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ANCIENT CHINA,

We dislike to appear captious, yet there is one thing difficult for us to understand. Scarcely a dispatch comes from China that does not give news of the Protestant missions and missionaries, while seldom a line appears with regard to the fate of the hundreds of Catholic priests and nuns at work in that country. There are about seven times more Catholics in China than there are Protestants, and, while few Americans are laboring in the Chinese field, the Associated Press ought to know that Catholics are interested in one another the world over. Whatever news American Catholics now receive comes chiefly through French and German sources.

The greatest statesmen of Europe, even those who have long forgotten the Bibles they read in early youth, are to-day seriously wondering if the world does not stand upon the brink of that Armageddon long ago predicted by St. John. Dispatches of the morning show that China has 1,000,000 men under arms and shortly may have 40,000,000 more. On one side France, Russia and Germany stand allied; on the other, England, the United States and Japan. Russia, it now becomes apparent, is a seething volcano ready to burst upon China at a moment's notice—even perhaps without notice. All told, she has a trained army of 400,000 men now marching down toward the border. It is a moment of peril. No man can foresee the result should the Powers fall to war among themselves. It might give China an opportunity of vomiting half her 490,000,000 people across the face of Europe.

The suggestion that China may overrun Europe may not prove so ridiculous as at first sight it seems. It was by pretty much similar hordes Pagan Rome was overrun and crushed in the fourth and fifth centuries. From the beginning of the Christian Era, Russia, China and neighboring lands, have been centres of storm, pouring fierce peoples upon the West, utterly wiping out its boasted civilization. The like may happen again. God still directs the destinies of empires, kingdoms and republics. One hundred years hence Europe may again be buried in the night of another Dark Age. Again it may be the province of the Church to Christianize and civilize by peaceful means a multitude of barbaric hordes as long ago she did the Goth, the Huns, the Lombards and the Vals. We cannot know His purpose. One thing, however, we do know, and that is that apparently we have come squarely up against a critical period in the history of the world. Those who ponder much on the past and future, to-day must feel profoundly interested in the present. In some way we feel that it is the beginning of a new era.

ST. PHILIP OF JESUS.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* pointed out, the other day, the little known and yet significant fact that the first martyr who shed his blood for Christ in Japan was one of the much vilified Filipino friars, and also a native of North America. A church in his honor was opened in Mexico on Feb. 5, 1897, the third centenary of his martyrdom. All the secular priests of the United States, on Feb. 5, say the Mass and the divine office of St. Philip of Jesus, as he is called. We give below a short sketch of his life. On the baptismal font in the cathedral of the city of Mexico is the following inscription:—"In this font was baptized the glorious Japanese martyr, St. Philip of Jesus, a native of this city of Mexico, and its patron." The comment of the *Sun's* correspondent on the martyrdom of this friar is worth remembering:—"About a quarter of a century before the 'Mayflower' sailed, and about two centuries before the colonies threw off the British yoke, the New World gave the Old a Christian martyr."

Felipe las Casas was born in 1572. His early life was not edifying. Many were the tears and prayers of his mother for his conversion. Hoping that he would do better if he were removed from his evil companions, his father sent him to Manila, where he had large commercial interests, but his life in the Philippines was no better than it had been in Mexico. He squandered his fortune, almost

ruined his health, and found himself in as desperate straits as was the prodigal of the gospel. Then, like another Augustine, he gave up his wicked life, turned to God and resolved to serve him with his whole heart and soul for the rest of his life, and he did. He became a Franciscan friar, entering their convent in the city of Manila, and by word and example he encouraged all he came in contact with to be true followers of Jesus Christ.

After an absence of several years, he left Cavité to visit Mexico to see his parents, but the sailing vessel had to stop at the Japanese port of Urando for repairs. The arrival of himself and his fellow friars was interpreted as an attempt of the missionaries to prepare Japan for future subjugation by Spain. It served the Emperor Taicosama with a pretext for ordering the execution of the Franciscan friars at Ozaca and Meaco. The tips of the ears of the missionaries were cut off and they were started on their journey, lasting a month, to the place of execution. When they reached the hill where they were to die and saw the twenty-six crosses prepared for them, and the executioners with their spears and iron bands, and the crowds of Japanese waiting for the execution, the martyrs astonished the pagans by a tremendous shout of joy. Philip could be heard above the rest, as he stretched out his hand toward the cross on which he was to die, and cried, "Hail, precious cross, on which the Redeemer of the world died for me: O blessed seafaring, O fortunate vessel, whose shipwreck has been for me the cause of such great gain!"

One of the iron bands with which Philip was fastened to his cross became displaced, caught him about the neck, and he was slowly strangling, murmuring, all the while, as well as he could, "Jesus, Jesus;" one of the executioners put an end to his sufferings by driving a spear through his body, thus giving him the martyr's crown ahead of his twenty-five companions.

AN AETHER VOYAGE.

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.

Writer for the Review.

If it were possible to cast off for a time the trammels of our bodily frame, and to roam in space freely and rapidly as can now our spirit-entity—our mind—what a succession of marvellous spectacles should we behold, even if we confined our aether-voyage to the narrow limits of our own solar system.

First we would transport ourselves to that lifeless world, which, dead itself, and void of vital spark or any vestige of that mysterious principle—Life—is yet most beautiful in death, fair, surpassing fair, even as though she were in the virgin prime of her youth, and revelling in the living essence. But as we approach nearer and nearer to our lovely satellite, we find that though now cold and still, without air, without water, at one time in her history she was the scene of mighty and fiery perturbations. On all sides gigantic volcanic craters, enormously surpassing in size and extent any upon this earth, bear evidence that her entire globe must then have been one great furnace, furiously vomiting forth in all directions flaming cataracts of fire, massive incandescent rocks, and torrents of seething molten lava. But now all is cold and drear; the atmosphere which must then have surrounded it, and the water which doubtless also existed, all swept away into space, leaving but the lifeless skeleton of a dead world.

And now, leaving this cheerless, though from afar sweet and lovely orb, as we speed through the aether we describe a considerable number of diminutive planets, some only a few yards in diameter while others in the same orbit, as Pallas, the largest of these minor planets, is in volume more than two thousand times less than that of our Earth. But all these little shining orbs—remnants of a great planet which by some means or other, and for some great reason or other, was shattered into fragments—are revolving on their own axis, and at the same time are travelling at prodigious speed round the parent sun; so that, as we traverse their orbit, we see in all directions brilliant little shining globes careering round at a rate twenty times quicker than that of a cannon-ball.

Leaving this glittering cluster, we now arrive near that most magnificent spec-

tle of all in our system, or perhaps even in any other system, giant ringed and belted Saturn. Viewed through a powerful lens even from our distance of a thousand million miles, the noble planet presents a spectacle of surpassing wonder and grandeur; but now, arrived within close purview of his glory, the overwhelming and majestic sublimity of the wondrous scene must transfix the startled beholder with the profoundest awe and amazement.

Hanging there suspended in space, the great globe, encircled by a series of gigantic shining rings, the outer more than half-a-million miles in circumference and twenty thousand miles wide; and attended by a number of brilliant satellites of enormous proportions, the great belted sphere, with its aureola of glory, rivals almost a sun in lustrous splendour and magnificence. And if we alight upon the darker side of the planet, his night must be almost as day, for (except at the equator) the mighty rings, believed to be formed of diminutive satellites, as the sand of the sea-shore for multitude, lighted up by the hidden sun, will, except in the cone of the shadow, appear as prodigious illuminated arcs of dazzling light extending from horizon to horizon upwards towards the zenith.

But the brief limits of this article forbid further reference to the planetary wonders; perhaps some other opportunity may occur. Suffice it to say that, when the final Great Assize is over, and the Eternal Judge has allotted to those who have loved and served Him varied positions in the realms of glory, then will these beautified ones, in the company of their guardian angel who has been at their side throughout their life, be able for themselves to explore all these glories, and to visit all these strange and startling wonders.

A BOY AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty" if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite as well as it served a man who tells his story in *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was 14 years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out in the world and earn my share in the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy Wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open a door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

"I turned round quickly.

"At home, sir."

"What do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

"I looked at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh?" he said quickly. "All right, go ahead."

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk

was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

"At 25 I was a partner in the house, and at 35 I had a half interest. I always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file."

SOME SECPET SOCIETIES.

In casual conversation a short time since, the fact was learned that there is a considerable number of Catholic men who still retain membership in the Knights of Pythias.

This is not as it should be. Pythianism is as much under the ban of the Church as is Masonry. No Catholic can under any circumstances whatever, hold office in this society, nor can he in any way take an active part in its affairs, ritual or executive work. Catholics who do hold such office, and who interest themselves in Pythianism, cease by that fact to be Catholics. There is no priest, confessor or Bishop who can permit such membership, and whoever alleges permission received for such active membership asserts an evident falsehood. True in the years long since passed, the Church looked upon this society with indifference and Catholics were permitted to become members of it. Reports as to the dangerous nature of the society were sent so frequently to Rome that in the year 1895 it was decided to place the society under the same ban as Masonry.

The prohibition of membership in the societies of the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows and the Sons of Temperance was absolute. Catholics were forbidden to join them under pain of excommunication and such as were already members were enjoined to sever at once all connection with them under pain of being refused participation in the sacraments of the Church.

There was positively no exception made in behalf of any person or locality.

The universality of the prohibition was represented to Rome as rigorous in the extreme, owing to the fact that many Catholic men who had acquired membership in these societies had done so in good faith and had already in virtue of moneys paid, acquired a right to financial aid in sickness or in the event of death. It was represented that to deprive such men of these acquired rights would be inflicting upon them too great a financial loss. In view of such representation Rome decided to make an exception to the universal law and to allow them through their continuance of membership to retain a purely financial membership in the societies in question.

The permission thus accorded gave to long standing members the right to continue in these societies for the benefits that would accrue from such membership, but continued the universal prohibition as to active membership.

The permission in question could not be enjoyed save by those who through their pastors, had obtained the right to make use of it. This right must be applied for and obtained from the Apostolic Delegate at Washington. Catholics who have joined these societies since the decree in question cannot obtain such privilege. With our explan-

ation it becomes evident that no Catholic can hold office in any of the condemned societies. They cannot attend their meetings nor assist at their degree work. Continuance to do so stamps them as apostates, and debars them from all claim to practical Catholicity. Further, it prevents them from remaining or becoming members of such Catholic societies as the Knights of Columbus or Hibernians, which demand practical Catholicity as an essential to membership.

It is to be hoped that many of those to whom this advice is addressed will at once sever their connection with the societies in question, and be, in fact, what they are in profession—practical Catholics.—Providence Visitor.

MEDALS OR BOOKS.

Rev. Dr. McSweeney of St. Mary's, Md., has started a crusade against the awarding of medals at school commencements.

The poor literary quality and the high prices of most of the books produced by Catholic publishers from ten to twenty five years ago for the school premium trade, induced many of our institutions of late years to give to students deserving of distinction certificates, wreaths, cash prizes and medals instead of them.

As consequences of this change, many fewer books have been sold within the past decade of years and medals, etc., have become so common as to have lost their value in esteem.

Moreover Catholic literature has been deprived of an enormous circulation and the money spent for other premiums has been practically wasted. Now, good editions of fine volumes can be had at fair prices and they should once more be the guerdon of diligence in study.

In books there is an infinite variety, an imperishable value, a perpetual interest, a force for good making an ever-widening circle of influence. What is a gold medal costing \$50 to a library of fifty well selected volumes? Dross, dead metal, a useless bauble that always finds its way to the dusty trinket box. What is it in worth, in power, in stimulating and ennobling impressions, to the high thought and deathless beauty of the works of master-minds of Catholic literature? Nothing—a gewgaw exciting only vanity.

Down with the dead medal! Up with the living book!—Catholic Columbian.

ARCHIEPISCOPAL VISITATION.

Last Monday His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface left for Westbourne and Sandy Bay, Lake Manitoba. Yesterday he was at Our Lady of Suffrage, Sandy Bay. Today he leaves for Ebb and Flow, Lake Manitoba. On the 30th inst. he will start for the Dauphin country. Sept. 1 he visits Makinak and Laurier; Sept. 2, Ste. Rose du Lac. Sept. 6 he starts for Winnipegosis; Sept. 8 he will visit Our Lady of the Seven Dolors, Pine Creek, Lake Winnipegosis. Sept. 9, return to St. Boniface. Sept. 15 he will start for St. Laurent, Lake Manitoba, and visit, Sept. 17, Ile des Chenes and Pointe aux Lievres, and, Sept. 18, Our Lady of Folgoet, Dog Creek.

Northwest Review.

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SEPTEMBER.
- 2,—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 - 3, Monday—The Mother of the Divine Shepherd.
 - 4, Tuesday—Votive office of the Apostles.
 - 5, Wednesday—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop.
 - 6, Thursday—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
 - 7, Friday—Votive office of the Passion.
 - 8, Saturday—Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In our issue of August 15, there occurs a meaningless repetition in the statistics of the Chinese vicariate of Kiangnan. The catechists are first put down as 1230 and later on as 34,481. The latter figure is that of the catechumens, i.e., of those who are preparing for baptism.

The Midland Review's prognostications as to the possible result of the Chinese difficulty—which we reproduce in another column—are quite in harmony with what Lord Wolsey wrote some years ago in an English review. His forecast of an armed Chinese invasion of America and Europe was pooh-poohed at the time and voted down as supremely ridiculous after the defeat of giant China by little Japan; but the general verdict of our Catholic missionaries who have had experience in both the Island Empire and the Middle Kingdom, is that the latter is far more formidable than the former. This is also the opinion of Europeans in the service of China. In particular Count G. de Galenbert, who lately spent a few days here, and who is Deputy Commissioner of the Chinese Customs and has lived twenty-two years in China, says that there is no comparison between the intellectual and material resources of China and those of Japan.

The contrast between Catholic and Protestant Missions to the heathen, which the late T. W. M. Marshall pictured so forcibly in those classic volumes of his on "Christian Missions," is coming out more and more vividly as we get to know more of the present Chinese crisis. The Protestant missionary, seeing his plight hopeless, wires the Missionary Board at home: "All is lost. Revenge our death." The Catholic missionary cannot help showing his delight at the prospect of martyrdom, and stands bravely by his converts, while the non-

Catholic pseudo-apostle abandons his and rushes for the treaty towns or the earliest homeward bound steamer. The preacher of truth identifies himself with the great Chinese nation as far as he can without sacrificing religious tenets; he wears the queue and the national dress, he adopts the national customs in food and language. The preacher of heresy sneers at Chinese ways, snubs the people, affects to despise their language; only lately has he, as a general rule; taken to Chinese costume and attempted to master the language. The Catholic priests and nuns live with great frugality, their largest edifice always is the church, for themselves they put up smaller, inconspicuous buildings. When there is a Protestant mission in a village, the missionary's house is sure to be the finest edifice in the village, his church or school being comparatively insignificant. And no wonder, for he is a shrewd fellow. When he writes home his imaginary conquests he is careful not to remind the generous patrons of missionary effort that money in China is worth eight or ten times more than in America, and so they grant him what would be a large salary here. In China, where skilled labor costs only ten cents a day, that salary enables him and his wife and children to live as wealthy people would here. The Chinese see this contrast, the foreign Protestant is ashamed of it, the foreign Catholic thanks God that his missionaries have not degenerated, and the average Protestant traveller in China is continually saying that, if he had any religion, he would be a Catholic.

Considering that the year 1900 is already far spent, merely as a matter of arithmetical accuracy, is it not about time that we Catholics should change our formula with regard to the age of the so-called Reformation? Instead of saying, as we have been doing for the last eighty years, that the Reformation began "more than three hundred years ago," is it not high time to change the formula and say, "nearly four hundred years ago?" In seventeen years the fourth century of Protestantism will be complete. Why not call its age 'nearly four' centuries instead of 'over three?' This idea struck us when reading lately a passage in one of Dr. Lam-cert's masterly articles in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal. He was proving that whatever belief in the Bible still lingers among Protestants is simply a survival of Catholic doctrine, and he went on to write: "It has taken *over three hundred years* for the seed of infidelity, buried in the core of the original false principle of Protestantism, to grow to its full development and bear its legitimate fruit, scepticism, agnosticism and infidelity. The fact that it took so long to eradicate the Catholic belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures from Protestant peoples is, to the philosophic mind, a striking proof of how profoundly the Catholic Church had impressed that truth in the minds of Christian peoples in the time just previous to Luther's revolt." Obviously this argument would receive added weight if the italicized words were changed to "nearly four hundred years."

By the merest chance, in sorting some old exchanges before committing most of them to the furnace in anticipation of the winter, we lighted on this kindly note by the warm-hearted editor of the Midland Review. Though dated July 12, it is one of those forget-me-nots whose fragrance never evaporates.

"Ever since the close of our friendly controversy with regard to M. Frechette's Catholicity, the really enjoyable "Northwest (Manitoba) Review" has failed to reach

our table. We like the Review, and earnestly strove to avoid wounding its cultured editor. May we not hope its absence is due to some cause other than soothing a pain given unintentionally by us, if given at all?" Yes, you may, dear friend. Its absence was due to suspended animation during two months. "Its cultured editor" — many thanks—does not take offence. He was not built or brought up that way. Besides, his frequent references to your excellent work since his resumption of editorial duties prove that he never dreamt of being wounded. Finally, he is sending you an article of the Hon. Thomas Chapais in the "Courrier du Canada" which, he trusts, may help to convince you that Mr. Frechette's Catholicism is not precisely what an artist in words like Mr. Charles J. O'Malley should call "ardent."

"Zeal" is the general intention recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship for next month. The first and last sentences of the article thereon in the American "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" are worth quoting: "Zeal is a much-needed virtue at all times and it requires careful cultivation in a restless age like our own, when so much time and energy are wasted on trifles or employed for evil—Every parish should be a centre of zeal, priests and people vying with each other to do most to save even the weakest brother for whom Christ died."

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

Our Catholic college opens, for boarders, this evening at 7 o'clock, for day scholars, to-morrow morning at 8. Punctuality and the earliest possible attendance are considered particularly urgent this year, as the new University four years' course begins with 1900-1901, and each yearly session is shortened by three weeks, the examinations beginning on the third Monday in April.

The claims of this, the only Catholic college in the vast central region of Canada extending from Sandwich, Ont., to Edmonton, Alta., on the patronage of all western Catholics ought not to need emphasizing. Even if it were slightly inferior to some eastern College, the advantage of growing up with the country and with one's future fellow-citizens would more than counter-balance any such slight deficiency. But no such inferiority can be pointed out. On the contrary, there is probably no college in Canada where the students work so steadily and well as St. Boniface College, thus acquiring habits of industry which are more valuable than mere learning.

This diligent application on the part of the students is due to the university competition with three Protestant colleges, and, in the Matriculation years, with all the high schools or collegiate institutes of the province. In this respect the advantages of St. Boniface College are absolutely unique, not only in Canada but in all America.

The reproach that English was not sufficiently taught may have had some foundation years ago, but it is quite foundationless now. The extraordinary success of "The Private Secretary," played last year by students of St. Boniface College, proved not only the correctness but the elegance of the English accent cultivated there. It is hardly necessary to add that the admirable rendering, last March, of the Greek play, "Philoctetes," praised by a Collegiate Institute teacher, who had taken part in "Antigone," played in Toronto University, as superior to the Toronto performance, was a fitting sequel to the winning, by St. Boniface students, three years in succession, of the

two University Greek scholarships. Nor is their proficiency in Mathematics less remarkable. At the Previous examinations last May Adonias Sabourin, of St. Boniface College, who won the first scholarship and the most highly prized of University medals—now abolished because he won it—was first in Algebra, Euclid and Geometry out of 90 competitors from the four colleges. In natural sciences, such as chemistry and physics, our students generally take the first places, probably because, being less numerous, they get more laboratory work and more continuous coaching.

Attached to the college is a very well equipped commercial department, taught in English, where students from the country and city are initiated into the mysteries of shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, commercial law and other business requirements, and where, as boarders, they are carefully preserved from the city dangers which beset youths far from home.

THE TONE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In the American "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" for September D. Gresham relates how a Protestant overhears his Catholic wife explaining to some poor children the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. A voice is heard reading from the New Testament: "The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' Then Jesus said to them: 'Amen, amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood you shall not have life in you. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.' Many therefore of his disciples hearing it, said: 'This saying is hard and who can hear it?' . . . After this many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve: 'Will you also go away?' And Simon Peter answered him: 'Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

"You see, Ally," the Catholic wife is saying to the mountain girl, "why we believe we receive our Lord in Holy Communion; if any one should ask you again, tell him to read that whole sixth chapter of St. John." The husband steals softly away to unearth his own Protestant Bible and see for himself if those were really the words of St. John. Slowly he went over the texts, weighing every word, and like a flash he realized that to Protestants they were nothing, to Catholics everything.

Shortly afterwards a recent convert says to him: "You know I have not always been a Catholic, and strangely enough I got my first doubts at Haward. I had always an especial fancy for the Epistles of St. Peter. They struck me as being spoken with an air of authority. I asked a clergyman why the tone was so different from the other Apostles, and why, indeed, was St. Peter mentioned by our Lord in a different manner from the others. He said, in an offhand sort of way, that St. Peter was a troublesome kind of fellow, and that it was necessary to conciliate him. My efforts to discover more weighty reasons from other divines brought no better results. I therefore hunted up the matter on my own account, coming down on a priest for his explanation, and he convinced me that Peter was the Rock and the Head, and I had but to follow his successors."

These two cases illustrate a curious fact. Protestants read their New Testament very carefully; yet they fail to seize its tone. Not having that mental perspective which an uninterrupted tradition of truth gives, they view texts out of all due

proportion. Secondary and obscure texts they make much of, while texts of primary import and crystalline clearness escape their notice. They are like children learning a pretty tune from a grand opera; they know nothing of the general tone of the entire composition, they have not a dream of the "leit-motif" or leading musical ideas, they miss the keystones of the whole. Thus Protestants fight shy of St. Peter's epistles, where reigns that unmistakable air of authority mentioned above, and where is struck one of the keystones of the New Testament, viz., the warning about "certain things hard to be understood" in the epistles of St. Paul, "which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction." Other keystones which they miss, while of course delighting in the most obscure texts of St. Paul, are the Real Presence of the flesh and blood of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the blessedness of poverty, chastity and obedience, persecution and not prosperity as the especial badge of the chosen servants of the Lord, the power of binding and loosing and forgiving sins bestowed on the apostles for all time and therefore on their successors, the necessity of obedience in the smallest details of faith and practice, the great value of tradition, and above all entire submission to "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," consequently, the infallible teacher.

These keystones Catholics, even if they do not read their New Testament, cannot miss. They hear them struck continually in sermons, they see them acted in the Catholic life around them. To recur to our simile, they are musical experts listening to a Wagnerian opera played by living musicians, while the others are tyros painfully spelling through the dead printed notes of the score.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Ministerial Association was well represented at the Strike meeting held in Selkirk Hall last week, and it was delightful to observe the sweet unanimity which for once prevailed amongst such eminent divines of various creeds as "Brother" Walker the Methodist, "Brother" Silcox the Congregationalist, "Brother" Vincent the Baptist and "Brother" Vroorian who runs a denomination of his own creation—gentlemen who have never, or hardly ever, been known to agree before. Such unanimity was, we say, delightful to behold but it was also suspicious and for a long time we were puzzled to account for it until at last "Brother" Vincent let the cat out of the bag and admitted that pure and unadulterated sympathy for the working man was by no means the sentiment which had inspired such doughty antagonists to bury the hatchet for the time being and to meet on a common platform. As Mr. W. W. Buchanan remarked in closing the meeting it is altogether a new thing to see the preachers basing any interest at all in matters affecting the material welfare of the toilers and we are glad, therefore, that "Brother" Vincent so innocently gave the thing away or we and others might still be bothering our brains in a vain endeavor to find the true explanation of such a remarkable change of tactics. Now, however, everything is plain, for they have told us themselves through one of their own spokesmen that their present pretended solicitude for the well being of the wage earner is all bunkum, and that in taking the workman by the hand and patting him on the back instead of treating him with their old time indifference they are simply playing a little game and working a scheme, the sole object of which is to buttress their own falling institutions.

"Brother" Vincent, it must be borne in mind, is a sort of amateur apocalyptic maniac—he is strong on the prophecies contained in Holy Writ and has a fearful and wonderful gift of interpreting them and applying them to current history. In this way he has discovered that for the future the masses are going to do the ruling of the world and he has decided, to use his own words, that "he will be on the side of the rulers." This is reason number one for the appearance of the preachers in such force at last week's gathering and partly accounts for the intense enthusiasm with which they have taken up the cause of the "masses" at this particular juncture—they think they see that the working men have at last learned how to unite and that united they will rule the world, therefore it is evidently good policy to be on the side of the working men. But this is not the only reason for their sudden change of tactics whereby they who were once and quite recently the subservient supporters of the monied power are now to be reckoned amongst the irreconcilable enemies of capital and corporations and the very dear friends of the down trod-

den laborer. They have a second and an even more powerful incentive to take a strong stand for the "rights of humanity," for they have recently discovered, as "Brother" Vincent said, that the Catholic church has already by its "system" gained a hold over a large section of the toilers and if the Protestants don't wake up and take immediate steps to counteract this the Catholic church will be the real ruler when the workingmen finally hold sway in the land. This was the way "Brother" Vincent put it. The pious and disinterested "brethren" who live only to save souls and, it now appears, specially to redeem "suffering humanity" from the "Slough of Despond" into which it has been dragged by the present "iniquitous Social System" have taken alarm—they see their flocks gradually diminishing in numbers, men are becoming conspicuous by their absence so far as the sectarian congregations are concerned, and once more they find in their hatred and jealousy of the grand old Catholic church sufficient incentive to cause them to put their differences for the time being out of sight and to unite in a frantic endeavor to hold the tide which is fast ebbing away from them and bids fair to leave them high and dry, dismal wrecks and castaways. Let not the workingmen then be deceived. These preachers are not safe guides—their past is against them—their conversion too recent and too sudden to be genuine—and now by their own confession they are known to be anything but the disinterested friend of the toiler which the warmth of their language and the unctious of their expressed sympathy might lead the unwary to imagine them to be. As friends of the working men we trust that if it is thought necessary to hold any more mass meetings the ministerial association will not be so strongly in evidence as it was last week.

We noticed in the papers last week another of those alarming little paragraphs which appear from time to time, and much too frequently, announcing that a dead body of an infant child had been found in the river, and we were astounded—we might even say horrified—at reading the closing sentence of the news item in which it was intimated that no investigation would be held. We believe we are within the mark in saying that during the past two years, at least a dozen dead babies have been found in various parts of the city or fished out of the Red River and it is clear that the dreadful crime of infanticide is prevalent here to an alarming extent and is apparently carried on with impunity for we cannot call to mind a single instance of anyone having been brought to the bar of justice on this account. There is little doubt that each one of these infants have been deliberately murdered and to us it seems unaccountable how such fiendish crimes can be committed in a small community like ours and all the perpetrators escape the punishment they so richly deserve. Can it be true that no effort whatever is made to trace the guilty parties? We can hardly believe it, and yet if the effort is made it is difficult to understand how it is that more satisfactory results are not achieved.

A number of our Catholic friends who are interested in the strike but who were not present at the meeting last week point out that there is no reference whatever to the Catholic Church in "Brother" Vincent's speech as reported in the daily papers. We may simply say that we were at the meeting and not only did "Brother" Vincent speak in a way most offensive to Catholics but his reference to the Catholic

Church was actually the key-note of his whole oration inasmuch as it explained his own presence and the presence of his reverend "brothers" on the platform. We might go further and say that not only was "Brother" Vincent's reference to the Catholic Church the key-note of his speech but it was also quite in line with the tone of the meeting from start to finish, the whole proceedings of the evening having very much the appearance of a grand mutual admiration convention of the Ministerial association got up for the purpose of effectively advertising the sectarian preachers and their converticles. It does not surprise us that no note of this appears in the published reports of the meeting for it seems to us that in the very condensed reports which are given in our daily papers the real point of a speech is generally missed, and we have often heard the remark passed that one cannot, generally speaking, get an accurate knowledge of what is really said or done at a meeting by reading the press reports; and one gets very different impressions if one reads first, say, the Free Press and then turns to the Telegram. For instance, at the previous strike meeting none of the papers gave sufficient prominence to what Rev. Mr. Silcox said of the use of hemp and lamp-posts in the settlement of certain troubles in Chicago, and yet that was the one point in his whole speech which ought to have been seized upon to fairly illustrate the tone of his frothy address on that occasion. These preachers are glib talkers, but because they are abundantly endowed with the gift of the gab it does not follow that they are desirable guides for the working man to accept or follow; on the contrary, organized labor can gain nothing by encouraging and accepting as the exponents of its principles such orators and thinkers(?) as the Ministerial association numbers within its ranks.

OBITUARY.

The funeral of Mary Adeline Philomene, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Picard, took place Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from their home at 214 Austin street to the Immaculate Conception church, where the service was conducted by the Rev. Father Cherrier, after which the remains were laid to rest in St. Boniface cemetery. Mr. Picard is a nephew of Father Cherrier. The floral offerings were numerous, amongst them being a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, bouquet, Mr. Bertrand, tuberoses, Mr. and Mrs. Beliveau, cross of roses, Mr. and Mrs. Marples, spray, Katie and Tommy Downing, and many other offerings from sympathizing friends with no cards attached. The bearers of the casket were Jos. Lalonde, Arthur Lalonde, Wm. Markinski and John Chisolm.

SERVING GOD.

In proportion to the greatness of the Master is the nobleness of a service. To serve God is better than to rule a world. The servant of God cannot but be a king. As the service is free, the act of obedience is also the highest possible exercise of liberty, and submission to God implies the conquest of self. As the service of God is the first end of man, so the service of man is the first end of the universe. Man was not made for the universe, but rather the universe for man. Hence we see the universe created before man. Man is ushered as a king into his palace only after this temporary residence has been built, furnished, adorned and peopled with inferior animals.

Thus man stands between God and the universe, beneath God, above the universe. Man in the service of God, the universe in the service of man. Magnificent route! Man, coming from God, passes through the universe and runs

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NOTICE.

The attention of all our subscribers and exchanges is earnestly directed to the fact that the NORTHWEST REVIEW is now published, not in St. Boniface, but in Winnipeg. Consequently, all communications and exchanges should be addressed "P.O. Box 499, Winnipeg."

heavenward! Nature itself reveals God to our eyes, we touch the earth with our feet alone and our brow flashes upward to the sky.—De Ponlevoy.

THE COLLEGE FACULTY.

The staff of St. Boniface College remains pretty much the same as last year: Rector, Rev. Fr. Hyacinth Hudon; Minister and Chief Disciplinarian, Father Tourangeau; Prefect of Studies and Lecturer in Natural Science, Father Blain; Bursar and Lecturer in Mathematics, Father Lebel; Lecturer in Mental and Moral Science, Father Drummond; Professor of Classics and Literature in the First Year of the University Course, Father Couture; Professor of Classics and Literature for Matriculation Part II., Father Bourgeois; Prepares for Matriculation, Part I., Father J. A. Grenier; Latin Elements, Father Robichaud; Teacher of Commercial Law, English Literature and Bookkeeping, Father John Macdonald; Commercial Class, Father Colclough; Preparatory French, Father Tessier; Disciplinarians, Fathers Vandandaigue and Waddel, the former being also musical director. All the foregoing are members of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Cormier teaches shorthand, typewriting, penmanship and other branches of the commercial course.

BRIEFLETS.

The press reports of the new king of Italy are not flattering. He is described as an impulsive character, a dwarf physically, with tendencies to exaggerate his kingly prerogatives. It were fortunate for Italy if the Salic law did not hold good in that kingdom. There is little reason to doubt that Queen Margaret would be better as a sovereign in her wise and mature womanhood than the weakling Prince of Naples.—Catholic Citizen.

Andrew Lang's new history of Scotland is not meeting with a cordial reception on the part of many Evangelical journals. Mr. Lang paints the reformation Catholic prelates, Cardinal Beaton and others, as true churchmen and patriots. He shows up John Knox and his followers as infamous conspirators against Scotland's religion and her crown. History is being re-written and the truth will out.—Catholic Citizen.

There is a consolation for the damage done to our missions in China in the official announcement that religious liberty has been decreed in Tibet. "The Lamas themselves have annulled the former edicts of prescription and death," writes the Vicar-Apostolic of the "Forbidden Land."

The Catholic Hungarian Magyars of St. Elizabeth's church, Cleveland, recently celebrated the nine hundredth anniversary of the official introduction of Christianity into Hungary and the coronation of St. Stephen as first Bishop of Hungary, whom Pope Sylvester II. consecrated and crowned in acknowledgment of the apostolic work he had done for his people. At the same time the Pope gave unto him the right and title of Apostolic King, with the privilege of having the cross carried before him in all solemnities. It was St. Stephen who gave to Hungary its constitution, which has been the foundation on which the prosperity of Hungary has rested even down to our own times.

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PERSONAL.

The venerable and yet strong and hearty Lord Bishop of Athabasca—MacKenzie arrived here at the end of last week and preached a most edifying sermon in the cathedral of St. Boniface on Sunday evening. Last winter he made a perilous journey, full of hardship, to Great Slave Lake and the Providence Mission, returning southward to Fort Liard, where, on the 6th parallel, wheat is harvested every year. Then he went north till the branching out of the delta of the Mackenzie River, whence he rowed in a skiff—he himself actually rowed a great part of the way—down or up various small rivers till he reached the Porcupine, down which he rowed to Fort Yukon. Thence he took a steamboat to Dawson, and, after visiting the Oblate parish there, he took the usual route by Fort Selkirk, Lake Labarge and the White Pass railway, which is now finished as far as White Horse, to Skagway, and on southward through the maze of coastwise waterways to Vancouver. Monseigneur Goonard, O.M.I., who has been a guest at the Archbishop's palace, returns to his northwestern diocese this week in company, as far as Edmonton, with Father Lestanc.

The Rev. H. Blondin of St. Bonaventun, D'Upton, P.Q., and the Rev. G. H. Jutras of Berlin, New Hampshire, have been spending a short time visiting points in Manitoba. They were in Winnipeg last week and while here were the guests of the Rev. Father Cherrier.

Monsignor Ritchot found his brother, whom he went to see at L'Assomption, Que., rather better, although the disease is incurable; the venerable pastor of St. Norbert is expected home, with Father Clontier, this week.

Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., is preaching a retreat to the Faithful Companions of Jesus in Alberta.

The Provencher Academy and the St. Boniface Convent (Sisters of the Holy Names) reopened yesterday. St. Mary's Academy reopens next Tuesday.

Father Ponliot left last week for the province of Quebec.

St. Boniface College opens for boarders this evening, for day pupils tomorrow morning. Several boarders have already arrived.

Father Tourangeau, S.J., sang High Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception last Sunday.

Rev. Father Lestanc, O.M.I., who was formerly, in 1864, Superior of St. Boniface College, preached at the Cathedral of St. Boniface last Sunday morning.

His Lordship Bishop Dontenville, O.M.I., of New Westminster, stopped over here on Sunday morning on his way back from Rome, and continued his westward journey last Monday morning.

Dr. Barrett, Inspector of Inland Revenue, will shortly inspect the division of Port Arthur.

Mrs. Thomas D. Deegan will be at home to friends on Thursday and Friday afternoon at her residence, 348 Cumberland avenue, corner Hargrave street.

Mrs. Devine is staying with Mrs. T. Anderson at Camp Comfort, Rat Portage.

The Very Rev. A. Dugas, Vicar General, will return next week. He was present at the great Acadian celebration at Arichat, being himself of Acadian descent.

Rev. Father Daandurand, O.M.I., who has been for so many years parish priest of St. Charles, Man., is at last going to enjoy the rest he has so nobly won. In his 82nd year he retires to the "otium cum dignitate" of the Archiepiscopal palace, where his experience and the garnered lessons of an unusually long life will be invaluable to His Grace the Archbishop. Rev. Father Beaudin, O.M.I., takes charge of the parish of St. Charles.

Father Marquette, the great Jesuit missionary, and St. John Baptist de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, were kinsmen.

THE CENSOR.

Newspaper Man—I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot.

Censor—I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets.—Life.

A CHINESE WAR STORY.

Pierre Lotti writes the following striking story of a French missionary in China. It is translated by Katherine Head for the Outlook:

In the sinister yellow country of the extreme Orient, during the worst period of the war, our boat, a heavy ironclad, was stationed for weeks at her post in the blockade in a bay on the coast.

With the neighboring country, with its impossible green mountains, and its rice fields like velvet prairies, we had almost no communication. The inhabitants of the villages or the woods stayed at home, defiant or hostile. An overwhelming heat descended upon us from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of lead.

One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said:

"There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into bay, and which seems to be trying to speak to us."

"Ah, who is in it?"

Before replying he looked again through his glass.

"There is, captain, a kind of priest, Chinese or I don't know what, who is seated alone at the stern."

The sampan advanced over the sluggish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow faced young girl, clad in a black dress, stood erect and paddled the boat, bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the headdress and the round spectacles of the priests of Anam, but whose beard and whose astonishing face were not at all Asiatic.

He came on board and addressed me in French, speaking in a dull and timid way.

"I am a missionary," he said, "from Lorraine, but I have lived for more than thirty years in a village six hours' march from here, in the country, where all the people have been converted to Christianity. I wish to speak to the commandant and ask for aid from him. The rebels are threatening us, and are already very near. All my parishioners will be massacred, it is certain, if some one does not come promptly to our aid."

Alas! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had had been sent to another place, and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the vessel; truly, we could do nothing for those parishioners "over there." They must be given up as lost.

The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegetation on the bank, and the missionary had, naturally enough, staid with us, a little taciturn, but not recriminative.

The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an Anamite that any conversation with him seemed difficult. After the coffee, when the cigarettes appeared, he seemed to wake up, and asked for French tobacco to fill his pipe; for twenty years, he said, a like pleasure had been refused him. Then excusing himself, because of his long journey, he sank back on his cushions.

And to think that, without doubt, we should have to keep with us for several months this unforseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one of us went to him to announce on the part of the commandant:

"They have prepared a room for you, father. It goes without saying that you will be one of us until the

day when we can land you in a safe place."

He did not seem to understand. "But I am only waiting until nightfall to ask you to send me to the end of the bay in a small boat. Before night you can surely have me put on shore, can you not?" he asked, uneasily.

"Landed! And what will you do on land?"

"I will return to my village," he said, with sublime simplicity. I could not sleep here, you know. The attack might be made tonight."

This man, who had seemed so vulgar at first, grew larger at every word, and we surrounded him, charmed and curious.

"But it is you, father, who will be most in danger."

"That is very likely," he replied, as tranquilly as an ancient martyr.

Ten of the parishioners would wait for him on the shore at sunset. At nightfall, all together, they would return to the threatened village, and then, at the will of God!

And as they urged him to stay—because to go was to go to certain death, to some atrocious Chinese death—this return, after aid had been refused, he became indignant, gently, but obstinately and unchangeably, without long words and without anger.

"It is I who converted them, and you wish me to abandon them when they are persecuted for their faith? But they are my children!"

With a certain emotion, the officers of the watch had one of the ship's boats prepared to take him to shore, and we all shook hands with him when he went away. Always quiet and now insignificant again, he confided to us a letter for an aged relative in Lorraine, took a little French tobacco, and went his way.

And as the twilight fell, we watched in silence over the heavy, warm water the silhouette of this apostle going so simply to his obscure martyrdom.

We got ready to leave the following week, I forget to where, and from this time on events gave no rest. We never heard more of him, and I think for my part that I would never have thought of him again if Mgr. Morel, director of the Catholic missions, had not insisted one day that I write a little missionary story.

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TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave Going South	Leave Going North	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thur.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon, and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East	West	15 10 Arrive
Winnipeg to Warrad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.	8 20		15 45
Warrad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 10
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed, Thur, and Sat.	8 20		
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed, Fri. and Sat.			6 40

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Grand Deputy for Manitoba

Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C. M. B. A.

for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

THE NORTHWEST REVIEW is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG,

Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Streets, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

President, D. Smith; 1st Vice-Pres., E. Cass; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. O. Genest, Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds; Asst. Sec., J. L. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Treas., W. Jordan; Marshall, W. J. O'Neil; Guard, L. F. X. Hart; Trustees: G. Germain, L. O. Genest, P. Shea, G. Gladnish, M. Conway.

BRANCH 163, WINNIPEG.

Meets at the Immaculate Conception school room on 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month.

Spiritual Advisor, Rev. A. A. Cherrier; Pres., F. W. Russell; 1st Vice-Pres., J. A. McInnis; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. Schmidt; Rec. Sec., J. Markinski, 180 Austin St.; Fin. Sec., J. E. Manning; Treas., J. Shaw; Marshall, F. Welnitz; Guard, F. Krinkie; trustees, P. O'Brien, C. Caron, F. W. Russell, J. Schmidt, F. Theirs.

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April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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TIME TABLE.

BETWEEN	WINNIPEG.	DEPART.	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily		7 45 p.m.	1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon. Wed, Fri.		10 45 a.m.	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues, Thurs, Sat.			4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon. Wed, Fri.		4 30 p.m.	11 50 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues, Thurs, Sat.			10 35 a.m.