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THE PRESENT PERIL IN COLLEGE EDUCATION

Address Delivered by the Rev. T. J. Campbell,
S. J., President of St. John's College,
Fordham, N. Y., at the Alumni
Banquet, Jan. 20, 1897.

On Wednesday January 20, at an Annual Reunion, of St. John's College, Alumni Banquet, held at the College, Fordham, the Rev. Fr. T. J. Campbell, S. J. in addressing those present said:

I confess to a feeling of dejection when I read or hear of the countless millions who are being lavished on non-Catholic educational institutions, and compare them with our own scanty resources. I cannot help thinking that from their financial and presumably educational heights they look down with unconcern, if not contempt, upon scholastic littleness, and are following conscientiously or not, the advice of Tyndal, in "differentiating themselves from the foolish, fanatical and sacerdotal portion of the human race whose intellects are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth, and whose brain in relation to science is virtually the undeveloped brain of a child." Do you wonder then that with this educational Eldorado before me, which I cannot reach, with the assurance from Tyndal, who never errs, that my brain is atrophied and undeveloped, and with the knowledge that enlightened Roman Catholics with social aspirations are differentiating themselves from me behind the walls of non-Catholic colleges, that I yield to gloom and depression?

But it is only for a moment. I recall an answer made to me by a high-spirited and noble young Spaniard, to whom I was suggesting motives of submission in a family brawling. Drawing himself up proudly, and looking me straight in the face with just a gleam of indignation in his eye, he said: "Father, I am a Catholic!" So looking straight at the gloomy aspect of things educational, I say to myself: "I am a Catholic," and can get and give a better education and exercise a greater influence upon my country's fortunes than they with all their wealth and prestige and power. I prescind altogether from the question of moral influence. Our superiority there goes without saying. But I maintain that in the fight for educational supremacy we can and must prevail, and I read my title to that claim clear and unclouded on the pages of history.

When the first Catholic educators appeared they were confronted with the highest degree of culture the world had yet known. It was the golden age of Augustus, which meant not only the union of the poetry, eloquence, philosophy, jurisprudence, science and statesmanship of that wonderful period, but included all that had emanated from Grecian genius in the splendid age of Pericles, whose influence still lingered over and prevailed the Roman Empire.

It was a hopeless task, apparently, for the atrophied ecclesiastical intellect that presented itself for recognition. Yet, Clement's voice was immediately heard, and that of Irenaeus and Hermas. There were Cyril of Jerusalem, with his marvelous lucidity of style; Gregory of Neo Caesarea, who first carried Christian eloquence to the height of sublimity; Basil, who could rank with the best Greek writers of antiquity; Gregory of Nazianzen, who deserves a high position with the orators of any age or country, and who first wove the golden threads of Grecian rhythm around the noble dogmas of the religion of Christ; Athanasius, whom it is said the Greek mind never went further in sublimity and depth; Chrysostom of the golden lips; Origen, with his boundless learning; Tertullian, whose sentences reverberate like peals of thunder; Ambrose and Jerome and Augustine—one of the greatest minds the world has ever known—not all priests, for Tertullian was not, nor Origen, in the beginning; nor Boethius, the leader of Theodoric's army; nor Cassiodorus, his treasurer, and countless others whom we need not name.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE STILL PERMEATING ALL.

And their competitors? What of them? What did they produce during all the time in which they still held the wealth and power of the world?

"Nothing," says Cantu. "They gave nothing to the world but some cold grammarians, loquacious rhetoricians, meagre chroniclers, sickly poets singing nuptial verses and shepherd's idyls." The ever-accusing and condemning Nero there is not a writer of any note whose name has lived but Tacitus and Juvenal and Pliny; and they would have perished had not the old monks of the middle ages saved them from the wreck. Their literature was dwarfed before the splendid intellectual powers which demanded and won recognition from the world. It was not a sudden upspringing of light that flashed before the eyes of men, to expire as soon, but a brilliancy lasting through the centuries, with its influence still permeating the Christian world, and probably to endure to the end. Before its splendor the lesser lights of paganism paled their ineffectual fires and disappeared. Who, we ask, are the conquerors in that first great trial of strength? There came another test. It was when civilization was trampled under foot by the barbarians of the north. The Catholic educator addressed himself to his task again, as poorly equipped as before, with no material at all on the side of his savage pupil to work upon. And what was the result? The result was simply the civilization of today. For who framed the laws of all the nations of modern times? Who taught the arts of peace and mitigated the horrors of war? Who shaped their manners? Who formed and fashioned and enriched their language? Who created and developed their literature? The Catholic educators. Who created the architecture of the modern world? Who inspired art, illumined its poetry, gave elevation to its oratory, guided its statesmanship and bound its people together in international amity and peace? Who but the Catholic teachers, who met these wild men of the north and transformed them into what they are to-day. Let us never forget that whatever is noble, beautiful, splendid and strong in modern civilization, the most fitly we regard as: BETTER ZATION IS DUE SOLELY TO ITS CATHOLIC EDUCATION. The Catholic teacher found Europe a desert, and made it the sun and centre of civilization, the most beneficent portion and the most powerful influence in the world to-day. With out him it would have remained what Asia and Africa are at present, regions over which hangs a curse, because there is no Christianity and consequently no Christian or Catholic education.

Admitting the past, say our opponents, it does not change the fact that for the future you do not count. Your influence in the educational and intellectual world is not only waning, but has already passed away.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY DRIFTING TOWARDS APPLIED SCIENCE.

Let us examine this assumption, whose arrogance we need not qualify. The situation is this: The educational trend of the present day is almost entirely in the direction of the natural sciences. The world, dazzled and perhaps dazed by the splendid discoveries of science, will have nothing else. Columbia's catalogue announces that she is to devote herself mainly to the applied sciences. In Harvard, the old home of polite letters, a scrap of the natural sciences is enough for the degree. The other colleges are in line. Vast sums of money are being expended in technical laboratories, exploration parties are being organized, and schools of excavation established in various countries, and the arguments of the pick and shovel are, to use the language of one of them, replacing the methods of the past. Chemistry, physics, biology, geology, botany, paleontology, are the order of the day. No literature, no history, no philosophy, but only science. The whole country is not only drifting but rushing in that direction.

In the presence of this movement I am not discouraged or dismayed, but distressed. I am in the presence of a work of devastation, for if not checked by the conservative elements of edu-

ation, it means the ruin not only of genuine culture, but the wreck of universities themselves and the mental deterioration of the race that is to be subjected to this discipline.

It was bad enough to have cut out of university life the boundless intellectual wealth contained in revealed truth, along with the illumination that radiated from it through the splendid minds of the first centuries of the Christian era; it was sad enough to have expelled with scorn and contempt the philosophy of ancient and modern times; but to have abandoned history, literature and the arts in general, as Strauss, Renan, and others ordain and to reduce the university to the level of a workshop—for that is all that applied science means—is to have already effected its destruction. Even the workshop will disappear when the funds of its patrons are withdrawn.

Time was when the university guided the thought of the nation. But who cares for the opinion or sentiment of an aggregation of mechanics or laborers, who have not a second thought beyond their laboratory or bench, on the mighty questions that weave themselves into the lives of men and nations. We are realizing Jules Simon's prophecy, that the believers of yesterday, becoming sceptics to-day will be nihilists to-morrow. As nihilistic as it companion movement against the governments of the world is this scientific movement in education. It is a movement which began in apostasy, in the sixteenth century, degenerated into atheism in the seventeenth and now at the close of the nineteenth means annihilation—annihilation not only of the institutions of learning, but of the intellect itself. Darwin's lament that his life of classification and numeration had robbed him of all sense of the beautiful would be pathetic if it were not a merited retribution. "Art and music and poetry had become offensive to him," he said, "though once passionately loved." Let that pass. For it is not only the sweet and tender emotions which are shriveled and destroyed, but the intellect itself is left undeveloped, atrophied, and in danger of destruction.

CATHOLICS STAND ON FAMILIAR GROUND.

"The tradition of great men from our universities," says Choate, "is lost." He attributes it to the lack of work, but it is really lack of mind. "There is no such thing as reason, understanding and intellect," shrieks Max Muller. "It is an organism acted upon by matter and possessing no spontaneity or energy or life of its own," echo all the others. Judging from the absurd reasoning of some of their best writers and their fetish-like adoration of each other's disgraced and discarded theories he is right. "I am amazed," said a member of a scientific congress, "at the inability of my associates to co-ordinate their special investigations with the general science of which these specialties are a part, and their childish inability to explain the result of their labors." On the other hand I have been asked: "How do you account for the readiness and ease with which your young men can address themselves to the abstruse subjects of ethics and metaphysics?" "Because they are Catholics," I replied. They are on familiar ground, and their intellects are not dwarfed and undeveloped, but strengthened and enlarged. They are not mere machines, with no other occupation than that of the laborer digging in the earth, or of the savage marking the track of animals, but immortal spirits that will not be satisfied with the visible world, but will soar above it in their search for the truth, and not rest until they find it in its source.

Admire as we may these splendid achievements of science, we miss their import and purpose if we are dazed or unsettled by them, or if we fancy that they are necessarily guarantees of intellectual greatness. Some of the most astonishing discoveries have resulted in little else than the production of scientific toys, few if any have advanced us one step in explaining the real nature of the agencies at work. Progress has been along the line of perfection of mechanism rather than of intimate knowledge of nature itself.

We must bear in mind that these conquests over the material universe are desirable in so far as they furnish material to ennoble and intensify the aesthetic or intellectual faculties of our nature. If the contrary ensues, viz., if our appreciation of the beautiful in art and letters perishes, if our intellectual and reasoning powers are impaired, we are like those who, coming suddenly into unexpected wealth, employ it to plunge into a life of glittering dissipation. The whole man is sooth a wreck. As to superiority, there can be no doubt that the one whose intellectual faculties are perfectly trained will

easily prevail over the exclusively scientific automaton who is notoriously, egregiously and professedly unintellectual, and who is dull to the beauty, not only of the invisible creation, but even to that which comes in the domain of sense. The prestige which science enjoys at the present time is only that which everything new and startling obtains, especially when it appeals to the lower or animal part of man. In the contest that is being waged for educational supremacy there can be no doubt of the issue. Between a mind and a machine, or between a mind and no mind, there can be only one result.

Do you propose, then, to eliminate scientific studies from your curriculum? I make answer that I belong to a body of men, who, Von Humboldt says, always associate scientific research with the spread of the Gospel. The Scientific American of this week tells with enthusiasm of the explorations of one of them up near the Arctic Ocean, traveling over 2,000 miles on the ice and snow alone with an Indian boy (and this was only one of many such journeys) in regions where no human being had ever penetrated, gathering scientific data while preaching salvation. They are men whose unthought of and unconsidered letters written in Indian wigwams or in bark canoes, or in the depths of the forest, are being solicitously gathered by Harvard and Lenox and other great libraries, and are now elaborately republished as the best philological, geographical and ethnological material for the history of our country; men who are at the present moment the government meteorologists at the great danger points of the world, the Spanish Main, the China Sea and the Philippine Isles; men who, primarily theologians and philosophers and preachers, have inscribed at least some honored names in the history of scientific research.

CATHOLIC TRAINING EASILY DISCERNIBLE.

No; it is precisely because we do not wish to exclude science that we take this position (and let me say in parenthesis that the general chemical and physical laboratories of most of our colleges are as well equipped as those in many of the most pretentious universities), but, on the contrary, it is to have science better and more profoundly and more thoroughly and more intelligently studied that we adhere so tenaciously to our literary, historical and philosophical studies. In point of fact, the real princes in the domain of science, men like William Thompson, Clark Maxwell and others, had been first trained in the very studies which we are advocating as indispensable in real education. They had the advantage of the old Catholic traditions of philosophy and literature which still lingered in the universities which sent them forth. They were not the unformed and unreasoning and unintelligent experimenters who are invading the world to-day. Surely there is nothing to prevent a man who has distinguished himself in intellectual pursuits from being a master in those inferior sciences if he wishes to lower the sphere of his activity. Are there are not examples in plenty of superiority won in scientific matters by those who had been first intellectually disciplined when pitted against those who knew only what their eyes could see and their hands could feel? Not to leave the precincts of the room in which we are assembled, I see before me two physicians, graduates of Fordham, who in the same year were without difficulty the leaders of the respective schools of two or three hundred in Bellevue and the University of New York. At the present moment the University of Pennsylvania is commissioning two of our graduates, before even their course is completed, to examine all the medical laboratories of Europe, and bring back the results of their investigations to enrich the university that delights to do them honor. Dwight, of the Law School is quoted as saying that he could tell immediately a young man with Catholic training. The habit of reasoning, of examining into causes, of co-ordinating and unifying even the simplest studies from grammar up to philosophy gave them an immediate superiority over their rivals. These are examples taken at random to illustrate the point I am insisting upon, that instead of impeding it, intellectual training is the very best assurance of scientific success.

Tyndal says: "We have explored the entire universe and have now reached the outer rim, beyond which there looms another universe, one which will forever loom." Over that rim and into that universe a Catholic boy can, independently of revealed truth (for we are making no account of that here), by the inherent and cultivated power of his intellect, lead you, O learned professor, and tell you many secrets which your limited vision, darkened by contemplating the earth alone, can never perceive.

CATHOLICS AHEAD OF ALL BY THE LENGTH OF ETERNAL PRINCIPLES.

What a Catholic Centrist of the German Parliament said to a Bismarckian member may be applied to us: "You are ahead of us by the length of Von Mallnekröd." "Von Mallnekröd!" retorted the Catholic, "we are ahead of you by the length of eternal principles." So in the matter of education we are ahead of all the rest, first, by the infinite light of revelation, which, while displaying before our vision the vast universe of truth which unaided reason can never achieve, throws light on those truths which reason is able to reach. We are ahead of them by the light which the great geniuses have shed upon the most vital questions that concern the human race. We are ahead of them by the heritage bequeathed to us by the greatest poets, philosophers, jurists, legislators and statesmen of the modern world—for the greatest of them were Catholics. What then is to prevent us from being in our own country the leaders in all the learned professions, the orators, philosophers, jurists, statesmen and men of science who are to guide and shape and direct the thought of our times and country?

History must repeat itself, and whether we consider the present condition of culture as the acme of civilization, or the inroad of intellectual vandalism, Catholics can and must conquer now, as they have done before. Our antagonists have not only actually abandoned the domain of intellect by abandoning the studies in which at all times it has shown its greatest powers but have in their gross materialism actually cast aside intellect itself, in line, and glorying in their dishonor. It is no longer a trial of intellects, but of intellect against the pick and shovel. History has shown us that they can be beaten when the contest is mind to mind; how much more so in these changed conditions.

In this battlefield of science which they have chosen it is mind against matter; it is light against darkness; matter will yield to mind and darkness will yield to light. Just as it is the Catholic intellect alone that can show the way through the gloom and perplexity of the great questions of the day, and alone build solid the foundations of the state, so it is the Catholic intellect alone which can and will gather together all the researches that these diggers in the earth are making, will find their relations, co-ordinate them, and tell their meaning to the world. The laborers can fetch material, but the master mind will build the pyramid, and inscribe his own glory upon it. He alone will be known when they long have passed into oblivion. If its Catholic teaching alone that can elevate the human race from the degradation of ignorance and error, and crown it with that glory which only the spiritual intellect can achieve in whatever pursuits the human race may choose to direct its energies and devote its time.

TO MY PIPE.

(N. Y. Sun.)

Oh, I love the merry gurgle of my pipe,
Brier pipe;
When the flavor of the weed within is ripe;
What a lullaby it purrle,
As the smoke around me curls,
Mounting slowly, higher, higher,
As a dream before the fire.
With a flavor in my mouth,
Like a zephyr from the South,
And my favorite tobacco
By my side—
Near my side,
With the soothing necromancy
Sweetly linking fact to fancy,
In a golden memory-chain
To the gurgle, sweet refrain,
Of my pipe brier pipe,
To the fancy-breeding gurgle of my pipe.
Oh, what subtle satisfaction in my pipe,
Brier pipe;
Nothing mundane can impart
Such contentment to my heart;
She's my idol, she's my queen,
Is my lady Nicotine,
When in trouble how I yearn
For the incense which I burn
At her shrine.
How I pine
For the fragrance of her breath;
Robbed of terror 'e'en is death
By her harmless hypnotism;
Healed is every mortal schism
Foe and friend
Sweetly blend
At the burning of the brier;
Greed, cupidity, desire
Fade away within the smoke,
In the fragrant, fleecy smoke
From my pipe, magic pipe,
From my glowing, peace-bestowing,
gurgling pipe.

SIGEL ROUSH.

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Northwest Review.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

TERMS OF OUR SETTLEMENT.

THE CATHOLIC PLATFORM

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

CURRENT COMMENT.

The speech which the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., Rector of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., delivered lately at a dinner of the Alumni Association, and which we reproduce in this issue, is one of the most thought-provoking utterances of recent times. Beginning by the recital of the fashionable depreciation so liberally bestowed on Catholic colleges, he completely turns the tables on our maligners. For him the "Present Peril in College Education" is the tendency of non-Catholic colleges to make applied science the supreme object of university training. Literature and philosophy are sacrificed to animals, plants, gases and stones. The mind becomes a mere storehouse of accumulated facts. Memory and ingenuity—the lowest of the human faculties—are the only ones properly developed in this earthward system. The inevitable result will be the dwarfing of the average human mind. None will escape this fate save only those who, holding to Catholic traditions of education, make the training of the judgment the chief object of intellectual culture. And herein precisely lies the great superiority of Catholic colleges. A walking dictionary of undigested, unconnected scientific items cannot stand up against a Catholic trained from his youth to weigh evidence and set all the various sorts of knowledge in their proper relation to eternal truth. Several of the older Protestant institutions of higher learning have, till lately, held out against the infatuation of the science craze; but, as they have done

so by mere force of habit, without seeing clearly the impregnability of the old Catholic tradition which they blindly followed, they have gradually yielded to the shallow popular shibboleth. But, so long as theology and philosophy crown the Catholic edifice of mental culture, that is, so long as the Catholic Church exists, its college rulers will not yield, and for that very reason the future is theirs.

Catholic Culture.

Father Campbell's discourse is itself a striking proof of the theory he advances. He is himself a creation of the Catholic system. From the age of twelve all his studies have been pursued under Catholic priests. Now, at forty-eight years of age, after living in Europe, Canada and his own New York, after governing a large province of his order for six years, he gives to the world the fruit of his mature reflections. And rich and rare and ripe is that fruit. His discourse will bear re-reading and measuring by the best standards of taste and art; yet will it lose nothing of its genuine, honest ring. Unlike some overestimated, minimizing defenders of things Catholic, he apologizes for nothing, he rather glories in the very methods which his adversaries affect to despise. And those who, like himself, know what he is talking about, feel, on reading him, that every word is true, nay, perchance, that the perfection of his art has led him to understate the unassailable strength of his position. Such a finished, polished, convincing production it would be no easy matter to find even among the gems of Catholic literature produced in the course of this century by the ablest of the converts to Catholicism, by those whose natural ability was developed in what are popularly considered the greatest universities in the world. Yet, we repeat it as an important point not to be lightly passed over, the speaker of that speech is no convert, he is an American, of Irish Catholic origin, born in New York, with no trace of any Protestant blood in his veins, with no hereditary traditions of generations of cultured ease. His high thoughts and deep views of history are the outcome of unadulterated Catholic education, and thus it happens that, like everything intensely Catholic, they sink into the healthy mind and find lodgment there for ever.

Mr. Golden's Paper.

At one of the recent meetings of the Winnipeg Catholic Truth Society, Mr. Golden read a very thoughtful paper on Man's Duties to himself. He began by laying down the principle that all man's duties to himself may be summed up in the axiom that he should be true to his nature as ordained by God. His obligations are not founded upon his own will or his independent reason, as Kant would have it, but upon the natural law which is conformable to the eternal mind of the Creator. Man should love himself with a well ordered love; therefore he should love and cultivate, first, the faculties of his soul, and, secondly, the health of his body. All his faculties should be exercised in due subordination to his last end, the knowledge and love of God with a view to enjoying the Beatific Vision for ever. Science is an excellent thing, so long as it is duly subordinated to the overruling Creator; else it becomes a pitfall. "We can, therefore," said the lecturer, "never too severely blame the rashness of those who imprudently wish to spread a smattering of unrelated science among all sorts and conditions of men without at the same time maintaining morality of life and the integrity of belief in an All-wise Providence. 'Science and religion,' says Cardinal Gibbons, 'like Martha and Mary, are sisters, because they are daughters of the same Father. They are both ministering to the same Lord, though in a different way. Science, like Martha, is busy about material things. Religion,

like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her Lord.' If we compare the instincts, sentiments and acts of populations penetrated with the spirit of faith to those of the nations that, under a more brilliant varnish of culture, conceal hearts narrowed by egotism and blighted by unbelief, we immediately realize how powerless mere science is to develop the nobler faculties of man."

Mining Schemes.

Beware of wild cat mining schemes. The other day, at the conference of the Federated Canadian Mining Institute in Montreal, Mr. J. Bawden read a timely paper on "The Economics of Joint Stock Companies and the Laws Relating to their Incorporation." Among other practical warnings suited to the present boom in British Columbia and Rat Portage mining stocks, he uttered this: "The issue of stocks in small shares was condemned many years ago by an English judge on the ground that it encouraged the promotion of bubble companies. The issue of small shares worked injury by the encouragement of a class that it was most desirable to deter from mining investments. It could only be to tempt and encourage the holders of small savings to invest in mining stocks that shares have been made of such small nominal value as five cents. The promoters of honest enterprises who had fallen upon this mode of raising capital might have been encouraged by the facilities afforded; but they had not only paid large amounts for brokerage, but had created a large and unmanageable constituency."

A Miner's Life.

Then there is, for anxious mothers and wives present or future, the further consideration of the life their loved ones are likely to lead in mining camps. At its best, it is the life of a gambler who contracts an often incurable habit of living on feverish expectations which are not realized once in a thousand times, and thus unfits himself for the stern lifelong struggle of thrifty labor that is the only royal road to success. At its worst, and that worst is unfortunately not rare, a miner's life is beset with temptations to coarseness, to neglect of religious culture, to intemperance and other blasting vices. Mr. John R. Spears, the N. Y. Sun's gifted and conscientious correspondent in all the borderlands of American countries, has lately written a true picture of the moral and physical dangers of the mining camp. His "Beyond the Mirage, a study of life on the Mojave Desert," ought to be read by all young men who are contemplating that sort of existence. The story is: live with reality, and, though it preaches not, for Mr. Spears is most matter-of-fact, it teaches a wonderfully wholesome lesson. To be sure, the conditions in our Canadian mining districts are less lawless than in southwestern California; but the brutalizing influence is still sufficiently strong to give pause to any noble-minded man. Is this gambling game worth the risk to body and soul?

UNITED CANADA AND MR. N. BAWLF.

"United Canada" has a perfect genius for bungling. We are not alluding to the ubiquitous misprints, which are evidently misspellings in copy, as 'lable' for 'label,' 'mankind' for 'mankind,' nor to the carelessness which allows the paper to come to us addressed "North-Western Review, Winnipeg," but to the assertion lately made in its political notes that Mr. Nicholas Bawlf is a Conservative in politics. The exact contrary is the truth. Mr. N. Bawlf is a Liberal in politics and was a great admirer of Mr. Laurier till the later betrayed his co-religionists; but Mr. Bawlf is first and foremost a consistent Catholic and therefore he rejects with fine scorn the farcical settlement.

FORCING PEOPLE TO SUBSCRIBE TO A CHARITY.

The Nor'-Wester lately contained an editorial on "Coercive Charity," which we heartily endorse. The writer took exception to the cool way in which the local and city governments have appropriated large sums of money for the Indian Famine Fund, thus using the taxes of the people, which are so sorely needed for the payment of urgent debts, in the ostentatious bestowal of charity to a country whose rulers are morally obliged to relieve its distress. This fashionable following of the suggestions of a Governor General who, having sixty thousand pounds a year (\$300,000), may and ought to contribute at least a thousand pounds to the Famine Fund of the India of which he will one day probably be the viceroy, is quite in keeping with the besetting sin of this city and province, we mean the readiness to spend in a showy way money that is long since due to honest and wronged creditors. "Those who object to public grants for this purpose," says the Nor'-Wester, "have certainly a forcible argument when they point to the fact that, while the City Council is voting \$1,000 for the relief of distress in India, the relief of distress in Winnipeg has to be undertaken by private beneficence. We have emphatically a duty as a community to our own poor; while, if as a community we have a duty at all to the poor of India, this duty is by comparison exceedingly remote," so remote indeed, we would add, that it vanishes into thin air leaving not the slightest shadow of an obligation. "It has also been suggested that it is questionable whether municipalities have legally the power to appropriate their taxes for the relief of distress in India. In dealing with this aspect of the matter the Nor'-Wester has no wish whatever to check or disparage the laudable efforts of those who are seeking to augment the Famine Fund as greatly as possible; but in matters of philanthropy, as in all other matters, it is advisable to free ourselves as far as possible from the influence of gush, cant and toadyism." So long as there hangs over the Indian Famine Fund the awful accusation that eighty-five million dollars, raised by additional taxation in India, have been misappropriated, thrifty people, who don't like to see their hard-earned money go to enrich thieves, will hesitate to risk it for the pleasure of seeing their generosity chronicled in the papers.

And as far as we Manitoba Catholics are concerned, the needs of our children's souls are far more pressing than those of Hindoo bodies. Death by famine is often a blessed preparation for a happy eternity, whereas starvation of the soul by the spiritual death of godless schools prepares directly for everlasting woe. If any of our teachers in Catholic schools are asked to subscribe for the Indian Famine Fund, they may of course do so if they can afford it, but they would also be fully justified in replying: "The local government, having appropriated my taxes, the municipal taxes and the government grant due to me as a teacher, is authorized by me to devote ten per cent. thereof to the relief of the suffering millions in India, and, as they have already done this without asking my leave, you need not tell them about it."

ANOTHER PROTESTANT WITNESS.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)
VOLUMES have been compiled that are made up exclusively of the choicest tributes from Protestant writers to the Catholic Church; and if all of such testimonies and those from other non-Catholics were collected they would form quite a library. Nor are these encomiums things of the past; for many additions have been made by men and women now living, are, in fact, being made almost every day. But one has recently appeared in the "Bookman" that equals the best in beauty, terseness and enthusiasm. It is from the pen of Mr. H. T. Peck, and occurs in a criticism of Huysman's French novel, "En Route," a

translation of which has recently been published in London and New York. It is as follows:

"To those of us who are Protestants the book is full of deep instruction in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organization which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

PONTIFF'S NOTABLE DISCOURSE

To Veterans of the Papal Army.

ITALIAN ORGANS STRUCK DUMB.

Influence of the Late Cardinal Sanfelice.

Correspondence of
The Catholic Standard and Times
Rome, January 6.

The thrifty householder brings forth out of his treasure things old and new, and the very art of his art lies in the disposition. So it is with the journalist. There is more of old, I suspect, in his wares than the indulgent public wots of, and so the more, the viceroy of art of his art lies in the disposition. His composition must exhibit to the best effect, for is it not called composition? The instinct of the journalist-artist may be revealed this week. How many journalists will give its due place of prominence to the utterances of Leo XIII. to his officers of the disbanded Pontifical army?

But does this question of Papal independence alluded to in so marked a way by Leo XIII. on this occasion deserve a place of great prominence? For an economy of time I reply briefly, as must be. In its potential or positive relation to what we call actuality, apparently not, for the angel of deliverance if nigh to us is concealed within the gray clouds which cover the heavens on the morning; might it be so of God's glorious day. In its certain and inevitable enduringness, which lasts from day to day and from age to age, accumulating its divine vendetta, summing up its irrefutable guiltiness, making store of its accumulated damnation for the foes of God's will, the question or the need, if we prefer to call it so, is perpetuated with an importance compared with which the mere pressings of actuality is as a pruriency is to a pestilence.

Therefore the Pope's discourse, with which the agencies have doubtless made the American public familiar, should attract attention. He saw before him the veterans of Castelfidardo, of Monte Libretti, of Bagnorea, of Monterton and of Mentana. He had seen them, he said, when after 1870 he had assisted as a Cardinal at their receptions by Pius IX. He had read on those occasions in their countenances, stern, transcendental enthusiasm. He had then understood at a glance that their willingness to serve the Roman See with their arms was unchanging. He exalted their valor, lauded their heroism, stimulated their devotion. He recalled with eloquence the heavenly rewards and the earthly glory of the veterans, living and dead. Then he uttered a statement, which was as a message to the world.

The Pope said that he looked forward to the day when he would see himself surrounded anew by the brave zouaves, whose greetings had been delivered to him by the Italian veterans. "Surrounded," therefore numerous served. "Anew," therefore Leo XIII. desires to be as Pius IX. was in the sixties. "Zouaves" therefore not surrounded by Italian troops only.

Indeed, the Pope was explicit enough. He continued, saying that from Canada, Ireland, Belgium and France daily applications came for membership in the Pope's army, representations of whole-souled willingness to serve him as of old. "Canada, Ireland, Belgium and France." The very countries which deferred the absorption of the Papal States into the Kingdom of Italy from 1860 until the an-

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CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

1897.
FEBRUARY.

- 14 Septuagesima Sunday. Commemoration of St. Valentine, Priest and Martyr.
- 15 Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
- 16 Tuesday—The Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.
- 17 Wednesday—Votive office of St. Joseph. Seventy first anniversary of the approbation by Leo XII. of the Oblate Fathers' rules.
- 18 Thursday—Votive office of Blessed Sacrament.
- 19 Friday—Votive office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
- 20 Saturday—Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

The Provincial Legislature is called for the 19th inst.

Mr. H. O'Connor, C. P. R. Fire Inspector, left on Monday for an extended trip in the west.

St. Mary's Court No. 276 Catholic Order of Foresters hold a regular meeting in Unity Hall, McIntyre Block, on Friday evening.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface is reported to have started from Ottawa for this city last Monday and would therefore arrive to-day.

The Review very much regrets to hear that Mr. A. E. Forget, of Regina, is very ill at Ottawa. His many friends in the west will anxiously await news and will pray for his recovery.

For certain reasons Father Cherrier has found it desirable to give up the 9 o'clock mass which he recently established and for the future on Sunday mornings the only low mass will be at 8 o'clock.

The visit of the Winnipeg four-oar crew, which holds the championship of America, to Henley this summer is now assured. The fund to meet the expenses has grown to such proportions that there is no doubt that the whole amount required will be forthcoming.

The nomination for the election of a representative of St. Boniface in the Local House, to succeed Mr. Frendergast, takes place on the 13th inst. and the polling a week later. There is said to be a large number of residents in the constituency willing to accept the position.

The victories of Mr. J. McCulloch, of Winnipeg, in the skating contests at Montreal, where he met the best men of Europe as well as of America, have won him the proud title of champion of the world. It is proposed to give him a public reception on his return from the East.

The annual curling bonspiel is now in full swing. About eighty rinks representing all parts of the Dominion and some scientific curling can now be seen at almost any hour of the day or night at the city rinks. Several patrons of the Review are amongst the visitors and we received a visit from Mr. G. E. Russell, of Prince Albert.

On Thursday evening the 25th inst. a grand sacred concert will be given in St. Mary's Church by the choir. Tickets have been placed in the hands of members of the congregation for sale and arrangements are being made whereby those who purchased them will afterwards be able to exchange them for coupon tickets and thus be sure of the seat they will occupy.

PRIESTLY PATRIARCHS.

Death has been busy with the oldest priests in Canada during the last five months. Rev. Father Point, S. J., who died on the 19th of last September in the 95th year and the 71st of his priesthood, was the oldest priest in Canada and the United States. Then Mgr. C. E. Poire, who had been ordained at St. Boniface on the 17th of February 1833, died last 15th of December in the 64th year since his ordination. And on the 3rd of this month, Mgr. Joachim Boucher, of Louisville, died in his 93rd year and the 67th of his priesthood, having been ordained June 30th, 1830. He had enjoyed for four months and a half the honor of being the oldest priest in Canada. On whom that honor now falls we are not sure, but we are inclined to think that it belongs to Father Du Ranquet, S. J., of Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island, a venerable and still active missionary among the Indians, who was born Jan. 20th 1813 and ordained priest March 6th 1841. Our own Rev. Father Dan-

durand, O. M. I., of St. Charles, Man., comes next, as he was made a priest six months later, Sept. 21st 1841. But Rev. Father Haverford, of Troy, N. Y., now holds the record for Canada and the United States combined, having been nearly 67 years a priest.

It is with pleasure we note the return of Mr. P. Shea, of the Winnipeg Brewery, from a recuperating trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Each year he has spent a holiday month at Banff Springs, but for a change chose those of Arkansas, and at the same time enjoyed the balmy breezes that rustle the shrubby woods of that widely known state. In speaking of the City of Hot Springs he does so enthusiastically, saying the accommodation at hotels are first class in every particular; the comfort of the guests is carefully looked after. He is of the opinion that the sulphurous waters of our great Canadian park, Banff, are much superior to those of Hot Springs. On his return journey he spent Sunday in the City of St. Louis, Mo., attending Mass at the old cathedral on Pine street. He paid a flying visit to Winona, Minn., meeting his venerable father-in-law, Tom Burns, also visiting his Lordship, Bishop Cotter, and after spending a pleasant hour with him he resumed his journey homeward by St. Paul, arriving home, looking hale and hearty and feeling much improved and satisfied with his trip.

A REMARKABLE OCCURENCE.

Under the above heading the following occurs in the October issue of the Australian messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Dear Rev. Father:—We received a letter from the Superior of a convent in Albany, North America, in which she relates an extraordinary occurrence which befel a certain good priest, from whose lips she heard the whole story. Being summoned one night to attend a dying person, who lived at a great distance from the town, he placed the Blessed Eucharist in a pyx on his breast and rode forth into the darkness. The road was bad; a fearful storm was blowing, the horse after going some distance was quite exhausted, and the traveller was forced to put up at a wayside hotel. After depositing his precious charge in a drawer, near his bedside, the father betook himself to rest. Early next morning he resumed his journey, and had already gone about three miles on his way, when it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had, in the most unaccountable way, forgotten to take the Blessed Sacrament from the drawer before leaving his bedroom. Inexpressible was his dismay, when he remembered that he had left the Holy of Holies unguarded, at the mercy of an unbelieving household. He retraced his steps towards the hotel, full of anxiety as to what might have happened. Springing from his horse at the door he met the host, of whom he anxiously inquired whether the room in which he had slept the previous night still remained unoccupied. "Indeed, sir," excitedly replied the hotelkeeper, "I don't know what you have done to that room. We cannot get the door open, try as we will, and we can see through the key-hole that the room is full of a very bright light!" With a fervent ejaculation of thanks to heaven for this wonderful interposition, the priest hastened towards the room, followed by the curious and expectant household. Without the slightest resistance the door opened at his touch, and he threw himself on his knees before the chest of drawers, which served as a temporary Tabernacle for the Lord of Hosts. Then the priest, holding the Sacred Host in his hand, addressed the assembled company with deep emotion and eloquence such as he had never possessed before, explained the doctrine and mystery of the Blessed Eucharist in burning words of faith and love, and declared that house to be blessed wherein the Lord of heaven and earth had deigned to take up His abode and show forth His power and goodness in so wonderful a way. The humble chamber had indeed become suddenly changed into a chapel, and the crowd of bystanders into an attentive and awe-stricken audience.

In consequence of this extraordinary event every member of that unbelieving household became a child of the one true Church.

A RELIGIOUS.
N. S. W., September.

EXPERIENCE THE TEST.

IT SEPARATES THE BENEFICIAL FROM THE WORTHLESS.

A Vancouver Lady, After Using Various Medicines For a Period of Eight Years, Pronounces Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Best Medicine She Knows.

Among the most popular residents of Vancouver is Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hawson, and the following statement from Mrs. Hawson will no doubt be of advantage to other ladies. She says:—

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 1896.
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.: Gentlemen,—I have derived so much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as the following brief statements of facts will show, that the failure on my part to make public the facts of my case would be a neglect of duty I owe to others of my sex

who are suffering from the same complaints as for years made life a burden to me. From fifteen years of age I suffered from anaemia with all the attending evils. The family physician and two other doctors consulted in turn failing to afford me any relief. At the age of twenty-two I came from England to Oregon, and acting under advice of friends, consulted a specialist of high repute in Portland in that state, after having tried two other practitioners in Eastern Oregon without any beneficial result. I followed the treatment of the Portland physician for some months with no change in my condition being noticeable, except that I was rapidly losing flesh and sinking day by day into a state of lassitude. I was reduced to eighty-nine pounds in weight, and was assured that unless some change for the better were obtained, I could not live for six months. At this crisis, when life had become a burden to me, and I had hardly strength enough to move around, a friend told me of the benefit she had derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a forlorn hope, having at one time or another tried remedy after remedy, (so called,) I consented to give them a trial. Even with the first box a change for the better was noticeable, and this was sufficient to induce me to persevere. I bought six boxes more and when they were finished I was doing my own housework and had gained over ten pounds in weight. With the establishment of the normal functions, I grew more cheerful, active and invigorated. That the cure was of no ephemeral nature is evidenced by the fact that now, after a year has passed since then, and I have taken but two boxes of pills since that time, I weigh 110 pounds, and can attend to my necessary household duties. I can say nothing less than that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I recommend them to everyone suffering from similar complaints to mine as the best medicine I know, and after the host of nostrums I tried during a period of eight years, my knowledge of such is not limited.

Gratefully yours,
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Soldier's Cove, N. S., Jan. 30 1896.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
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Yours respectfully,
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