

Northwest Review.

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CURRENT COMMENT

Mr. John M. McAlpine deserves credit for his outspoken attack, in his letter to the Morning Telegram of the 9th inst., on the shameless orgies in which a so-called snow-shoeing party indulged at Deer Lodge on the previous Thursday evening. Few men have the moral courage to write as Mr. McAlpine has done, and the more's the pity, for such disgraceful exhibitions are not uncommon among the supposedly respectable pleasure seekers of a city that seems to exhaust its stock of decorum on Sunday. We regret that Mr. McAlpine's evidence is a little too circumstantial for a religious weekly like ours; but we can safely commend it to anxious and conscientious mothers, and we trust they will take the lesson to heart for the sake of their daughters. One particularly suggestive feature of that drunken and immoral gathering was the shocking behavior of the "matronly, middle-aged chaperons," which ought to remind Catholic mothers how very flimsy, for the most part, is the protection afforded by self-constituted chaperons, even if they are middle-aged. No mother that values the purity of her daughter would allow her to take part in such doubtful amusements. One such carousal is enough to ruin a girl's whole life.

Recent well-founded rumors of terrible disclosures in a certain public school of this city make this warning all the more timely, and justify Catholic parents in refusing to expose their children to a system which breaks down the time-honored barriers between the sexes, as if, forsooth, the consequences of original sin were a myth, and which affords to not a few youths a sort of remote preparation for such performances as disgraced Deer Lodge on the 5th inst.

It appears, not in the papers, however, that at a public dinner last week two reverend ministers of the Kirk exchanged pretty bald compliments. One charged his native "Land o' Cakes" with absorbing more whiskey than any other country. A newly arrived dominie retorted by exposing the hypocrisy in this matter of "Toronto the good." Probably both were right.

The Gazette, of Cardiff, Assa., commenting on a letter it publishes from the Rev. J. W. Bruce, formerly at Carnduff and now at Macleod, says: "Friend Bruce is a big-hearted man anyway. Did you note the admirable way in which he spoke of his Anglican and Presbyterian and Catholic colleagues in Macleod? He mentioned Father Lebrez who has since died, aged 72. In Macleod last spring we met Father Lebrez; and we were proud to make the acquaintance of the grand old missionary, whose devoted life and labors form part of the history of the New West. The Catholic church and parsonage are on the high bank of the river, which was a howling flood, a mile and a half wide. The handsome, big old Frenchman—he was a Frenchman from France—was pacing slowly up and down at sunset, halting now and again to look at the torrent which held Macleod prisoner. His was a striking figure in that wild scene—the stately dark eyed old priest, bare headed, in the long black robe of his Order, with a girdle upon his waist, from which, shining in the slanting light of the setting sun, hung a large brass crucifix. The memory of the Indian's friend—as we stood together on the brink of that terrible flood

—will not soon fade. A kind, a gentle, and a strong man withal, he was a good man to talk with, for the parish priest of Macleod, besides knowledge and wisdom, had the saving gift of a genial and a kindly humor. He was good enough to invite the wandering heretic to call and see him again, but we shall never see him more—unless we quit the newspaper business." Is it so bad as that in Carnduff?

One of our city contemporaries, relying on Henderson's Directory, repeats its assertion that Winnipeg now numbers over sixty thousand souls. We should like to think it did, for we heartily endorse all that is said of the astonishingly solid growth of our city in the last two or three years; but, unfortunately the testimony of the directory is very misleading. For several years past, its estimates have been eight or ten thousand ahead of the more careful estimates made by the city assessors and the Dominion census takers. If the directory were reliable in its own chosen sphere, this discrepancy might be set down in its favor; but those who have to turn constantly to its pages find it lamentably unreliable. This is not the first time we have had to protest against its slipshod arrangement and numberless mistakes in names, numbers and streets. We were assured, when another concern announced its intention of producing a more trustworthy directory, that the old one would be improved; but the assurance has not yet been made good. Meanwhile we prefer to stick to facts and estimate the population at over fifty thousand, which is a very creditable increase of eight thousand over the forty-two thousand registered in the decennial Dominion census less than two years ago.

"The Woman about Town," in last week's Town Topics, writes: "There are no institutions so economically run in the whole country as those that are managed entirely by women. Might not an admixture of feminine financiers lead to a reduction in the cost of such institutions as our asylums, hospitals, jails, reformatories, etc. Making a little money go a long way is a game at which women have played for hundreds of years, and they are past masters of the art. If they have been faithful over these few things why should they not rule over the many to the better administration of the country's purse?" The writer might have made out a still stronger case, had she known how economically women do manage such institutions all over the world-wide Catholic Church. The economy of those she knows of is as nothing compared to the economy practised by nuns, who in various countries have the entire management of asylums, such as the lunatic asylum at Longue Pointe, Que., hospitals, such as our own St. Boniface hospital, jails for women, such as St. Darie in Montreal, and reformatories in many Catholic towns.

Mr. Willoughby Braithwaite, a convert who has spent several years in the Anglican ministry, writes, with great clearness and wide range of thought, on "The Ebb and Flow of the Oxford Movement," in the February "Catholic World." He says that one of the first questions he was asked on his arrival in America was: "Why does not the great movement that has now been going on in the Anglican Church for upwards of sixty years bear greater fruits. Surely those who imitate so closely in their worship and doctrine the Catholic Church must begin to feel and know by this time that they are outside the fold. And yet, though we hear of isolated and frequent conversions,

we do not see that general conversion of large numbers which characterized the earlier years of the Tractarian revival. Why is this? His reply is extremely satisfactory. In the first place, the whole attitude of the modern Ritualistic party towards the Catholic Church is entirely different from what it was forty or fifty years ago. The first Tractarians turned to Rome with deep reverence as the "greatest and grandest portion of the Church still adhering to the whole counsel of God. They admired and tried to imitate the lives of her saints, they studied with a single-hearted purpose." But since then a new school has sprung up, possessing "perhaps far more worldly wisdom, more love of notoriety, but much less self-denial than the early Tractarians. . . . Ridicule the Church, shower mud on her priests, insult her saints, garble and falsify quotations, and make a mockery of many sacred things; this was the method used, and how fearfully it recoiled on its authors, when those who had learned to deride the Church, through the instrumentality of 'Plain Reasons,' carried principles to their logical conclusion, and derided supernatural religion altogether. There have been, and still are, men in the Anglican communion, who with a single-hearted devotion work for the good of souls, fervently believing they are working for a portion of God's Church; but in too many cases bitterness and hatred have supplanted the quiet, prayerful, loving attitude of the men of 1844.

In the second place, the Anglican bishops are now seeking to lead the movement themselves and thus consolidate the Establishment. The Establishment is like an iron band round a weak body of four or five different religions welding all into one. They must keep "those glorious cathedrals, those numerous beautiful churches which stud the land," those rich endowments. In fact, though Mr. Braithwaite does not say so in the same words, it is a question of loaves and fishes.

Thirdly, the Englishman loves compromise. "Tell him to study history, to read who were the fathers of the Anglican Establishment, to investigate the changes of Elizabeth's reign; point out to him that no one else in the world allows his claims; that the Catholic Church rejects his orders, and questions his jurisdiction; that his fellow Protestants ridicule his belief of an Apostolic succession or a visible church on earth; still, like the ostrich, he buries his head in the sand, and refuses to look up."

For these reasons Mr. Braithwaite "cannot help feeling that the movement has reached its high-water mark, and that it will now tend to settle down into a respectable uniformity."

"But if this seems to be true of the immediate future, another aspect of the horizon," adds Mr. Braithwaite, "is full of hope. There is no longer the tendency to Agnosticism and infidelity, covert or open, that existed some twenty years ago. It has been said by an eminent authority that Darwinism is on its death-bed. I am assured that this great phenomenon is as manifest in America as in England, and that on all sides people are throwing away the unsatisfactory theory of a Divinity who, having poised this world in space and set it revolving, troubles not himself with mundane affairs. The day of Colonel Ingersoll is at an end here, as the day of Agnosticism is finished in England. . . . The signs of the times are full of hope, and the twentieth century dawns on a people that knows and feels its need

for a personal Saviour, a God who loves each one and is the Father of all mankind."

It has been often said that curling is a great leveller of ranks. Some forty years ago, when the Marquis of Tullibardine was stationed in Montreal as an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards, he was curling with a partner of Scotch blood and speech. The latter, finding that the noble marquis was too slow about the sweeping, yelled out to him: "Soop, ye divil, ye Tullibardine, soop!" And Tully, as his intimates called him, seemed to enjoy the rough familiarity of a man he had met for the first time that day.

The venomous snake who signed his letter to the Free Press some time ago as "A Catholic," is still lying low, as snakes generally do, even when they sting.

Winnipeg is just now flooded with Straits Settlements silver, which being short in value, is becoming a great nuisance. The smaller coins especially, whose face value is ten cents, are ranked as five-cent pieces. A Winnipegger was boasting to a friend that he had bought a ten-cent cigar with one of these small coins, when the friend awakened his conscience by asking, "Do you think that was a straight settlement?" Whereupon the culprit began to sing Singapore song.

Clerical News

Rev. Father Emard, O. M. I., preached a very impressive sermon at St. Mary's church last Sunday. Those who had heard the eloquent Oblate in French at the cathedral a couple of years ago were surprised at his command of English. He left on Tuesday for the States.

On the 9th inst., the Holy Father insisted on giving a public demonstration of the fact that the rumors regarding his ill health were unfounded, by receiving in audience Bishop Beaven, of Springfield, Mass. The Pontiff conversed at length on American topics and recalled with remarkable lucidity, incidents of Bishop Beaven's former visit to Rome.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Father Boutin, E.M.I., and Messrs. Therriault and Mireault, went to St. Anne's last Saturday, returning on Monday.

Rev. Father Zoldak returned last Saturday and is now visiting his Uniate Ruthenians here.

Rev. Father Cherrier writes from the city of Mexico, where he found the weather delightful. He is now on his way home.

Dr. Da Costa, the celebrated convert from Anglicanism, who is sixty-five years of age, is now in the Eternal City, where he will prepare for the priesthood. His wife died two years ago.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., left last Tuesday for Wolsley and will remain in that district till next week.

Miss Giddy—I suppose you medical students have some gay times. Young Medicus—Yes, we do cut up quite a good deal.—Chicago Daily News.

Persons and Facts

Last Sunday evening Mr. Noel Bernier gave a most interesting lecture on Liberty before the members of the Academie Francaise of St. Boniface College. He speaks with ease and naturalness, and his grasp of facts and principles is remarkable. We hope to give a more extended report of this lecture on another occasion.

Mr. E. McCarthy, of Regina, is here for the bonspiel.

In the Free Press of twenty years ago this month—February, 1883—the Cauchon block, since called the Assiniboine, Indian purely geographical names being preferred to French historical names, is described as just finished and ready for tenants.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, the great convert and lecturer, is seriously ill in Europe, suffering from nervous collapse.

Last Saturday, Feb. 7, the 25th anniversary of the death of Pius IX., a requiem Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Satolli in Rome, in presence of Leo XIII., the Papal Court and Roman aristocracy.

Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc and his bride returned from their honeymoon last Monday. Their travels through the States and the West Indies extended just over a month. They will reside with Mr. Justice Dubuc in Hargrave street till the house next door, which belongs to Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc, is ready for them.

Mrs. Monchamp writes from Naples after visiting Rome. She, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Monchamp and Mr. James McIntyre had a private audience of twenty five minutes with the Holy Father, during which he plied them with questions about their journey, about Canadian affairs, etc. They are going to Cairo, Egypt.

THE CAT AND THE DOUGHNUTS.

This is a true story that my mother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover off her doughnut jar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared. One day she heard a noise and found that her cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept. Then it put its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf, and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it. When they found they were caught, they acted very guilty.—Our Four-Footed Friends.

IRELAND'S MANY NAMES.

Few countries have suffered so many changes of names as Ireland. In the time of Ptolemy the island was known as Scotia; Diodorus Siculus calls the island Iris, or Irisi; in the De Mundo, credited by some scholars to Aristotle, it is called Irenne; in the Araganautica of Orphens it appears as Irinus; Strabo called it Irene; Caesar, Tacitus, and Pliny mentioned it as Hibernia; Mela called it Juverna. The native names in Celtic are Ir, Eri and Erin. Plutarch mentions it under the name of Ogygal. The name Ireland is no doubt derived from the native Ir of Eri, but when it came into general use is a question concerning which scholars are much at variance.

Young Woman's Corner

TRUST.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!

Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!
—Longfellow.

THE OLIVE TREE.

Said an ancient hermit, bending,
Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oil I need for midnight watching,
I desire an olive-tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
Planted it before his cave,
Spread his trembling hands above it,
As his benison he gave.

But he thought the rain it needeth
That the root may drink and swell;
"God I pray Thee send Thy showers!"
So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord, I ask for beams of summer,
Cherishing this little child."
Then the dripping clouds divided,
And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues
O my God!" the hermit cried,
Then the plant was bright and hoary,
But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
Sitting in his rocky cell:
"Thou an olive-tree possessest;
How is this my brother, tell?"

"I have planted one and prayed,
Now for sunshine, now for rain;
God hath granted each petition
Yet my olive-tree hath slain!"

Said the other, "I entrusted
To its God my little tree;
He who made knew what it needed
Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on Him no conditions,
Fixed not ways and means, so I
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
Whilst thy olive-tree did die."
—S. Baring-Gould.

Should we feel at times disheartened and discouraged, a confiding thought, a simple movement of the heart towards God, will renew our powers. Whatever He may demand of us, He will give us at the moment the strength and courage that we need.
—Fenelon.

The habit of living in any but the material world that can be seen by everyone is not practised by many, but there are persons who even in the liveliest company can turn their minds away from its effervescent foaming to the contemplation of the unseen world with its calmly flowing rivers and limpid lakes, in which as in a mirror they see the things most refreshing to the soul. It is in the unseen or invisible except to those who seek for them that the really enjoyable things are to be found.

Perhaps the greatest barrier to close communion with the world, not material is that self-sufficiency that knows it all.

A measure of humility is required to see and hear the things this unseen world has to offer. If a person knows as much as she thinks she can learn, she will not listen, and those who will not listen will not hear.

A young society woman was heard to tell that often in assisting at the most brilliant functions where she was not pleasantly diverted she would turn her mind from its gayeties to say a Hail Mary that she might better enjoy herself. There was, no doubt, an entire detachment of mind from the gay assemblage and whether she had what the world calls a better time afterwards or not she certainly felt happier and made a habit of seeking in the right place for happiness.

It is surprising what revelations will come to one who frequently communes in the invisible. Life's standards and ideals are there softened or intensified, softened to tolerate the failures of those who do not meet out ideas of how things

should be and intensified to make us aim higher and higher in our endeavor to make His Kingdom come.

The league of the Sacred Heart practised in all its offices and devotions is the most efficient teaching one could have to graduate a member of the communion with the unseen and the power to go there at will can be acquired by everyone, and is a crown of happiness in finite price.
AMICA.

Chats with Young Men

My remarks in last issue on the advantage and pleasure derivable from the habit of reading will form a kind of preliminary to some other suggestions I am going to add on the value of improving time. One of the curses that seem to keep pace with modern so-called progress is the propensity to put a price on priceless things. Virtue has its price, manly independence its price, even conscience its limit. The nervous blade of modern activity seems to shave every consideration down to money and pleasure.

Those things, however, on which a price should be placed are often overlooked. Among them is time. It is availed of while it gives an immediate return of pleasure or profit, but is sadly neglected between these intervals. This fact is rapidly gathering evidence from the armies of young men who comprise the hope of future generations.

Hardly a day passes during which I do not overhear, on the street or in a restaurant, a group of young men discussing their occupations and prospects. One asks: "Where are you working now?" The other replies "I have a 'job' over at W—'s." "What do you get," is the next question. "Oh, only eight dollars a week and the work is hard. I guess I'll go to the Coast in the spring and try to get something better for the summer," and so on; a great many are looking for "jobs," rather than for an occupation. They want easy work, big wages, an occasional change of climate and surroundings, and are quite indifferent about the flight of years and opportunities; good clothes, pocket money and pleasure constitute their highest ambition. If there are any such among my readers I would offer them this timely advice. If they have taste for any particular occupation, let them seek the best location for pursuing it, secure the best terms obtainable both for acquiring a knowledge of and reaping benefit from their work; but above all let them not shift needlessly about from one occupation or from one employer to another. Otherwise they will become "rolling stones" and will come to their senses, when they are ten years older, to find themselves without capital, occupation or contentment. Let them consider that the years of youth have an end and that during them they have time enough only to equip themselves for the next stage of life.

Then I have a word to say to those who have occupations, who are at their life work. These I hope constitute a large body of our young men. But as every condition of life has its peculiar dangers as well as its pleasures, so I see a danger when a young man feels that he is settled at his work. Passing time and employing it well are very different things. When we hear it said that it takes three years to learn a trade or to prepare for a profession we understand that those years are to be employed curiously by the apprentice. He who would succeed must busy himself in seeking out details and in mastering every secret of his work. Moreover, he may employ time still more advantageously by reading works or periodicals relating to his occupation. This habit furnishes the world with men who are greater than their professions and tends to raise the standard of proficiency and qualification.

There is yet a general hint to add regarding the ways of improving time. Leaving aside the consideration of spending well the time devoted to the business of life there remains the time not devoted to such business. Should it all be spent

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aimlessly? I hinted last week that some of it might be spent profitably in reading. That was intended for a general hint as everyone should be possessed of a few main facts about the world in which he lives. But I think every man would be happier outside of working hours and would work to more advantage during the hours consigned to business if his mind and sympathies had a retreat from the worries and strain of daily toil. Hence I like to see a young man interested in something outside of his business. He may have time to learn music or some such gentle art. I advocate, too, training in gymnasiums and indulgence in games that invigorate mind and body. But I hope my reader catches my suggestion. It is not indeed to become a slave to any pastime, however laudable. I mean to prompt a kind of restlessness which despises indolence and unprofitable squandering of time. This spirit will make of my young readers, active, viva-

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WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass in summer time at 6.30 and 7.30. In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

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High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m. On 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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SUNDAYS—Low Mass, 8 a.m. High Mass with sermon in German, 9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benediction, 7.30 p.m.
WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

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Chief Ranger, L. O. Genest; Vice-C. R., E. R. Dowdall, R. S., F. W. Russell; F.S., J. P. Raleigh; Treas., J. J. MacDonald; Representative to State Court, T. D. Deegan; Alternate, E. Dowdall.

"That is a nice boy you've got there," remarked Smith, as the elevator reached the seventeenth floor. "Yes," replied the fond parent, with a glance down the shaft. "he's been brought up well."—Baltimore News.

Home Column

MAXIMUS.

I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest
will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet
sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong
forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and
lives.

It may be hard to gain and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown,
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is no less.

Great may he be who can com-
mand
And rule with just and tender
sway
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of
light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conquerer in his sight.
—Adelaide Proctor.

IMPORTANCE OF ENVIRON- MENT IN HOME TRAINING.

The most important factor in a child's education is its environment. All unconsciously he copies the manner, speech and mode of life of those about him. Children left to the care of illiterate persons and having little or no association with their own parents are sure to show it in speech and conduct. The duty of living with their children is something no conscientious parents should neglect. From three years of age, children should eat at least two meals each day at the family table with their parents. The father may long for a quiet meal and a chance to exchange confidences with his wife, but the children belong to the board with him. This makes it necessary to be guarded in the choice of topics for conversation, for no parent wishes to train up his children to be gossip-peddlers. Besides, what a parent says before his children should be so carefully chosen that he is perfectly willing to hear it repeated.

VALUE OF TABLE TALK AND MANNERS.

The table talk of a well informed man is full of instruction, intense and much useful and varied general information will be stored up in youthful minds, acquired by listening. That conversation is often on topics beyond their comprehension is a matter of course. Yet this is not harmful to the child. He finds in it proof of the superior wisdom of his elders, which is wholesome in these days, when all too soon the youngster begins to set great store by his own slender knowledge. The child who has all his life heard interesting and important subjects discussed is far less likely to be consumed by vanity than one who finds his own level is rarely surpassed by those with whom he comes in contact. Not for a moment should it be thought that parents will consume all the meal time in learned discourse, for no fond father can see the fresh young faces about him without wishing to share their youthful zest in life and play. Children readily acquire the habit of storing up some item of interest for the dinner hour. Every meal should be a feast of love and good will. No reports of misdeeds or neglected tasks should break the harmony or spoil the digestion of the meal.

"I deal in second-hand pianos," began the man at the door, "and I thought—" "You can't sell one here," interrupted the woman. "My daughter has a piano already." "That's just it; the people next door told me you had one, but there was no one in the house who knew how to play it. I thought I might buy it."—Philadelphia Press.

Regina Notes

The Feast of Purification was duly celebrated here. Rev. Father Kustorz celebrated High Mass at nine o'clock and blessed candles. Rev. Father Van Heertum being absent at one of the missions. On Tuesday, Feb. 3, the feast of St. Blais was honored. Rev. Father Van Heertum celebrated Mass and blessed the throats of all present. This was most gratifying to all the parents of the Congregation, especially as at present the prevalence of diphtheria is to be deplored. What a glorious religion is ours! and how grateful those blessed with the gift of faith should be. To a convert all these ceremonies, these wonderful helps in a Christian's career, both for body as well as soul, are subject of the greatest admiration, and cause unbounded thanksgiving to Him who called them to His fold.

We are enjoying beautiful winter weather.

We really did not know what an important factor the Northwest Review was and how much we would miss its weekly visits in our homes till we were deprived of a few copies. That such was an oversight we are glad to know and hope it may long continue its praiseworthy work in our western homes.

Brandon Notes.

Rev. W. L. Jubinville, of St. Felix, was calling on friends in the city this week.

Mr. Edmund Drewery, of Rapid City, is taking a course at the O'Sullivan Business College here.

Mr. Joseph Bisharah, of Minnedosa, was in town this week on a combined business and pleasure trip.

Mrs. O'Hara was the hostess at a most enjoyable ladies' euchre on Wednesday afternoon. About twenty-four ladies were present.

Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan spent a few days in the capital this week.

It is with much pleasure that I have read in your valuable paper recent articles refuting reports and criticisms in the daily papers concerning a late sermon by our beloved and learned Archbishop. A few days after the publication of one of these reports, your correspondent was asked even by an intelligent, well educated Protestant gentleman, "Is it true that Catholics who do not vote according to the dictates of the priests, will be excommunicated?" It is truly lamentable that such ignorance can go hand in hand with education.

FATHER BURTIN'S DEATH.

In the last issue of the "Annals of Our Lady of the Rosary," of Cap-de-la-Madeleine, there is a touching account of the recent death, at the Hote Dieu, Quebec, of the Rev. Father Nicholas Burtin, O.M.I. The good Oblate was in his seventieth year when, in a mysterious manner, death came to him.

This venerable religious came from France to Canada in the early fifties. After teaching for a short time in the College of Ottawa, he was sent to Caughawaga, Province of Quebec, to labor among the Iroquois Indians of that mission. There he remained for over thirty years, emulating among that tribe the zeal shown centuries ago, to its fierce ancestors, by the Jesuit missionaries. Although busy with the duties of his ministry he found time to devote to literary pursuits. He wrote a grammar of the Iroquois language, several volumes of instruction on religious subjects, and a comprehensive history of the Iroquois natives at that mission.

The story of Father Burtin's strange death is thus told by a contemporary:

Early in December last Rev. Father Guertin, O.M.I., a young member of the Montreal community, fell sick and was taken to a hospital in that city. An operation was deemed necessary in his case, and fears were entertained by the physicians lest he might not survive it. This news was conveyed to Father Burtin, who at once exclaimed: "My God, preserve the life of this young religious who can yet be useful to the church. If it be neces-

sary, take my life, in return for his recovery. But before removing me from this world, allow me to celebrate the golden jubilee of my ordination to the priesthood." The sacrifice was acceptable to God. The venerable priest celebrated his jubilee on the 18th December. That same evening he felt unwell, and was taken to the hospital. On Christmas Eve, as the last Sacraments were being administered to him, a dispatch was received from Montreal, announcing that having safely passed through the operation the young priest had gone back to his community. A few minutes later Father Burtin expired.

We might add that on the occasion of the celebration of Father Burtin's golden jubilee, the Superior of the Oblates, the representatives of all the religious communities, in Quebec, and a number of bishops assisted at the festivities in St. Sauveur. The Rev. Father preached a glowing sermon; he attended all the entertainments given in his honor, at the Church, at the convents, at the Christian Brothers school and at the various academies. He replied to each of the addresses presented to him in most happy and joyful terms. And when all the demonstrations were over he retired fatigued. Next day his friends said: "He over-taxed his strength, and will need a couple of days rest." It was absolutely true that he was overcome with fatigue; but they knew not, as they spoke, that he had already entered upon the eternal rest that comes to "the good and faithful servant."

INFLUENCE OF A HOPEFUL SPIRIT ON CHILDREN.

Unhappy and dissatisfied people are not good company for our children, because children take what they hear literally, and it is unfair to darken their hopeful horizon with gloomy clouds of possible coming ill. A happy mother singing about the house is a blessing beyond price. If children are with those who make riches and display the end of their being they will naturally place an inordinate value upon those objects. On the other hand, if among people of character, possessed, if not of learning, of aspirations and zeal in acquiring knowledge, with equal certainty these will impress them as of greatest moment. In short what we desire our children to be we must strive with all our powers ourselves to be. A noble example is worth vastly more than a library of homilies on behavior.

FRENCH GODLESS SCHOOLS.

The French are as loud in their praises of their "free public schools" as Americans are. But when something arises that raises the question of their efficacy in imparting a knowledge of the three R's, the results are often seen to be as negative as in our own case. For instance, the elementary knowledge of French history. Recently, to test their unity in this respect, an examination was made among the new levy of conscripts. Only a fraction of those had ever heard of such a national character as Jean the Maid; fewer still of the fall of the Bastille. Even of so recent an event as the great war of 1870-71 between their own country and Germany few had ever heard or read a word. A very large proportion of the levies were found to be unable to read or write. This under a system of compulsory education, with the central idea solely secular, speaks volumes for the loud boasting of the "progressists."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A CATHOLIC JUDGE FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

The announcement that Mr. John T. McDonough, former Secretary of State for New York, had been offered the vacant Judgeship in the Philippines was an agreeable piece of news for all who sincerely desire the welfare and pacification of that distracted and victimized country. Mr. McDonough, it is now known, has accepted the position, and for this sacrifice—for such in effect the decision means to a man in his position—he is entitled to public gratitude. Mr. McDonough is one of the most eminent men in his profession, and his Catholic stand-

ing is no less high. It is creditable to the President's sense of justice, as well as to his acumen, that he is able to comprehend the desirability, if not the necessity, of removing the anomaly of a bench manned entirely by non-Catholics ruling the legal interests of an entirely Catholic people. Had the same consideration and foresight prevailed at the outset of the American occupation, much trouble that has arisen might have been avoided. But it is never too late to mend.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A MONTREAL JESUIT'S FAME.

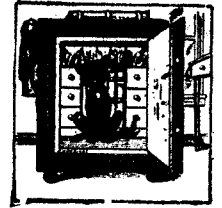
(Toronto Catholic Register.)
The current issue of the Scientific American has an article telling how a telescope—the third largest in North America—was made at the Jesuit College, Montreal. From the ordinary standpoint this achievement is noteworthy because the telescope satisfies all the demands made upon it, being excelled only by the instruments in the Yerkes and Lick observatories. When, however, it is considered that the Montreal telescope was designed and constructed by one of the priests in the Jesuit College, and that the designer with his own hands erected the machinery required for its production, the undertaking may well be called admirable and its complete success an event worthy of general attention. The designer and builder is Father Garais, S.J., and his work, undertaken in the original manner just stated, naturally shows many novel features. A lathe was put up upon which the crude block of Mantois glass for the mirror was ground. The process of grinding is described in detail by the aid of diagrams in the Scientific American; but it may be interesting here to mention that the whole of the grinding and polishing took 320 hours. The silvering of the mirror and the mechanism for mounting it, are also fully illustrated. The total weight of this telescope is 1,200 pounds. The interest which it has aroused serves once more to show that modern Jesuits are not less devotees of science than the learned sons of Ignatius of the olden time, whose fame in the realm of discovery and invention is imperishable.

FATHER CORBY AND THE IRISH BRIGADE.

By John C. Linehan in February Donahoe's.

It was the fortune of the writer to be present on July 2nd, 1888, at the memorial ceremonies incidental to the dedication of the monument to the three New York regiments of the Irish brigade. He was then a member of the Board of Directors of the Battlefield Association, and had been requested to receive the monument for the Association. It was certainly a remarkable day. The survivors of the brigade began the exercises by attending Mass in the Catholic church in the town. The writer and Colonel John B. Batchelder, another Director of the Association, were present from the beginning to the end of the exercises. Father Ouellet, S.J., sang the Mass, Father Corby, C.S.C., preached the sermon. It was Father Corby's first appearance before the survivors of the old brigade. In consequence, when he made his appearance on the altar, he was unknown to them, so changed was he. The writer sat in the front seat with Colonel Batchelder, and he will never forget the expression on Father Corby's face as he rose from his knees and faced his old comrades. They had with them their tattered old battle-flags, and the scene was such that he could not control himself. The first words he uttered, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, were in the nature of a surprise, for instead of "My dear brethren," he addressed them as "My dear comrades." When he made himself known as their old chaplain, the veterans were overcome, and many a manly heart throbbed at the recollection of the scene his presence evoked.

Mamma—Why, Bobbie! Crying at the table? What is the matter? Bobby (quite sobby)—The's four kinds of cake, an' I'm only hungry enough to eat two.—Brooklyn Life.



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SATURDAY, FEB 14, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

- 15—Sexagesima Sunday. Saints Faustinus and Jovita, Martyrs.
- 16—Monday—The Seven Holy Founders of the Order of Servites.
- 17—Tuesday—Votive office of the Apostles.
- 18—Wednesday—Commemoration of the Passion.
- 19—Thursday—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 20—Friday—Votive office of the Passion.
- 21—Saturday—Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

A GREAT HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Continued.

Last week we promised to consider some other aspects of Mr. Henri Bourassa's "The French Canadian in the British Empire," and we now proceed to do so.

He explains very clearly how it came to pass that the French inhabitants of Canada so vigorously defended the rights of Great Britain. Many superficial observers almost refuse to admit the undeniable fact, so difficult is it for them to understand the cause of it. "The concessions granted" by the wise British diplomatists "to the French Canadians and the Roman Catholic Church in Canada were not only the very cheap"—though at that time unprecedented—"price paid for immense territory; they were the best means of pacification

Another cause was the long-standing antipathy of the French Canadians to the "Bostonians," as they called the New England settlers, "with whom they had much more frequent and fierce encounters than with the Old Country soldiers. Then the development of their own nationality"—the feeling that they were Canadians having been deeply rooted in them during the 140 years of wars with Indians and Yankees—"and the remembrance of the light heartedness with which the French Government had abandoned them to their fate and bankrupted their colonial administration, must have weakened the effect of the warm appeals of Lafayette. But these were already distant motives. The actual fact, most patent to the French Canadians, and especially to their ecclesiastical leaders, was the comparison they made between the 'regime' under which they lived and the harsh treatment which the Catholic Church was receiving at the hands of the Anglo American colonies.

"A few years later, France was passing through the Revolutionary storm: the traditional basis of things was displaced; religious orders, priests and bishops were dispersed and persecuted; ecclesiastical properties were seized. In the eyes of the French Canadian clergy the French Revolution was an abominable subversion of all principles of Church and State; the Empire was revolution legalized; Napoleon was the Pope's gaoler; his downfall was not only, in their mind, the deserved punishment of his crimes, it was the salvation of

the Church and of France herself." The circumstances were somewhat altered when in 1812-13 the French Canadians fought so bravely for England against the American invaders. "There were, this time, no French on the American side to appeal to the racial feelings of the French Canadian. On the other hand the old antipathy against the Americans had largely abated; and although he had won valuable concessions from the British Government, he was in the midst of his struggle for responsible government. Some of his political leaders had been imprisoned, and the Church authorities themselves had to fight against the Governor to preserve the right of nominating ecclesiastical functionaries. But, as on the eve of the American rebellion, the British authorities gave way at the right moment; and the people stood once more by the Crown, at the urgent appeal of their bishops and priests, and once more Canada was spared to be a British possession, thanks to her French inhabitants."

In order to illustrate the difference between the French Canadians and the present citizens of France, Mr. Bourassa writes: "French immigration to America stopped forty years before the Revolution had smashed up all the local institutions and made room for the great work of the national unification performed by the Napoleonic 'regime.' In other words, the French Canadian nationality, born at least two hundred years ago, was severed from the motherland half a century before the modern French nationality was completed. The more nervous, enthusiastic, brilliant and talkative southern spirit, which has been mixed up with the sturdy, shrewd, and conservative northern temperament to form the French of to-day, was totally absent from New France. A complete estrangement of nearly a century followed the period of secession from France. Meanwhile new blood from the British Isles continually poured into the Anglo-American colonies, whereas in Canada the French Canadian element has received no additional influx from France. So that the actual French Canadian is, in many respects, a very different human type from his European kinsman.

"How thoroughly and exclusively Canadian the French Canadian is should never be forgotten by those who contemplate any change in the constitutional or national status of Canada. This is so patent a fact, so logical a consequence of historical developments, that nothing short of absolute ignorance or wilful blindness can justify the language of those who talk of drawing him either by persuasion or by force to a closer allegiance to the Empire. As a matter of fact, he constitutes the only exclusively Canadian racial group in the Dominion. A constant immigration from the British Isles has kept the English-speaking Canadians in close contact with their motherland; so that even now they still speak of the 'Old Country' as their 'home,' thus keeping in their hearts a double allegiance. On the soil of Canada, his only home and country, all the national aspirations of the French-Canadian are concentrated. 'Canadian' is the only national designation he ever claims; and when he calls himself 'French Canadian' he simply wants to differentiate his racial origin from that of his English, Scotch or Irish fellow-citizens, who, to his mind, are but partially 'Canadianized.'"

In answer to the objection that the growing frequency of communications with France may possibly lead to a desire on the part of French-Canadians for annexation to France, Mr. Bourassa points out that, albeit the French Canadian is growing to be more French intellectually than he was fifty years ago, he is also growing more and more firmly attached to his own institutions and less and less enamored of the centralized bureaucracy of France.

"Of course," adds the clever writer, "the absolute innocuousness of the French Canadian's love for France depends a great deal on the common sense of the English-speaking majority. If the Anglo-Canadian has enough judgment and sense of justice, as he undoubtedly

has, to allow his French-Canadian neighbor freely to speak his mother tongue, both in public and in private life, and teach his children that same language; if he allows him to keep his traditions and develop his national aspirations, and even to give free expression to his Platonic love of France—if the Anglo-Canadian does not require the French-Canadian to entertain such sentiments for England as are born only of flesh and blood, and to accept new ties which neither moral nor legal obligations impose upon him—there is not the slightest apprehension to be felt from this very peculiar double allegiance of the French Canadian—intellectual allegiance to France, political allegiance to Great Britain—because both are altogether subordinate to his exclusive national attachment to Canada."

YOUNG LIBERALS AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

Obtain Happy Possession of Coveted Cup.

The last of the series of pedro competitions between the Catholic Club and the Young Liberals resulted last night in victory for the latter, and their winning of the cup, for the possession of which there has been such friendly and ardent competition. The teams were very closely matched, but fortune favored the Young Liberals, and they won out by a score of 56 points to 41. At the close of the play the Catholic Club upheld the reputation it has won for hospitality, and after refreshments had been liberally dispensed a short, but highly entertaining programme of musical selections was interspersed with addresses from the presidents and other members of both teams.

President F. W. Russell, of the Catholic Club, occupied the chair, and his fraternal greetings were acknowledged in suitable terms by President Pulford, of the Young Liberals. Brief addresses were also delivered by Messrs. T. D. Deegan, D. Smith, and Messrs. Farmer and Lovell for the guests of the evening.

Musical numbers of exceptional merit were contributed by Messrs. C. H. Jackson, K. M. Armstrong, R. L. Waugh, Mr. Chisholm, Austin, Gandy, and Harry Brownrigg. The evening's entertainment closed with three rousing cheers given by the Young Liberals for their hosts, the members of the Catholic Club.

GENERAL BOOTH.

"I am not going to allow you to suck that juicy plum—the United States—all to yourself," said "General" Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, in a letter which his son made public at the time that he started the secession movement of the "Volunteers" in this country. He also stated that there was some real estate owned by the "Army" in the United States, worth about \$700,000, which the "general" desired to have transferred to his own name, but which his son, invoking the law, prevented him from doing. These incidents throw a little light upon the supposedly disinterested character of the leader and founder of the "Army" just as the establishment of the "Volunteers" establishes the fissiparous tendency of all the sects. That Mr. Booth's visit to Pittsburg, and his three addresses on Sunday in the Alvin Theatre, resulted in the excitation of new enthusiasm among the uniformed "lads and lassies" of the "Army" will hardly be claimed by even his warmest admirers; for he possesses none of the gifts which enthrall an audience. He is no orator; he has a poor, squeaky voice; his command of English is limited; and what he does know of it is delivered in ungrammatical form. He is doubtless taking a holiday, which he evidently enjoys.

That the "Salvation Army" and its offshoot, the "Volunteers," perform some good work physically in aiding the poor, few will be inclined to deny. But it is not alone on bread that man lives. And that the singing of hymns set to music-hall tunes, the irreverent use of the Holy Name, and the stirring up of religious emotions of an evanescent nature can result in any spiritual benefit is not to be believed for a moment. The Salvation Army will

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share the fate of many other man-established sects.—Pittsburg Observer.

MR. SCHWAB SEES THE POPE.

A cablegram from Rome states that on Sunday Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College, presented to the Pope, in private audience Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab, his father, mother and sister. His Holiness gave them the apostolic benediction.

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A SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO A PITTSBURG HERO-PRIEST.

In the columns of the Morning Herald of Lexington, Ky., date of January 26, appeared a splendid and beautiful tribute to the young Pittsburg priest whose sad death from smallpox, contracted in the performance of his duty, was chronicled in this paper last week. The article is from the pen of Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge, son of Robert J. Breckenridge, so eminent in the Presbyterian church, and demonstrates the fact that heroism, however humble and unheralded, finds an echo in every heroic heart. Col. Breckenridge wrote as follows:—

We hear much of this being the material age of the world—that the idol of this generation is the almighty dollar and for it alone will men strive and starve, and, if need be, die; that selfishness rules and heroism is sneered at as obsolete. There never was a grosser and more gratuitous falsehood. The world has never known a more heroic, unselfish and courageous age than this in which we have the unspeakable good fortune to live and act. The heroism of this day is so universal, so common and so often exhibited that it really makes no impression upon us as we read of it in the daily papers or see of it in our daily lives. It may seem an exaggeration to say that to-day every one is in nature and possibility a hero; and yet it would not be far wrong. There is not a day in which numerous acts of daring heroism are not performed. Who ever hears of a cowardly engineer, fireman, brakeman or conductor on a railroad train? Where has a pilot or officer of a steamship failed to risk his life? When volunteer physicians, nurses or helpers are called, was there lately ever a failure to fill the call? We speak not of soldiers and officers—for these are trained to face death—but in the plainest, commonest walks of life every man meets unexpected danger with coolness, courage and unquestioning duty. Firemen, policemen, nurses—men and women of humble means and meager wages accept their employment with the tacit stipulation that they are to die well if death confronts them in their line of duty.

As we were half-doing over the columns of the Pittsburg Times our eyes somewhat lazily fell upon a mere local statement that Father Martin had died of smallpox; we had never heard of Father Martin and cared nothing for him or his life or death, but reading somewhat photographically—as we have the habit of doing—the statement was further that he was a young, eloquent, beloved Catholic priest, among whose parishioners virulent smallpox suddenly appeared; these needed his personal, his priestly, his spiritual ministrations. Warned of his danger, remonstrated with by those who loved him, he still went straight forward in the line of duty—leaving to his Master the result. From house to house this young and vigorous priest—to whom life promised so much and for whom the future held so much—went and at the bedside held the cross of the Master; soothed the pathway to the grave, opened the doors to supernal glories and gave to the perturbed and anxious soul divine peace. And then laid himself down to die and without a murmur accepted the cross which his duty earned.

It was a simple story simply told; a mere local item in the local column of a daily paper, casually read the day of publication in the crowded street cars, in the busy counting rooms, around the comfortable hearthstones of the well-to-do and happy; and who was stirred by the recital of this splendid and divine heroism? If he had played the coward and sneal every one would have read the item telling of his cowardice and read with interest. But duty and heroism are so common, so universal, that if any mental comment was made it was most probably, "Why of course; all priests would thus act," and thus unconsciously the noblest tribute be paid to our divine humanity and our supernal courage. Short service was vouchsafed to this young priest; brief life here allotted to this eloquent preacher; soon was he summoned from earthly toil and the ambition and hopes of a noble calling and superb endowment, and cut off in

the very dawn of his day. His name will soon be forgotten; the record of his sacrifice will be covered with undisturbed dust; but the world is richer, man is nobler and the very heavens diviner that such a life was thus ended—and such immortality thus commenced.

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

Text of the Pope's Recent Address.

The following is the full text of the address recently delivered to the cardinals by the Holy Father on the subject of Christian Democracy.

Christian Democracy has become to-day, as you fully understand, a fact of no slight importance. To this action, so entirely consonant to the spirit of our time and to the needs which called it forth, we gave sanction and impulse, defining clearly and distinctively its scope, its method, and its limitations; so that, if in this regard any one make a mistake, he can not allege as an excuse that our authoritative guidance was wanting. But speaking in general of those who have become engaged in this work, Italians as well as others, it is undeniable that they labor therein with excellent zeal and notable results; nor may we allow to pass unnoticed the active part that hundreds of noble-hearted young men have taken in it. We have encouraged the clergy also to enter this same field of action; for, in truth, there is no enterprise of sincere charity, judicious and beneficial, which is foreign to the vocation of the Catholic priesthood. And is not this true and most opportune charity to apply oneself with care and disinterestedness to the betterment of the spiritual condition as well as the material circumstances of the multitude? The maternal love of the Church for mankind is wide as the paternity of God; but, nevertheless, faithful to her origin, and mindful of the Divine example, she has been always accustomed to devote herself by predilection, to the lowly, to the afflicted, to the disinherited of fortune. When it is sincerely and constantly animated by the spirit of this universal mother of peoples, Christian Democracy need have no fear of failing in its scope; nor need any one have fear of the name when he knows that the thing is good. Understood as the Church understands it, the democratic concept, not only accords marvellously with the dictates of revelation and religious belief, but has even been born of Christianity and educated by it, and it is by the preaching of the Gospel that the nations have received it. Athens and Rome knew it not, before they heard the Divine Voice which said to men, "You are all brothers, and of one Father who is in heaven."

Outside of this democracy, which is called and which is Christian, there is a seditious and Godless democracy, which pursues other ideals and walks by other ways; and bitter are the days which it is preparing for the states which hatch it in their bosoms and caress it. But our popular Christian movement, extending itself to the same objects, is an antagonistic force which bars the way of success for the other, and is frequently able to anticipate its work. If our Christian movement does nothing more than contest the field with socialistic democracy, and circumscribe the pernicious influences of this latter, it will have rendered a service, by no means unimportant, to social order and Christian polity.

THE BIBLE SOCIETIES.

Why the Catholic Church Opposes Them.

Why is it that the Catholic Church is so hostile to the efforts of the Bible societies? Is it dislike for God's Holy Word? Every Catholic knows that such is not, such cannot be the case. The Catholic Church has too much love and veneration for all that comes from its Creator and Redeemer. The Catholic Church loves God's Holy Word too much to expose it to the nameless horror and frightful indignities to which it has been subjected by the action of the societies in distributing millions of copies throughout the world.

Of the results of this action I will give a few examples. Archdeacon Grant in his Bampton Lectures, c.

3, p. 93, tells us: "The cause of the eagerness which has sometimes been evinced to obtain the sacred volume cannot be traced to a thirst for the Word of Life, but to secular purposes, the unhallowed uses to which the Holy Word of God, left in their hands, has been turned, and which are absolutely shocking to any Christian feeling." "They have been seen," says Dr. Wells Williams, "on the counters of shops in Macao, cut in two for wrapping up medicines and fruits, which the shopman would not do with the worst of his own books." "They are employed," said Bishop Courraze, "to roll round tobacco and bacon." Whole cases of them were sold by auction and purchased, says another eye-witness, at the price of old paper, chiefly by the shoemakers, grocers and druggists. Mr. Tomlin admits that the Chinese often stole them at night to apply them to domestic purposes, and that some of the missionaries appeared to consider this theft an encouraging proof of their zeal for Divine things. Marchini tells us from actual observation that they are sold by the weight to shoemakers to make Chinese slippers, and then goes on to express his astonishment, because "the English who display so much discernment and accuracy of judgment in other matters," should allow themselves to be the dupes of salaried spectators or visionary enthusiasts.

"How degrading is the idea," says a Protestant writer in the Asiatic Journal (vol. ix. p. 343), "to put into the hands of every Chinese bargeman or illiterate porter a package of tracts, to sell or give away on his journey as he pleases."

So rapid is the consumption of Bibles in the various branches of the retail trade in Hindostan that of the millions circulated it is difficult, except in the capitals, to find so much as the trace of a single copy. This we are told by Captain J. B. Seely in The Wonders of Elora, c. 19, p. 524, second edition. "Many of them have probably gone to the pawnbrokers," said Sir Charles Oakeley, Governor of Madras. In Ceylon they were used for much the same purposes as in India and China.

In New Zealand the Maories, according to Mr. Fox, tore up the Bibles to make wadding for their guns, and even went so far, as Miss Tucker indignantly informs us, as to convert them into New Zealand cartridges. In Africa, on the West Coast at Gaboon, after a grand distribution of Bibles by the missionaries among the negroes, as the sacred book had fallen into the hands of the children, M. Besseux saw the leaves of the Bible converted into pretty kites (Annals of Propagation of Faith, vol. viii., p. 75). Colonel Napier's tale is that the Kaffirs converted lately, to our cost, the missionary Bibles into ball cartridges or wadding. In Tettuan they were thrown into the flames. In Abyssinia, we are told by Mr. Parkyns that "the use to which the many Bibles given away in this country are commonly applied is the wrapping up of snuff and such like undignified purposes." Throughout the Levant, Syria and Armenia, millions of Bibles have been distributed. Many of them have been diligently collected and committed to the flames. An agent of the Biblical society resentfully records that the ecclesiastical authorities "have always strenuously opposed the distribution of the Bible in modern Greek." The Greek Patriarch, too, worried by the aggressions of the missionaries, published an Encyclical Letter in which he not only warned his people against the emissaries of the Bible society, but described them as "satannical heresiarchs from the caverns of hell and the abyss of the Northern Sea, whose object was to proselytize and to foment division and harness their Church and fill it with heresy." He went on to forbid the purchase or use of any translation of the Scriptures made by the missionaries, whether in the Turkish, Servian, Arabian, Bulgarian, Slavonian or other languages. If such an Encyclical had appeared from the Roman Pontiff, how the pulpits of Protestant England would have resounded with declamations against the tyranny of the Papacy!

In Persia the Bibles were torn up in the presence of the missionary

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and trampled in the dirt. At Bas-sora, where Mr. Samuel, the missionary, was nearly torn to pieces the Mahometans, more reverently than the missionary, anxious, as they said themselves, "that a book which they as well as Christians consider sacred might not be trodden under foot, resolved that the volumes should all be thrown into the river, and this order was accordingly executed." Instances of usage such as this might be multiplied ad infinitum. They have cost innumerable sums, says Mr. Marshall, have awakened only the contempt of the few Pagans who read them, have been polluted by the foulest and most degrading uses, and finally consumed as waste paper.—Rome and the Bible, by the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.

END OF COERCION IN ERIN.

The land war in Ireland is about drawing to a close and the prisoners serving coercion sentences will soon be liberated. Among them are six members of parliament, viz. William H. K. Redmond, Michael Reddy, Wm. Duffy, John Roche, J. P. Farrell and John O'Donnell, who are expected to take their seats at Westminster on Feb. 17 when parliament will be opened by King Edward if his health permits. The Irish representatives now in prison have been guilty of no crime under British law, and if they had received trial by jury they would not be convicted. Even the judges who sentenced them to terms of imprisonment intimated that they had violated no law, and had they promised to abstain from speaking at public meetings they would have been discharged from custody. But they claimed the right of free speech in their native land and would not abandon that right to escape imprisonment.

During the past year Ireland has been absolutely free from crime. Judges have been the recipients of white gloves in almost every county, and the only charge brought against the best men of the country was that they were creating discontent among the peasantry and keeping the landlords out of their rents. The County of Roscommon, where the United Irish League has made its influence felt, is entirely free from crime. Two weeks ago at the opening of the quarter sessions at Boyle, in that county, Judge O'Connor Morris addressed the grand jury as follows:

"I am happy to tell you that there is no necessity that you should be sworn. There is no business whatever to go before you. I have had the great pleasure of getting a pair of white gloves from the sheriff. I intended to address you at some length, as I wished to address you; but I can only say that, with the exception of the unfortunate De Freyne and Murphy quarrel, of which I spoke at length before, and which I shall not repeat, I think the state of the County Roscommon is very satisfactory. So, good day, gentlemen."

No wonder the Tory government has got tired of coercion in crimeless Ireland and has announced that the ordinary law will be restored and the political prisoners will be set at liberty. On the 1st of February Mr. Redmond was ordered to be released from Tullamore jail, though his sentence would not expire till March. The other members of parliament will soon be released, and in all probability no more of them will ever be incarcerated under a coercion act. A new land bill will be introduced at the coming session which is expected to prove satisfactory to both landlords and tenants. If the government rises to the occasion it has in its power to restore the land to the cultivators thereof. The leading landlords are willing to sell out to the tenants. At a recent conference in Dublin representatives of both landlords and tenants agreed upon certain terms as a basis of settlement which will end the land question for ever is the terms so agreed on by both parties are embodied in the bill. It has been stated that the King favors the passage of a bill that will solve the land problem in Ireland and that he sent Sir Antony Macdonnell to Dublin to prepare it for presentation to parliament. It will soon be known whether the Tory party will settle the land question and enable the Irish people to live happily in their own country. It is better for England as well as Ireland that the question be finally disposed of at the next session of parliament. England has misgoverned Ireland for centuries, and it is high time that she should cease her despotism and turn over a new leaf.—Irish Standard.

Sister Genevieve.

When her husband fell ill Kitty Vivian had been married nearly a year, and the doctors ordered him change of air and scenery. So in the very middle of the London season Kitty was obliged to pack up her pretty dresses, cancel her many engagements, and accompany him down to Malvern, where the beautiful air brought back a little of the old color to his pale, thin face. Herbert Vivian was not strong, and he had been working rather too hard of late, spending hours at his office, which for his health's sake should have been passed in the open air. He adored his pretty, bright-eyed little wife, and could not bear that she could not have everything she wanted in the way of luxury and comfort, and to attain this end he had to work much harder than he allowed her to have any idea of.

They spent six pleasant, healthy weeks at Malvern, and then went to pay some visits at various country houses, including Herbert's home, where his old father still lived. In September Herbert was obliged to return to London and to work, but Kitty declared that it was too soon to go back to their poky little flat, just when there were so many delightful shooting parties going on, and that she would go up to Yorkshire and stay with a cousin of hers whose house was always the scene of a perpetual round of gaiety.

Herbert consented rather against his will to this proposition. He did not like the cousin his wife had chosen to stay with, and he felt it hard that she should be willing, even anxious to part from him so soon after his recent illness, and let him go back alone to his work in London whilst she went about enjoying herself in country houses. However, he said very little, for he hated to throw cold water on any of his wife's amusements, and he betook himself to their little flat with a heavy heart, but with few outward signs of annoyance or disappointment.

Kitty wrote to him pretty regularly, her letters being full of her parties and of the society gossip which formed the chief topic of conversation at her cousin's house. Herbert spent his days at his office and his evenings at the club, and had to undergo a good deal of good-natured chaff from his friends about having become a "grass widower" so soon after his marriage. Though he bore their teasing good-humoredly, it hurt him, nevertheless, and often he would dine at home and spend his evenings reading, so as to avoid meeting his facetious young friends. At last, towards the end of October, Kitty returned, looking the picture of health and spirits, and full of all that she had been doing. They settled down then for the winter, and got along very nicely, for Herbert was so thoughtful and unselfish and so fond of his young wife that he seldom denied her anything if he could possibly help it. However, as Christmas drew near, and London became a prey to fogs and damp, Herbert Vivian developed a dreadful cough, of which at first he made light, declaring that he would soon get rid of it. The doctors to whom he went for advice thought differently, however, and after examining him thoroughly, told him firmly and decidedly, that if he ever meant to recover he must go abroad to some warm climate without one day's delay. Poor Herbert gave a sigh when he heard the doctor's verdict, but in his heart he knew it to be the right one, and he broke the news to his wife immediately on his return home.

"Oh, what fun! We'll go to Monte Carlo!" she cried, in great excitement; "we shall have a splendid time there. It will be really much more amusing, Bertie, than spending the winter in London."

"The doctor says I am to go to Madeira," said Herbert, "and I really think, dear, it will be better. You see, Kitty, Monte Carlo is a very expensive place, and as I shall be obliged to give up my work for the winter, I cannot afford to spend a great deal while we are away."

Kitty pouted. She was a spoilt child—the only girl among a large

family of brothers who had always given way before their pretty, imperious little sister. "I am sure Maderia is deadly dull," she exclaimed, irritably; "really, Bertie, you might have a little consideration for me. Fancy being cooped up in Madeira all the winter with no one but the ordinary inhabitants and a few English people who are dying of consumption. I can't imagine anything more miserable."

Herbert flushed. "Kitty," he said, sadly, "don't you think you are just a little selfish, dear? It will only be for two months, perhaps, and I am sure we shall find plenty of amusement once we get there."

"Oh, you will, I daresay," pouted Kitty, as she threw herself despondingly into an armchair. "You are always happy with your books and your sketching things, but you know how soon I get tired of reading, and I can't draw two straight lines."

"I will teach you, my darling, if you will let me," answered Herbert, gently. "Oh, Kitty, we might be so happy together," and he looked at her sorrowfully and sighed. In a moment the girl was overcome with a sudden fit of penitence and, throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she told him he was the dearest old "stick-in-the-mud" in the world, and that she would go with him wherever he wished. He stroked her brown head as it lay for a moment on his breast, and then, bending down he kissed her very tenderly.

A week later the Vivians embarked at Southampton in a Cape steamer, and at the end of eight days they found themselves landed at Madeira. The hotel at Funchal where they had ordered rooms was bright and sunny and very comfortable. To Herbert it was new life being out all day in the fresh, pure, balmy air after the horrible London fogs which they had left behind. At first Kitty was happy in her new surroundings, and declared that Madeira was the most delightful spot on earth. She and Herbert made several expeditions together, walking, riding and in bullock carts, and the latter did all he could to reconcile his wife to the dullness of the beautiful little island. There were very few English people at Funchal, and the hotel was as Kitty predicted, chiefly taken up by consumptive patients. There was one pretty, delicate-looking French girl of about seventeen, who had been sent out in charge of a Bon Secours nun, whose sweet, sad face and gentle ways had impressed Kitty very much the few times they had met. Her young patient adored her and could scarcely bear her out of her sight for a moment, declaring that no one could smooth her pillows or soothe her to sleep like Sister Genevieve.

Kitty soon got tired of exploring and began to look about for some new form of entertainment, but there was none to be had. After a while she began to mope and declared that she would certainly die of the blues if she had to remain any longer in Madeira. About this time she received a letter from her cousin in Yorkshire, telling her that she and her husband and a party of lively friends whose names she mentioned, were going yachting in the Mediterranean, and that if she liked they would call at Madeira and carry her off with them for a fortnight at Monte Carlo. Kitty was sitting out on the terrace with her husband watching the evening glow upon the waters when the letter was handed to her, and without a moment's hesitation she decided to accept the invitation. Herbert, as usual, said very little when the plan was laid before him, but a sharp pain cut him through the heart like a knife as he listened to his wife's words:

"It will only be for a fortnight, Bertie," she said in a tone of apology, "and you will easily be able to take care of yourself while I am away. I will ask Sister Genevieve to keep an eye on you and to let me know if anything goes wrong." And with this she stilled the voice of conscience which told her she should not leave her husband all alone, and went off to answer her cousin's letter. Ten days later she received a wire to say that she might expect the yacht early the following week, and she was full of

good humor and gaiety, during all she could to make up to Herbert for her impending desertion of him. The evening before the yacht was expected she went to seek Sister Genevieve to tell her what she was going to do, and to ask her to see after her husband during her absence, if he required any care. She found the nun walking up and down the terrace saying her rosary. Her face wore a look of almost heavenly saintliness, but was withal so sweet and sympathetic, that all who knew her felt drawn towards her in a wonderful manner. She stopped praying as soon as she saw Kitty approaching, and asked cheerfully if there was anything she could do for her. Kitty told her what she wanted, and somehow she could not help feeling a little bit ashamed when she saw the look of surprise and pain that came into Sister Genevieve's dark eyes as she listened.

"And are you going to leave your husband all alone?" she asked, when Kitty had finished speaking.

"Yes," replied the girl, reluctantly. "At least, there will always be you should he require anyone, which is not at all likely as he is so much better now."

For some moments Sister Genevieve did not speak. A far-away look had crept over her beautiful face, and her lips were trembling. Then very gently she said:

"Mrs. Vivian, I would like to tell you a story if you can stay a few minutes; it will not take long."

"Oh, I have lots of time," returned Kitty. "My packing is all done. I finished it this morning, so as to be ready whenever the yacht arrives."

"Let us sit down here then," said the Sister, leading the way to a rustic bench, beneath a trellis around which the roses were climbing, although it was January. Kitty followed, wondering vaguely what the story could be which Sister Genevieve was about to recount to her.

"Years ago," began the Sister, in a voice which trembled ever so slightly, "when you were little more than a baby, two young people fell in love with each other and were married. For two years all went well with them, and they were as happy as the day was long. Then one sad day the young husband fell ill and his doctor sent him to a little village in the south of England to recruit his health. His wife, of course, accompanied him, and at first she was charmed with the free, open-air life, the picturesque old village, and the friendly, weather-beaten fisherfolk who formed the chief society of the place. The invalid used to spend his days lying on the beach watching the fishermen mending their nets, and chatting with them about the sea and its treasures, which was a topic they never grew tired of. He was quite happy and contented, for he never cared very much for society, and as long as he had his wife near him it was all he asked. The soft, pure air did him a world of good, and his cough grew less frequent. After the first few weeks, however, his young wife who had always been accustomed to a life of gaiety, began to find the simple enjoyment of the little village extremely monotonous. She complained of the tiny rooms, the homely food and finally declared that she would certainly go mad if she had to remain there much longer. Poor Geoffrey was terribly upset when he heard her talking in this strain, and did all he could to make her more contented with her lot. He sent to London for books and pictures to brighten the rooms, he took her for long drives to all the places of interest in the neighborhood, but Madge was still dissatisfied. Nothing pleased her, she wearied of everything, and cried a great deal when she was alone, to Geoffrey's infinite distress. At last matters reached a climax. A sister of Madge's was spending the winter on the Riviera, and she sent long and glowing descriptions of the lovely scenery, the flowers, the sunshine, and, above all, of the charming people she had met. Madge pined to join her, and when Mrs. Seymour wrote and said that Monte Carlo would do her husband a great deal more good than the Devonshire village, Madge determined that she would make him go out there. She read the letter to him, and at last, after a long argu-

ment, Geoffrey resigned himself to the inevitable. A week later he found himself in a large hotel at Monte Carlo, which was filled with smart, healthy people, and he, in his weak state of health, felt himself very much out of everything that was going on around him. Mrs. Seymour, Madge's sister, was a robust, loud-voiced widow, always beautifully dressed, and with plenty of money at her disposal. She considered that Geoffrey wanted stirring up, and was always telling Madge to make him go and enjoy himself like other people, instead of moping in the hotel or sitting alone in the sunshine, watching the sea with that far-away look in his eyes. Unfortunately, Madge entertained a profound respect for Mrs. Seymour's opinion, and poor Geoffrey suffered in consequence. He always tried to appear bright and gay when his sister-in-law was anywhere near, but the sound of her voice and the aggressive rustle of her silk-lined garments approaching used to set his teeth on edge and make him shiver. They often took him for drives, which he would have enjoyed very much if he had been alone with Madge, but Mrs. Seymour almost invariably accompanied them, and the result was that he was longing all the time to get home as quickly as possible. He hated the gossip and scandal with which Madge's sister beguiled the hours, and could not bear to see the delight and interest his wife used to take in hearing of a recent divorce case or a suicide at Monte Carlo. Once he went for a drive with Madge, as Mrs. Seymour had some more amusing engagements on hand, and the memory of that afternoon lived for a long time in the minds of both. Madge was in a soft, coaxing humor, and she let him hold her hand and fondle the little finger which bore his wedding-ring. Geoffrey wished with all his heart that every drive might be like that one. He and his wife were so happy together, she seemed to him to be more like the Madge of the first few months of their married life, simple and affectionate, and quite content to talk to him about the beautiful scenery, the books he had been reading, and other things which interested him. But the other afternoons were not like that and Geoffrey regretted the Devonshire village with a bitterness which grew deeper every day. He saw so little of Madge. She was always going to parties with her sister or else wasting the sunny hours in the

hot, close atmosphere of the Casino. Once or twice she went to a dance in the evening, and Geoffrey was left alone to ponder sadly on the change that had come over his wife. And all this time Madge was in her element. Though at the bottom of her heart she loved her husband very deeply, yet she longed for excitement and admiration. She went everywhere, dressed beautifully and enjoyed herself most thoroughly. Poor Geoffrey was obliged to remonstrate with her once on the score of expense, for he was not very well off, and he feared that his foolish young wife might get herself perhaps deeply in debt. "I must dress like other people," Madge had answered irritably. "It's nonsense to suppose that I can go about if I do not get some new clothes," and Geoffrey sighed and said no more. He soon grew to hate the Casino. The bold-eyed, showy, painted women parading up and down, and the ceaseless chink of the money passing from hand to hand filled him with loathing and disgust. The first time he saw his wife take her place at the tables it gave him a feeling of pain which he could not repress. He went back to the hotel feeling more ill and weak than he had ever done since the doctor had cautioned him to avoid exertion and spoken disparagingly about his lungs. Something must be done, he said to himself, I cannot let her become like her sister and like all those other women who swarm about the Casino. The bedroom windows were open and a mist was slowly rising from the sea, but Geoffrey did not heed it, and he sat for a long time with his eyes fixed dreamily on the gathering darkness. He felt himself so weak and ill, so utterly unfit to take care of his vain pretty little wife, with her passionate love of life and gaiety. Soon he might require care and nursing, but he knew that he must not now expect them from Madge. Some demon of selfishness seemed to have taken possession of her, and her thoughts were all for herself and her own amusements. He was sitting in the same position when his wife returned home from the Casino. She had lost a good deal of money and was angry in consequence. At Geoffrey's first gentle remonstrance she broke into a torrent of passionate irritable words. He grew angry also for once in his life, and a quarrel ensued. For the first time since they had been married they exchanged no good-night kiss. The following morning the doctor was

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hastily summoned to visit Geoffrey who had become very much worse. Madge was thoroughly frightened, and for a few days was a devoted nurse. She sat in the sick-room all day attending to the patient's slightest wishes. Then Geoffrey got a little better, and the former state of things began again. Madge plunged into the vortex of gaiety with renewed vigor, as though she wished to make up for the time she had lost. Mrs. Seymour backed her up in every way, and the two sisters spent all their days together in a perpetual round of amusement. Geoffrey gave up saying anything. It did no good, and only irritated Madge. His cough grew worse, but he never complained. After a while he gave up going out any more, and would lie all day, for the most part quite alone. Madge went to the Casino every day. Sometimes she would go both day. Sometimes she would go both afternoon and evening. If she was lucky she would return home smiling, and be full of tenderness towards her husband and of compassion for his suffering and loneliness. If she lost she was sullen and silent, and was only longing to be off again to win her money back. She knew that Geoffrey hated the gambling and that the mere thought of it made him miserable, but she was utterly callous to the pain she caused him, and lived only for herself and her triumphs and enjoyments. She met with a great deal of admiration amongst her sister's many friends and acquaintances, and her head was completely turned between it all. One afternoon Geoffrey was feeling worse than usual, and he asked his wife to stay with him just for once. She saw how ill he looked, and hesitated, and he noticed the wavering in her face.

"Only just this once, Madge," he pleaded, looking at her wistfully. "I feel so strange this afternoon, and I have a dreadful pain here," and he pressed his hand to his side.

"Poor Geoffrey," she whispered, tenderly, bending over him to kiss his thin flushed face. "I promised Alice to go with her to the Casino this afternoon, but I won't stay long. I shall be back in an hour, and you won't mind being left alone for such a short time, will you, dear?"

"Geoffrey did not answer. He did mind it very much, but he knew it was no use saying so.

"You won't stay longer than an hour, will you, Madge?" he whispered, brokenly, for his heart was aching even more than his side. At that moment Mrs. Seymour's voice was heard at the door calling to Madge to make haste. "All right, Alice, I'm coming," cried the girl. "Good-bye, Geoffrey," and she was gone without another glance at her husband.

"It was 3 o'clock when she went out and the clocks were striking 7 when she opened the bedroom door on her return. A strange stillness seemed to pervade the room as she entered. Her face was wreathed in smiles and she carried a bag of gold pieces in her hand.

"I have won, Geoffrey! I have won!" she cried, as she advanced towards her husband's sofa, but no answer came from the still, quiet figure lying there. A cry of terror broke from the girl as she bent over him. He lay upon his side, his eyes wide open and fixed upon the doorway, as though he expected some one to enter. His mouth was contorted and there was blood on the white linen front of his shirt.

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" cried the young wife, falling on her knees beside him. "Speak to me! Look at me, Geoffrey; I am here! I am here!"

"But there was still no answer, nothing but silence reigned. In horror she glanced towards the door. Who had he been watching for when the grim messenger of death had come to take him? She knew well it was for the wife who had promised to love and to cherish him always, in sickness and in health, until death should part him from her. And now death had come and she was too late, too late. She knew that he had called her name when he felt the end drawing near, struggling with all his might to live until she returned to look once more upon her face which he had loved so dearly. He died alone and unaided, without a human creature

near him. Oh! false wife, false friend! Was it thus she had kept her marriage vows. 'Geoffrey! Geoffrey!' she wailed in her agony, 'I will be good!' But her husband could not hear her; what mattered now if she were good or bad? A book lay open on the floor beside him. Madge's eyes fell upon one line, it, too, was marked with a crimson stain: 'In My Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so—' She could read no further. With a cry of anguish she fell senseless across her husband's body."

There was a dead silence for some moments when Sister Genevieve had finished speaking. Kitty Vivian was sobbing quietly, her face hidden in her hands. She looked up presently.

"Sister," she whispered through her tears, "who was it?"

"It was myself," replied the nun gently; "the story is the story of my life."

"Thank you, Sister," said Kitty, very softly, and without another word she rose and walked with a firm step to the spot where her husband sat, gazing steadily at the blue waters, which was to carry his wife away from him on the morrow. Heedless of who might see her, Kitty fell on her knees beside him, and, taking his thin hands in hers, she covered them with kisses. "Forgive me, Bertie, forgive me," she sobbed. "Oh, how could I ever have thought of leaving you, my darling!"

Herbert gathered his wife into his arms with a beating heart. He did not understand what it all meant, but a strange flood of happiness came suddenly over him. "Tell me what you mean, Kitty," he whispered eagerly, "tell me what has happened."

Then with his arms about her, she told him Sister Genevieve's story, and in the long silence which followed, it seemed to them both that a new life was opening out before them, a life in which all would be peace and love and happiness.

The following morning the yacht arrived as expected, and Herbert and Kitty went down to the harbor to see it come in. They found a very lively party on board, and almost everyone was already well known to Kitty.

"Well, Kit, I hope you are packed and ready," cried her cousin as they met, "for we cannot stay here more than a few hours. It is a dull place, and you are very wise to leave it for a bit."

"I had better tell you at once," said Kitty quietly, "that I have changed my mind, and that I do not mean to leave Madeira after all."

"Oh, Kitty, why?" cried a chorus of surprised voices.

"Because I would rather stay here with Herbert," she replied, simply; "I am very sorry to have brought you all on such a wild-goose chase, but I only made up my mind last night, too late to notify you."

Then her friends surrounded her, trying to induce her to think better of her decision and to go with them after all. But Kitty was firm.

"It's awfully nice of you all to want me," she said merrily, "but to tell you the truth, my ideas of enjoyment have changed a good deal since you saw me last; so there is no use in trying to persuade me, because nothing will make me change. And now come along to the hotel and we will show you the beauties of Funchal, and when you are tired of it you can go off again as fast as you like."

That same evening the yacht got up steam again, and just as the sun was beginning to set the party embarked, and half an hour later they were steaming slowly out of the harbor. Kitty and her husband stood on the pier and watched them, till the yacht became a mere speck on the vast waters.

"Oh, Herbert," whispered the little wife as she nestled close to him "how can I ever be grateful enough to Sister Genevieve. Only for her I should have been in the yacht this very moment, being carried further and further away from you. I can't think how I can ever have contemplated leaving you. Oh, how wicked and selfish I was, and you never said one word in anger to me, all the time."—Exchange.

WEAKNESS AND CENSORIOUSNESS.

The doctor jabbed the big silver hat-pin a bit savagely through the crown of her best hat, and sat down emphatically in the big arm-chair in which the Princess had been arranging innumerable soft cushions. The Princess handed her a cup of tea and asked "What now?"

"Oh, its nothing worth mentioning, of course. I was a bit tired, I suppose. Things didn't go my way at the hospital this morning. That dear little terror of a Cummings boy that I've literally dragged out of typhoid, is going to be cheated out of his recovery after all, I'm afraid. Mothers are such fools sometimes. They will do anything under the sun for their children but the thing they ought to do. Tommy's mother begged so hard to see him, and promised so faithfully not to bring him anything to eat that I gave her permission to spend the afternoon with him. And this morning when I came down there I found most of my work undone. She had brought him only a piece of a pork pie. Tommy was that fond of it she couldn't help it, she protested. I suppose I was a bit brutal, but I told her she had undoubtedly killed Tommy with her pork pie, and ought to be hanged for it, for I had warned her that any solid food just now would be extremely dangerous. Of course, she took on, and finally I had to put her to bed, and give her something to quiet her nerves. I do wish your mother's circles would thresh out this subject of mother's love, or mother's instinct, or the uselessness of it. Why doesn't it tell mothers the right thing to do once in a while? In nine cases out of ten the mother who follows out her instinct in the matter will indulge the child in whatever he wants, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that's bad for him. It's pleasant for the mother usually, just for the moment, but it brings terrible suffering later. An indulged child becomes a wayward child always. It's curious, too, that the indulged child never loves its parents particularly, never looks out for their comfort when they're old.

"But, dear me, this isn't what I came in to talk about at all. After I left the hospital, I thought I'd like something quite different. I'd go around and see some girls I used to know. I haven't called in a long time, and they'd talk about something pleasant. I'd pay my social obligations, and get my mind off my work. Oh! I'll never go there again. I don't care how good friends my mother and theirs were. If people only knew the effect their conversation has on other people they would make a point of never telling anything but pleasant stories. They told me one mean thing after another. How the carpet weaver cheated them; how their cousin had smuggled in their new laces, and, after the disgusting little story, they shewed me the lace. If they had only let me see the lace, and omitted the story, I'd have had one pleasant picture, anyway. Then they talked about plays. They asked me if I had seen a particularly obnoxious one. I said I hadn't, and tried to change the topic. You know, I believe you can't even go into the discussion of certain things without leaving a bad imprint on your mind. But they went back to it, and went into details as to the worst scenes, and pointed out what they considered objectionable. And so it went on for a whole hour before I could get away. There are dozens of beautiful plays, yet they mentioned just that one horrid one. I suppose that was the only interesting one. There are hundreds of exquisite, uplifting books, but the one story they discussed was a miserable, cynical affair that made mock of love and marriage. They didn't approve, of course, but they talked of it, and not of the good things. They pointed out the shortcomings, the failures, dishonesties and hypocrisies, not of their neighbors individually, of course, but of humanity. And as for poor me, who was tired and went there for a rest and a pleasant chat, I felt more battered, and bruised, and aged by that hour's contact with three bright women than by a year's contact with all sorts of

frail human beings in a charity hospital. Now, Princess, was it simply I who was tired and felt the atmosphere unduly, or what happened? I know you would rest me anyway, so I took another hour which I really ought to be spending with my patients."

"Poor children, sighed the Princess, "I know them. At least if I don't know your particular friends, I know others like them. They have reversed Kingsley's motto, 'Be clever, sweet maid'; they say, 'Let who will be good.' Not that they are not good enough themselves. They are, I suppose, although it is hard to see how one can stay good in deed and think always of the evil side of things. As you say, they never approve of the wrong, but they always see it. They criticize always. There are flaws in everything. It's a bad atmosphere to create around one's self. It is almost impossible to grow in grace in it. Did you ever notice how susceptible children are to such an atmosphere? The little girl whose mother is always pointing out her faults develops the very worst that is in her. Another child lives in an atmosphere where good is expected, where little is said of the faults, and she grows in thoughtfulness and goodness. I don't believe any of us can afford to cultivate the critical habit. It's not good for ourselves, and it's certainly very trying for our callers."—Aunt Bride in Sacred Heart Review.

THE IDEAL DAUGHTER.

A devoted, cheerful, caressing daughter is the joy of a home. Happy the house that resounds all day long with her songs and the peals of her silvery laughter! She is the sun that shines all day. She is the chain that binds father and mother together, and their safeguard against any danger to their love and faithfulness to each other. Is there anything which could entice that father out of his home so long as that girl is in it? No, nothing but the work that he has to do, and which he cheerfully does, all the time longing for that welcome kiss when he returns home.

I admire the love of a daughter for her mother, but it is so common, so natural, that I am always ready to take it for granted; but the love of a daughter for a father! What a sight for the gods it is! Look at that girl on her father's knee, with her arms around his neck, fondling him, petting him, patting his face, curling his mustache, pulling his nose. Look at them in the street, arm in arm, like old "pals"! His weight is not one ounce; in that girl's company he is a man of twenty-five, not a year older. Watch them flatten their noses against the shop windows, looking at all the pretty things inside.

But they do not remain outside. Sure, they go in; the little rogue knows her business. She knows that papa is always ready to cheerfully part with his loose cash. She gives him a nudge, a little wink; they laugh, and in they go. And what a time they have discussing over the choice of all the things they are going to have! When they return home they get scolded for their extravagance; but that's all right. Mamma is not a bit jealous. Besides, have they not bought something for her? Of course they have.

The whole day that daughter watches the opportunity to do her father a thousand good little turns. If he takes a cigar, she rushes for a light, and strikes it herself; if he only mentions that he has forgotten something upstairs, off she goes to fetch it. She seems to foresee all his wishes and satisfies them before they are expressed.

The day mother is "at home," she is almost jealous; so many people take possession of her father, and she is a monopolizer. For that matter, who is the good woman that is not? She, however, constantly watches an opportunity to come near him. If a chair gets vacant in his neighborhood, she quickly seizes it and occupies it. Then she takes his arm, or picks off his coat imaginary little bits of fluff. She looks at him, smiles at him, makes love to him.

When all the people are gone, she

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has a good fling at him, and keeps him all to herself for the rest of the day. She talks and chats to him, tells him stories, plays for him, sings him all his favorite songs, and the hours fly joyfully till it is time to go to bed. Then she kisses him good-night once, twice, three times, and goes; but soon the door opens and again she reappears to say good-night and once more; then, singing, with a quick step, she rushes upstairs, leaving papa sighing at the thought that he will not set his eyes on that dear, lovely little face again till next morning, at breakfast.

Blessed be the man who possesses such a daughter! His lot is the most enviable one in the world.—Ex.

SHERIDAN'S FISH STORY.

By John C. Linehan in February Donahoe's.

Contrary to expectation, considering what he had been through, he possessed a voice as sweet and musical as that of a woman. On my mentioning this to him, he smiled and said that was about the first remark made by parties presented to him, and added: "I suppose they expected to find a man tall as a steeple, as heavy as an elephant, and with a voice like a foghorn." As evidence of this he said: "When I was stationed in Chicago, before taking command of the Army it was my custom to take a hunting and fishing tour in Wisconsin. Several of my staff accompanied me. We took our camp equipage with us, locating at intervals along the banks of river or creek wherever the fishing was good. One morning I awoke at day-break and found it was ideal weather to cast a hook, there was a heavy mist with an occasional rain-drop. I got up, slipped on my clothes, took my rod and bait, and started to fish up the creek. The grass on the banks was heavy, fit for the scythe, and as I trudged along I found I left quite a trail behind me. As I noticed this I said to myself 'if the owner of this field gets sight of me I will get a Scotch blessing.' Just as this thought occurred to me, as I was turning a bend of the river, whom should I meet face to face but a man who, judging by his looks and actions, was the individual in question. I had on an old blouse, slouch hat, and high boots, not making in consequence a very presentable appearance. I had in my pocket a nice flask of brandy which had not been tapped. He wore an old straw hat with flapping sides, had a scythe on his shoulder, and a deep scowl on his face. As I approached him I said: "Good morning, uncle. It is kind of damp, wouldn't you like something to warm you?" at the same time unscrewing the cork, and handing him the bottle. He took it, looking me all over from hat to boots, put it to his mouth, and took a good swig. He did not get the flavor until he had taken it from his lips. Holding the bottle in his hand he looked at it wistfully. "All right, uncle," I said, "if you like it take a drink." He repeated the act, and when the bottle left his mouth this time full half of the contents had disappeared. As he handed it back he asked: "Who may I thank for this?" "In Chicago," said I, "I am known as General Sheridan."

"The hell you are," said he, "who in the devil could hear a little cuss like you on the battlefield? But your brandy is all right."

"Just think," said the General, "the idea of a commander being heard by his men in action," and he laughed again.

A REMARKABLE PERIOD IN ENGLISH LETTERS.

By James Keating in February Donahoe's.

Lionel Pigot Johnson was born of Irish parentage at Broadstairs, Kent, March, 1867. He received his early education at Winchester, whence he entered Oxford; from there, in 1891, he graduated with the degree of A.B. and other honors and distinctions. Even at school he had been remarked for an almost phenomenal brilliancy of intellect which during his university years flowered in such precious bloom that when he went to London to devote himself to literary work he found welcomed entrance into the pages of "The Chronicle," "The Academy" and other journals and periodicals of prominence. It was a remarkable period in English letters, those years between 1887 and 1897. A school of keen, brilliant and able young men was flourishing in London; Arthur Symons, Max Beerbohm, Laurence Binyon, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, W. E. Henley, W. B. Yeates, George Moore, G. Bernard Shaw, were writing plays, poems, novels, and essays, while Aubrey Beardsley sketched epigrams and illustrated moods. The Celtic revival was in its portentous beginnings. William Morris was creating a new style in poetry and reviving an old style in printing. The influence of Coventry Patmore and Walter Pater

had not waned. Probably at no time have the humanities been more in honor, in England at least. To obtain a hearing and win approval was the meed of high talent, and this Johnson obtained, in prose and verse. His first book of poems was hailed with acclaim by critics and readers; his volume on Hardy was accorded equal honor. In all the movements of the day he was prominent; he contributed to "The Savoy" and "The Yellow Book"; he was one of the founders of the London Irish National Literature Society; a friend as well as a disciple of Walter Pater; the critic to speak the final word on Coventry Patmore. At this time, also, he was formally received into the Roman Catholic Church, whose ordered teaching, whose care for the individual, whose reverent silence before mystery had long appealed to him. As Symons says of Patmore he found in the Church "the sufficient symbols of those beliefs which were the deepest emotion of his spirit."

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

Interview With New York's Popular Prelate.

Archbishop Farley, says a writer in the New York World, is likely to become in time as renowned as President Roosevelt for the facility with which he disposes of a vast variety of matters presented by his visitors. A word here, another there, a few low-toned conversations, lasting perhaps half a minute each, every caller rising as the prelate approaches his chair, and in a few minutes the reception room is cleared of all save two or three whose business requires more extended consideration. These are escorted one at a time into the rear parlor, where the Archbishop seats himself on a red-upholstered sofa, with his visitor in a chair close by and the matter at interest is discussed with an entire absence of formality.

Directness is the chief characteristic of Archbishop Farley's speech. He doesn't "beat around the bush." His first words, in talking with the World reporter, were an expression of his horror of appearing in the light of posing before the public.

"It would simply make me ridiculous," he said, "to advertise my views on this subject or that through a newspaper interview, when there is no special occasion for it."

But when the subject of Catholic education was broached the Archbishop began almost eagerly to tell of his plans for the extension of the system of parochial schools.

"The position of the Catholic Church on the subject of education has been justified by experience," he said. "For years we were alone in holding that children ought to have daily religious instruction in addition to that which they receive in church and Sunday school. Parents are negligent in this respect, and in many cases they are incompetent. It is therefore a duty which devolves upon the Church to see that the young receive proper religious and moral training."

"Other denominations are at last coming around to our way of thinking. A committee of seventy prominent educators, representing Yale, Harvard and many other famous institutions of learning, is to meet in Chicago in February to seek a remedy for the woeful lack of religious spirit in American schools and colleges. The necessity for the calling of this meeting is in itself an indorsement of our position."

"From a secular standpoint, the success of our schools is established. Many of them carry pupils further than the public school and are, in fact, high schools. Their certificates are accepted as readily as those of the public schools by the higher institutions of learning."

"We intend to extend the system until we shall have a parochial school for every church in the diocese. Five new schools will be ready for opening next September."

Archbishop Farley showed indignation and aggressiveness when his attention was called to an address made by him a few weeks ago at the Catholic Club to an audience of society women interested in the charities of the Church. He told these women that they could aid the Church in combating the efforts of Protestants who are trying to

make proselytes among Catholic immigrants, particularly Italians. "We have plenty of proof," declared the Archbishop, "that there is an organized movement to seek Protestant converts among Italian immigrants in this city. I could give the names of prominent millionaires who are supporting the movement. I will not do so, but I will give you an article which contains some of the names and which gives the facts of the situation more completely than I have time to do to-day."

"I wish to give notice to these gentlemen that they are wasting their money. I have lived in Italy and I know the Italian people. It may be possible to lead them astray—to make bad Catholics of them—but they can't be made into good Protestants. You might as well try to turn a paving stone into diamond."

The article referred to appeared in the January number of the Messenger, a copy of which the Archbishop gave to the reporter. It is entitled "Evangelizing the Italians," and was written by Thomas F. Meehan. The millionaires mentioned are Morris K. Jessup, president of the City Mission and Tract Society, and John D. Rockefeller, a Baptist mission at Oliver and Henry streets. The tone of the article is bitter, the managers and supporters of Protestant missions being referred to as "soul hunters" bent on "robbing of their faith these poor people, whom a godless government has driven from their country."

The Italian Industrial School of the Children's Aid Society, at No. 156 Leonard street, is described as a "convent factory."

In one of his first speeches after his elevation, at the laying of a church corner-stone, Archbishop Farley referred to New York as a "wicked city." It was thought by many persons that he had in mind the system of police blackmail under which various forms of vice are permitted to flourish. He was asked by the reporter if this assumption was correct.

"I did not refer to the police or to any particular manifestation of vice," he replied, "and I do not care to discuss those matters now."

"What I had in mind was the general condition of society wherever multitudes of people are gathered together, as in New York. The gravest danger to society in our city, I believe, comes from the rapid accumulation of wealth and the consequent indulgence in excessive luxury. I believe this is largely accountable for the appalling growth of the divorce evil."

The archbishop was asked if he shared the opinion which has been expressed by many clergymen that the degeneracy of the stage is lowering the popular standards of morals.

"I am scarcely competent to reply to that question," he said, "except in the most general terms, because I never attend the theatre. I can not speak from knowledge of any particular play, but I am in full sympathy with the demand for the suppression of immorality in stage exhibitions. The glorification of vice, especially when surrounded with the glamor of the stage, can not fail to have a far-reaching evil effect. The danger to young persons is particularly great, and parents should exercise care in selecting the plays which they permit their children to witness."

Man in Background—That fellow just getting up is one of the company playing at the opera house. Girl in the Background—You don't mean to say he is only one of the company? Why! He's big and good-looking enough to be a star.—Brooklyn Life.

"Herbert calls on me every evening," said the confiding girl. "Don't you think that is a sign he really cares for me?" "I can't be sure," answered Miss Cayenne, "whether it indicates that he is in love, or that coal is scarce at his house."—Washington Star.

Old Lady—Shame! The idea of all you big boys jumping on that poor little lad and robbing him. Big Boy—We ain't robbing him, lady. We are just playing the Powers in Venezuela, and he wanted to be Castro.—Chicago Daily News.

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DALTON & GRASSIE
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
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