is a large and commodious four-story building provided with electric light and an excellent heating apparatus.

The Faculty is composed of Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the patronage and control of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface.

There is a Preparatory Course for younger children, a Commercial Course in which book-keeping, shorthand and telegraphy are taught in English, a Classical Course for Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French and English Literature, History, Physics, Chemistry, Mental and Moral Science and Political Economy. The higher classes prepared directly for the examinations of the University of Manitoba, in which the students of St. Boniface College (affiliated to the University) have always figured with honor.

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TUITION, BOARD AND..... WASHINGTON..... Per month, \$15.50 TUITION ALONE..... \$ 3.00

For half-boarders, special arrangements are made according as pupils take one or two meals at the College.

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MAIN LINE.

Table showing train schedules for the Main Line, including stations like Winnipeg, Morris, and Duluth.

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

Table showing train schedules for the Morris-Brandon Branch, including stations like Morris, Brandon, and Roseland.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH.

Table showing train schedules for the Portage La Prairie Branch, including stations like Portage La Prairie and Flag Station.

Stations marked * have no agent. Freight must be prepaid. Numbers 103 and 104 have through Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between Winnipeg and St. Paul and Minneapolis. Also Palace Dining Cars. Close connection at Chicago with eastern lines. Close connection at Winnipeg Junction with trains to and from the Pacific coast. For rates and full information concerning connections with other lines, etc., apply to any agent of the company, or CHAS. S. FEE, H. SWINFORD, G.P.&T.A., St. Paul, Gen. Agt., Winnipeg. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 486 Main Street, Winnipeg.

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A. C. MORGAN.
412 Main St.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

1897.
JANUARY.

- 24 Third Sunday after Epiphany. Our Lord's Flight into Egypt.
- 25 Monday—The Conversion of St. Paul.
- 26 Tuesday—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.
- 27 Wednesday—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop.
- 28 Thursday—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 29 Friday—St. Francis of Sales, Bishop and Doctor.
- 30 Saturday—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.

CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface expects to return home at the end of this week.

It is stated that Mr. John O'Donoghue has been given a position in Customs service by the Dominion Government.

Mr. N. Bawlf left for California a few days ago to join Mrs. Bawlf and family who have been there some time. They will return in a few weeks.

At the annual meeting of the Winnipeg Board of Trade held last week Mr. N. Bawlf was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year.

The daily press report that Dr. J. K. Barrett, Inspector of Inland Revenue here, is to be transferred to Kingston, the Inspector at that point taking his place in this district.

Branch No. 163 of the C. M. B. A. held a regular meeting in their hall over the Academy of the Immaculate Conception last night, and this evening Branch No. 52 hold their meeting in Unity Hall.

If Robert Mooney, his wife and children, Mrs. Kate Dee, her husband Michael Dee, or any of their children will write to S. S. Bloom, Shelby, Ohio, U. S. America, they may learn something to their advantage. Give brief history of family and parentage.

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, until further notice, there will be three masses on Sundays instead of two as heretofore. The first mass at 8 o'clock instead of 8.30, the second at 9 o'clock, which is for the Polish people. High mass at the usual hour 10.30.

The election of Hon. Hugh John Macdonald for Winnipeg last June has been declared void on the ground that an agent of his hired vehicles to carry voters to the poll at the election last June. This decision is however dependent upon the judgment of the Supreme Court when the appeal against the ruling of the Manitoba judge regarding the preliminary objections to the petition come before them. The election of Mr. N. Boyd for Macdonald has also been declared void with the same proviso.

PRAYED FOR THE PASSENGERS.

An Incident of an Exciting Trip on a Trolley Car.

(New York Sun.)

The passengers on the trolley car of the Third Avenue line which left Bath Beach for Brooklyn at 6:30 o'clock on Thursday evening had experiences with thunder, lightning, and rain that they will remember as long as they remember anything. It is probable that none of them ever before got so complete and satisfactory a notion of how really devilish a rain storm, with a thunder and lightning accompaniment, can be. The car was an open one, the only protection for the passengers being the heavy canvas side curtains, which can never be fastened down when they should be. The car was crowded from the front seat to the rear platform. When it started there were forebodings of an approaching storm. Away to the north a heavy bank of dark clouds hung like a black curtain. Out of the west came the low rumbling of distant thunder. The cloud bank did not lift, but seemed to grow blacker and blacker as the car approached it. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning more vivid than any that had preceded it, and the storm had burst.

Of course, all the passengers were thoroughly drenched before the curtains were buttoned down. Then, by way of diversion, there was more thunder and lightning. The men were busy keeping out of the wet and the women and children were becoming frightened. There was a lull in the storm for a moment. Then the wind came crashing through the tree branches like the rattling of light artillery. Women screamed, men shouted, and children shrieked in

fright. Suddenly there was a loud report like an explosion of gunpowder, and the car was filled with flame. Two men at the rear of the car dropped as if they had been shot. In a back corner of the car something burned like a pitch pine firebrand, and the woodwork caught fire. It was quickly extinguished, and then it was learned that one of the incandescent lamps had burned out. The two men who had stood directly under it had received shocks which overcame them. They had hardly recovered their senses when two more lamps in the front end of the car burned out. One man was rendered unconscious by the current of one of these, and three women fainted. Then there was the odor of burning wood mingled with a smell that resembled that of exploding fireworks. In a moment the car was filled with a stifling smoke and a tongue of fire burst through the flooring. One of the electric brushes had burned out and set the floor of the car on fire.

Seated in one of the rear seats was an old lady and her two little granddaughters. The younger child, a girl of about 8 years, was the most thoroughly frightened person in the car. Sitting next to her was a man who wasn't by any means the least disturbed of the passengers. The child sat with her face buried in her hands, sobbing and shaking in every limb. The man put on a brave front and said:

"Don't be frightened, little girl. Th-there is noth-nothing to hurt you."

"Oh, I'm so afraid of lightning! And so is my mamma, and she is all alone at home. And my papa is on the water down by Sandy Hook. Oh, what will become of him?"

A flash of lightning illuminated the car again and all the women screamed. The child seemed about to go into hysterics.

"There, there," said the male passenger, his own teeth fairly chattering; "be a brave little girl."

The child by sheer will power pulled herself together and said, "I will." Then jumping up, she cried:

"Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of. God will take care of us. I'll ask Him to."

With that she knelt down beside the seat, and raising her childish voice until it could be heard all over the car, she recited the Lord's Prayer. When she reached the "Amen" the confusion among the passengers had ceased and not a sound was to be heard save the roar of the storm. Men, women, and children had quieted at the sound of the child's voice and the words of her prayer seemed to give them courage. Then, when the prayer was finished, she continued:

"Oh, dear Lord! Let this storm pass quickly over! Stop the thunder and lightning, and save all the souls in this car, and keep safely my papa and mamma for Thine own sake. Amen."

Hardly was the prayer finished when the fury of the storm passed, and the car, which had come to a sudden standstill, resumed its journey.

A MOTHER'S LOVE AS PICTURED
BY FATHER SHERMAN, S. J.

Father Sherman, S. J., son of General Sherman, is shining by his own light. During a mission in the West he gave this illustration of a mother's love:

"A young man so wandered in the paths of sin that he crept into his mother's chamber and while she slept stabbed her through the heart. Then his conscience upbraided him, and wishing for some memento, something to cherish of his mother, he cut from the warm body her heart and fled. As he hastened he heard footsteps in pursuit. In his agitation of flight he stumbled and the bleeding heart of his mother cried out:

"Oh, my poor boy, did it hurt you?"

The effect of this simple yet powerful little tale upon the young priest's auditors was beyond description.—Cath. Standard and Times.

CATHOLICISM IN GERMANY.

A recent number of the Methodist Review of London contains an article on "The Bulwark of Protestantism," which must be discouraging for all who like to think of Germany in that capacity. The writer of the article declares that the German Lutheran church is out of touch with the masses, and that the breach is growing alarmingly wider every day. Catholicism, on the other hand, is making giant strides, mainly as a result of the increase of Catholic associations, congresses and newspapers. In 1880 there were in all Germany 124 Catholic periodicals and newspapers; in 1890 the number went up to 269, and today it has reached 305. This is a striking illustration of the fact, otherwise abundantly visible, that the spread of education and consequent growth of intelligence are favorable to the true Church.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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