



OVER EDUCATION.

"MURDER OF THE MODERN INNOCENTS" BY MRS. LEW WALLACE IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

After all what are our children being educated for? The boys are to be breadwinners—that is decided. They must hurry through and "hustle for a living." The girls—let us believe it—are the future homemakers. The word helpmeet is obsolete—left behind with the woman who made Eden Paradise.

Constantly the question is being brought up, "Shall this and that be added to our public schools?" But who asks, "Can the scholars endure any more?" They have no protest nor petition; they must stand like human vessels ready to be filled to the brim with mixtures of facts. I plead for a childhood of the soul as well as of the body, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, the moderate task ended at the schoolhouse. This night young heads are leaning against their mothers, tired as no young things should ever be; and it is a sorrowful sound to hear a child waking from what might be the sunny slumber of a light heart beating to healthful music to ask in troubled voice, "Do you think I can make the pass grade?" It is said that they like to go to school. Yes, and they would like it twice as well if there were half as much to learn. Many children have I known, but not one who loved study for its own sake. Companionship is what lures them. Instead of wandering up and down the wilderness of wintery facts let them loiter a while among the dear illusions. The Happy Valley of Childhood is but narrow, where the golden water babbles to the talking bird and the singing tree, where the sun always shines and the years are summers. They who adjust the load that presses so heavily on the springs of life have much to account for.

Boston has been shaken by a solemn protest from the city physician against the ruinous manner in which children are overworked. Not the orphans in factories, nor the poor in the tenements, but in the handsome school houses where the well-to-do send their sons and daughters.

Of the long-suffering teachers I can hardly trust myself to speak; no nobler army of martyrs ever marched to chambers of torture. Said one, "I begin the weekly reports Monday before the lessons are recited, else I should never have them ready by Friday night."

I have seen teachers carry home piles of manuscript to be corrected, often spending Saturday and Sunday at their desks. Most dismal of tasks; no wonder the professional reader of manuscripts goes crazy.

Said another, "I am so tired I do not go to church. Unless I lie around and rest on Sunday I cannot be ready for Monday. It seems that to teach anything we must know everything. We have to write essays on subjects that do not touch our studies, and there are the long meetings and the institutes."

"What about the institutes?" I asked. It was at the close of one of the hottest days of our tropical summer.

"We must meet and hear compositions on basic thoughts, cosmic entities, the concept of ideality, and Mr. Nobody, from Nowhere, reads 'Locksley Hall.'" "Can't you read 'Locksley Hall' for yourself?"

"Yes, if I had a chance. My back ached so that I could not listen, and sometimes I am so hurried I feel as though I should lose my wits."

At one time there was a regulation that teachers should stand during recitation. When a number had dropped on the floor the order was revoked.

After much hesitation the cry goes out—a petition to lighten the load of the overlaid that may not reach the hearing ear. I should not have the courage to send it had I not been entreated. "Speak for us; write for us; you have nothing at stake. We dare not complain; we should lose our places; there are many waiting for vacancies." Pathetic appeals from the helpless!

So, watching their unconquerable work, what I have written I have written.

WHEN DOES THE CENTURY END.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The discussion of the question "When Does the Century End?" still continues. The same question was raised and discussed a hundred years ago, toward the close of the eighteenth century, as appears from a letter of Gen. Schuyler, dated Albany, Feb. 11, 1799. As a matter of interest we give the letter in another column. The General shows clearly enough how it ought to be if our manner of counting years is to conform to our manner of counting other things.

But the question is not how it ought to be, or how it accords with our ways of counting other things, but what way of counting years has custom made to prevail. In matters of this kind custom, without reference to how it originated, acquires the force of law. This law of custom is so strong that if we disregard it in our manner of speech we subject ourselves to the inconvenience of being misunderstood.

The question then is, what significance has custom given to a date expressed in day, month and year? Does Dec. 25, 1899, mean 11 months and 25 days into or of 1899, or does it mean 1899 years plus 11 months and 25 days? If it means the former, we are now in the 99th year of the century; if it means the latter we are now in the 100th year of the century, and the century closes with the close of the 31st of this month. In the first case 1899 means the passing year; in the second case it means the past year, and the present December is part of the year 100. The first means that we are 11 months and 25 days into the 1899th year since the birth of Christ; the second means that it is 1899 years 11 months and 25 days since that momentous event.

Now the question is not which of these two meanings of the date Dec. 25, 1899, is the most logical or in accord with our custom of counting other measurable things, but which has been determined by custom? There is no doubt that custom has given the date the first meaning, namely, that the year figure indicates the passing year, of which the months and days in the date are a part, and not the past year to which the months and days are plus. Then the date, Dec. 25th, 1899, means that we are 11 months and 25 days into the 99th year of the century, and not 11 months and 25 days into the 100th year of the century. Consequently next year will be, by force of the *usus loquendi*, the 100th year of the century, and the next the first year of the new century.

This custom of dating at the passing year instead of from the past year was fixed, if not originated, by a French university some centuries ago. The Pope in his recent letter on the Holy Year adheres to the custom.

The misunderstanding in the matter arises from confounding the two questions, how long since the birth of Christ and in what year of the era are we living? The answer to the first, assuming as correct the chronology of Dionisius Exiguus, is 1,898 years, 11 months and 25 days; the answer to the second is, we are into the year 1899 as far as Dec. 25. Properly understood these two answers or sets of figures indicate at the same time, for 1898 plus 11 months and 25 days means the same thing as 11 months and 25 days into 1899. If asked the time of day you can say 5 o'clock and 10 minutes into or toward 6 o'clock. It is a difference of measuring from something or toward something. And custom says in dates we should measure toward the end of the passing year, not from the end of the past year. Some time ago in speaking of this subject we took it for granted that in measuring years, as we measure other things, we count from the last complete unit, and that a date was a record of past time.

Reasoning from analogy we concluded that as we say in telling the time, 5 o'clock 10 minutes and 30 seconds, we should say and mean of Dec. 25, 1899, 1899 o'clock 11 months and 25 days; the months and years to be added to 99 o'clock as the minutes and seconds are added to 5 o'clock, thus making the current months and days belong to the 100th year as the minutes and seconds plus to 5 belong to 6 o'clock. But custom has no regard for analogues.

The shortest way to print 1900 is MCM, though, in writing, the latter form is decidedly longer. How would it do to call graduates of 1900 em-see-ems? This would be as short as "nitty-nit" and not at all silly, as this latter form undoubtedly is. "John Jones, MCM" would look infinitely better than "John Jones, '00."

Caution.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing "just as good." Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

A STRIKING PRESCRIPTION.

A PHYSICIAN ORDERS 27 BOYS TO BE SPANKED.

N. Y. Sun.

The chief of the Bellevue Hospital staff of surgeons one evening recently on his rounds entered Ward 2, which is devoted to the cure of children's injuries, and glanced in a perfunctory way at the orders posted by attending physicians on the previous night. He opened his eyes wide when he saw this order signed by a physician:

"Spanking; P. R. N., 27."

Turning to the nurse in attendance, the surgeon asked what "27" meant. It meant that twenty-seven children had been spanked in that ward on the night before.

"Well, that is the most remarkable order I have ever seen given in Bellevue Hospital," said the official, and he asked the nurse how it came about. "P. R. N." stood for *pro re nata*, "to meet the emergency." It was the other part that he wanted to have explained.

"It began with the throwing of a shoe," the nurse said, "and it was after all the patients were in bed and tucked up for the night. I supposed that the boys with broken legs and plaster casts on them, the other boys with broken arms and factured noses, were disposed of safely. Then a shoe from somewhere went sailing across the ward, narrowly missing the head of that little Italian boy from Cherry street, who has had his skull trepanned. The shoe was like a match to a barrel of gunpowder. A crutch flew over my head and hit the window; the boys with plaster of Paris on their legs wriggled out of their cots, hobbled to their near neighbors and pulled them out on the floor. Those who wanted to be quiet were poked and plagued and forced to get out and join in the rumpus. There were half a dozen pillow fights in progress in as many places at once before I could say 'scat!'"

"Just as the pandemonium was at its height the doctor came in on his rounds and protested. He said that there was so much noise that the patients in the wards nearby were complaining. The boys must stop; if they would not stop they must be made to stop. Why not spank them?"

"I ventured to say that the task of spanking twenty-seven boys, hand running, as it were, was no child's play. He said that I must do it, and then he wrote that order. Of course, it had to be done then. The doctor did not wait to see what I would do, and he looked rather amused as he turned and went out of the ward."

"Well, I gave out the order to the children, but they did not mind me in the least. I did not want to spank them, for they probably for the first time in their lives had had their stomachs full and their animal spirits were high. They had had enough misfortune in their accidents that had brought them to the institution. So I just warned them that they were up to a spanking if they didn't behave. Did they settle down? As the boys say 'Nil!' They just winked at me and

kept on worse than ever. Then I started after them. They limped, hobbled and wriggled back to their cots as fast as their legs would carry them. I turned down the upper sheet of the cot of the first boy that I came to and laid it on good.

"Then there was a change. A chorus of dry howls went up to the ceiling following the wails of the first victim. Down the rows of cots I proceeded, slowly and conscientiously, and, if I do say it, there was in my wake a lot of chastened souls."

"I'll make a note of the order as a remarkable one," said the official. He did, and that is how it came out.

THE NEW YEAR MIDNIGHT MASS.

At the Immaculate Conception there was High Mass with a plain chant Mass by full choir in better trim than ever before. Father Cherrier preached on the blessings of the past year and extended his good wishes for the coming year to all Catholics and Protestants.

At St. Mary's there was also High Mass and a large number of communicants, among whom were 75 men who had not received at Christmas. Father Guillett wished the Faithful a Happy New Year.

At the Cathedral Very Rev. A. Dugas, V. G., celebrated High Mass with deacon and subdeacon, in the presence of the Archbishop, who afterwards said Mass, at about 1.30 a. m., in the Chapel of the Grey Nuns' Mother House.

At St. Boniface Hospital Rev. Father Messier, the chaplain, said low Mass at midnight with appropriate singing by the Sisters. The Tantum Ergo of the Benediction that followed was particularly beautiful and soothing to the patients who were too ill to rise.

At St. Boniface College, St. Mary's Academy, St. Boniface Convent of the Holy Names and the Maternity Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, low Mass was said with Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT FROM ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL.

The Sisters of the St. Boniface Hospital acknowledge the following donations in favor of the Hospital. The Town of St. Boniface, \$100; the A. Macdonald Co., \$40; Mr. R. Dixon, \$25; Mr. J. H. Ashdown, \$15; Mr. W. D. Douglass, \$5; Mr. O. O'Connell (of the Tecumseh House), \$5; Mr. P. Gosselin, 1 bbl. of apples, cakes and candy; Ogilvie Milling Co., 1 ton of screenings, 3 sacks of Rolled Oats and 3 of Hungarian flour; Mr. J. H. Rodgers, 1 turkey and 1 salmon; Mr. Lee, 1 box of Cigars; Bryan & Co., 1 box of Cigars; Mr. Erzinger, 1 box of Tobacco and Pipes; Mrs. McIntyre, 1 box of lemons; Mrs. T. Paré of St. Ann's, 2 turkeys; H. B. Co., 4 turkeys; Rocan & Co., 4 turkeys; Mr. O. Monchamp, 1 turkey; Whitlaw & Co., 40 lbs. of Mutton; Mr. H. Béliveau, 1 case of Oranges; Mr. Galt, tea, rasins and nuts; Mr. W. Drewry, 5 cases of Ale; McDonough & Co., 1 bbl. of Ale; Mr. L. Collin, candy; Mrs. A. H. Bertrand, candy.

To each and every generous donor the Sisters offer heartfelt thanks wishing all a "Happy New Year" with many returns.

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
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At St. Boniface, Man.

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

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1900

CURRENT COMMENT

As may be seen by an article which we reprint from the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, Father Lambert gracefully falls into line on the question of the end of the century. He owns that he has hitherto been mistaken in supposing that the year is called 1899 only when it is completed, just as we do not begin to say "five o'clock" till five hours have elapsed, and been completed since the hour of twelve. Father Lambert's error came from an excessive application of a philosophical principle, just the sort of error one would expect in a philosopher. But now he admits that he was wrong and "everything is lovely."

We also reproduce another article from the same number of the Freeman's Journal, showing how zealous Protestants appropriate our distinctively Catholic or in such a way as to conceal the fact that they are written by Catholics. The Toronto Methodist Book Concern was more honest when, some ten or twelve years ago it reprinted the "Notes on Ingersoll" and "Tactics of Infidels," duly crediting them to Rev. L. A. Lambert, who in the dialogue speaks of himself as "the Father."

In this particular case the dishonesty is the more flagrant in that Father Lambert's replies to the blatant atheistic orator are vastly more cogent and convincing than the replies attempted by all the Protestant champions of Christianity. The latter cannot even be ranked in the same category as the former. The Protestant apologists are vague, illogical, uncertain about fundamentals, yielding points the most vital. The Catholic defender yields nothing but what reason approves of. Trained in a philosophy that, apart from first principles, which the human mind "intues" or sees at a glance, advances nothing without proof, he is continually challenging Ingersoll's high-flying platitudes, exposing his shallow sophistry, unmasking his cowardly mendacity. Ingersoll himself never attempted a rejoinder. It took him two years to persuade a friend to take up the cudgels against the

irresistible Father Lambert. The result, as seen in "Tactics of Infidels," was disastrous to that friend and once again to Colonel Bob.

But the little Colonel, after a few years, took heart of grace and wrote a silly blasphemy in lieu of a Christmas letter to a great New York daily. Protestant ministers of all shades, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., rushed to the rescue of their particular travesty of Christianity. He laughed at them and poked fun at their halting replies. As they held only fragments of the truth their defence was fragmentary and weak. Father Lambert waited till they had all said their small say, and then he rose in his might and wrote one letter with his usual merciless logic. So effectually did he hold up Ingersoll by the tail that the noisy sciolist collapsed into absolute silence.

We think that one of our contributors has written for the REVIEW a short sketch of General Joubert, the Boer commander-in-chief. Being somewhat startled by the immense stature—six feet nine inches—there attributed to him, we inquired as to the sources of our contributor's information. He informed us that his authority for the size of the man was the Montreal Star, and for his Confederate record, a letter of Colonel Lamar Fontaine, dated Dec. 9, 1899, to Capt. J. F. Anderson, general western agent of the Georgia Railroad. As to the latter point we can easily admit that Colonel Joubert was a friend of the great Stonewall Jackson's; but one great objection to accepting without doubt the assertion that the Louisianian is so tall is that we never heard of it before. Surely a Colonel who lacked only three inches of seven feet, would have been blazoned as one of the curiosities of the Civil War. Besides, those who met Joubert when he was in Winnipeg some years ago say that there was nothing extraordinary about his appearance, that he was very common looking. The only thing they noticed was that, like some of our provincial magnates of the recent régime, he put his knife into his mouth at table.

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen" is dedicated "to Sir George Newnes, Bart., Messrs. George Rutledge & Sons, limited, and other publishers who, uninvited, presented Mr. Dooley to, a part of the British public." Of Lord Charles Beresford the philosopher of Arches Road, Chicago, says: "He's a Watherford man. I knowed his father well,—a markess be thrade, an' a fine man. Charles wint to sea early; but he's now in th' plastherin' business, cemintin' th' liance iv th' United States an' England." The Banjo Bard of the Empire Mr. Dooley thus aptly depicts: "What I like about Kipling is that his pomes is right off th' bat, like me conversations with you, me boy. He's a minyit-man, a r-ready pote that sleeps like th' dhriver iv thruck 9, with his poetic pants in his boots beside his bed, an' him r-ready to jump out an' slide

down th' pole th' minyit th' alarm sounds."

We have received specimen pages of Ian McLaren's "Life of the Master," which is appearing in McClure's Magazine. It is a sentimental caricature on the life of the God-man. The author evidently doubts, if he does not explicitly deny, his Godhead. At a time when the most learned of Protestants, the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, is letting the readers of the Sacred Heart Review into the secrets of Luther's mendaciousness, impurity and cruelty, it is positively grotesque to see Dr. Watson trot out the usual list of great men by way of contrast to Our Lord and place Luther among them.

The new cover of the "University of Ottawa Review" is a decided improvement. We sympathize deeply with Mr. Maurice Casey in his chagrin at the "vast number of errors" that the printers introduced into the first part of his article on "Aubrey de Vere as a Sonneteer," an article of great merit. There are many other excellent features in the University organ.

We are glad to see by the "Fordham Monthly," that the project of founding a medal for "Provinces of Religion" in memory of the late Father Jouin is already taking substantial shape and form. Father Jouin's "text books have been the guide to right thinking in intellectual, ethical and religious problems for Catholic students all over the country for a quarter of a century." He was certainly the greatest teacher of rational philosophy in America. His "Evidences of Religion" were, when they first appeared some twenty years ago, far in advance of any then known manual of Christian apologetics.

The Free Press might have been more explicit in an article on "The Century's End" published yesterday, had it read our verbatim translation of the Papal decree, or the Latin original, both of which we published the week before last. There the Holy Father distinctly says that the present century ends on the last day of December of the coming year (futura anni), i. e., 1900. Had the Free Press editor read this he could hardly have been content to write: "The statements made so frequently of late that both the Pope and German Emperor had declared that the new century began at twelve o'clock last night, might have been, of course, unfounded. The Pope issued a decree for the celebration of the midnight mass on Dec. 31, 1899, not to mark the advent of the new century, but of the "holy year" preceding its advent." With the vagaries of Wilhelm we are not concerned; but for the sake of truth, when no party interest is at stake, even the Free Press might have been expected to know and therefore to state that Leo XIII. expressly contradicted the untenable theory that 1899 years mean 1900 completed. However, with that semi-sapient air which in him is so irresistibly ludicrous, the Free Press editor does rise to remark: "The laws of mathamatics are not made either by Church or

State." Quite true; but the Church proclaims the cogency of those laws long before the State does: witness the Gregorian calendar, approved by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, rejected by England till 1751, rejected until now by Russia, which promises to adopt it in 1901, 319 years after its necessity was recognized by Rome.

A commentary on the lawlessness of our American cousins is afforded by the refusal of many U. S. bishops to take advantage of the permission for a New Year Midnight Mass, they feared that this might be an excuse for disorder. Even Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee, speaking to a largely German diocese, where German habits of Catholic regularity prevail, is careful to say: "Whilst we do not wish to withhold this privilege from the faithful, we nevertheless admonish the reverend fathers not to avail themselves of it unless they are convinced before God and they use their utmost endeavor, that by occasion of this celebration or during the midnight mass nothing shall happen that might render the holy night unholy." Here, on the contrary, not only no restriction was placed on the use of this privilege, but the priests of the Diocese were exhorted by His Grace to make use of it, and in order that they might more easily do so, the pastors were allowed to say two Masses on New Year's Day. And, in point of fact, all these touching celebrations took place with perfect decorum.

Here is a wish for the British troops in South Africa. May the realities of the service so disgust them with the barracks fashion of wearing their little caps on their ears that they may forever discard this childish vanity which is far more ridiculous than the silliest fashions of much despised Latin armies. Keep your hat straight, Tommy Atkins and don't be a fool.

The French papers note with self-complacency that the only British general in South Africa who has not yet been beaten is—French, and he seems, until further news arrives, to have won a real victory.

Inspector Barrett, of the inland revenue department, returned from the west Tuesday. He made three seizures of tobacco from dealers at Moose Jaw, who, either through carelessness or disregard of the revenue regulation, did not comply with the rules in selling tobacco, not having the customs stamps. The inspector draws the attention of merchants, particularly those in the country, to the fact that these regulations which may seem trivial to them, must nevertheless be observed. The stamps must be exhibited with the tobacco when put up for sale.—Free Press

His Eminence Cardinal Jacobini has received his official nomination as Cardinal Vicar of Rome, that is, he will fulfill all the practical duties of Bishop of the Eternal City, confirmations, ordinations, etc.

Thousands of Canadians can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Pyny-Pectoral. It cures a cold very quickly. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Morning Telegram opened the year 1900 with an article on "The School Question Bogie" which it will one day have occasion to regret. We can fully excuse, though we cannot admire, the resentment which inspired this extremely unwise editorial. Stung to the quick at the reverses unexpectedly experienced in French Canadian counties, the Conservative organ persists in closing its eyes to the real facts. We pointed out, directly after the elections, that in two of the three French constituencies the Liberal majority was due to the German and not to the French vote, and in the third distinctively French constituency the majority, small as it was, was evidently traceable to a disreputable, unteachable element which both parties would be ashamed to own. Yet the Morning Telegram serenely repeats the constructive falsehood that "the three French constituencies elected Liberals instead of Conservatives." It goes on to say that "in the constituencies of Lorne and Lansdowne the French vote defeated the Conservative candidates." All we know about Lansdowne is that measures are being taken to protest against the corruption of the Liberal candidate. But from what we know of Lorne, we question the accuracy of the Telegram's information about Lansdowne. In Lorne, the majority of the French voters were in favor of the Conservative candidate, and in those places where the vote went Liberal this was either because the French voters were a bad lot of Frenchmen from France, very different in religious training and national aspirations from French Canadians, or because the French voters were deceived by the absurd promises of Mr. Rochon. If, as the Telegram says, "in the constituency of Woodlands Mr. Roblin's French support was largely reduced," this reduction came not from French Catholic influence, which was very strong in his favor, but from Mr. Roblin's own uncalled for championing of the iniquitous 1890 School Act. Which proves that the Telegram will not effect much by blowing hot and cold in the same breath. Mr. Roblin has himself to thank if his French support was largely reduced. The French element will never take kindly to politicians who praise legislation that ignores their rights. This is proved by the fact, out of which the Telegram makes great party capital, that whatever porportion of the French vote went Liberal did so because the French voters had been deceived by Greenway's supporters who promised them a restoration of their rights.

But there is another aspect of the question which the Telegram completely ignores, although it

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is of paramount importance. All the weight of the French vote rests upon its Catholicism. French and Catholic are supposed to be synonymous and, for all practical purposes are so. But there is in Winnipeg and throughout the province a large and influential vote which is Catholic, without being French, and this vote was overwhelmingly on the Conservative side in the recent election. In Winnipeg especially almost all the English-speaking Catholics were so disgusted with the boorish tyranny of Greenway that they voted against him. Men who have been known as lifelong Liberals did all they could to down the unprincipled magnate of Crystal City and gloried in their success. In the country parts, such as Avondale, Brandon North, Portage la Prairie, Virden and Morris, the Catholic vote undoubtedly turned the scale in favor of the Conservative party. Thus, in at least seven constituencies the Conservative victory is due to the Catholic vote; in other words, the Catholic vote has given to the Conservatives more than the majority in virtue of which they now return to power.

But, it may be said, the more fools they to have done so, if the Conservative organ continues to spit upon them! Softly, gentlemen. We belong to the Catholic Church, which, being eternal, can afford to wait till the exigencies of a new party settling into the armchairs of office have allowed them gradually to resume their mental equilibrium. We voted for Hugh John because he is a gentleman, not a pig-headed boor who is too narrow-minded to acknowledge a mistake, because he has no past to retract except a Platonic fondness for a school system whose shortcomings he will understand better when he inspects the details, and because he is amenable to argument.

But, if the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald continues to allow his organ to manifest its spleen against Catholics and to deceive the public as to the fact that Catholics have put him into power, it would be the easiest thing in the world to throw so evenly balanced a machine out

of gear. We are in no way bound to the Conservative party. What we seek solely is the eternal interest of souls. In spite of the Free Press' reiterated burial of the School Question and the Telegram's fresh assertion that any attempt to revive it will be a miserable failure, it is still, as we have had occasion to say about ten times a year in the last nine years, very much alive, and will certainly not be settled till it is settled right. We often think there is much truth in the Montreal Star's theory: Turn out bad governments one after another until you get a good one. What is a bogie is the idea that the vast majority of the voters in Manitoba are against Separate Schools. In Greenway's last successful election, when the national public school system was still the great cry, his party was returned by very narrow majorities; a few hundred votes would have changed his majority of twenty members into a minority. The public school touters make a great noise, but the people are not all smitten with the present expensive and unsatisfactory system of popular education.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF.

A good story is current in Boston relative to Dr. Mitchell, who is now in Europe seeking rest, as he is broken in health from overwork and his nervous system is shattered. Dr. Mitchell, like his father, is not only a great writer both of prose and poetry, but also a great physician and a specialist in nervous diseases. During the past summer he made a visit to a famous French specialist, without revealing his personality. The French physician was quite courteous to his American visitor, but said he could hold out no promise towards effecting a cure, but advised his caller when he returned to America, if he had time and means, to see Dr. Mitchell of Philadelphia, for, added the Frenchman, "he is the greatest living specialist in nervous diseases." "It was a case of 'Physician heal thyself,' and both distinguished practitioners had a hearty laugh when the American revealed his personality.—Catholic, Columbian.

CONDEMNED.

When an innocent man is condemned for any crime he doesn't lose hope. His lawyers appeal from one court to another. They are bound to save him, if he can be saved. It is the same way with a good doctor when his patient seems condemned to death by disease.

But doctors make mistakes sometimes; they lose heart too soon. After they have tried everything they know and the patient is no better, they think there is nothing more to be done. They don't always get at the root of the disease. They frequently give a patient up to die of consumption, and are afterwards surprised to see him get strong and well again.

All lung and bronchial diseases are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, because it supplies the system with healthy blood. It puts the vital forces into action and fills the circulation with the life-giving red corpuscles which build up solid, muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of Arlington, Phelps Co., Mo., writes: "My husband took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when he was (as he thought) almost into consumption, and we were very thankful that such a medicine could be found. I wish all persons troubled with cough would take it. Long may the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' be made. I shall always recommend and praise these medicines."

"I will now endeavor to give you a full description of my husband's illness as near as I can," writes Mrs. M. J. Tedder, of Ellington, Reynolds Co., Mo. "Eight years ago last March is the date when he commenced to take Dr. Pierce's medicine. He was formerly a robust and hearty looking young man. He was 31 years old when married, and that winter every time he took a little cold he would cough very hard. He had pains all through his chest and lungs. When summer came he was feeling well and looking well. He said he had always coughed in the winter since a child. He was not alarmed at the symptoms as I was. I knew that his mother and the rest of the family had that dreadful cough and the most of them died with that dreadful disease, consumption. He continued to cough every winter, but kept at work and paid very little attention to his disease until in 1885 he had an attack of pneumonia. From that time he was never as well as he was before. His cough grew worse and worse, although he kept around all the time. Sometimes he would vomit immediately after his meals. He went on in that way for sometime. In the winter of 1888 he coughed all winter and in the spring commenced his work as usual, coughing night and day the most of the time. Then I requested him to try something new, or to go to the doctor. He said 'well, if I go to the doctor I will go to bed, and go there to stay. I will never get well if I depend upon the doctor's medicine.' By this time he was getting very weak, and had no appetite, so he went to the drug store and the druggist said to him 'well I think it is best for you to go to the doctor.' My husband said 'No I will not, for if I do I will die sure, as I have known people with this disease who went to the doctors and next they went to the grave. You know as well as I that the doctors all call this disease hereditary consumption.' 'Well, said the druggist, I will give you Dr. Pierce's medicine, and you can try it as I believe it is the best medicine I have in my store. You can give it a trial.' So my husband commenced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and also the 'Pellets' and by the time one bottle was gone he was improving. He had a better appetite and was feeling much better. He took seven bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and as many of the 'Pellets.' At the end of that time he looked like a new man, and said he felt like a new person. He has weighed more, since using your medicine than he ever weighed before. He gained about twenty-eight pounds. When he was at his worst he looked like a skeleton, but after he began to look so well and hearty the people would say, 'Well, George, we all thought in the spring that you would be in your grave by this time.' This was in the fall after he took your medicine. Our home doctor had remarked that he could not live very long, and when he saw the change he said, 'Well, am surprised to see so great a change in that length of time.' At this time the fame of 'Golden Medical Discovery' spread rapidly through all that neighborhood."

MR. SPRINGER'S ETHNOLOGICAL STORY.

(From the Chicago Record.)
Ex-Representative Springer tells a curious story. He says that a Creek Indian from Indian Territory, who was a member of the Rough Riders, re-enlisted in the regular army at the close of the Spanish War and was sent to the Philippine Islands. While campaigning with his regiment in the southern part of the archipelago he found a tribe of Malays whose dialect was almost the same as the aboriginal language of the Creek nation. He could understand them and they could understand him without difficulty, and he was able to act as interpreter for his officers with a tribe he had never heard of before.

The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who "are run down." Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

ASTOUNDING IGNORANCE.

The subject of the Jubilee in Rome is likely from time to time during the coming year to enter into the items of news which appear on the face of the daily press. The "own correspondent" is not always a theologian, or even a Catholic, and we may not be surprised if we find him tripping occasionally when, in a weak moment, he attempts to deal with the doctrinal side of his intelligence. The correspondent of The Morning Post has not made a bad start. Having heard of the usual revocation of ordinary Indulgences outside of Rome during the Jubilee, he remarks that the "Bull will deprive all other sanctuaries than those of Rome of the power to grant indulgences." Clearly he was just getting on a false tack, and he ought to have stopped in time. However, he would go on with it. He adds; "It is feared in some quarters, that an unfavorable impression will be produced on the mind of some Roman Catholics by the Revocation, at a single stroke of the Papal pen, of the power of favorite saints to grant indulgences at their local shrines." It would be really interesting to know who are the Roman Catholics who hold that it is the saints who grant indulgences. Catholics have hitherto held that it was the Pope, in chief instance, who possesses and uses this power. The idea that the Pope should for one special year suspend his own grant—even by a stroke of the Papal pen—could offer to them no shadow of difficulty, and would not be a subject of unfavorable impression, but an ordinary truism. They would probably open their eyes widely if any one told them that he could not. The Saints granting indulgences at their local shrines, without reference to the visible Authority, and the Pope tying their hands for just one year, is to say the least of it a picturesque conception. It shows that with a little ingenuity it is possible to make good "copy" out of bad theology.

At Wesley College's annual dinner before the Christmas holidays, Mr. Lucien Dubuc, of St. Boniface College, who was chosen to reply, in the name of all the other affiliated colleges, to the toast "Sister Colleges," delivered, says the Free Press reporter, "one of the most eloquent and forcible speeches of the evening. He referred to the early days of St. Boniface College, when it was the only means of higher education to the voyageurs of the west, and depicted the growth of higher education in Winnipeg since that time."

Two Catholics have been elected to the Nuremberg Town Council, the first Catholics thus elected since the so-called Reformation.

The Emphatic statement that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

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COLDS, RHEUMATISM,
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25 and 50 cent Bottles.
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BUY ONLY THE GENUINE.
PERRY DAVIS'

For Small Boys.
The Sisters of Charity of St. Boniface, yielding to repeated requests from various quarters, have determined to undertake the management of a boarding-house for boys between the ages of six and twelve. Special halls will be set apart for them, where, under the care and supervision of the Grey Nuns, they will be prepared for their First Communion, while attending either the Preparatory Department of St. Boniface College or the classes of Provencher Academy. This establishment will be known as "Le Jardin de l'Enfance" (Kindergarten).
The results already attained in similar institutions of the Order give every reason to hope that this arrangement will fill a long felt want.
Board and lodging will cost six dollars a month. For the boys who attend Provencher Academy there will be an additional charge of fifty cents a month; and for those who take music lessons, \$3 a month.
Bedding, mending and washing will be extra. The Sisters are willing to attend to these extras on terms to be arranged with them. The boys who attend the Preparatory Department of St. Boniface College will have to pay the tuition fees of the College.
Applications should be made to
THE SISTER SUPERIOR,
GREY NUNS' MOTHER HOUSE,
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NORTHWEST REVIEW.
ST. BONIFACE.

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CONSUMPTION and ALL LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.
By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have recovered from a cough which had afflicted me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.
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How to be Healthy In Winter.

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims. Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. R. Dorse, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes:—"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of my bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, suffered from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."
Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- JANUARY, 1900.
- 7.—Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany.
 - 8. Monday—Anniversary of the election of the Archbishop of St. Boniface.
 - 9. Tuesday—Of the Octave.
 - 10. Wednesday—Of the Octave.
 - 11. Thursday—Of the Octave.
 - 12. Friday—Of the Octave.
 - 13. Saturday—Octave of the Epiphany.

BRIEFLETS.

Rev. Father Woodcutter has been in town for a few days.

Guilbault & Côté are putting in the windows in their new store.

Classes will be resumed in St. Boniface College to-morrow morning.

Rev. Father Lebel, S. J., went to St. Jean for the New Year's Day services.

Rev. Father Drummond has been laid up with bronchitis in St. Boniface Hospital since last Saturday.

The Salesians have 400 Houses in Europe, Africa, and Asia, from which every year are proceeding 30,000 well-educated orphans.

Rev. Dom Benoit, of Notre Dame de Lourdes, is undergoing treatment for catarrhal deafness under Dr. Bell at St. Boniface Hospital.

In the Protestant reigning families of Germany there are 53 Catholic princes. Only four Protestant reigning families are without Catholic princes.

A Catholic diocesan inspector of schools in Liverpool told a class to write out the "Hail Mary," and got one paper with these words, "Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou a monk swimming."

The Manitoba & North Western Railway company change its time card on January 1, and henceforth its trains will arrive here at 8:45 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and leave at 11:15 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

To-day January 2, being the feast of St. Adelard, patron of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, the local clergy dined with Monseigneur Langevin. There were present the Very Rev. the Vicar General, Rev. Fathers Guillet, Beaudin, and Lacasse, O. M. I., Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., Rev. Drs. Béliveau and Trudel, Rev. Fathers Cherrier, Cloutier, Gravel, Rocan, Woodcutter and Sweder.

The following have been elected officers of Immaculate Conception Branch, No. 163, of the C.M.B.A. for the coming year. President, F. W. Russell; 1st vice-president, J. A. McInnis; 2nd vice-president, J. Schmidt; treasurer, J. Shaw; recording secretary, J. A. Markinski; assistant, J. T. Dumouchel; financial secretary, J. C. Manning; marshal, F. Welnitz; guard, F. Krienki; trustees, P. O'Brien and A. Caron.

The celebration of Christmas was particularly good this time at Oak Lake, Man. Miss Maggie Arsenault had been for some weeks preparing the music and singing for the festival, and certainly the parish never witnessed anything better than the result. Mrs. A. Barré and Misses Maggie and Ellie Arsenault rendered with remarkable skill the "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Agnus." All the parishioners feel highly honored to have as their spiritual head so distinguished a pastor as Rev. Father Lussier.

ST. LOUIS DE LANGEVIN.

Christmas was celebrated here with true Christian spirit. The Church looked very pretty with its evergreen decorations and when at midnight the rich full voice of Mr. Schmidt rang out with the beautiful "Minuit, Chrétiens," all hearts bent to the humble manger where lay the infant God.

In the afternoon the school-children favored their friends with an interesting entertainment reflecting great credit on themselves and also on the good nuns who had prepared them. Then followed the distribution of gifts from a heavy-laden Christmas-tree which had been prepared for them; and every child went away beaming with happiness.

Father Moulin, of Batoche returned last week from a visit to France, his native country, which he had not seen for forty-five years, having been a missionary in the North West ever since.

We have the mail here but once a week; the mail-carrier arrives on the Tuesday evening to return to Duck Lake on the Wednesday morning. On account of there being but two trains a week between Regina and Prince Albert, our letters leaving on Wednesday reach Regina only on Saturday and thence to Winnipeg on Sunday or Monday. Thus it takes two weeks to get an answer from any place in Manitoba.

We mourn the loss of William Bruce who died at St. Louis on Dec. 24th. He was a promising young man and had many friends.

FRIDA.

THE SECOND GAME OF THE KIND.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A Protestant correspondent writes us that he has been reading "Notes on Ingersoll" in Spanish. He says: "The Abogado Coistiano of Mexico, the Methodist agent, published them. As it (the Abogado) treats the Roman Catholic priesthood as a confederacy of Antichrist, it prudently withholds from its readers the knowledge of the fact that the author of the notes is a Roman Catholic clergyman. You appear simply as 'L. A. Lambert.' At least I have found no notice of your real standing. I presume most of the readers fancy you to be a Methodist elder in the high way to being made a bishop."

We have reason to suspect that the Methodist agent who

FEMALE MAIL.

That sounds more contradictory than it is, when attention is called to its being a description of the largest mail received by any man in the United States exclusively from women. This "female mail" is received by Dr. R. V. Pierce, the celebrated specialist in women's diseases, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is only fair to say that it is not the man that women write to, but the doctor. One of the remarkable features of this correspondence is that years after a cure has been effected, grateful women continue to write to Dr. Pierce, being thankful for health and for the kind and fatherly advice, which was blended with the physician's counsel, and which was so helpful in preserving the health when regained.

The offer of a free consultation by letter is extended by Dr. Pierce to every sick and ailing woman. Every letter received is read in private, answered in private and its contents treated as a sacred confidence. To exclude any third party from the correspondence, all answers are mailed in a plain envelope, bearing upon it no printing or advertising whatever. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great remedy for female troubles, irregularities, debilitating drains, inflammation and ulceration, is for sale by all dealers in medicine. Accept no substitute which may be recommended as "just as good" that the dealer may make a little extra profit.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

translated the notes is Rev. Mr. Burton, who some months ago sent to this country sensational reports about the raffling of Masses for the dead. At that time he wrote us that he had translated the notes into Spanish and was circulating it.

This is the second game of the kind we know of being played on a Catholic priest. In 1848 there was published in Philadelphia a book entitled, "Letters of Certain Jews to Monsieur Voltaire, containing an apology for their own people, and for the Old Testament; translated by the Rev. Philip Lefanu, D. D."

The translation (from the French) is excellent, and the book received the highest commendation from Protestant bishops and conspicuous ministers—as indeed it justly deserved. The "Certain Jews" were praised as men of great learning and ability, and their work as a sober and masterly defence of historical truth against the falsehoods and sophistries of Voltaire. "The reader," said Rev. J. T. Brooke (Episcopal), "will scarcely suppress a smile of satisfaction at the dexterity and efficiency with which the shrewd Israelites upset, one by one, the specious objections of a bold and talented infidel." Bishop Hamline, of the Methodist Church, said of it: "I do not hesitate to say that it is a rare curiosity in literature and a most interesting defence of the Jewish sacred writings against the virulent assaults of Voltaire. I hope to see it placed in every family library." The Rev. Alexander Campbell wrote of it: "I regard this work as one of the most triumphant refutations of Voltaire's skeptical philosophy, and of his varied assaults against the Bible. I ever met with. It is the work of mighty minds—well read in Hebrew learning and thorough masters of their subject." Another wrote: "I regard the book as one of the most extraordinary I have met in my reading for wit, logic, courtesy, learning and comprehensive intelligence."

Now, who were these "Certain Jews," these "mighty minds?" No other than a French Catholic priest, M. l'Abbe Guénée. Those who praised the "Lettres de quelques juifs à Voltaire" in its English translation probably did not know this fact. But the translator Rev. Philip Lefanu, must have known it. Yet there is not a word or a hint in his preface or in the title page to indicate that the book was written by a Catholic priest. Voltaire, when he learned who the real author of "Lettres" was, said: "M. Guénée is the politest man in France; when he shakes hands with you he squeezes the blood out of the ends of your fingers."

As we do not wish to be mistaken for a Methodist elder in the highway to being made a bishop, we request the Abogado Coistiano to inform its readers that the notes on Ingersoll were written by one of those whom it designates as confederates of Antichrist. Should it fail to do so we ask some of our Mexican Catholic contemporaries to see to it. We object to being used by those propagators of heresy in Mexico.

The Pill for the People.
Muriella, Sta., Ont., Jan. 13, 1890.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—Have been selling your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills for the past eight years; they are the only Pills for the People. After having used them once, they always come back for more.
Yours truly,
J. S. MCLEN.

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We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.

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"A Patriot chartered a Barque, And sailed with some 'Letters of Marque'; But while out on the trip, He met Her Majesty's ship And his present address is—A SHARK. —Sketch.

Mr. Kruger's "Patriot" would have but little in "common" with Her Majesty's Jack Tars.

Both crews, however, in all probability, would have a "common" relish for a pure "liquid food," such as our—

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"which sparkles like Champagne" \$2.00 per 3 dozen half pints—bottles not included. Four and six dozen cases for shipping.

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Branch 52, Winnipeg.

Meets at Unity Hall, corner of York and Lombard streets, every first and third Wednesday, at 8 o'clock p. m. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Guillet; Chaplain, M. Conway; Pres., H. A. Russell; 1st Vice-Pres., T. John; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. H. Bourcier; Rec. Sec., R. E. Bisset; Ass't. Sec., S. Starr; Treas., W. Jordan; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Marshal, J. O. Coombs; Guard, J. Lesperance; Trustees, G. Oudush, S. Starr, Geo. Germain, L. O. Gonet, P. Bica.

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., P. O'Brien; 1st Vice-Pres., A. Picard; 2nd Vice-Pres., M. Buck; Rec. Sec., J. Mark; Ass't. Sec., R. Austin; Fin. Sec., J. E. Manning; 2nd Port st.; Treas., J. Shaw; Marshal, J. Chiswick; Guard, F. Wehitz; Trustees, P. W. Russell, Schmidt, F. Heers, A. Picard, P. O'Brien.

St. MARY'S COURT No. 276.

Sacred Order of Foresters. Meets 2nd and 4th Friday in every month in Unity Hall, McIntyre Block. Chief, R. A. T. John; Vice-Chief, K. D. McDonald; Rec. Sec., F. W. Russell; Fin. Sec., P. Martin; Treas., T. D. Deegan; Exp. Conductor, P. O'Brien; Jr. Conductor, E. Dowdell; Inside Sentinel, J. Melton; Representative to Provincial High Court, T. John; Alternate, R. Murphy.

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