

# Merry Xmas Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY CATHOLIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

VOL. XIV, No. 22.

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1898.

\$2.00 per year.  
Single Copies, 5 cents.

## A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

By Father Abram J. Ryan.

The stars in the far-off heaven  
Have long since struck eleven!  
And hark! from temple and from  
Soundeth time's grandest midnight

Blessed by the Saviour's birth,  
And night putteth off the sable stole,  
Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole.  
For one with many a starry gem,  
To honor the Babe of Bethlehem,  
Who comes to men the King of them  
Yet comes without robe or diadem;  
And all turn towards the holy east,  
To hear the song of the Christmas

Four thousand years earth waited.  
Four thousand years men prayed,  
Four thousand years the nations  
That their King so long delayed.

The prophets told His coming,  
The saintly for Him sighed;  
And the star of the Babe of Bethlehem  
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces towards the future,  
They longed to hail the light  
That in the after centuries  
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Saviour tarried,  
Within His Father's home,  
And the nations wept and wondered  
The promised had not come.

At last earth's hope was granted,  
And God was a child of earth;  
And a thousand angels chanted  
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander  
That hour than paradise:  
And the light of earth that night  
The splendors of the skies.

Then let us sing the anthem:  
The angels once did sing;  
Until the music of love and praise  
O'er whole wide world will ring.

Gloria in excelsis!  
Sound the thrilling song:  
In excelsis Deo!  
Roll the hymn along.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let the heavens ring;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Welcome, new-born King.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Over the sea and land.  
In excelsis Deo!  
Chant the anthem grand.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let us all rejoice:  
In excelsis Deo!  
Lift each heart and voice.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Swell the hymn on high;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Sound it to the sky.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Sing it, sinful earth,  
In excelsis Deo!  
For the Saviour's birth.

Thus joyful and victoriously,  
Glad and ever so gloriously,  
High as the heavens, wide as the  
Swelleth the hymn of the Saviour's

Lo! the day is waking  
In the east afar;  
Dawn is faintly breaking.  
Sunk is every star.

Christmas eve has vanished  
With its shadows gray;  
All its griefs are banished  
By bright Christmas day.

Joyful chimes are ringing  
O'er the land and seas,  
And there comes glad singing,  
Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry  
Bed-clothes coyly lift.  
And, in such a hurry,  
Prattle "Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly,  
Knowing Christmas laws,  
Peep out very early  
For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing  
O'er their Christmas toys,  
Older ones are quaffing  
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,  
Faces all are gay;  
None are sad and tearful  
On bright Christmas day.

Hearts are light and bounding,  
All from care are free;  
Homes are all resounding  
With the sounds of glee.

Feet with feet are meeting,  
Bent on pleasure's way;  
Souls to souls give greeting  
Warm on Christmas day.

Gifts are kept a-going  
Fast from hand to hand;  
Blessings are a-flowing  
Over every land.

One vast wave of gladness  
Sweeps its world-wide way,  
Drowning every sadness  
On this Christmas day.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Haste around the earth,  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Be to one and all!  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Enter hut and hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Be to rich and poor!  
Merry, merry Christmas  
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Fill each heart with joy!  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
To each girl and boy.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Better gifts than gold;  
Merry, merry Christmas  
To the young and old.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
May the coming year  
Bring as merry a Christmas  
And as bright a cheer.

## THE REAL PRESENCE.

A Sermon preached in St. Mary's Church,  
Winnipeg, Dec. 8th, 1898, by Father  
Drummond.

St. Mary's church was filled to overflowing Thursday evening, when Rev. Father Drummond preached upon the "Real Presence," in reply to the sermon of Ven. Archdeacon Fortin. His text was John 6:55, "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed."

He said he did not intend to refer to those topics upon which the Anglicans themselves differed, nor to enter upon a useless or aggravating controversy. He was merely going to prove the truth of the Catholic doctrine. He had with him Archdeacon Fortin's sermon as it appeared in The Tribune, and he thought it would be best to read the sermon and comment upon the different points as he went along.

## FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

The subject of Archdeacon Fortin's sermon was the "Real Presence," or rather, the "Real absence," for his purpose was to show that Christ's body was not present in the sacrament. The archdeacon had evidently made an attempt to understand the Catholic doctrines, but he had got them lamentably confused.

By the force of the divine words uttered by the priest the bread and wine are turned into the flesh and blood of Christ, though the accidents remain the same. The appearance of the bread and wine is not changed, yet the real presence of Christ's body is there. When the divine

words have been spoken we know by faith that the substance is no longer bread but the body of Christ.

Archdeacon Fortin attempted to show that the words "This is my body; this is my blood," were mere figurative expressions, the same as "I am the door, I am the vine, I am the way." The latter expressions Father Drummond said were obviously figurative especially "I am the way," which is so plain a figure that it presents no difficulty; as to the other two instances, he read the context of John 10, 7-14, which refers to the words "I am the door of the sheep." He also read John 15, 1-6, beginning "I am the true vine."

"The context showed," said Father Drummond, "that these were metaphors and allegories, but you will search in vain in Hebrew or any other Oriental language for a figure in which the living body is represented by bread. Besides when Christ said 'I am the door,' 'I am the vine,' He did not speak of any special 'door' or 'vine,' whereas when He said 'this is my body,' He pointed out a very definite body, His own, which certainly was not a metaphor."

ST. JOHN, VI.

The rev. speaker hoped that one result of his sermon would be that every one would read carefully the sixth chapter of St. John. Catholics consider that the first part of the chapter refers to faith in Christ and the last part to the gift of His body.

"As," said Father Drummond, "the archdeacon has garbled and distorted the sequence of the sacred text, I will read John 6, beginning with verse 51, and make a running commentary on the same. 'The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' Father Drummond said: "Whenever Christ's hearers misunderstood Him and took His words in a literal when they should be taken in a figurative sense it was Christ's uniform custom to correct the mistake and explain the words in a figurative sense. For instance, when He said, 'except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God; Nicodemus said unto him, how can a man be born again when he is old?' Immediately Jesus explained to him that it was a spiritual birth and said, 'Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.' But when His hearers understood Him in a literal sense which was the right one He did not correct His first expression, but simply strengthened it. For example, when Jesus said, 'Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad, the Jews said unto him, thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?' Jesus said unto them 'Verily, verily, before Abraham was I am.' Thus

He affirmed His identity with that being who had said to Moses, 'I am who am,' and so well did the Jews understand Him as claiming to be God that they took up stones to cast at Him. He knew the danger He was running, and yet He simply reaffirmed what He first said. Now apply this principle to the verse just read, John vi. 52, when the Jews said 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' If Christ had intended to institute a mere symbol He would have explained that it was not His own flesh and blood that they were going to eat, but would have said, 'My dear friends, do not be alarmed, I only want you to take a piece of bread or a sip of wine in memory of me.' But what He did say was very different, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have not life in you. Whoso eateth of my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day, for my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed.'

FORTIN GARBLES.

"In reference to the 60th verse and the following, Archdeacon Fortin takes an unpardonable liberty with the sacred text: 'They were greatly offended, so that very many many left Him and would no longer listen to such teachings, wherefore the Saviour explained himself. He said why should ye be offended; I am speaking spiritually.' Now these last four words, 'I am speaking spiritually,' are not to be found in the New Testament; they are an invention of the Archdeacon's. What Christ said was this: "When Jesus knew in himself that His disciples murmured at this, He said unto them, doth this offend you? What then if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." The word 'flesh' here does not mean the material flesh. In this, as in all similar texts where 'flesh' is opposed to 'spirit', flesh means infirmity or sin; but what does Jesus mean when He refers to His ascension? He means to call attention to the glorified existence which He will lead under a sacramental veil.

A GLORIFIED BODY.

According to Catholic teaching Christ's existence in The Blessed Sacrament cannot be fully explained. When the bread is touched by the tooth no pain is caused as it would be to a mortal body. The bread is really the body of Christ, which is in an etherealized state. The risen Christ passed through the closed door of the disciples' chamber, and yet His body offered a real resistance, for Thomas was invited to touch the print of His wounds. All glorified bodies can pass through material objects.

Now Christ's body in the sacrament is a glorified one. Therefore what our Lord meant by referring to His presence in the Blessed Eucharist was to be quite unlike that of meat which we buy in the butcher's stall. His body was to be in a sort of spiritualized state, not subject to exterior influences as ordinary bodies are, and thus His words come true that it is the 'spirit that quickeneth.' The flesh of Christ without the spirit of His divinity would not, but being the flesh of God it really does, quicken and sow the seeds of eternal life.

CANNOT BE A MERE SYMBOL.

Commenting on verse 66, "From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him," Rev. Father Drummond said, 'surely if Christ were instituting a mere symbol it was now high time that He should speak out His mind and prevent His disciples from forsaking Him; and yet He does no such thing. He simply turns to the twelve and says, 'Will ye also go away? as much as to say, 'if you will go I shall have to lose you, but I cannot change my doctrine,' and then it was that Simon Peter, the future head of His Church, answered Him, as all Catholics have answered throughout the ages, 'Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.' Can any story be more convincing than this to show that what Christ promised was not to be a simple symbol but a living reality?"

A MULTIPLIED PRESENCE.

Archdeacon Fortin had stated very dogmatically that a body could not be in two places at one time. But God can do everything that is not a manifest contradiction, and no one can prove that being in two places at one time is a manifest contradiction. Catholics believe that by the power of God, supernaturally exerted, one thing can be in two

Continued on page 3.

## A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

Dr. Marschand has a world-wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity.

Why suffer in silence when you can secure the advice of this eminent physician free of charge.

All correspondence is strictly confidential and names are held sacred. Answers to correspondents are mailed in plain envelopes.

You are not asked to pay any exorbitant price for medicines, in fact it rarely happens that a patient has expended over 50 cents to one dollar before he or she becomes a firm friend and admirer of the doctor.

A special staff of lady physicians assist Dr. Marschand in his treatment of female cases. Always enclose three-cent stamp when you write and address The Dr. Marschand Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. U. S. A. Mention the Northwest Review when you write the Doctor.

**NORTHWEST REVIEW**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

REV. A. A. CHERRIER, Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, six months, \$1.00.

The NORTHWEST REVIEW is on sale at R. Vendome, Stationer, 290 Main St., opposite Manitoba Hotel, and at The Winnipeg Stationery & Book Co., Ltd., 364 Main Street.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Made known on application. Orders to discontinue advertisements must be sent to this office in writing. Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions inserted until ordered out.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Agents wanted, in town and country places of Manitoba and the Northwest, who shall solicit and collect subscriptions for the NORTHWEST REVIEW. Very liberal terms made known on application to the Publisher.

Address all Communications to the NORTHWEST REVIEW, St. Boniface, Man.

**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1898.

**CURRENT COMMENT**

In the Christmas number of the Catholic World Father Simon Fitzsimons demolishes in fine style Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian." There is no verbiage, there are no ornamental epithets in his seven-page review; the scathing criticism is always supported by chapter and verse; but, after it all, there is absolutely nothing left of Mr. Hall Caine either as an artist or philosopher or moralist.

Another excellent article in the same number is "Some Visitors at Cannes," wherein the pathetic figure is drawn to the life of a matter-of-fact father who tries his best to understand and fathom his children and cannot. And the sad humor of the situation lies in the fact that neither the wealthy Sir William nor his eight motherless children are at all above the commonplace. Yet somehow E. M. Lynch makes them painfully interesting. This sketch shows great power. It is worthy of Thackeray or W. D. Howells.

The recent passage of Bishop Grimes through Manitoba gave us an opportunity of asking one who knows the country how female suffrage works in New Zealand. His Lordship replied that the voting of the measure was a surprise to every one; the Lower House passed it by a small snap vote and trusted to the Upper House to throw out the bill, but the latter would not face the ire of the ladies and voted it by a bare majority. However, the vast majority of the New Zealand women did not want the suffrage and do not use it now. It seems to have had little or no appreciable effect on the politics of the country. Meanwhile, in case of need, His Lordship has advised all the nuns in his diocese to register on the voting list.

Christchurch, Bishop Grimes' episcopal city, has a population of about 35,000, and a fine convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. His Lordship is a religious of the Society of Mary, and to his order half of his priests belong, the rest of the clergy being

secular priests. There are three other Catholic dioceses in New Zealand: Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin.

In reprinting Rev. Father Drummond's sermon on "The Real Presence" as it appeared in the Winnipeg Tribune of the 10th inst., it may be well to warn our readers that the Reverend Father quoted from the Authorized Protestant Version in order that no fault could be found with the texts themselves

A Binder Twine company in Ontario has lately declared a dividend of sixty per cent. There are usurers galore in this part of the world, and in many others too, who make sixty per cent. and more, but they don't declare it to the world. There is a refreshing honesty about that Binder Twine dividend, and it is suicidal honesty: for everybody will now want to go into the twine business, which will forthwith be ruined. Such is life.

The December number of the Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate contains several extracts from the NORTHWEST REVIEW. It speaks well for our Ste. Rose du Lac correspondent that Father Dawson, the discriminating editor of the Record, should so often quote from that ever interesting source. Among the Home and Foreign Notes, we read that, when Mgr. Grouard had an audience of the Pope on October 20th last he presented to the Holy Father the skin of a black fox, a most valuable pelt, as this animal is now nearly extinct.

Another geological fable has lately been exploded. The ordinary estimates of geologists of the Lyell school made Niagara gorge from thirty to forty thousand years old. But the scientific periodical, "Nature," informs us that Professor G. Frederick Wright, in a paper read at the recent Boston meeting of the American Association, proved, by the most careful measurements made by himself, that the age of the gorge below Niagara Falls cannot be much more than ten thousand years and is probably considerably less. This wonderfully shortens the time separating us from the glacial period and incidentally confirms the Catholic estimate of the antiquity of man.

**THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.**

There is one aspect of Christmas which often eludes even the pious Catholic. He will really think he rejoices at the coming of the Infant King, he will go to confession and receive Holy Communion with a certain amount of sentimental fervor, and yet he will utterly fail to learn the one great lesson of Bethlehem, for he does not enter into the spirit of poverty which Christ's manger breathes. If he be rich, he will cling to his wealth as tenaciously as ever; if he be poor or striving to be rich, his desire for wealth will be as insatiable as ever.

Now this is distinctly not the spirit of the Babe of Bethlehem. He came poor in order to teach us to sit loose from earthly possessions. And wonderful is his way of enforcing that lesson. He allures men to it in the cords of love. His song, put into the

mouths of angels, is one of peace and joy. Peace on earth to men who have the good will to detach themselves from money and the comforts it can buy. Tidings of great joy to all the people, provided the people see and imitate, each in the measure of grace imparted to him, the swaddling-clothes, the straw and the manger. Christ never seems to weary of pointing out to us how joy and peace follow lowliness as inevitably as if they were its shadow. The Kings of the East bow down before the Infant, envying him his poverty, and straightway "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Conversely, there can be neither peace nor joy where there is love of money and creature comforts. There may be a whirl of excitement, the deadening of conscience by a sort of mental intoxication; but there is not that peace which is the restful feeling produced by the consciousness that all things are as they ought to be, still less is there that joy which is the exuberant fruitage of peace.

It is the blessed reality of this peace and joy that sweetly draws unnumbered souls in the Catholic Church to that life of perfection of which the vow of poverty is the highest expression. The Holy Ghost illumines young men and young women, inexperienced though they be, and shows them the blessed fruits of the fulfilment of Our Lord's invitation: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast and give it to the poor, and come follow me."

On the other hand, this Divine secret is sometimes hidden from men otherwise enlightened in matters of Catholic doctrine. The eminent author of the "Eternal Priesthood" never grasped the difference between actual privation and the spirit of poverty. To him the struggling diocesan priest who, though handling precious little money, still handled it as his own, was as high in the paths of perfection as the priest or nun who, by the vow of poverty "has cut himself or herself off from all possibility of possessing one penny during all his lifetime. A somewhat similar error has been revived of late by those "Americanizing" Catholics who pretend that virtue without vows is better than virtue with vows, as if giving the fruit alone of a tree were as generous a gift as giving the tree with its fruit.

Fortunately, the Catholic instinct of the hard-working poorer classes among us saves them from this perversion of the spirit of Christmas. They thank God for their poverty and admire those who are still poorer in spirit than themselves, and, consequently, theirs are the deepest Christmas joys. If money comes to them they fear its debasing effects, they pray to Jesus that their hearts may not be glued thereunto. This is truly the spirit of the Babe of Bethlehem.

**MISPLACED PORTRAITS.**

In "The Munsey" for December, Mr. William Pipe describes the Cardinals who are Papal possibilities at the next conclave and gives portraits of several of the Princes of the Church. Three of these portraits have become sadly mixed up. The one marked "Cardinal Svampa" should be

marked "Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli;" the portrait that purports to depict Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli really gives the features of Cardinal Svampa, and underneath the likeness of Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli is inscribed, by mistake, the name of his brother Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli. These are very unfortunate blunders and reflect little credit on the editorial management of Munsey's Magazine. Mr. Pipe's article is slender, commonplace and jejune enough to have been composed in a New York office by a man who had never been in Rome; but he might surely have taken the pains to make sure that three out of his twelve cardinal portraits would not be misplaced. New York is full of priests who, having lately studied in Rome, would know by sight the most prominent Roman cardinals, and could therefore

**NO DODGING HIS ARROW.**

No matter how much of a business woman a woman may be, when the little love-god makes up his mind to shoot, there is no protection against his arrow. Yet many



a young woman whose affections are already engaged, hesitates to assume the obligations of wifehood and motherhood, because she feels unfitted for them by some physical weakness or disease.

The special ailments to which the feminine organism is liable, not only unfit a woman for happy wifehood and motherhood, but incapacitate her for any sphere of action. No woman can discharge the daily duties of any position with comfort or satisfaction who is constantly weighed down by headaches, backaches and dragging, weakening drains.

Troubles of this nature are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They are positively and completely cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts genuine health and strength to the womanly organs. It was devised for this one purpose by an eminent specialist in this particular field of practice.

Over 30 years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., saw the need of some simple, effective, and certain cure for so called "female complaint." He was then, as now, a specialist in the diseases of women, and the result of his study and experiments was the marvelously effective remedy known all over the civilized world as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures where doctors have failed. It cures where medicines have been useless. It cures in a perfectly natural way by purifying and strengthening the organs involved. Its cure is permanent. It leaves the whole body in better condition than it ever was. It cures without the local examinations and treatment so abhorrent to every modest woman.

"I suffered for two years with female weakness," writes Mrs. Effie Gillmore, of 1035 So. 18th St., Omaha, Neb. "I had bearing down sensations, headaches, severe pains and general weakness. My friends advised me to take Dr. Pierce's medicines and I have taken nine bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and four vials of 'Pellets.' I could notice a change after I had taken the first bottle and now am well and never see a sick day. I had eight doctors and they all said I would have to have an operation performed, but, thank God I did not, and Dr. Pierce's medicines have restored me to perfect health."

"I was run-down with nervous prostration and female weakness, and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Maranda Ramsey, of Smartt, Warren Co., Tenn. "Bowels constipated. My whole system was wrecked. My friends thought I would die. I had read of your medicines so I sent and got the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets.' In one week's time I could begin to sit up. In two weeks I could sit up all day, after being so bad that I had to be helped in and out of bed. I have taken four bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of 'Favorite Prescription.' I took the medicine last winter and have been in better health than I have been for years."

"I wish to express my thanks to you for the good I have received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. E. Scovill, of Bolton, Stephenson Co., Ill. "I have used it at different times for the last eight years, but the greatest good received by it was last winter. I think it is the best medicine in the world for expectant mothers. I never tried it for that until with my last baby. I had seen what it had done for other women. I have been so very bad, almost helpless, could not get out of bed alone, or even turn over. Last December I commenced taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and could get in and out of bed as well as at any time, and on March 20th I gave birth to an eleven pound boy without pain, and have since been as well and healthy as I ever was. I wish every mother could try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription such times. I think it is a splendid medicine for female complaints. I feel that I can not praise Dr. Pierce and his medicine enough."

evident blunders. Why, even have saved Mr. Pipe from such here in the West we have several priests who can detect these errors from their experience of Rome.

Curiously enough, though Mr. Pipe says, "Cardinal Vaughan of London might conceivably be a possibility" for the tiara, he does not breathe a syllable about, nor even give a portrait of, Cardinal Gibbons. Clearly Mr. Pipe does not belong to the "American" school.

**PHILOSOPHICAL SOIRÉE AT ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.**

Last Thursday evening, at 7.15, the Junior and Senior B. A. students of St. Boniface College gave a public specimen of their studies in Ethics. His Grace the Archbishop sent his regrets that he could not attend; so did His Lordship Mgr. Legal, O. M. I. In their absence Rev. Father Paquin, S. J., Rector of the College, presided. Were present Hon. Senator Bernier, Rev. Fathers Cherrier, Béliveau and Gravel, Messrs. Joseph and Noël Bernier, the Fathers of the College and the students of Previous and Preliminary. Several gentlemen who had been invited sent letters of excuse.

Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., Professor of Ethics, said a few words of introduction. Mr. Joseph Lajoie then read a French prologue setting forth the connection between the various essays. The programme was as follows:—

Man's Last End, an English dissertation by Louis Laliberté; The Attainment of the last end, a French dissertation by H. Hogue; The Imputability of Human Acts, a French dissertation by Gonzague Bélanger; Natural Law, a Latin essay by Jean Arpin; The Sanction of the Natural Law, an English essay by J. Lajoie; The eternal loss of the last end, a Latin essay by Fortunat Lachance.

After the reading of the essays, which lasted just one hour and twenty minutes, Senator Bernier, Father Cherrier and Father Rector complimented the young philosophers and spoke briefly on the importance of philosophical studies.

**CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.**

At the Immaculate Conception Church.

Midnight Mass commencing at 12 sharp. Admission tickets (given free of charge) required of strangers wishing to attend.

Masses on Christmas day at 8, 8.30, 9, and 11 A. M.—Vespers at 7.30 P. M. with sermon.

Rosewig's Mass and other music selections will be rendered by the Choir of the Church at both the Midnight Mass and the 11 A. M. Mass.

**CLERICALIZING THE ARMY.**

Ave Maria.

Our belief that the policy of the French government in forcing priests and seminarians into the army, however hostile in intent, will ultimately help both the priests and the army, has already met partial confirmation. Mr. F. C. Conybeare declares in the London NATIONAL REVIEW that the army has capitulated to the clergy. "Catholic clubs for soldiers," he says, "have been started in all the barracks; and the enforcement of military service on seminarians, instead of laicizing the priests as was hoped, has clericalized the army."

Mgr. Legal, O. M. I., said Mass in the new Maternity Hospital last Saturday morning.

THE REAL PRESENCE

Continued from page 1.

or a thousand places at one time.

Some persons ask how it is possible for the whole body of Christ to be in a little wafer; but the great Newton said that by the power of God the earth could be compressed into a cubic inch. Nobody knows what is the constitution of matter. It is not necessary for us to prove how the body of Christ is present in the seeming wafer, but merely to show that it is not a manifest contradiction. There is nothing contradictory in the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament either to human reason or to scientific facts. It is a supernatural mystery.

MYSTERIES INEVITABLE.

"We have no difficulty," continued Father Drummond, "in daily life in admitting natural mysteries which no one can explain. Who knows the real nature of electricity, and yet who doubts the reality of that wonderful agent? Similarly, we must admit mysteries in God's dealings with man, because the very nature of God is beyond our ken. The archdeacon says 'No one, not even the ritualists or Romanists (he is improving his manners; he now calls us Romanists. Some day he will call us, as he ought to do, Roman Catholics.) would like to affirm that wicked people actually eat the body of the Lord and drink His blood at the last supper.' In this the archdeacon is grievously mistaken. Catholics teach most explicitly that even wicked people actually eat the body of the Lord and, in this they follow the teaching of I Corinthians, 11, 27, 'Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord' for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body'. These words are strong confirmation of the doctrine of the real presence. St. Paul says, as you will observe, that the wicked who receive the sacrament eat and drink damnation to themselves. Now, if the sacrament were a symbol, no such awful threat could be justly uttered. If the wicked communicant incurs damnation, he must have committed an awful sacrilege on what St. Paul himself calls the Lord's Body. Thus Catholics believe that even the wicked receive the real body of Christ when they take the Blessed Sacrament, but by doing so they commit sacrilege and their souls become blacker.

"At the last supper Christ said to His disciples, 'This is my body, which is broken for you.' Therefore, it is the real body that was bruised in the Passion. "This is my blood, the blood which is shed for you", the very same blood poured out on Calvary. This is no figure; men do not speak in figures when they are about to die. When a man establishes a rite he does it in the clearest and most explicit language.

"Thus the circumstances in connection with the establishment of the sacrament prove the real presence of the body and blood. The Catholic Church has always believed this, and has given the strongest proofs for it. It is one of the fundamental doctrines; it is the very wellspring of spiritual life in the Catholic Church."

At the conclusion of his sermon, Father Drummond said he would reply to Archdeacon Fortin's "most disgraceful sermon" on the confessional on Sunday evening, Dec. 18, provided the sore throat, from which he suffered, has disappeared by that time.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Donahee's Magazine.

Was there one angel left in heaven on the first Christmas night? Downward they swept, and the glow of the vision was on their faces. Each saw his brother, like a tall, fair flame, sweep onward; the wild winds fled from them; once again, as at the beginning of creation, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The music of the spheres rang jubilant echoes to their seraphic chorus, as, thirty-three years later, the same music of exultant stars and planets and luminous nebulae would greet the Man-God ascending homeward, Conqueror, to His Father's throne.

Swifter than light the angel cohorts come. Something drew them all earthward, as surely as in heaven the Beatific Vision drew them always to the Throne. In the wintry midnight, when the darkness is the deepest, the Light of the whole world had come, and had come for us sinful men. Then and forever afterwards,—whether stars shine, or snows are falling,—on Christmas night, close to us, closer than at any other time, the angels are.

Perhaps no human being has ever been allowed to go so far in showing to his fellow-men the entire Christmas panorama as the prose-poet Father Faber in his extraordinary book entitled: Bethlehem. It is one long Advent and Yuletide meditation, well fitted "to quicken and brighten the fires of Christmas in childlike hearts." He has told us an interesting fact concerning it. His other books he wrote, he says, "to please other people," but this book he wrote to please himself. We may read it again again, year after year, in preparation for the blessed feast of Christ's Nativity; and, year after year, find in it something new, helpful and beautiful.

Here is what he says of Christmas Eve:—"The sun sets, on the twenty-fourth of December, on the low roofs of Bethlehem, and gleams with wan gold on its stony ridge. The stars come out, one by one. Heaven is empty of angels, but they show not

their bright presences up among the stars. Ride men are jostling God in the alleys of that Oriental village, and shutting their doors in His mother's face. Time itself, as if it were sentient, seems to get tremulous and eager, as though the hand of its angel shook as it draws on towards midnight. Bethlehem is at that moment the very centre of God's creation. Still the minutes pass. The plumage of the night grows deeper and darker. How purple is the dome of heaven above those pastoral slopes, dusky spotted with recumbent sheep; and how silently the stars drift down the southern steep of the midnight sky! Yet a few moments and the Eternal Word will come!"

Then the vision broadens and lengthens, and we know that it is the Desired of all nations who lies there, so lowly and little and altogether lovely, on Mary's happy heart; and from the wide, wild world of heathendom's vague unrest,—from the Jewish people thrilled with true prophetic yearning,—from all Christian lips through all the ages, till the last Mass be said,—we hear, in the first Christmas midnight, one strong, intense petition rise: "Thy Kingdom come, O God! Thy Kingdom come!"

It is a joy to loving hearts to remember that, close to our Blessed Lord, during all His Infancy, as afterwards at the foot of His harder bed of death, was His Immaculate Mother. She

perceived, more truly than all other created souls together could do, that it was the world's Creator and Redeemer, her God and her All, Who lay upon her breast. She foresaw the painful future, but above all she saw the unflinching love.

A BULLET IMBEDDED IN THE HEART FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS.

A correspondent of the BALTIMORE SUN, writing from Morgantown, W. Va., asserts that a man named William B. Smallridge, who died a few days ago at Glenville, in Gilmer County, carried a bullet in his heart for thirty-seven years. He was a member of company E, first West Virginia infantry, in the civil war, and in September, 1861, while marching through Gilmer County, was shot by some one in ambush, the bullet entering Smallridge's chest at the lower point of the scapula, on the left side, passing thence directly through the left lung into the left ventricle of the heart. The force of the bullet was so broken that it did not penetrate the wall, but the regimental surgeon pronounced the wound fatal and left Smallridge to die. He did not die, however, but was sent back up the Little Kanawha River in a skiff to his home, in Glenville, where he recovered and has since lived. A few weeks ago, while on his death bed, he asked Dr. G. O. Brown to make an examination of the wound after his death. This Dr.

Brown and Dr. O. B. Beer did and found the bullet imbedded in the heart. The man had never suffered from any disturbance of the heart. His death was due to cancer. This report is confirmed by Dr. Beer in a letter in the Cincinnati LANCET-CLINIC of November 19, 1898.

A PECULIAR CHERRY TREE.

Crawfordville, Ind.—A peculiar botanical phenomenon is reported from Linden. In the yard of the Rev. J. W. Dudley stands a large cherry tree, which several days ago bloomed for a second time this season. This fact in itself was not so remarkable, as that ever since the tree has been in bloom it has been giving off a continual mist—a mist of sufficient quantity to keep the ground under the tree soaking wet. The boughs and leaves of the tree drip with moisture and everything adjacent to it is saturated. A person may stand beneath the limbs and almost at once will become conscious of the fine mist, which is constantly given off. Should a person stand under the tree for fifteen minutes his clothes would be fairly soaked. Several small limbs have been cut off in the effort to solve the mystery attaching to the tree, but their structure and condition present no unusual appearance. The mist at times is most apparent on dry days. The tree this year bore a large crop of cherries and seems to be a remarkably healthy and vigorous plant.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5 cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before—but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and tried them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she wanted me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I cannot myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Rowland, Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with good results.

Mrs. BESSIE WIDMANN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and when she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ANTON H. BLAUER.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

RIPANS

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.



My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (50 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

CHEAPSALE

C. A. GAREAU'S

Merchant Tailor

NO. 324, MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SCISSORS

Ready-Made Suits, from \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and over Fine Spring Suits Made to Order, from \$13.00 and over

GIVE ME A CALL

If you want a New Spring Suit at a very low price

C. A. GAREAU, 324, Main Str. WINNIPEG.



If you intend spending the winter in a Milder Climate...

Write or call for particulars of..... rates, routes, &c..

TO California, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Bermuda and West India Islands Or the...

Old Country. Reduced Rate Excursion Tickets.

Apply to nearest C. P. R. agent or to ROBERT KERR, Traffic Manager, WINNIPEG.

Spring...

Our Suit Stock is Now Complete

We have some Beauties!

\$8.00, \$10, \$12.00, \$15.00

See our Special Line Kid Gloves Any Pair Guaranteed.

ONLY \$1.00. WHITE & MANAHAN 496, MAIN ST.

A NEW INVENTION

RHEUMATISM CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE. RUSTIC RHEUMATIC INSOLES

WILL BRING COMFORT TO ALL. THERE IS NO CASE OF RHEUMATISM BUT CAN BE CURED FOR 50c.

RUSTIC RHEUMATIC INSOLES effect a permanent cure where all other remedies fail to afford the slightest relief.

They make the old folks young again And make the cripples leap. And give you comfort while awake And comfort while you sleep.

Rustic Rheumatic Insoles are made to fit all sizes of shoes and will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50c. A positive cure guaranteed in every case of Rheumatism or money refunded. Advice furnished free on application. General agents wanted everywhere. Do not suffer any more but send at once for a pair of Rustic Rheumatic Insoles that will give you everlasting relief and happiness. Address:

THE DR. MARSCHAND CHEMICAL CO. Detroit, Mich. Windsor, Ont. Mention the Northwest Review.

**A SHAPELY FOOT**  
AND

A perfect fitting shoe are the combinations which lead to the beautiful story of Cinderella. We can furnish the basis of many a romance in shoe wearing, for our shoes will fit any foot no matter how shapely or unshapely. One of the many bargains, Ladies' Kid Button Boots, extension sole for

\$1.25.

**A. C. MORCAN.**  
412 Main St.

**BRIEFLETS.**

A report of a successful concert in Father Poitras' church, Rat Portage, is crowded out till our next issue.

Rev. Father Marion, O. M. I., went last week to Rat Portage to take Rev. Father Cahill's place at the industrial school.

This is one of the shortest days in the year, though to-morrow, the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, is commonly supposed to be the shortest.

The midwinter examinations are now going on in St. Boniface College; the Christmas holidays begin on the 24th to end on the 2nd of January.

The Midnight Mass at St. Mary's, Winnipeg, promises to be, in the way of decorations and music, worthy of the best traditions of that beautiful church.

Mr. Alfred J. Andrews and Mr. G. F. Carruthers are both running for the Winnipeg mayoralty. The former runs little chance of being defeated to-day.

Rev. Father Cahill, O. M. I., left lately to see his father who is dying at Calumet Island near Ottawa. The Rev. Father will also have some business to transact in the Capital.

The wife of "Laughing Joe," the itinerant Indian who guffaws hysterically for five cents, died last week and he came in just too late for the funeral at St. Boniface.

Mr. Edmond Trudel, of the Dominion Land Department, left, with his family, last week for Regina, whither he has been transferred. He will be greatly missed in musical circles here.

Henceforth the official mail-bag will leave St. Boniface for Winnipeg at 8.30 a. m., 11.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., and it will return to St. Boniface from Winnipeg at 10 a. m., 1.30 p. m. and 5.15 p. m.

At Wednesday's meeting of the provincial cabinet, Mr. S. A. D. Bertrand was appointed a member of the advisory board. The government has the power of appointing six members of the board, of which Mr. Bertrand is the fifth.

Mr. Hanbury, the English explorer from Baffin's Bay, who is now staying at the Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg, reports having seen immense herds of buffalo in the north and scouts the idea of the bison being nearly extinct.

His Lordship Mgr. Legal, O. M. I., arrived from the east last Wednesday, and stopped over till Saturday, when he went on as far as Regina. He was accompanied as far as St. Boniface by Rev. Father Marion, O. M. I., who will labor in this diocese.

Rev. Father Guillaume, pastor of Argyle, Minn., made a retreat last week in St. Boniface College. Three boys from his parish—Ohmer, Cormier and Sansregret—are students of the college. Father Guillaume is a native of Clermont-Ferrand in Auvergne, France.

About one hundred friends of Mr. Edmond Trudel gathered last Wednesday evening in the C. M. B. A. hall in St. Boniface to wish him Godspeed in his new post at Regina. Addresses were delivered by Mayor Bétournay, Messrs. S. A. D. Bertrand, C. H. Royal, E. Guilbault, H. Béliveau. Before the meeting

broke up Mr. Trudel was presented by Mayor Bétournay with a well filled purse.

Last Wednesday, the 14th inst., was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the burning of the old cathedral "with the turrets twain" and the Bishop's palace at St. Boniface. Mgr. Taché was then hundreds of miles away in the Northwest, shivering before a wretched campfire.

Rev. Father Drummond is being treated for sore throat at St. Boniface Hospital and therefore could not preach the sermon on the Confessional which he had announced for last Sunday; nor will he be able to deliver his usual monthly lecture on the Bible in the Church of the Immaculate Conception next Sunday.

In last issue of "Le Manitoba" appears a letter signed by "Several Electors", protesting against the opposition now being made to Mr. Victor Mager as Reeve of the St. Boniface rural municipality. No fault is found with his opponent, but the electors wonder why Mr. Mager, who has served the municipality so long and faithfully, should now be put to the trouble of a contest.

The other day in the chapel of St. Boniface Hospital one of the patients, Mr. Marchand of St. Norbert, aged 73, served Mass without a mistake although he had not done so for almost sixty years. Those who know how long it takes an ordinary boy to learn the responses, and how soon that ordinary boy forgets them, will appreciate the retentiveness of Mr. Marchand's memory.

**OBTUARY.**

The Casket.

A good citizen and a sincere Christian was unexpectedly called away at Fraser's Mills on Saturday, 3rd inst., in the person of the late Ronald McDonnell, of that place. Mr. McDonnell, who was a remarkably robust and vigorous man, was seized with appendicitis a few days before his death and succumbed to the dread malady after much intense suffering, which he bore with true Christian fortitude, strengthened by the devout reception of the last Sacraments. He leaves a sorrowing widow, two sons and four daughters to cherish the memory of a good father and an upright man, who enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him. One of his sons is in Boston and two of his daughters live in Winnipeg. The death of a child of one of the latter—Mrs. Peter O'Brien of the Immaculate Conception parish, Winnipeg,—appeared in last week's CASKET. May he rest in peace.

**A POET'S ERROR PERPETUATED.**

The Boston TRANSCRIPT on Nov. 25, the fiftieth anniversary of the departure of Pius IX from Rome, resurrected Whittier's lines addressed to the exiled Pope. They were not based on fact in the past, and in the light of the present their falsity of tone is strikingly apparent. We give below a letter from a valued correspondent dealing more at length with the subject:—

WINCHESTER, Mass., Dec. 1 1898. I am sorry that the TRANSCRIPT printed the verses. The editor can not have read Crawford's book on Rome, just published, with his long and careful estimate of Pius IX.' character. Whittier calls him "COWARD AND CRUEL." He might as well have dalled him a negro: it would have been quite as true and not one-half as unjust. Whittier was a well-meaning, good man, but his knowledge and opinion of the Pope, and the Church generally, were those of the average New

England Orthodox country deacon of his day. And there are hundreds of TRANSCRIPT readers now who have no sufficient knowledge to act as a corrective to this dose of misguided hatred and bitterness, mixed long ago by Whittier's hand and now re-administered by some careless and ill-informed sub-editor in the TRANSCRIPT office. This is the way in which history is made, and error and injustice perpetuated. Pius IX. was as brave, gentle, kind-hearted, amiable a man as the Quaker Poet himself, with ten times more intellect, knowledge of the world, wit, learning and accomplishments than Whittier could possibly pretend to.

**CAINE AND CORELLI.**

Ave Maria.

A vigorous writer in the London QUARTERLY REVIEW, a non-Catholic periodical, pays his respects to the sort of novelist who sacrifices Christianity to fiction. "Great and manifold as has been the mischief wrought by unbelief," he says, "it has hardly done worse than call out a reaction which despises logic, turns faith to mythology, canonizes the absurd, and so distorts the Christian as to make him at once an imbecile, visionary and a murderous fanatic. Those who defend him on such lines are his most formidable enemies, and Voltaire would have welcomed them." This criticism, which will commend itself to all right-minded readers, was provoked by Hall Caine's "Christian" and the productions of Miss Marie Corelli.

**NOVEL BY RIDER HAGGARD**  
TREATING OF THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

A new novel entitled "Doctor Theme," by Rider Haggard, was published by Messrs. Longman & Co. in November. The story, which is told by the principal actor, Dr. Theme, after the catastrophe, deals with the result of the conscientious-objection clause, under which the safety of many thousand children and through them of the community is practically left in the hands of the antivaccinationist party.—British Medical Journal.



The most critical period in a woman's life may be properly called "Blossoming Time." It is the period when she blossoms from girlhood into womanhood.

At this momentous time the best medicine for a woman to take is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly upon the delicate and important organs that are to bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It corrects all irregularities and displacements and stops exhausting drains. Taken during the period of expectant maternity, it banishes the usual annoyances and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It insures the new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous, complaining women into happy, healthy wives. Thousands of women have told over their own signatures, the great medicine. An honest dealer will not try to persuade you to take something different from what you ask for, for the sake of a few pennies added profit.

Mrs. Anna Ulrich, of Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb., writes: "I was under doctors' care for two years, with uterine disease. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and when I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

The only constipation cure that never causes discomfort—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. At all medicine stores.

GILMOUR & HASTINGS, BARRISTERS,  
etc., McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.  
T. H. GILMOUR. W. H. HASTINGS.

**W. JORDAN.**

DOES NOT KEEP

**CARRIAGES**  
ON THE STAND.

◆◆ NO COLLECTOR ◆◆

CARRIAGES KEPT AT STABLE.

By the Hour from 7 to 22.....	\$1.00
" " " 22 to 7.....	2.00
No Order Less Than.....	1.00
Weddings.....	\$3.00 to 5.00
Christenings.....	2.00
Funerals.....	3.00
Church and Return.....	2.00
Opera and Return.....	2.00
Ball and Return.....	\$2.00 to 3.00
To or From Depot.....	1.00

Cor. Portage Ave. & Fort St.  
Telephone 750.

"Abort 1730," says Dr. Ashe "Porter has first manufactured in the City of London" This name was given to the beverage, because the principal consumers, were the Stalwart Porters of the day, who found its invigorating properties most beneficial, under their strain of work.

The names of Porter or Stout (as used by the public) are synonymous. We wish to mention our STOUT. Made from pure Malt and Hops it is most nourishing to the Invalid, because of its peculiar, aromatic flavour.

It is grateful to the Jaded Palate because of its TONIC QUALITIES. It creates a healthy appetite, and builds up the system. All sized bottles from half pints.

**EDWARD L. DREWRY,**  
Mfr. Winnipeg.

20 Miles to Procure Medicine.

Winnfield, Ont.  
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville.  
DEAR SIR,—Am selling your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" in this locality. I have customers who come 20 miles for the sake of getting Morse's Pills. This speaks for itself as to their value. I use them in my family with "the most satisfactory results." My wife has been cured of "sick headache" by their use. We could not do without them.  
Yours, etc.,  
A. KRAMPIN.

**Catholic Book Store**  
ST. BONIFACE.

Books, Stationery, Pictures and Picture Frames, Religious Articles and School Requisites. FRENCH INKS a specialty. Wholesale and Retail. Correspondence solicited.  
**M. A. KEROACK.**

*THE Very Best*

place to learn Shorthand and Typewriting, or to get a Business Education, is at Winnipeg Business College. Circulars free.  
C. A. FLEMING, Pres. G. W. DONALD, Sec.

WE HAVE IMPORTED

**EXTRA OLD NATIVE WINE**

—ESPECIALLY FOR—

OUR FAMILY TRADE

And although worth more money than the ordinary you can buy it from now until the 1st of January at the reduced price of

**\$1.25 PER GALLON.**

Also on hand T. G. Bright & Co.'s Sweet Dry Catawba.

**RICHARD & CO.,**

Wine Merchants, 365 Main St. Winnipeg, Man. Telephone 132.

**Prayer Books**

FOR XMAS PRESENTS

In sets or single We have them from 25c. Upward.

Have just opened up a beautiful line of

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS

Books of all kinds.

Winnipeg Stationery & Book Co., (Limited), 304 MAIN ST.

FRED. ANSLEY, Manager.

**C. M. B. A.**

Grand Deputy for Manitoba, Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

AGENT OF THE C. M. B. A.

For the Province of Manitoba with power of Attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man. The NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

**Branch 52. Winnipeg.**

Meets at St. Mary's School House every 1st and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 o'clock P. M. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Guillet; Chancellor, Geo. Germain; Pres., M. Conway; 1st Vice-Pres., G. Gladish; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. O'Day; Treas., W. Jordan; Rec.-Sec., H. A. Russell; Asst. R. F. Hinds; Fin.-Sec., D. F. Allman; Marshall, J. O'Connor; Guard, A. P. McDonald; Trustees, J. O'Connor, R. Murphy, P. Shea, G. Gladish, S. Starr; Representative, D. Smith; Alternate, P. Shea.

**Branch 163, C.M.B.A. Winnipeg**

Meets at the Immaculate Conception School Room on first and third Tuesday in each month. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. A. A. Cherrier; Pres., Rev. A. A. Cherrier; 1st Vice-Pres., P. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-Pres., A. Picard; Rec.-Sec., J. Markinski; 1st Asst. Sec., J. E. Manning; 2nd Asst. Sec., J. Schmidt; Fin.-Sec., J. E. Manning; 281 Fort St.; Treas., J. Shaw; Marshall, F. Klinkhamer; Guard, L. Huot; Trustees, P. O'Brien, A. Picard.

**Catholic Truth Society of Winnipeg.**

Honorary President and Patron, His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Pres., A. H. Kennedy; 1st Vice, D. F. Coyle; 2nd Vice, M. E. Hughes; Rec. Sec., F. W. Russell; Asst. Sec., G. Tessier; Fin. Sec., N. Bergeron; Treas., G. Gladish; Marshal, F. Klinkhamer; Guard, L. W. Grant; Librarian, H. Sullivan; Corresponding Sec., J. J. Golden.

ST. MARY'S COURT No. 276.

**Catholic Order of Foresters.**

Meets 2nd and 4th Friday in every month in Unity Hall, McIntyre Block. W. H. Comstock, Chaplain; Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., Chief Ran.; R. Murphy; Vice Chief Ran., J. A. McInnis; Rec. Sec., F. W. Russell; Fin. Sec., H. A. Russell; Treas., Geo. Germain; Trustees, J. A. McInnis, J. D. McDonald, and Jas. Malton; Representative to State Court, convention, J. D. McDonald; Alternate, T. John.

Call and See . . .

**The Nordheimer Piano**

**ALBERT EVANS**  
318 Main Street.

**J. KERR,**

Graduate of New-York School Embalmers. SUCCESSOR OF **M. HUGHES & SON,** Undertakers and Embalmers. 212 Banatyne Street. Telephone 418. Telegraph Orders will receive Prompt Attention.

**G. R. Vendome**

French, German and English Papers

**STATIONERY.**

PRAYER BOOKS AND BEADS. FANCY GOODS, ETC. WATCHES AND CLOCKS. 290 Main St. Opp. Manitoba Hotel.

**SHORTHAND**

Do you want to learn it? Write to Winnipeg Business College and Shorthand Institute for particulars if you want a THOROUGH course. C. A. Fleming, Pres.; G. W. Donald, Sec.

**Save Paying Doctors' Bills**

BY USING **Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills**

\* THEY are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from IMPURE BLOOD.

**Morse's Pills**

**W. H. COMSTOCK,**  
BROCKVILLE, ONT. MORNINGTON, N. Y.