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CURRENT COMMENT

The most important Catholic news of the week is the announcement, made by the Tablet's Rome correspondent, that Pius X. intends to revive the ancient functions of the Primates. Since the Reformation, which denied the central authority of Christendom, it was only right and proper that a process of centralization should have gone steadily onward to counteract the fundamental error of Protestantism. Thus, powers which, before the Reformation, devolved on local ecclesiastical authorities have been gradually transferred to the Roman Congregations, and, as far as English-speaking countries are concerned, all the increased work has fallen upon Propaganda. But of late years, with the expansion of the Catholic Church in non-Catholic countries, especially in the United States, ecclesiastical difficulties referred to Rome have multiplied so greatly that there has resulted a congestion of business, which unduly retards necessary decisions. To cope effectually with this congestion, the Pius X. has in mind to restore the real authority of the Primates. For centuries this title has been merely honorary and historical, except in the case of Gran, the Archbishop-primate of which has still the right of receiving appeals from all the other Archbishops in Hungary. According to the Holy Father's plan, each country will have its Primate, with extended powers and jurisdiction over the whole country, and with authority to settle many of the disputed questions which are now sent to Rome. Of Ireland's two Primates, one of them, probably the Archbishop of Armagh, will receive full primatial powers, the Archdiocese of Westminster will also become the centre of primatial jurisdiction; so will Sydney in Australia, Baltimore in the United States, and Quebec in Canada.

Although the Tablet correspondent says nothing about the revival of archiepiscopal jurisdiction, this will no doubt follow as a logical development of this decentralizing move. In the middle ages the Archbishops possessed ample jurisdiction over their suffragans, whom they could judge as a tribunal of first instance; but the Council of Trent transferred this jurisdiction to the Holy See. At present an Archbishop cannot even make an official visitation of any suffragan's diocese without an order from the provincial council. But it is probable that henceforth the archiepiscopal dignity will become more operative than it has been in the past three centuries.

This radical change in the government of the Church confirms what we ventured to forecast some weeks ago as to the present Pope's independence of character. Replying to certain Catholic writers who—perhaps because Pius X. gave no signs of leaning towards their favorite school of thought—prophesied that his Pontificate would be one of quiet progress along the lines laid down by Leo XIII., we expressed a diametrically opposite opinion, based on what was already known of Cardinal Sarto's life and action before and immediately after he ascended the Papal throne. And now the Tablet correspondent introduces the information given above and imparted to him by "a Cardinal who has had admirable opportunities for knowing the mind of the Holy Father" with this weighty remark: "The Pontificate of Pius X. is destined to be the most striking since the Reformation."

Here is a Papal anecdote that has not yet become public property in this part of the world. In

the earlier stages of the Conclave Cardinal Lecot, of Bordeaux, hearing Cardinal Sarto mentioned as a possible candidate, called on him in his cell and addressed him in French. Cardinal Sarto, smiling replied in Latin: *Non satis intelligo linguam Gallicam.* (I do not sufficiently understand French). The French Cardinal, horrified, exclaimed: *Qui non intelligit linguam Gallicam, non potest esse Pontifex.* (He who does not understand French cannot be Pope). "Deo gratias!" (Thanks be to God) was Cardinal Sarto's spontaneous reply, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

The Rome correspondent of "La Semaine Religieuse de Montreal," gives some edifying details of an important event in Cardinal Merry del Val's career. "When Leo XIII. named him President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, thus opening out to him what is technically called a prelatie career, Mgr. Merry del Val accepted this post unwillingly. He would have preferred to be free to follow the inspirations of his heart tending towards the religious life. But the Pope was speaking. His will was the expression of the Divine will. The prelate consented, objecting only his youth and his little preparation for this presidency. As the Pope added that he would name him Archbishop, Mgr. Merry del Val begged him not to do so. "I accept the Presidency because it is a burden; but your Holiness will, I trust, allow me to refuse the Archiepiscopal dignity because it is an honor." Leo XIII. did not answer. But a few days later, he sent for the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. Merry del Val, the prelate's father. When he was ushered into the Pope's presence, the Ambassador noticed an unusually severe expression on his face, and wondered what he could have done to displease the Holy Father, when the latter said to him seriously: "Your Excellency, I sent for you because I am displeased with your son who refuses to execute my orders." The Ambassador, hearing this unexpected reproof, answered that he could not imagine in what his son could have disobeyed His Holiness; it must have been unwittingly, for he could assure the Holy Father that he had no more devoted adherent to his sacred person than his son. Leo XIII., seeing the Ambassador's confusion, changed his tone, and, with a radiant smile, replied: "Do not be troubled, your Excellency; I want to make your son an Archbishop and his modesty impels him to refuse that honor. I count on your authority to make him accept." Of course, Mr. Merry del Val promised to do so, although it assuredly was a sweet consolation for his fatherly heart to see that his son refused, not indeed to labor for the Church, but to be honored by her. This fact brings out the utter unselfishness of the new Papal Secretary of State. A man of that stamp is not self-centred, he does not seek applause, neither does he insist that all salutary measures should be initiated by him. He is willing to welcome all earnest fellow laborers in the Lord's vineyard. He will not, as too many so-called good men do, put spokes in the wheels of others, just because those wheels are not their own.

Apart from the comparative youth of the nominee—which, for any one that knows him, is merely a matter of years, not wisdom, for he has all the maturity of old age—there are many extraordinary features in this appointment. In the first place Cardinal Merry del Val, albeit ecclesiastically trained in Rome, is not an Italian, and all his predecessors in the Secretaryship were Italians. Then again, he is the only Papal Secretary of

State who knows the English-speaking world thoroughly. Moreover, he is the only one who is familiar with Canadian interests. Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and especially our own Winnipeg are cities with the leading citizens of which he, who has a most retentive memory, has a more than superficial acquaintance. Finally, it should not be forgotten that the very Cardinals who raised Giuseppe Sarto to the See of Peter, also, of their own accord, in their first meeting, chose Raphael Merry del Val as Secretary of the Conclave and pro-Secretary of State.

The four or five days Archbishop Bruchesi spent here were a great delight to his many friends. They remember his coming here for the consecration of Archbishop Langevin in March, 1895. He was then a Canon of the Montreal Cathedral, and it was his Archbishop (Fabre) that consecrated Mgr. Langevin, Canon Bruchesi's classmate. The two college chums were almost exactly of the same age. The possibilities of the future were even then looming up. Two years later, after Archbishop Fabre's death and during Mgr. Merry del Val's visit, Paul Bruchesi was raised to that Archiepiscopal chair to which his virtue and varied talents had long since destined him. Mgr. Langevin was there to return the compliment and witness his preferment. In the six years that have elapsed since that time His Grace of Montreal has writ his name large on many most important measures for the moral and intellectual improvement of the Canadian metropolis, his birthplace and the home of his family. When he comes here he is rightly hailed in religious communities as their Father, for is he not the immediate Superior of those many Mother Houses that centre in Montreal, such as the Grey Nuns, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, the Sisters of Mercy? Then, he finds here a large number of priests either belonging originally to that nursery of priests, Ville Marie, or ordained by himself. Everywhere he meets with dear friends and ardent admirers, and none more so than Adelard, his brother Archbishop.

Among the many plausible explanations of the pseudo-Malachian motto "Ignis ardens" (burning fire) attached to the present Pope, a distinguished visitor suggests that it may refer to the fact that Pius X. is the first Pope that smokes. That he does, seems to be generally admitted. Whence one may infer that the burning of this Nicotian incense is no bar to holiness.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface introduces the Holy Father's encyclical in a short but pithy circular. He styles the Papal document a message of charity, peace and hope. He calls attention especially to the fact that Pius X. attributes the contemporary decay of faith, not to the progress of science, but to sheer ignorance, and that the Pope insists on religious instruction as the principal way to "restore all things in Christ."

There is much unconscious humor in the fact chronicled by the Telegram last Wednesday, that a certain venerable dame, lately deceased, the mother and grand mother of seven Protestant ministers, was born "a Roman Catholic, and became a member of the Church of England, over fifty years ago, through the means of a New Testament which was given to her husband when he was a child," and that "this New Testament, a valued heirloom, is now in the possession" of one of her sons, rector of a church in this city. That New Testament must be a curiosity, if it

estranged her from the Catholic Church. Perhaps if the valued heirloom were examined, it would be found to be judiciously expurgated of inconvenient texts, such as "Thou art Peter, etc." Whose sins you shall forgive, etc." This is my body, this is my blood." "The Church, the pillar and ground of truth." "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." "And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord . . . for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." "Our beloved brother Paul . . . in all his epistles . . . in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction."

Mr. Preuss's "Review" very properly scores that pretentious Catholic magazine, "Men and Women," of Cincinnati, for praising Parkman as if he were conscientious and truthful. Francis Parkman, as Mr. Edouard Richard proves conclusively in his two volumes on "Acadia," is a most skillful and systematic distorter of history. He is even more dangerous, because more plausible and less easy to detect, than Froude.

Persons and Facts

Dr. Mecklenburg, the eye specialist, of 207 Portage Avenue, is a graduate of the University of Munich, Bavaria. His many testimonials from prominent public and professional men in Canada and the United States are really worth examining. He uses the "shadow test system," which enables him to see the interior of the eye, thereby avoiding mistakes.

Mr. H. A. Wise, the druggist, has moved into his new place at the entrance of the McIntyre Block, 414 Main Street. It is a pleasure to see how tastily all his drugs, perfumes, etc., are arranged.

"The Universe, of London (Eng.), November 14, announces that Mrs. Dowie, wife of the "Prophet," and Dr. J. A. Gladstone Dowie, son of the same, were badly received by a very small audience in Caxton Hall.

A cablegram from Marseilles, dated November 21, says that the expulsion of the Fathers from the Oblate Convent on Calvaire, was achieved that day by the police in spite of strong passive resistance on the part of the fathers. The police were compelled to demolish the doors of the Convent, enter the Chapel and sanctuary and then break down barriers which had been erected before the cells and drag out the occupants. A large crowd witnessed the expulsion, but no interference with the police was attempted.

By the official report of the Labor Bureau of the United States, we glean the following statistics of divorce in different countries:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------|
| | 1886. |
| France | 6,245 |
| Germany | 6,161 |
| Austria | 1,718 |
| Russia | 1,789 |
| Italy | 556 |
| Great Britain and Ireland | 508 |
| Holland | 339 |
| Sweden | 229 |
| Canada | 4 |
| United States | 25,535 |

When Lord Northcote recently vacated the governorship of Bombay to become Governor-general of Australia, the Bombay post was offered to Sir Anthony McDonnell, but he very naturally declined to give up his present post in Ireland.

Lieutenant P. H. Sheridan, of the Fifth Cavalry, a son of the famous Civil War general, has arrived at San Francisco from the Philippines, after a year's campaigning.

Rev. Father Wilpert, Papal envoy recently presented to Emperor William of Germany the Pope's present of an illustrated book of Roman art.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi dined with Hon. Judge Prud'homme last Saturday evening. They were college friends at the Montreal College. By a curious coincidence last Saturday was Judge Prud'homme's fiftieth birthday; he has been on the bench nineteen years. Archbishop Bruchesi is two years his junior.

The Archbishops of St. Boniface and Montreal spent Monday evening at the Hon. Judge Dubuc's, in Hargrave street.

Mr. Charles Kelly, fireman, of 173 Maple street, has lost a valuable volume entitled "The Faith that Never Dies." It dropped out of a large parcel somewhere in the north end of the city. The book, if found, should be brought to the office of the Northwest Review.

Winter is here for good. The mercury once touched 25 below zero this week. Sleighing is pretty fair.

Clerical News.

Rome, Nov. 13—Dr. B. F. De Costa formerly a distinguished Episcopal minister of New York, who came to Rome last January with Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College to study for the priesthood, has been obliged to go to Piesole, near Florence, because of the bad condition of his health.

Dr. De Costa has become so seriously ill that it has been decided to hasten his ordination. He will be made a subdeacon Nov. 15, a deacon Nov. 22 and a priest Nov. 29.

Rev. Father Rutten, S.M., a Hollander, stayed here last Monday on his way to the Pacific coast, continuing his journey the next day.

Rev. Father Kostorz will have charge of Hun's Valley and dependent missions.

Rev. Father Van Gistern, O.M.I., now has charge of three German settlements at Indian Head, Qu'Appelle Station and File Hills. There is a small village of German Catholics south of Qu'Appelle station, where they have a church which is already too small for the congregation, so that they will have to build soon.

Rev. Father Beys, O.M.I., who has mastered the Cree language in a very short time, has charge of the Indians around Indian Head, Qu'Appelle Station and the File Hills.

Very Rev. Father P. Magnan, Vicar of the Oblate Missions, recently made a rather trying journey to Cross Lake. On the way he and his companions Rev. Fathers Poitras, Hugonard and Beys, O. M. I., had to remain one whole week with nothing to do but wait for a steamer at Warren's Landing, north of Lake Winnipeg, 400 miles from here. At Cross Lake they found the intrepid and zealous Father Bonald, who makes his headquarters there and thence visits the neighboring fishing stations where the Indian fishermen have been very successful this year. Several of these Indians are nominal Protestants, evangelized by

missionaries of their own race who have not the requisite qualities to win their respect, and so Father Bonald, with his burning zeal and boundless charity, has won over about two hundred of them in two years to the true faith. They are fervent converts, far more religiously inclined than the prairie Indians.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, who, as we announced last week, arrived on the 19th inst., remained till Tuesday, the 24th, when he resumed his journey to Montreal. On Friday, the 20th, Mgr. Bruchesi said Mass in the Maternity Hospital, took dinner with the Oblate Fathers of St. Mary's and supper with the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface College. On Saturday morning he said Mass at the Grey Nun Mother House, and, as it was the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, he received the renewal of the vows of the Community and made them an eloquent address. On Sunday morning he said Mass at St. Mary's Academy, where he met the Mother General and the Mother Assistant, who are visiting all the houses of their Order (Holy Names of Jesus and Mary) in this country. His Grace was tendered an impromptu reception and replied in a much admired English address. At dinner on that same day His Grace met almost all the local clergy at Archbishop Langevin's hospitable table. Unfortunately, His Grace of St. Boniface was absent at Notre Dame de Lourdes. A telegram was sent to him on Mgr. Bruchesi's arrival, but as the nearest telegraph office is twenty miles from Notre Dame de Lourdes the message did not reach him. However, Mgr. Langevin returned on Monday, the 23rd, and both Archbishops were present at a charming entertainment given that evening in the Grey Nun Mother House in honor of the nameday (Flora) of Sister Mireault, mistress of Novices.

Rev. Father Cherrier preached the annual retreat to the pupils of St. Mary's Academy the last four days of last week.

Rev. Father Chaput, S.J., preached to the Grey Nuns the triduum of preparation for the renovation of Vows last Saturday.

From the 29th inst., to the 8th of December Rev. Edward Proulx, S. J., will preach a retreat to the Little Sisters of the Poor at the corner of Sheffield and Fullerton avenues, Chicago.

Rev. Father Jutras, of Letellier, was here this week.

Rev. Fathers Joly, Kavanagh, Martin and Hogue were at the Archbishop's house on Wednesday.

His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Trudel and Rev. Mr. Mireault, drove to Lorette on Wednesday morning for the blessing of the three bells. On Thursday the Archbishop went to St. Agathe to bless the new Presbytery.

St. Pie Letellier Notes.

Nov. 23, 1903.

The new convent is nearing completion. It is a nice looking building painted grey and white. It stands a little back from the road, and will look even better next spring when the trees that have been planted in its grounds bring forth green leaves. Rumor says that His Grace the Archbishop will be here to bless the convent and say the first Mass in its chapel about the 8th of December.

The ladies of Letellier lately held a bazaar, the proceeds of which were presented to the Mother Vicar to help the building fund.

Mr. Pete Frazer and Miss Amanda Parent will be united in holy matrimony tomorrow. Our best wishes of happiness and prosperity to the young couple.

Miss Delina Saurette arrived home from visiting at St. Rose du Lac, and Winnipeg last Sunday.

Mr. J. Laurence and Miss Albina Desrosier joined the wedded state a short time since.

Mr. Jacques Parent is building a store, bank and Forrester's hall under one roof. We understand that Mr. Ovide Bellavance will there open up a general store, and the

Bank of Ottawa a branch. Things are booming in our village.

Mr. Fortier has purchased Mr. E. Robert's river farm, which adjoins his own. There is some talk of Mr. Gilbert selling out his block, and moving to St. Eustache.

There will shortly be a resident barber in Letellier as Mr. Leon Farcier, of Arcola, has purchased an outfit and will establish himself here shortly.

We are pleased to welcome the Northwest Review in its enlarged form, and wish it a continued useful and prosperous career.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Annual Retreat—Reception to Archbishop of Montreal.

Sunday November 22, the Feast of St. Cecilia was especially honored at St. Mary's Academy. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal said Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Demers, Secretary to His Grace, and Father Perrault, Chaplain of the Convent.

The new Chapel was beautifully decorated and needless to say, the music and singing were in keeping with the festival of the day. After Mass His Grace was tendered a reception by the pupils. Miss Edith Boxer voiced the sentiments of her companions in an appropriate address, which she read with great ease and expression. His Grace replied in his own charming manner, commenting on his friendly relationship with Archbishop Langevin, and the sacred bonds which unite the Archdiocese of St. Boniface to that of Montreal.

He alluded to the pleasure it gave him to meet Mother Mary of the Rosary, Superior General of the Order of the Holy Names and Mother Martin, of the Ascension, who are now visiting at the Academy. In concluding, he referred particularly to the great event of the day, the closing of the retreat preached by Rev. Father Cherrier, parish priest of the Immaculate Conception. The eloquence, piety, and devotedness of this zealous priest of God, are well known and need no comment here. Suffice to say that his instructions were thoroughly appreciated by the pupils.

At 3 p.m., Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given and the concluding sermon, the subject of which was "The woman of the gospel and the world contrasted."

This was followed by a reception from the pupils. Miss Nina Bernhardt thanked the Rev. Father in the name of her companions for the great favor they had just enjoyed. Thus ended a day which we know will be long cherished in the memory of the pupils of St. Mary's Academy.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM.

By a Protestant Theologian. Sacred Heart Review, CCLXXVI.

We have seen how the Catholic Church, in all her documents, from the Canon Law to the treatises of particular theologians, has always affirmed the entire consistency with religion of any particular form of civil government, monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, or any intermixtures of these three principles, provided only that they secured peace, justice, and the public good.

How is it, then, that for more than a century past the French Catholics have been disposed to treat monarchy as if it were an essential part of the Catholic religion, and to view a republican as differing little from a heretic, or an infidel? Even American Catholics, coming over to France, seem to have been viewed with alarm and dislike, if they frankly avowed their hearty preference for their own system of government and society.

Since Pope Leo has reminded the French Catholics that this identification of monarchy with orthodoxy is wholly unwarranted, there have been some amusing, and some rather startling, exemplifications of the obstinacy with which the French Catholics have clung to their old way of thinking. For instance, some eminent priests, including, I think, a bishop or two, who were visiting Algeria, were hospitably received at a certain nunnery, and stayed about a fort-

night, but laughingly remarked that they had but little attention from the good Sisters who were all the while busily engaged in praying for the Holy Father's conversion." Here they were actually treating the Chief Pontiff very much as if he were a heretic, or at the very least had been saying things offensive to pious ears. Indeed, I presume the worthy, but overzealous Sisters would have declared that he had been doing the last, which of course, is abstractly possible, where a definition is not involved.

Of course no instructed French Catholic, man or woman, would dare to say outright that monarchy is essentially involved in orthodoxy. They do say, however, that practically, from the beginning, Republicanism among them has been identified with irreligion, and above all, with hostility to the Catholic religion. This seal of irreligion, they maintain, instead of gradually loosening itself from French Republicanism, becomes day by day, more indissolubly adherent to it. They reminded his late Holiness, reverently but decidedly, that he, being an Italian, could not well have that inner sense of French matters which they enjoyed, and might therefore be deceived into thinking the present government to be the permanent choice of the nation, when it had really secured itself in power by intrigues overhearing the genuine sense of France.

Leaving this point for the present, let us go back to the original history of the Franks. They were a German tribe, which conquered northern Gaul late in the fifth century. Clovis, or Lewis, their first noted King in Gaul, received baptism from St. Remigius at Rheims, and thus embraced the Catholic religion, in opposition to the Arianism of the south. This he finally overcame and so restored the whole of Gaul to orthodoxy. It is no wonder, then, that he secured for his successors the title of "Eld-est Son of the Church," and "Most Christian King."

In 800, as we know, the mighty Charles was crowned in St. Peter's by Pope Leo III. "Emperor of the Romans." This identified the Frankish kings yet more intimately with the Catholic Church.

At length the Eastern, or genuine Franks, separated themselves from the Western, or Gallicized Franks, carrying with them the title of "Emperor." By good right the title of "Most Christian" and "Eld-est Son" should have likewise gone to the Rhine, or beyond it. However, as Paris had been for some five hundred years the capital of the Franks, the Gaulish Franks, or French, have always insisted on viewing the Kings of Paris as the true successors of Clovis, and of Charles the Great. No historical demonstration has ever weaned them of this assumption. Even the intruder Napoleon, with audacious impudence, styled himself "the successor of Charlemagne." Thus all the advantages, religious and historical, derived from the Teutonic Franks, have been appropriated by the Latin nation which sprung up out of the divided monarchy of Clovis.

After France had feudally almost fallen to pieces, she slowly reconstituted herself around her King. Thus he became the very embodiment of nationality, so that the French could almost as soon have thought of being lighted by another sun as of being governed otherwise than by "the Most Christian King." Even when, as yet, his authority was greatly limited by the remnants of feudalism (which even outlived Richelieu, and only expired in the Fronde) he had but to say: "I am the fortune of France," and the gates of almost any fortress would fly open to admit him.

Nationality, above all so great a nationality as that of France, is rightly recognized as a holy thing, above all when it is so directly interwoven with religion as this was, and when the nation and the monarchy were so completely identified that the Catholic French hardly knew how to distinguish them. At his coronation the Eldest Son of the Church received both the species at the Mass, as if he were the Pope himself.

*At least he commenced the restoration.

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This sacredness of the French monarchy was vastly augmented by the canonization of Lewis the Ninth. Other Kings and Emperors have been canonized, in Germany, in Hungary, in Spain, in Sweden, in England, at least informally in Scotland, and doubtless in other kingdoms.

Yet no regal canonization has ever so profoundly influenced history, and engaged the reverence of mankind, as that of St. Lewis, "noblest and holiest of monarchs," as Dr. Arnold has rightly termed him. However unworthy personally, every succeeding King of France may, every succeeding French Catholic, has felt in his or her own veins a glow of communicated sanctity. One child of France alone, when her canonization is complete, will stand by his side, namely, the Holy Maid, who, by heaven's commission and inspiration, raised the prostrate Oriflamme, and saved the children of St. Lewis from subjugation.

To these accumulating claims upon reverence, inseparably fusing patriotism and piety, has been added the fact, which is elsewhere unknown in history, of the long continuance of the Capetian line. It has been pointed out that in almost every strain of regal or noble descent, the dignity either becomes extinct, or, by intermarriage, shifts from family to family. Almost every line long raised above the common level, at length expires in heiresses. King Edward, for instance, is a descendent of Egbert, but our sense of continuousness is somewhat confused by the shiftings through female descent, from the house of Cerdic to that of Normandy, from them to the Plantagenets, from them to the Tudors, from them to the Stuarts, from them to the Guelphs, and from them to the Wettins, of which last family Edward VII. is the first King.

On the other hand for nine hundred years there have never been lacking male heirs, in the male line of Hugh Capet. Since 987 no one has ever received the sacred unction at Rheims but a true Capetian. There has never been any shifting except from one line to another of the same august dynasty. The two or three intruding coronations at Paris have lacked all stamp of traditional sanctity. Even the unwilling presence of a Pope could not transform the Corsican adventurer into a Capetian prince.

What then could it seem to the Catholic piety of France but the very striking of the sun out of the sky, when this trebly sacred throne was suddenly overturned by a rabble rout of atheist barbarians, and the Son of St. Lewis, with his spouse and his sister, was hurried to the guillotine? The French Catholics seemed to themselves to be all at once pushed off the edge of existence into the outer darkness or rather into the outskirts of hell, with its raving demons.

We will consider this further.
CHARLES C. STARBUCK,
Andover, Mass.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LEGEND.

By Rev. J. T. Roche in November Donahoe's.

There is a delightful legend among the people of Point Prim to the effect, that when the English attacked the French fort at that place a chain-ball from one of the attacking vessels cut the steeple from the old church located on the very point. In falling, it toppled over the promontory and carried the bell which it contained into the sea. Dwellers along the Point affirm that, from time to time, the sound of that bell comes over the waters at eventide; and that its phantom tone is ever a warning of a fierce storm or some imminent danger to those who make their living by the spoils of the ocean.

"You seem to have a great liking for large words."
"Well, sir," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life was saved by a big word. He once told me that I prevaricated, and by de time I found out what dat word meant it were too late for me to hit him."—Ex.

WEDDING AT LETELLIER.

Parent—Fraser.

At ten o'clock on the morning of November the 24, the Catholic Church of Letellier was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Aramanda Parent was united in marriage to Mr. P. Fraser, one of our popular wheat buyers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Trudel, of St. Boniface, assisted by Rev. Father Fillion and Jutras. As the bride entered the Church leaning on the arm of her grandfather, the wedding march was played by Mrs. E. Danserreaux. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. D. Fraser. The bride looked charming in a travelling suit of green camel's hair clothed with plumes. After the ceremony the happy couple drove to the She wore a serge white hat cover-bride's residence where about thirty guests sat down to a sumptuous breakfast. Amongst the guests were noticed the Rev. Fathers Jutras, Fillion, and Trudel. Miss Parent was very popular, being a member of the choir, and at one time organist.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left on the N. P. R. for Chicago. As the train pulled out they were showered with rice and good wishes from a large circle of friends. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Fraser will make their home in Letellier.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS TOO LATE.

Irish Times.

A native of the Philippines, who is a student at Yale College, recently wrote a letter to the New York Sun in which he gave some interesting information in regard to the ex-priest Aglipay and the anti-Catholic movement of which he is the head and front. Aglipay is still a young man of an impetuous character, who was a sort of protégé of Aguinaldo, who appointed him to the position of "Vicar-General of the military camps," without asking or obtaining the position of the Archbishop of Manila.

When the war against the Americans began the so-called "Vicar-General" put off his soutane and became a full-fledged Filipino general. In the Summer of 1901, becoming tired of fighting, he surrendered and went to Manila, where he joined the Federal party, which was the surest way of getting the confidence of Gov. Taft, who later on accompanied Aglipay in a tour of the island of Luzon after he had started his new church. This was a sort of semi-official indorsement of the Aglipay anti-Catholic crusade.

Office holders and would-be office-holders were quick to arrive at the conclusion that the readiest way to win favor under the new civil government was to become followers of Aglipay. But even under this semi-government patronage the so-called National Catholic Church has not prospered. Referring to its rapid decline the Filipino Yale student says: "The National Catholic Church of Father Aglipay is certainly dying out. Although for a while he gathered around him some three or four thousand Filipinos, the fact is that he and his unfortunate priests and followers became the by-word of ridicule among their sound-minded countrymen."

The young Filipino who thus describes in his own quaint English the failure of the Aglipay movement, writes: "I would I had words and idioms and the perfect mastery of the language to give you an idea of how public affairs are now going on in the Philippines. * * * Now, one of the greatest misfortunes, I believe, of the civil government over there is that it trusts too much in people like Father Aglipay, who, proclaiming their love for the American flag

would like to carry on the public affairs, enjoying a happy life without any work or trouble. So they flatter your governors, and, in order to barter away the welfare of eight millions of their fellow-citizens, they try by all means in their power to pluck out from the face of the country the Catholic institutions which are, so far, the principle obstacle to the attainment of the fulfilment of their desires."

This testimony as to the character of those who make up the Aglipay followers bears out the reports about them which have come from other sources. The political loaves and fishes which they hunger after are the inducements which have won them over to the so-called "National Catholic Church." It is not surprising that they have become the objects of ridicule to their countrymen who know the mercenary motives that made them abandon the religion of their forefathers.

It is to be regretted that the representatives of this country in the Philippines were not as clear-sighted as Aglipay's countrymen. If they had been they would not become the dupes of a greedy and unscrupulous gang whose apostasy from the Catholic Church has been proclaimed as a sign of "the progress" the Filipinos are making under American rule.

The young Yale student whom we have been quoting naturally feels indignant at the oft-repeated assertion that his countrymen are semi-savages, although the influence of the Catholic Church among them for over three hundred years has made civilization.

Here is how the young Filipino refutes this calumny:

"It is a mistake to suppose that the Filipinos who get their education in the very bosom of the Catholic Church, aye, under the tutorship of Jesuits, are uncivilized and ignorant. I feel myself proud of being a Filipino and of having got my classical and scientific studies of the Jesuit Fathers; and were I not afraid of being too boastful, I would say that, in spite of all the calumnies and mischievous conduct of base sectarian people, the Filipinos who have been trained by Jesuits are as civilized as any people in the world.

"If you were present at the philosophical disputations (always in Latin) and literary academies held very regularly in the college hall of the Ateneo de Manila in the presence of the highest society of the city, you would see how sharply boys not beyond sixteen years argue the most subtle questions, how beautiful are the poems they write and how quickly they catch at first glance the most difficult theorems in mathematics, physics, mechanics, and so forth. All those and a thousand others came out of the Jesuit college."

It is well that testimony such as that here adduced should every now and then be placed before the public. Many of the Protestant sects hailed the acquisition of the Philippines by force of arms as a distinct victory for Protestantism. They proclaimed that they were going to civilize and Christianize the natives. It is well to let them know that they come on the scene of action three hundred years too late. The Catholic church civilized and Christianized the Filipinos while Protestantism was still in its infancy.

A western teacher instructing a class in composition said: "Do not attempt any flights of fancy, be yourselves, and write what is in you." The following day a bright pupil handed in the following: "We should not attempt any flites of fancy, rite what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of mince pie, three sticks of candy, a hull lot of peanuts, and my dinner."

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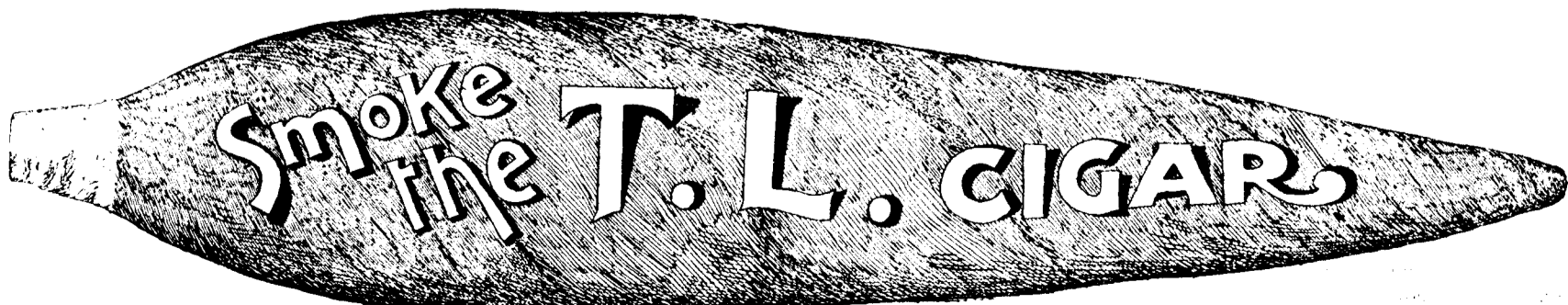


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SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1903.

Calendar for Next Week.

NOVEMBER.

29—First Sunday in Advent.
30—Monday—St. Andrew, Apostle.

DECEMBER.

1—Tuesday—Our Lady of Suffrage.
2—Wednesday—St. Bibiana, Virgin,
Martyr. Fast Day.
3—Thursday—St. Francis Xavier,
Apostle of the Indies.
4—Friday—St. Peter Chrysologus,
Bishop, Doctor. Fast Day.
5—Saturday—The Patronage of
Our Lady (transferred from
the last Sunday after Pente-
cost).

A CONVERT'S SATISFACTION.

It is rather a fortunate thing that distinguished converts are pestered with absolutely false statements as to the real condition of their souls. John Henry Newman wrote some of his finest defences of Catholicism in answer to just such dreamers. Had there been no attacks upon his sincerity the "Apologia" would never have been written. And now we have another celebrated convert telling the whole world how serenely happy he is since he became a Catholic, a statement he never would have had occasion to make had he not been publicly misrepresented.

This reply of Father Maturin's although more than three months old, is one of those pronouncements that are endowed with immortal youth.

"St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, S. W.

London, Aug. 15, 1903.

Editor of the "Church Times," Milwaukee, Wis.

Sir:—I have just been sent a copy of the "Church Times," dated July, 1903, and my attention has been called to a short notice of myself. In this notice, consisting of a little more than eighteen lines, there are three statements about myself that are quite untrue.

1. You say "it is interesting to be told that Father Maturin is by no means happy over his change of residence." If by "change of residence" you mean my reception into the Catholic Church, this is absolutely untrue. I find in the Catholic Church everything which my heart desired and failed to get in the Church of England.

2. "The Eternal City seemed to depress Maturin." On the contrary, the devotion and mode of worship in Rome has always seemed to me the ideal of devotion. This is a matter of fact, though why it should be of any interest to the public, or of any importance whether it did or not, I fail to see.

3. "To an American clergyman of the Anglican Communion he wrote that he had no doubt whatever of the validity of his Anglican orders." This statement is absolutely false. Before I became a Catholic I was entirely convinced that the Roman Catholic Church was the one and only Church of Christ on earth, and I never found the slightest difficulty in accepting her judgment upon Anglican orders, nor have I been ever able to conceive how any man could become a Roman Catholic who could hesitate to

accept her judgment upon such a question.

I should not have taken any notice of your remarks, but that I have been informed by several people that such things as the above have been said on many occasions with a view to holding people back who have been unsettled in the English Church. To resort to such methods without being assured of the truth of the statements made, seems to me most unfair and dishonorable. For the last six years I have never had a doubt, nor has the question of the claims of the Anglican Church ever crossed my mind as a practical one. I am serenely happy and wholly at peace in my mind, and the questions which disturbed me for years have passed from my mind altogether. I must ask you in justice to print this letter in your paper, as I am sure you would not wish to be the means of propagating an untruth.

Truly yours,

B. W. MATURIN.

THAT RETURN TICKET.

The following delicious bit of pleasantries is taken from the "Independent," a high-class Protestant religious paper published in New York.

"It is reported that Pius X. will not remain a prisoner in the Vatican, but will in a short time visit other parts of Rome and Italy. We knew he would. And we know why. It will be remembered that when Sarto left Venice for the Conclave he bought a return ticket. Return tickets are not transferable in Italy, and there are no scalpers. Now the time is nearly up for the expiration of that coupon, and no Italian of peasant training would be willing to waste it even though he possessed the treasures of the Vatican. It was the thought of this return ticket which made Sarto so reluctant to assume the office to which he was elected. Cardinals Ferrara and Vannatelli besought him to accept the tiara, but he begged them with tears to select some other candidate, as there was an insurmountable obstacle to his becoming Pope. Finally a whisper from Mgr. Merry del Val showed him there was a way by which he could use that return ticket even though Pope. It was for this diplomatic suggestion that Merry del Val was recently raised to the position of Secretary of State to the new Pope, as we knew at the time he would be. The truth of our theory is demonstrated by the number of things it explains. Ordinarily, of course, such revelations as this, showing that all great historical events depend on petty personal motives, are not published until some fifty years after the parties concerned are dead, and when the standard histories are being written, but in this case we are so free from fear of contradiction from the Vatican, and direct evidence is so absolutely lacking, that we give it to the world now. The reason why editors devote so much space to divulging the secrets of kings and courts and explaining the private motives of statesmen is because it is so easy and so perfectly safe. If there is contradiction they can appeal to posterity, which is even slower in rendering its verdicts than the Supreme Court."

The townspeople of St. Boniface will have to wait patiently for the Norwood bridge rails. The plans for the crossing of the C. N. R. tracks have not yet been submitted to the railway Committee of the Privy Council at Ottawa. "1904" will be a healthy child before these rails materialize.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

"A Protestant Business Man," in a letter to the New York Sun, says that in his establishment, where a large number of boys are employed, it is found that boys from the Catholic parochial schools "are as a rule, preferable as office boys to those from our public schools," and, giving his reasons for preferring the "Catholic school boy," he says:

"His arithmetic has a commercial value in rapidity and accuracy; his writing is uniform and, as a rule, good; he can read with reasonable rapidity and accuracy; and he can—this is where he is far ahead of the other boy—understand a message or instructions, and follow them intelligently."

Now, it is just such education as this that the State wants for its youth, and why should it not pay for it, even though supplied in a school where something else which it does not want, viz. religion, is also supplied?—New York Freeman's Journal.

The long distance telephone is now completed and in operation between Winnipeg and Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and the other day, greetings were exchanged between Superintendent Bangs, of the North Dakota School, and Principal McDermid.

The rapid advancement made in long distance telephones makes it possible for each school on the continent to have phonic communication with the other at some distant day.—Nov. "Silent Echo."

The Pope created only two Cardinals at the late consistory, and neither of them was an American. We cannot account for the delay, as the Holy Father was fully advised from this country as to the proper course to pursue in the matter. The misfortune is, all this valuable advice will have to be repeated on the eve of the next consistory.—Western Watchman.

W. E. H. Lecky, the Irish historian, died in London October 23rd. In the epoch which he made his own, namely, the eighteenth century in Great Britain and Ireland, he was the greatest writer of his age. Always striving to hold the scales even in telling the story of Anglo-Irish relations, he failed to carry out his avowed principles in the domain of present day politics. Lecky, who in his "History of the Eighteenth Century" denounced the Union, succeeded from Gladstone in 1886 and became an ardent Unionist. He was a parliamentary failure, and should have stayed in his library.—Leader, San Francisco.

There are only sixty clerical renegades in the whole of France, according to authentic figures given in 1902. This is too many, of course, but when one considers the many, many thousands of good, earnest, faithful priests in France, living righteously and piously day after day, and year after year, in the service of God, the unfortunate apostates seem very few, indeed. We must remember that even among Our Lord's chosen Twelve, there was one traitor. To read the wild statements sometimes made by non-Catholics, one would suppose that these sixty renegades were sixty thousand. What they lack in numbers they make up for in blatant blasphemy.—Sacred Heart Review.

Referring to the celebration of Bishop Foley's seventieth birthday, in which the Protestants as well as the Catholics of Detroit joined, the "Michigan Catholic" says:

"Such a testimonial could not but be pleasing to the Bishop, as it was to all of his flock. It helps the Church when the good qualities of those who hold the reins of authority in her government are discovered and recognized, one of the greatest missionary influences which the Church has had in the past quarter of a century was the general recognition of the sanctity and wisdom of the late Holy Father. In a lesser degree, but none the less efficaciously within its sphere of influence is the benefit of the recognition of the good qualities of a bishop, and that recognition was generously given by the people of Detroit last week.

Bishop McGolrick's lecture on Erasmus, the Dutch scholar, delivered in this city last Saturday, was reported by a callow youth who did not know Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, from Sir Thomas More, the lord high chancellor of England in the time of Henry VIII. One had lived three hundred years and more before the other. Why cannot the city editors assign competent men to report historical addresses?—Northwestern Messenger, Duluth.



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HIS AUDIENCE WITH POPE PIUS X.

Hyacinthe Ringrose, of the New York Bar, Tells How the Pontiff Impressed Him.

(Written specially for the Catholic Standard and Times).

On the 19th day of last August, Mrs. Ringrose and I, being then in Rome, made application at the Vatican for leave to see the new Pope, Pius X. There are so many requests for an audience with the Holy Father that many persons are obliged to remain in Rome fully a month before their turn arrives. However we were most fortunate in having two friends at court, the one being the Maestro di Camera of the Pope, Monsignor Gaetano Bisleti, and the other Padre Loretucci, of the local church of San Giacomo.

Accompanied by Father Loretucci, we passed the line of Swiss guards whose costume designed by Michael Angelo, and splendid martial bearing give the Vatican an air of mediaeval picturesqueness, and mounted the stairs leading to the office of Monsignor Bisleti. The Maestro di Camera, who, by the way, is, besides his ecclesiastical dignities, an Italian nobleman of high rank, is the functionary, who arranges for all audiences and interviews with the Pope. He is assisted by a corps of secretaries, all young priests, who question the applicants for an audience and perform the clerical work connected with sending out the invitations.

Monsignor Bisleti welcomed us to the Vatican, and promised us an early audience. "Remember, Signor Ringrose," he said, "court dress is expected, and the Signora must wear a black veil instead of a hat." We assured the good man of our readiness to observe the Papal etiquette, and left the palace of the popes happy in the thought that our visit to Rome was to be crowned by an interview with Pius X.

On the 21st of August, two days afterwards, a messenger from the Vatican brought to our hotel the much coveted invitation, which was printed on yellow paper and watermarked with the Papal coat-of-arms. The invitation was in Italian which translated read as follows:

Two Persons. (2)
Ante-Chamber of the Pope at the Vatican. Ticket of admission to the presence of His Holiness, today, 21 August, at the hour of 5 1/2, on the third loggia.

The Master of the Chamber of His Holiness,
GAETANO BISLETI.

At five o'clock that evening my wife and I, becomingly appareled, were driven in an open carriage to the Vatican and escorted by our dear friend, Father Loretucci, to the third loggia. When we arrived at this point a stalwart soldier barred Padre Loretucci out, explaining that the ticket only admitted two persons. Tears were in the eyes of our friend as he bade us adieu, saying: "I am a parish priest in Rome, but it has never been my good fortune to see either Leo XIII. or Pius X." We were directed to settees placed along the walls of the loggia, or balcony which ran all around the palace and afforded a view of the courtyard in the centre. There were about fifteen other pilgrims besides ourselves, waiting for the Pope's coming.

The Angelus was ringing in the dome of St. Peter's as in the distance we saw three priestly figures approaching. Two walked abreast and the other walked behind. We saw that the taller of the two ahead was dressed entirely in white vestments embroidered in gold, and instantly a whisper passed down the line of pilgrims: "The Pope! The Pope! Yes that robust, rather portly man was the visible head of a church numbering over two hundred and fifty million adherents. The little man in purple at his side was Monsignor Bisleti, and the young priest walking behind carrying the Pope's hat was a member of the household. As His Holiness approached we all fell on our knees. I may say here that one of the kneeling guests of Pius X. was an

American Protestant minister of the Baptist denomination. A man may be the stoutest kind of a Protestant, before and after seeing the present Pope, but while in his presence all are Catholics of the deepest Roman dye. My little wife is an uncompromising heretic, but when Pius X. walked to where she was kneeling and she was introduced to him by Monsignor Bisleti, she kissed the Papal ring with all the enthusiasm and loyalty one might expect from a zealous Catholic. The new Pope does not speak English, and Mrs. Ringrose does not speak Italian, so their conversation was limited. Monsignor Bisleti began: "Holy Father, this is the wife of Signor Ringrose. She lives in New York."

"New York?" asked His Holiness of Mrs. Ringrose.

"New York," was her answer.

"Ah, New York," concluded the Pope, and then he blessed her with the sign of the cross.

My conversation with His Holiness was almost as brief. I spoke to him in French, a language he is not supposed to speak, but he understood me, although he replied in Italian.

Further down the line were two women from Venice, the Pope's old home, and with them he talked for fully five minutes. One of them assured by his simple manners, ventured to say something amusing, and we heard the "Father of Princes and Kings" laugh like any other healthy minded man.

I should judge that Pius X. is fully six feet tall and he must weigh nearly two hundred pounds. He walks unusually erect for a man of 68 years, and seems to be in the prime of vigorous manhood. Aside from his majestic figure his two most striking physical characteristics are his hair and eyes. The first is white as the Alpine snows, and its thickness guarantees that the wearer will never be a bald headed man. His eyes are blue, the light blue of an early morn, and certify to a loving, gentle heart.

Comparisons are not only odious but difficult, and there is no need to compare the present pontiff with his predecessor. We all know that Leo XIII. was an intellectual phenomenon. He was priest, poet and statesman. Pius X. is simply a priest. As he stood before me on that evening in August I was impressed above all things with his priestliness. There were more brilliant men among the Apostles than St. Peter, and it may be that there are cleverer men among the Cardinals than Pius X., but there is no gentler or more devout man in the whole church than he who is now its chosen Head. As Father Loretucci says: "There are almost too many brilliant men. What the world needs more than ever is good man."—Hyacinthe Ringrose.

PROTESTANTS MAKE INFIDELS.

A recent issue of "Brann's Iconoclast" contains a rather striking editorial article dealing with Protestant effort in Catholic countries. Portions of it are so severe that we omit them in Christian charity, but there are passages which are so true that they deserve reproduction. The writer asks why a majority of the Protestant clergy of our country favor American acquisition and retention of Catholic lands contiguous, and answers it by stating that those clergymen foolishly and wickedly imagine that such course means the acquisition of other fields for Protestant missions. Continuing, the editor, Mr. C. A. Windle, says with much truth and considerable force:

"If these deluded, over zealous people desire to make infidels and agnostics of the intelligent Catholics of Cuba and the Philippines, they may succeed beyond their fondest dreams. But if they hope to convert them to Protestantism, they are doomed to disappointment and ignominious failure.

"I know that it is next to impossible for a Protestant to place himself in the attitude where he can view the matter from the standpoint of an intelligent Catholic. Being neither Catholic nor Protestant—just a plain every day

sinner—I am able to approach these questions without prejudice and write down the simple truth without the slightest desire to offend or please either party."

"Protestant zealots who desire to convert Catholics to Protestantism should be plainly told that it is almost, if not quite impossible for an intelligent Catholic to become a good Protestant. The reason is plain:

"If he cannot believe in the root and stock of the tree, how can we believe in its branches?

"If he cannot believe that the oldest church in the world is the true church, how can he accept the later inventions of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, or Dowie, as the church of God?

"When convinced that the authority vested in the oldest church is not binding, how can he submit to the decrees of conference, council, and conclave of warring Protestantism?

"Once convinced that the rules of faith laid down by the councils of his church are erroneous, and the Pope's interpretation of scripture false, how are you to make him accept the interpretation or abide by the rules of faith and practice laid down by Tom, Dick, and Harry?

"Impossible! The honest, upright Catholic must either remain true to his faith, or become an agnostic. For him there is no refuge in Protestantism, no middle ground between Catholicism and infidelity. Therefore the inevitable effect of Protestant missions in the Philippines will be to make agnostics and infidels of a people, who now believe in God and his Christ.

"My statement that no intelligent Catholic can become a good Protestant may sound extravagant, but it is literally true. You can count on the fingers of one hand all the Catholics that have become good Protestants, during the last hundred years. As before stated, when an honest, upright Catholic abandons Catholicism he almost invariably becomes an agnostic. When a dishonest devotee renounces his Catholicism he is apt to become a first class Protestant scoundrel."

"I have known several reformed priests who wrote books, delivered lectures, and endeavored to expose "Romanism" in every possible way, but I have never known one who could be trusted, or that possessed a single spark of honor. Here are a few examples:

"There was Chiniquy of Kankakee, Illinois, who was not only a cheat and fraud, but one of the greatest prevaricators, who ever tried to rob the father of lies of his laurels. This old imposter collected thousands upon thousands of dollars from his dupes, ostensibly to found missions and build homes for ex-priests. A fraction of the amount collected would be invested in some ramshackle den, Chiniquy would 'blow in' the balance, set fire to the mission or 'home,' report that he had been 'burned out by Catholics,' and hit the road on another foraging expedition. Ex-priest Seguin, who created a great furore some years ago by turning Protestant and taking the platform, was one of the most accomplished scoundrels that ever went unhung. The garbage this fakir dished up to A. P. A.'s would have turned the stomach of a sewer rat.

"Ex-priest Slattery was a bird of the same feather, though more cunning. He worked the 'ex-priest racket,' for all there was in it and then some. With brazen effrontery he branded his former brothers as a lot of lecherous libertines and from the very house tops denounced the 'little sisters of the poor' as prostitutes, when at the same time the rascal could not have been trusted with the virtue of a seven year old girl. Protestant missionaries in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines will appeal to the Chiniquys, Seguins, and Slatterys, but the sacrifice of the blood baptized ideals of the republic is a frightful price to pay for such cattle. The better class may, as before observed, become infidels, but never Baptists, Presbyterians or Methodists. If infidels are doomed to be damned, as these self same missionaries tell us, then it is high time for them to cease their manufactures."—New World.



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LITTLE BOSS EYE.

One thing was certain, that Bernard Regan had not struck the first blow; he was standing with his heels together and his hands behind his back, repeating in a high-pitched voice: "Dear angel ever at my side," when the little girl next to him, apparently without the smallest provocation, suddenly landed him one in the eye. Then he certainly did hit her, and hit her hard, and she clambered up on to the bench and thumped him on the head with a slate till it broke and he yelled for mercy.

In a moment the whole classroom became entirely disorganized. The children of the first and second divisions rose to their feet and shouted their approval. Such an unwonted display of spirit on the part of a new arrival filled them with delight; but the babies on the gallery got frightened and huddled together in confusion and began to cry.

Vainly I rapped upon my desk and commanded all the children to be silent. After a few moments of fruitless remonstrance it was borne in upon me that we should be obliged to discontinue the hymn. In the School Board Code I was described as "Article 60," which I roughly took to mean, "qualified, though not capable," but the people in authority, who understand these things, had decided that as I was more than eighteen years of age, and as I taught in the school all day, and as the Inspector approved of me, it was all right; though my own common sense told me that as I could not maintain order, and as the children would not obey me, and as after giving them an hour's lesson on the Good Samaritan they went out and threw stones at a beggar who was lying near the playground gate, it was all wrong.

Nevertheless, I did my best to teach and train those little souls, which for the time being were committed to my care, and although in stern matters of discipline my too tender heart and the school regulations were always at variance, it was not to the promptings of sentimentality that I habitually allowed myself to yield.

In the present instance the unwritten laws of the Infant School required that the culprits should be called out into the middle of the room and examined as to their unseemly conduct. This was a case that must not be passed over. Of course I should have vastly preferred to have ignored the incident, to have busied myself in sorting through the papers in my desk until the children had regained their normal composure, and then to have passed on quietly to the next verse of the hymn; but in the doors that led to the large school-room there were glass panels, through which the critical eye of the head mistress could see all that was going on. So I took down my cane reluctantly, from the top of the big cupboard, and assumed my sternest voice.

"Come here, Lucy Maloney, and tell me what you mean by fighting with Bernard Regan."

"I have not the least idea what his name is," answered Lucy evasively.

"But I feel sure that you know better than to behave like this on your first morning at school. Now look me straight in the face, and tell me what it was all about?"

For reply Lucy hung her head still lower and reached one hand up to rake more straggling hair down over her eyes.

"How old are you?" I asked, by way of gaining her confidence and getting on better terms.

"I'm six last birthday."

"And you aren't shy, are you?"

"No, I ain't shy—trust me."

"Then hold up your face and let me have a look at you."

"I ain't no beauty. Mary's the beauty in our family. She's four. I'm going to bring her to school to-morrow. Mary's a wonder for her lessons, she is."

All of which information, interesting as it might be, seemed hardly to the point, and I again pressed for an explanation of the fight.

The other children were leaning forward and listening with breathless curiosity, but Lucy only closed her lips more tightly, and shook her head with fixed determination, whereupon Peter Daly, who had been sitting in the row behind her, and who always knew the rights

and wrongs of every quarrel, could no longer restrain his pent-up yearning to throw light upon the subject. Standing on tiptoe with outstretched hand, after the approved fashion in Government schools, he yelled out at the top of his voice: "Please, teacher, Bernard began by calling her 'Little Boss-eye.'"

"And when they call me 'Boss-Eye' I always hit them," added Lucy, decisively.

"Let me look," said I, smoothing back the hay-like hair.

"But even if you say it, it will be just the same," Lucy thought it necessary to warn me. "I always have done it, and I always will."

She raised her eyes as she spoke, one to the face above her and the other to the bridge of her own nose.

"Poor child!" said I, quickly letting the hair fall back to cover her squint.

The clock in the next room chimed the quarter to the hour. The head mistress seated herself at her desk with her back to the glass panels.

"Time to mark the registers," she called aloud, and the infants were sent back to their places, and the cane was put away.

"You got off precious lightly that time," remarked Peter Daly, as the culprits resumed their seats in front of him. "If it had been me now, wouldn't I just have caught it! Why I was only pretending to be a wolf last night in the dormitory at the convent, crawling under the boys' beds to frighten them when Sister found me and gape me the strap something cruel."

"Talking again! Peter Daly," said I: "If I have to find fault with you once more I shall send you in to Governess for a caning."

"Just what I tell you," whispered Peter to Lucy; "that's the way they always have of serving me."

He had taken a great fancy to the little stranger. In his character of naughtiest boy in the school he was lost in admiration of the courage with which a newcomer, and a girl, too, had broken a slate over Bernard Regan's head. There were possibilities about Lucy, Peter felt she had made a most promising debut.

He searched his memory for interesting things to whisper to her during the writing lesson, and when at their reading she was sent over to the second division because she could not tell the difference between "was" and "saw," he tried his hardest to pretend that he did not know the reading-book by heart, and made every silly mistake he could imagine in the hope of being sent down, too.

But his devotion was only requited with a caning, and the threat that all his playtime would be forfeited if he went on giving trouble.

So he sat like a lamb till the clock struck 11, and then led Lucy out triumphantly to his favorite corner of the playground for a talk.

She was very sympathetic and encouraging, and Peter explained to her in graphic language how all really pleasant things were "naughty," which she readily understood.

"They're building a new infants' school," he said, "and that great bowl yonder is filled with tar; and its black and soft and lovely to put your hands in, but they say it's 'naughty' if you lean over the edge and touch it, and it's 'naughty' if you dip sticks in it to chase the girls about with, and it's even 'naughty' if you stand quite far away and shy stones into it; so what they put it there for I can't make out! Just to be a temptation to us; that's what I think."

And when Lucy had gone close up to examine it, and been caught, and shaken and sent in, she thought so, too.

"You mayn't stand at the gate to watch the carts go by; you mayn't climb upon the wall and throw your caps into the road and then run and fetch them; you mayn't practise climbing up under the ladder; you mayn't make a seesaw out of the heap of boards; you mayn't do nothing," announced Peter gloomily, when he had also been pounced upon by the head master and sent back into the infant school.

"I don't care," said Lucy recklessly. "My father's a policeman; I'm all right."

Having a parent who was a member of the force seemed to inspire her with a wonderful confidence; though how that fact was likely to assist her when she had rendered

herself liable to school penalties, she never deemed it necessary to explain.

The bare statement was sufficient to create a wholesome awe where the younger children were concerned, and she held him up as "Bogey" to any one who "checked her about her squint."

In spite of all that I might say to the infants about its being unkind and rude to refer to their little companion's physical misfortune, there were times when I could not resist addressing her as "Boss-Eye," and a knock-down blow was the immediate and unailing result.

Peter simply revelled in the spirit she showed, but to her more peaceably-minded teacher Lucy Maloney was far from being a source of unmitigated joy. After that first morning she never arrived in time to have her name placed on the register, so that from "the Government Grant" point of view she was no addition to the school.

As a pupil she proved backward and tiresome. She wrote with her good eye resting on her pencil, in a manner which evoked intermittent titters from the children near her, and not being able to distinguish one word from another, she made no progress with her reading; while her hemming, to use her own expression "was nothing but a mere cobbobble."

The two hours allotted for needlework were usually spent by her in the vain endeavor to pass a piece of cotton through the eye of a huge wool-needle, and although her fruitless efforts materially disturbed the class she persistently refused to allow any other little girl to come to her assistance. "Mother says I shall get so that I'll be able to do it—in course of time," she explained, "but father says the time will always be 4 o'clock before ever my cotton has gone through. Father do say funny things, he do. He makes me laugh."

None of which was conducive towards that silence and order which I was so anxious to obtain.

"Mother's ill, and Mary ain't acoming, because we couldn't get her dressed in time," announced Lucy towards the end of the term, when the head mistress was particularly desirous for all the children to attend regularly. "And I shan't be coming myself after to-day," she went on; "there's the cooking, and the washing and the baby for me to see to. I shall have my hands full, I can tell you."

She seemed overwhelmed with the sense of her own importance, but I could not help feeling sceptical about her capabilities, and called on Mrs. Maloney a few days later to see how things were going on. Lucy, with her hair tied up, and her sleeves rolled back, opened the door.

"How is your mother to-day?" asked I.

"A little better, thank you, miss. Will you please to step upstairs," said Lucy, curtsying and showing the way.

The transformation filled me with surprise. It had never occurred to me that Lucy Maloney at home was such a very superior person to the "Little Boss-Eye" whom I daily saw at school.

My own deficiencies as "Article 60" appeared accentuated by the contrast.

"I had been rather afraid that now you are ill you might find Lucy troublesome," I explained to her mother. "I hope she does not worry you at all."

"Worry me! what, my Lucy?" answered she. "Why, miss, you can have no idea how old-fashioned she is. She's my right hand, that's what I call her, and now that I'm laid up she does everything for me just the same as I should do it myself. I wish you could have seen her at the washing last Monday. That was a picture and no mistake! She gathered all the dirty clothes together and went at it like a good one; and though she did drop most of them on the garden path when she was hanging them up to dry, that wasn't her fault, bless her little heart. Then came Tuesday, she laid hold of her father and made him turn the mangle—everything as regular as could be. I'd like you to see Lucy stand up to her father, miss, and give him a piece of her mind when he puts upon me."

"Oh, but I hope that Mr. Maloney is good to you," cried I anxiously.

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loney is good to you," cried I anxiously.

"Well, miss," and Mrs. Maloney hesitated for a moment, wondering whether to pour forth a string of complaints against her husband, or to hold him up as a model of all manly virtues for my admiration. A certain latent principle of esprit de corps decided her upon the latter course.

"Yes, miss," said she, "I have the very best husband that ever a woman in this world was blessed with. That's what I always say. And Maloney's a man that anyone might be proud to name. They think no end of him up at the police station. He's well respected."

At this moment the master of the house came home, and Lucy could be heard engaged in fierce altercation as to whether the baby should or should not be allowed to beat his beesteeak on the floor.

Lucy declared that it wanted beating, mother always beats it, and she said it kept the baby quiet to have something amusing to do; whilst Maloney argued that she couldn't expect him to eat his supper after that youngster had been messing it about on the floor.

"That's every bit like a man!" cried Lucy. "You've no business to come home until everything's ready for you, and then as long as your beesteeak tasted all right you wouldn't know how it was done."

The clothes that she had put to air too near the fire, beginning to singe, created a diversion.

"I shall be glad when I can get about again," Mrs. Maloney sighed, as her visitor rose to go. "Lucy does for me all right, but men never seem to understand, and if she worked her fingers to the bone she couldn't please her father."

But although Maloney might be unable to appreciate the merits of his little daughter, I resolved that from henceforth I would endeavor to avoid making the same mistake.

I saw now that she was a child of character, and I began to realize that she was possessed of an amount of practical knowledge altogether unusual in one so young. Her backwardness and tiresomeness in class, her very quarrelsomeness in the playground, might all be traced back to that defective and disfiguring little "Boss-Eye" which her straggling wisps of hair were continually being coaxed down to hide from public view. I wondered whether something might not be done to remedy her faulty vision and determined to approach Mrs. Maloney on the subject as soon as her state of health would permit her to take the child to see an oculist. The father was wholly immovable and obdurate. Lucy saw quite well enough, he said, for everything that it was necessary for her to do about the house; and as for lessons, he did not hold with too much education for girls. His grandmother, who had brought him up, had never been able either to read or write, and yet, he said, he had never come across a woman who was her equal at roasting a leg of mutton.

Maloney was, I feel sure, a most exemplary member of the police force, and doubtless the nature of his employment rendered it expedient for him to keep up his strength by taking a large amount of nourishment in the form of animal food, but during those few short conversations which I held with him I could not help thinking that his mind appeared to run

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Yes, Mary," he said, in a choking voice, "I know it is selfish to have wished her to linger one day more on earth; but Oh! you cannot ever know how I have longed for her these many years past; how it seems as if, could I only have told her all that is in my heart, I could have borne it; and then, the bitterness of all is to know I have had a hand in her death."

"Walter!"

"Well, Mary, Isabel deems it so."

"Oh, Walter, you should not say such words!"

"How can I otherwise interpret her manner? She shrinks from the very sight of me. Besides, it is true, Mary; the agitation of seeing me, the shock of my arrival, and the harassing interview with Lord Beauville, hastened, if not caused, her death. I made Rachel acknowledge it, and I would rather know the truth. Oh! how bitterly do I now repent my rash disobedience to Father Mordaunt."

"Isabel," answered Mary, "is beside herself with grief, and does not know what she does. She shrinks from every one; it is her nature not to require sympathy; and surely we are always taught not to mourn over sorrows which we have not willfully caused, but submit to God's holy will, even when He makes us the instruments of working it out in a way we would not have chosen; and the words ever on your sweet mother's lips were 'Fiat voluntas Tua.'"

Walter hid his face in his hands and made no reply.

"Walter, you must come and see us in Essex; if the Earl would only let you have your home with us for awhile, how delightful that would be. Oh, you would like Thoresby Hall—it is such a dear place, and has seen merry days, though now they are clouded over for awhile."

Walter roused himself to answer, "Is it as old as Castle de Lisle?"

"Oh, no; that is, not the present hall; it was rebuilt by my grandfather, Sir Hugh Thoresby. Do you remember him, Walter, for he saw you as a child? He died not more than six years since."

"No," said Walter, "I do not recollect him; and how many of you are there now, Mary? You see I have forgotten my relations while at Rheims."

"Not much chance of remembering them there," said Mary, cheerfully; well, at Thoresby you would find my father and mother, my brother Henry, and Blanche, my only sister; and she," said Mary, lowering her voice, as if she feared the rustling leaves overhead would hear the secret, "Blanche is going to be a nun."

"Indeed!" answered her cousin, "and when?"

"In another year, at furthest, I think. We must be very cautious about it, as my father does not care to bring any fresh trouble upon us owing to this step; so we must wait till Blanche can find a safe escort, who will conduct her to Paris, where she will go for a visit to my aunt, the Marquise d'Orville, and from thence she can seek a convent."

"Has she fixed on any one?"

"Yes, the one just founded. You have heard of it, Walter, doubtless; it is so glorious—the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We are all glad Blanche feels called to this institute, for surely for an Englishwoman there can be no more suitable work than to make reparation for the insults our unhappy country is daily offering."

"Yes, indeed," said Walter; "introducing the queen's prayer-book instead of the holy sacrifice, and hunting the faithful priests who offer it into prison and to death."

"Hush," said Mary, suddenly, "there is some one coming."

In a few moments they were joined by Lord Beauville.

"Might I crave a few minutes' conversation with Mistress Thoresby?" said he, in his softest tone.

Walter departed, and Mary, with no little trepidation, found herself

alone with the formidable Earl; but the interview did not prove an alarming one. Without committing himself in so many words, Lord Beauville gave Mary to understand that if she chose to arrange the baroness's funeral by night, and hide a priest in the house to perform the ceremony, he would engage that himself and his train should affect ignorance of the whole transaction, while their presence insured the latter against any molestation from the civil authorities. When the Earl left her, Mary sought Isabel, but could not rouse her to the slightest effort, or to express any wish on the subject. Walter and herself made all the arrangements; and two days afterwards Rose Ford, under charge of one of her father's yeomen, came to the castle, and in the same disguise in which he had quitted it, Father Gerard re-entered the home of the De Lisles.

At midnight a little group gathered in the crypt beneath the beautiful chapel of the castle, now disused and desolate. It was deemed safer that the mourners should only by Rose and Rachel, in addition to the family. Slowly they recited the solemn office of the dead, so full of mingled awe and consolation; then the holy sacrifice was offered up; and at length they laid the corpse of Alice de Lisle by the side of the husband she had mourned so well for many long years. Walter's grief was passionate; and though for long he struggled for control, the barrier broke down at last, and he wept unrestrainedly. Mary, Rose and Rachel mingled their tears with his, and even Father Gerard was overcome at times. Isabel alone remained unmoved; she shed no tear, uttered no sigh, not even when forever on earth was hidden from her eyes the form she loved so fondly. When the rites were concluded, all the little party of mourners, except Rose, were anxious to seek consolation from Father Gerard, as it was necessary he should depart at an early hour in the morning. Isabel was the last to come to him, and she did it almost unwillingly, and with such a look of stony endurance written on her face, that he would gladly have seen it exchanged for passionate grief.

"Do not, my dear child," said the priest, "exercise so violent a control over your feelings; give way to a natural grief. God does not forbid us to mourn; rather, He saith, Blessed are the mourners, if with our sorrow we but adore His holy will; and He whose submission never man equalled, had with it strong crying and tears. I would fain see you weep, Isabel."

"I cannot, father," was the answer; the words seemed to choke her, and she buried her face in her hands.

Father Gerard spoke of the baroness, of her patient life and holy death, of the perfect submission of her saintly soul to the loving and eternal will of God. "I firmly believe," said he, "she is with the saints in glory."

Still Isabel was not moved; Father Gerard's face grew very sorrowful.

"Isabel," said he, almost immediately, "we must part; and it is unlikely we shall ever meet on earth. I am an old man, and it cannot be much longer that I can serve my Master in this world. Men seek my life; God grant, in His great mercy, that I may be suffered to lay it down for His sake. My child, over whom I have watched for so many years, listen to me for the last time; I have warned you before, Isabel, of that deadly enemy who tracks your path and lays snares for you. Beside your saintly mother's bed of sickness there was not much room for his temptations; but the case is different now; you are going into scenes of fearful temptation. Firm must be your hold on the anchor of the cross if you would not fall. Isabel, beware of pride."

she begged me to read her the story of her name-saint. I turned to Dec. 13 in Father Sebastian Bowen's *Miniature Lives of the Saints* and read his account of St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.

"But that says nothing about her eyes," remarked the child; "what I want to know is why she carries her eyes in a dish?"

"Because I believe she is the Patroness of Eyesight," said I, looking amongst the Special Intentions in my Treasury of Prayer. "Yes, here it is, 'Prayer to St. Lucy, Patroness of Eyesight': 'Virgin St. Lucy, prophetess of peace, who didst foresee the peace of the Church to be obtained by thy prayers; undefiled spouse of the Immaculate Lamb, look down upon us in blindness of sin. To thee I come to ask for light that I may see the way to remedy all my failings. I confess that I have many times deserved to be deprived of the power of sight, for the bad use I have made of it. But by thy efficacious protection grant, I beseech thee, strength to my bodily eyesight, and grant me a clearer and more stable light of grace in all my intentions and actions. Amen.'"

Lucy listened attentively and seemed very delighted.

"One might put it into simpler words if you would like to say it as one of your own prayers," suggested I; but she scorned the idea. She would pray it just like that, she said, and repeated it after me half a dozen times.

Then we closed the book and began to look at other things.

"But I should like to know why she is the Patroness of Eyesight, and why she carries her eyes in a dish?" persisted Lucy.

So I promised that next time I went to London I would look up the subject at a Catholic library.

But even from Father Butler's *'Lives of the Saints'* I could obtain no very definite information. He only says:

"St. Lucy is often painted with the balls of her eyes laid in a dish; perhaps her eyes were defaced or plucked out, though her present acts make no mention of any such circumstance."

I wrote this down for Lucy and gave it to her the next time she came to tea, wondering whether she would be satisfied.

"If that is all that anybody knows of course I shall have to be satisfied," she replied in her quaintly practical way, and I imagined that the subject had been laid to rest.

"Please tell me all about novenas and the Thirty Days' Prayer," was her next request, from which I gathered that her mind had strayed off into other channels. But it was not so at all; she was only collecting material and taking time to form her own deductions.

When, with Peter's assistance, her plans had been thoroughly matured, he and she arrived unexpectedly at my door one afternoon and said they had a great favor to ask me. Might they go up into my bedroom. They had resolved to say the prayer to St. Lucy every afternoon for thirty days for "Little Boss-Eye's" sight to be restored.

My entreaties to Mrs. Maloney had completely failed to weigh against her ailing health and her husband's determination, so I gladly left the matter now in the children's hands, wondering whether their faith and perseverance would prove equal to the strain.

They were indefatigable. Wet or dry, every day for a month, directly school was over, the little pair trudged to my cottage to offer up their petition to the Patroness of Eyesight.

I loved to watch them kneeling before the picture; Peter with dirty hands and muddy boots, and his loud voice filled with earnest intensity; Lucy with head thrown back, and hair swept off her face, that the saint might see how very bad her "Boss-Eye" really was.

So the thirty days were kept, and at the end of them I fondly hoped for a miracle, or the softening of Maloney's heart; but no change appeared, and the summer term drew to a close, and the holidays arrived, and I was forced to pack up and go away, leaving everything in precisely the same condition as it was before Lucy and Peter began their long, long prayer.

I must confess that I felt rather disheartened about it all, but the

rather too exclusively upon the subject of substantial meals. The eyesight of his little daughter seemed to be to him a matter of altogether minor consideration.

So I was forced to wait for the mother's recovery to press my scheme, and in the meantime I set myself to become acquainted with the child. She was very ready to be friends on her return to school, and walked home hand in hand with me to tea when lessons were done.

My cottage interested her. She carefully inspected everything, from the silver ornaments on my dressing table to the soft-water tub in the backyard, but it was a colored picture of St. Lucy over a little altar in my bedroom that engaged her most particular attention.

She had not hitherto known that there was a St. Lucy, she said, and children's faith and hope were longer lived.

"Please, miss, will you give us the picture, and we are going to pray for another month," said Lucy just before I went away.

"If you will promise to take good care of it," said I, unfastening it from the wall, and Lucy proceeded to fold it up into a square one-sixteenth part of its original size, and placed it in the bosom of her dress.

"The creases will not matter at all," she assured me confidently.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked I.

"We are going to take it to the church every day and say a prayer that Peter has made up instead of the one you taught us. We think perhaps St. Lucy didn't understand what it was we really wanted."

"So what will you say to her now?"

The child knelt down and put her hands together:

"Dear St. Lucy, Patroness of the Eyesight, we are very sorry that we don't know anything about your eyes, but if they were taken out by wicked men we hope it didn't hurt you very much. It does hurt me very much not being able to see properly, so please ask God to make my eyes quite well, and not to let anybody call me 'Boss-Eye' any more. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Throughout the holidays they persevered with this confiding prayer, and one day a Catholic doctor, who had turned into the church on his way home to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, overheard them and waited for them in the porch to ask for an explanation. And it turned out that he already knew something of Lucy's father, and he willingly promised to do what he could to help her. And directly he had taken the matter in hand all the obstacles seemed to disappear. Maloney succumbed at once to his persuasions; Mrs. Maloney got strong enough to take the child up to the hospital, and the operation was successfully performed.

A more competent "Article 60" having been procured for the infants, it was some time before I found an opportunity of revisiting the school; but when, at length, towards the late autumn, I was able to do so, Lucy came running to meet me, her happy face upraised, her hair neatly parted and tied with a ribbon at her neck, and as her eyes met mine she cried, "Look! look! I'm not 'Little Boss-Eye' any more."—Violet Bullock-Webster, in *The English Messenger*.

A STRAIT JOKE.

Some jokes are ever renewing their youth. Thirty years ago or more, "Punch" printed this one.

Clubman—So, Harry, you're back from your travels. Did you see the Dardanelles?

Harry—O, yes; they're jolly fellows. I met them in Vienna. The venerable chestnut, which was no doubt hoary when "Punch" trotted it out in all the bravery of an engraving, reappears now under this form in one of our exchanges.

Mrs. Newrich has been describing her visit to Turkey.

Friend—Then, of course, you saw the Dardanelles?

Mrs. Newrich—Why, no, we didn't. They called, but we were out.

What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents; the son of a widow has not two parents.

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

| | Lv. | Ar. |
|---|-------|-------|
| Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily | 14 00 | 12 30 |
| Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday | 14 00 | |
| Tuesday, Friday, Sunday | | 12 30 |
| Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 8 00 | 18 30 |
| Luc du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only | 7 00 | 19 30 |
| Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Pettapiece, Minniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 8 20 | 13 15 |
| Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 13 35 | 12 10 |
| Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday | 7 30 | |
| Tues., Thurs., Saturday | | 20 40 |
| Napiinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat. | 8 20 | |
| Mon., Wed., Friday | | 13 15 |
| Brandon Local, daily except Sunday | 16 30 | 12 20 |
| Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily | 18 05 | 8 50 |
| Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday | 17 00 | 9 30 |
| Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday | 16 15 | 9 45 |
| St. Paul Express, Greta, St. Paul, Chicago daily | 13 55 | 13 35 |
| Emerson branch, daily except Sunday | 15 15 | 19 20 |

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Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

| Leave Winnipeg | STATIONS | Arrive Winnipeg |
|-------------------|---|-------------------|
| | EAST | |
| Daily ex. Sun. | St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances. | Daily ex. Sun. |
| 10 25 | | 16 25 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 25 | | 16 25 |
| | WEST | |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumias, Dauphin. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Tues. Thurs. Sat. | Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glengale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin. | Mon. Wed. Fri. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonka, Swan River. | Wed. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood. | Wed. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Fri. Sat. | Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis. | Sat. Tues. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points. | Wed. Thurs. Sat. |
| 7 00 | | 17 50 |
| Daily ex. Sun. | St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points. | Daily ex. Sun. |
| 8 05 | | 18 25 |
| | SOUTH | |
| Daily | Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14 hrs. 20 min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glyndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul. | Daily |
| 17 20 | | 10 10 |
| Daily | Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Letellier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior. | Daily |
| 13 45 | | 18 30 |

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Isabel raised her head. "My pride would keep me from the fall you hint at, father. Isabel de Lisle is too proud to be a renegade from the faith of her fathers and the traditions of her house."

"Pride keep you close to the faith of the lowly Son of Mary!" answered he. "Oh, never, O my child, lay aside that self-reliance, that haughty nature—too proud to mourn, too proud to seek for aid. I would send a little child into the strife of life with more confidence than I would you."

"I thank you, father, for your trust in me. If I have hitherto been so unfaithful to the religion which none can profess without suffering, as to warrant you to speak thus with justice, I was ignorant of it. You blame me for controlling myself; methinks I need it, and such words from you on my mother's barial night."

Isabel was burning with indignation.

"It is the night of our parting, and that forever," rejoined the priest; and he looked up where, through the narrow window, he saw the sun rising. "Something tells me that my time draws near. We must meet once more, Isabel; but then it will be too late for priest to warn. Will you not suffer me to speak, even in chiding and truth, for the last time? I cannot speak falsely even to comfort you, Isabel, though my heart bleeds for you."

"Forgive me, father," said Isabel, bursting into tears; "forgive me for those sinful words. I know I am unworthy you should speak to me. Alas! without you how shall I live, how shall I ever struggle against temptation?" And then Isabel wept long and deeply.

The sun had now risen, and Father Gerard was warned he must not linger longer. The parting was brief, as partings with those who look not to meet again ever must be. Isabel, completely subdued, sought her chamber, as soon as Father Gerard, bestowing a fervent blessing on his children, resumed his disguise and quitted the castle with Rose.

CHAPTER V.

"She was a vision of delight, When first she burst upon my sight," —Wordsworth.

Lord Beauville began to grow impatient of his long stay at Castle de Lisle, and neither Walter nor Isabel was surprised when he informed them it was his intention they should both accompany him to his house of Apswell Court, situated some thirty miles from London.

"You must remember that you are my wards, by the queen's command," said the Earl—information which both heard in silence.

Preparations for departure began to be made: Walter was really glad; he was weary of the gloom and painful associations of his home, and as he was not to be master, he felt it preferable to submit to the Earl elsewhere than in his ancestral castle. Father Gerard's last advice had been to submit in patience, at least for awhile, and Walter strove to curb the impulses of his fiery nature. The squire of Lord Beauville, who was to hold Castle de Lisle in safety, was also charged to receive the rents. This was a serious blow to the faithful tenantry, Catholic to a man, and many resolved to give up their farms. Among these was Master Ford. For he clearly foresaw that the number of lines which he would be liable to for non-attendance at the Protestant worship at the parish church, and from which, under the new government of the estates, he could find no protection, would soon ruin him; and he deemed it wisest to employ the little money he possessed in starting in some new occupation, whose obscurity should form his protection, and where he could sometimes enjoy the consolations of his faith, and so with his wife and family, which consisted of two sons, besides his daughter Rose, he resolved to go to London. Rose knew that her father's circumstances would be greatly impoverished by the change, and she implored herself of offering to go as serving maiden to some lady

father's consent she sought Isabel to ask her advice how best to set about finding a situation. She found Mistress de Lisle sitting listlessly, as was her wont, over her embroidery, and taking not the slightest interest in the efforts of Rachel and Mary to carry away from the castle all the little articles of her own, or her mother's, which they imagined would be a comfort to her. When Rose told her errand, Isabel was roused; she grew indignant at the thought of the sufferings of the tenantry, and at length she bid Rose wait for her, and quitted the apartment; and great was the astonishment of the Earl when he heard that Mistress de Lisle craved an interview with him.

She came, she said in her stately manner, to make a request; could she be allowed to take with her two serving-women?

"Well, Mistress Isabel," answered the Earl, "it is an attendance beyond your rank; and I fear me our gracious queen, who hears things wondrous quickly, would dislike it."

Isabel colored with offended pride. "It is not for assumption of higher rank that I ask it, my lord, but I can never suffer Rachel, my mother's attendant to leave me, and I would fain take under my protection the daughter of our trusty tenant, Master Ford; it is necessary she should seek service and for early friendship's sake (she was my playmate) I would have taken her with me also."

"Then let her go with you, by all means," said the Earl. "My sister, Lady Anne, will, I warrant me, speedily find her a service with some lady of her acquaintance, and she can be under your protection meanwhile. I would I could pleasure you further, fair Isabel."

But Isabel was in no mood for soft speeches; and without deigning to thank Lord Beauville for the part of her request granted, she withdrew.

Unlike Castle de Lisle, Apswell Court bore every mark of a wealthy owner; around it were spread none of the hills and wooded valleys among which the former proudly stood, but the flat pasture land bore signs of luxuriance, herds of red deer gambled in the park, an array of noble chargers filled the stable, numerous retainers were seen in every direction. There was no doubt the sun of fortune was shining here. A large party of ritters have arrived at the stately portico, and at the foot of the long flight of marble steps which lead into the grand entrance-hall—

"Welcome to Apswell Court, fair Isabel," said the Earl; "I will suffer no other hand than mine own to place you within its walls. Be assured," he continued in a lower tone, all that can be done to supply what you have lost will be offered you."

Isabel bent her head; her only acknowledgment of a speech she deemed an insult; and with a cold and haughty air she ascended the steps and advanced into the entrance-hall. There stood two ladies ready to receive her: Lady Anne Beauville, an elderly and formal-looking dame, advanced slowly towards her, and ere she had reached her (for Isabel stood on the threshold) the path was intercepted and Isabel felt herself embraced and her face warmly kissed by two rosy lips; and then releasing her not from her grasp, but looking full into her countenance, Isabel beheld a face whose witchery few could withstand; the hazel eyes laughed with glee, and in a voice of silver sweetness the owner of them said: "Welcome, dear Isabel; I am so glad you are come—so very glad."

"Lady Constance," said Lady Anne severely, "you strangely forget yourself in your father's hall. What must Mistress de Lisle think of you?"

Constance would have taken little heed of this remonstrance, had not the surprise and gravity written on Isabel's face assured her her conduct was not pleasing to her guest; she quickly disengaged herself, and stood by in silence, while Lady Anne with solemnity welcomed Mistress de Lisle to her brother's house. Isabel received the attention with equal distance, and then presented her cousin.

(To be continued.)

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