

Northwest Review.

Senate Reading Rm dec 7

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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

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RESENTS THE INSULT

TO MGR. FALCONIO, THE PAPAL DELEGATE, BY THE MONTREAL GAZETTE.

Montreal Herald.

Mr. Henry J. Kavanagh, of the law firm of Judah, Branchaud & Kavanagh, asks the Herald to print the following letter, previously sent to the Gazette which had refused to publish it:

Editor of the Gazette.

Sir—Had I read in a professedly anti-Catholic paper your editorial, headed "The Papal Delegate," which appeared in the Gazette of the 9th inst., I might have been disgusted, but I should not have been surprised. Till now I had believed that the Gazette was the organ of the English-speaking Conservatives, Catholic and Protestant.

As a Catholic I wish to protest, as strongly as I can, and to publish my protest against the affront offered by you to the representative of the Pope on his arrival in this city. Catholics of every social grade, of every shade of politics, priests and laymen, rich and poor alike, went in crowds to welcome and do homage to the distinguished personage whom the Pope has been pleased to send to Canada. But while the Catholic population was welcoming the messenger of the august Pontiff, you have chosen to express and publish "the hope that his stay, in his present capacity, will be a short one." It goes without saying that there is not one, among the thousands of Catholics who welcomed him, who does not resent this affront to His Excellency.

The present pope and his illustrious predecessors have before this sent delegates to Canada, and there is every reason to expect that papal delegates will still continue to be sent to this country when the Gazette will be looked for as a curiosity on the shelves of some future antiquarian society. But, though we have had papal delegates before now, it has never hitherto been said, even by the enemies of the Church, that they "helped one political party in its combat with another." And as no one has ever dared to say such a thing of them, it is more than temerity on your part to say that what has happened in Parliament "indicates as plainly as if it was set forth in his commission that Mgr. Falconio is expected" to do so now. His Excellency Mgr. Falconio has not received his commission from Parliament, but from the Pope, and if you can only guess at the contents of his commission from what has been said and done in Parliament you must necessarily be very much in the dark on the subject.

There is a truth stated by you which, had you borne it well in mind and acted upon it, would have prevented your writing the regrettable article. Among the causes which you say may lead to hostile criticism, you are quite right in mentioning the "political character that interested parties are seeking to attach to his mission, and the mischief that may come to the country from the misunderstanding of his work." You tell us this, and yet unfortunately you rank yourself among these "interested parties" and distinctly seek in advance to attach a political character to his mission; for, a

few lines further on in the same editorial, you adopt the hypothesis which above you had declared to be mischievous, and threaten that "the day that his influence is seen to be asserted to influence Canadian voters in the decision of matters arising out of Canadian problems, political or social, he will provoke in the non-Catholic majority an antagonism that will certainly be fatal to his usefulness."

It may be that a few non-Catholics were pleased to read your article in which, plainly if discourteously, you have advised the papal delegate to pack his trunks and leave. But, as Catholic Conservatives count for a good many among your readers, you will allow me to question even the policy of offering such insolent advice to the delegate of "the central power of the oldest and greatest of Christian Churches, coming (as the delegate comes) in the name of the head of that Church." And although it is my good fortune to be bound by no mandate and to be free to speak for myself and for myself alone, I have no doubt that, if your article came under the notice of His Excellency, as it probably did, it must have offended him, and I have no hesitancy in saying that, in offending the delegate of the Holy See, you have gravely offended every Catholic in Canada.

HOW CATHOLICS ARE REVILED.

Catholic Times.

It is amusing to notice the virtuous indignation of newspaper correspondents at the wickedness of the French in speaking puntingly of Protestants. These same writers take it as a matter of course that Catholics should patiently endure to be reviled in abominable language. Let us quote a specimen which has elicited a letter from Mr. George Cooke in the Southport Visitor. Mr. Robert Phillips, chairman of a Southport meeting, observed: "He had heard it said that before Maynooth was erected the Roman Catholic priests were educated in foreign countries, but at Maynooth they were made blackguards and traitors. The Irish priest was the most contemptible man in the world." There is no need to say what Mr. Phillips is, but his language is no novelty. Similar terms in reference to Catholics are continually used at British Protestant meetings; and in the lower grade Protestant press. Mr. Wilfrid Ward was certainly right in his letter to the Times. There is no other institution on earth which is the object of so much hatred and venom as the Catholic Church. To be an active member of it is sufficient to ensure for any one inexorable ill-will. It is our conviction that the antagonism to it is not unconnected with the Powers of Darkness.

On the 23rd of last month the steamboat "Rush" sprang a leak about four miles north of Atlin on her passage across the Taku to connect with the steamboat "Gleaner" for Bennet, and had to be beached. The passengers, one of whom was our friend Mr. E. J. Coyle, of the C. P. R., went ashore and trudged back to Atlin.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S RECEPTION IN CHICAGO.

The Catholic Citizen (Milwaukee).

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada, leader of the Liberal party and the leading representative of the French interests in the British possessions to our north, was a guest of honor at the Chicago Autumn Festival. The French people of Chicago turned out en masse to greet him and gave him a big reception in Studebaker hall on Saturday.

In divers ways the reception for which the stately figure of Sir Wilfrid formed a central attraction was unique for Chicago and wholly unlike similar demonstrations among English-speaking peoples. Little incidents and episodes, peculiarly delicate and suggestive of rare refinements in the Gallic way of doing things, were found cropping out intermittently. Pretty effects were thus invariably obtained.

Especially good were two such occurrences because of their remoteness from the commonplace. One of these was the enactment of the innocent osculatory scene in which the guest of honor gallantly impressed a kiss upon the lips of each of the two white-robed girls who brought to him twice bouquets of choice roses. The little misses were Edmée Charrand and Anna LeBlanc, of Notre Dame school, on the west side. At the same time that they were saluted by Sir Wilfrid two other little girls, Laura LeRoy dit Andy and Stella Crépeau, were received in the same welcome manner when they presented Lady Laurier with flowers in a box at the side of the stage.

Again, as the proceedings were drawing to a close the nice suggestiveness of the resourceful French mind was brought into play when one of the speakers was inclined to more prolixity than the occasion warranted. Instead of tugging at the long-winded orator's coattails, which hung within easy reach, Sir Wilfrid gave an almost imperceptible signal to a violinist in the wings. Almost immediately the low, soft notes of a fiddle were heard behind the scenes. Quickly the strident orator took the hint and, although he was in the throes of a glowing eulogy to "Laurier de Canada," he wound up his theme with dispatch.

On making his first bow the distinguished Canadian statesman received a great ovation, the 2,500 persons rising from their seats to wave handkerchiefs and flags and tiny bannerets of the French tricolor. On the platform were the flags of four nations—the United States, France, England and Canada, the latter with the prairie dog(?), or castor, emblazoned on the center ground of white. In a box to the right of the stage was Lady Laurier and party. Other boxes were occupied by a large party of Catholic priests and by a delegation headed by the French consul, M. Merou. Admission was by ticket only, but the house was packed in less than twenty minutes after the doors were thrown open at 2 o'clock.

With a strikingly dignified and suave stage presence, the premier simply captivated his auditors and held them fast by the charm of his eloquence from

first to last. His delivery had the finesse and grace and his manner the indescribable polish of the highest style of oratory. His every move and all his gestures—which were few—bespoke a natural refinement and reserve force of intellectuality which won favor with the audience.

Drawn almost wholly from the ranks of the French Canadians of Chicago, his hearers were possessed of the racial sympathy which was the orator's inspiration. These representatives of his nationality in that city had organized the movement to extend to him the honor of a public reception, and he told them he deplored the loss his country had sustained when such excellent citizens had crossed the border. He even ventured to extend to them all an invitation to return to Canada and again take up their residence there, but in case they would not do this and accept his welcome to the bosom of the fatherland that needed them, he asked to be permitted to offer them his congratulations in that they had selected to make their homes in "la grande ville, Chicago."

Not of French Canadians alone, but likewise of the great body of Chicago's citizens did he say charming things.

Upon the conclusion of this speech was heard a form of salute well known among French speaking peoples, but decidedly novel in a Chicago theatre. It was "Vive! Vive! Vive Laurier!" The strangely unfamiliar call met with a hearty response, and for several seconds Sir Wilfrid was kept busy bowing behind the banks of roses on the dais in front of him.

HIS TRANSLATION.

A good chairman story comes from the Antipodes. A dignified elder of a church was presiding at a charitable concert. A Miss Brown was to sing "Ora Pro Nobis," but at the last moment she changed her mind, and a note was passed to the chairman intimating that she would give "The Song That Reached My Heart."

He therefore made the following announcement: "Miss Brown will now sing 'Ora Pro Nobis,' which, being translated, means 'The Song That Reached My Heart.'"—London Chronicle.

A very interesting event took place on Thursday evening at the Immaculate Conception Church, when Miss Mary Halpin was married to Mr. James Graham, by the Rev. Father Lebel; S. J. The bride was attended by her sister, while Mr. W. Halpin performed the duties of groomsmen. A large number of beautiful and useful presents were contributed by friends of the happy couple. After the ceremony the party sat down to a most delicious wedding supper. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Corbett, Mrs. Clary, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and their daughters, Miss Susan Nagen-gast, Miss L. Espenosie, the Misses Watsons, Mr. Bell, Mr. Lang, Mr. Frank, Mr. Downing, Mr. W. Scott.

Rev. Fathers Vignon and Morard went west yesterday. The former will soon return and send a companion to help Father Morard take charge of the missions in the Wood Mountain district. They belong to the Congregation of La Salette.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S DECLARATION.

The "Courrier du Canada," of the city of Quebec, quotes the following words uttered by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface at Fort Ellice, Man., on the 8th inst.:

"It is my duty, Dearly Beloved Brethren, to tell you how we stand on the school question in Manitoba and the Northwest. This I make it a point of doing everywhere during my pastoral visitation. In order to avoid all inexactness, I will cite an official document, addressed on the 25th of last September to the Holy See by all the Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface:

"In Manitoba, nothing is definitely settled; the unjust school laws of 1890 and 1894 remain absolutely the same and the constitution of the country is still violated; but, in practice, some precarious concessions are made to us, and we make the most of them according to the direction of Your Holiness's encyclical, 'Affari Vos.'"

"In the Northwest we still have our Catholic schools but with odious and intolerable restrictions. Anti-Catholic and Protestant histories and readers are forced upon us; measures are taken to make it almost impossible for teaching nuns to obtain certificates; and moreover the quantity of religious instruction is so carefully minimized that the schools become almost neutral (or Godless) in practice. This is, we are convinced, the watchword of Freemasonry."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent boast that the school question was settled has fallen so flat that the publication of the foregoing declaration may seem unnecessary; but we deem it opportune as a document to be kept for future reference.

THE ELEVATOR COMMISSION.

The Royal Commission appointed by the Governor-General-in-Council to inquire into the grievances of farmers against the elevator men, sat at Edmonton on the 21st. Subsequent dates are: Moosejaw, Oct. 25; Indian Head, 26; Moosemin, 27; Viriden, 28; Morden, 31; Cartwright, Nov. 2; Boissevain, 3; Melita, 4. The complaints to be investigated are (1) that the vendor of grain is at present subjected to unfair and excessive dockage of grain at the time of sale; (2) That doubts exist as to the fairness of the weights allowed or used by owners of elevators; (3) That the owners of elevators enjoy a monopoly in the purchase of grain by refusing to permit of the erection of flat warehouses where standard elevators are situated, and are thus enabled to keep the price of grain below its true market value, to their own benefit and to the disadvantage of others who are specially interested in the grain trade and of the population in general.

The bazaar held last week in the Auditorium rink in aid of the new cathedral netted \$2,150, all expenses paid.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1899

CURRENT COMMENT

The "Midland Review" chimes in with Prof. O'Hagan's suggestion that Catholic writers of eminence should be invited to the summer schools. But there is a difficulty which the cultured editor and the brilliant lecturer do not seem to have faced. Few great writers are good speakers. Most men of letters have an invincible repugnance to assuming what is known in London literary slang as "a hind-leg attitude." A very high and thorough cultivation of one faculty is apt to entail the neglect of another, and surely no faculty needs so much practice as that of easy and attractive public speech.

The College number of "The Western Presbyterian," a new fortnightly paper published in Winnipeg, has a very thoughtful article entitled "Wanted: A Principal." It is an able plea for a speedy termination to that state of orphanhood in which Manitoba College has been ever since Dr. King's death last winter. The college, we are told, needs a principal (1) for the proper exercise of authority within its walls, (2) because the presence of a commanding personality at the head is often for students the main attraction to a college, and (3) because "benefactors are largely influenced by the personality of the principal. Men who either during life have given money to an institution or have left money to it at death have generally been those who admired or loved the man at the head of it and gave of their wealth humanly speaking for his sake." It is curious to note that, amid all the motives given for choosing a principal "with considerable public gifts," no mention is made of his possible influence in the University Council. We are reminded that "he will have in great measure to represent the college before the people of the country and before the courts of the church." Just here we should have expected the University to appear. Have our friends the Presbyterians so completely captured it that they can afford to treat it as a servant whom one does not even bow to?

These "children of this world are in their generation wiser

than the children of light." Talk of organization as explaining the successes of the Catholic Church. Why, these pushing Presbyterians are far better organized than we are, especially in financial matters. Soliciting from benefactors is a recognized department of their college work. Why should it not be so with us? We have right here, "in our midst," as the Western Presbyterian would say, a Catholic college which occupies, on this continent, a unique position in that it actually competes most successfully with the best non-Catholic colleges in the land. We have some Catholics who could found scholarships in St. Boniface College. Three thousand dollars, we understand, would provide a yearly revenue sufficient to educate a boarder for ever. Six hundred dollars would found a scholarship for a day pupil. Is there any better way of investing one's superfluous resources for the glory of God and the benefit of one's own soul? And remember, the interest of that scholarship fund goes on for ever; you are educating a boy in Christian culture long after you are gathered to your fathers, and that boy and all his teachers will pray for you and bless your memory.

"Keeping Cows for Profit" is the title of an artistic booklet, neatly illustrated and gratuitously circulated by the De Laval Separator Co., 74 Cortland street, New York. While the purpose of this little publication is no doubt, to a considerable extent, an advertising one, there is much that is commendable in it, there are many useful hints to dairy farmers. The statistics it gives are really valuable. We find, for instance, that the average U. S. yield of milk per cow is less than 4,000 lbs. a year, and only about 130 lbs. of butter; while to be profitable—and this is just what this booklet teaches—the milk yield should be from 5,000 to 6,000 lbs. and the butter production never under 200 lbs. The publishers of this treatise offer to send a copy to every reader of THE NORTHWEST REVIEW who shall write direct to them at the above address.

M. George Johnson, F. S. S. (hon.), Government Statistician (Ottawa), has kindly sent us "The Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1898," in which, as he had promised us in a letter published last year in these columns (Nov. 22, 1898), he adopts our suggestion, made Oct. 18, 1898, that the bodies of water often called "The Great Lakes" be henceforth styled "The Laurentian Lakes," because Great Bear, Great Slave and Winnipeg lakes are larger than Lakes Erie and Ontario, two of the so-called "Great Lakes." Amid such a mass of dates as this 606-page book contains, mistakes are inevitable. At page 6, line 3, opposite 1777 in the list of important Canadian dates we read: Order of Jesuits abolished by Papal decree and consequent escheat of their estates in Canada to the Crown." This would seem to imply that the Society of Jesus was suppressed in 1777, whereas the date of Clement XIV.'s brief of suppression is 1773.

Elsewhere we reprint from the

Montreal Herald of Oct. 18th a letter which the Montreal Gazette had not the manliness to print. The latter journal's insult to Archbishop Falconio, the Papal Delegate, was telegraphed all over the Dominion, and now it basely refuses to publish the protest written by Mr. Henry J. Kavanagh, one of the leading Q. C.'s of Montreal, and brother of Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J., well known here. This cowardly and bigoted conduct on the part of the Gazette is all the more surprising because it so strikingly belies its past record.

How completely out of touch with historic Christianity the more respectable dissenters are was made manifest by a sentence in a sermon delivered on the 15th inst. in St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, by the Rev. Joseph Hogg. Treating the subject of the origin of wars, this highly respectable and apparently pious Presbyterian minister is reported, in the Tribune of Oct. 17 to have said: "If we go further back, was it not in unrighteousness that the Crusaders made war when so many thousands perished who tried to get possession of an empty tomb?" The man who can utter such a sentiment cannot, in any but a Pickwickian sense, be called a Christian. For him, to wrest the tomb of Christ from the infidel is an unrighteous act. And it seems that what makes it particularly unrighteous is the fact that the tomb is empty! Had Christ not proved, by this very emptiness, that He has risen from the dead, perhaps it would have been righteous to rescue His ashes from the unspeakable Turk. And yet these sanctimonious triflers see nothing unrighteous in robbing the Boers of their hard-earned home. Had there been no crusades, that Winnipeg preacher would not have been Reverend, nor Joseph, nor Hogg; being a capable man, he would probably have been a pasha, speaking Turkish or Arabic, enjoying the society of a hundred wives instead of one. Perhaps, however, he would prefer this to the crusades.

In Montreal the other day a man named Norman Murray was charged with having published and sold an immoral pamphlet. In the course of a rather incoherent defence, in which he boasted that, having once been a Protestant, he was now a free-thinker, he said that he made it a rule not to sell any of the incriminated pamphlets to children. The presiding officer of the Police Court, Judge Desnoyers, thereupon remarked: "This is a confession in itself." Norman Murray replied by this question: "Do you consider all the passages in the Bible fit to be read by children?" Judge Desnoyers' rejoinder is worth noting: "That is why we Catholics object to the reading of the whole Bible by children. I don't say that there is any harm in the Bible, but we Catholics consider it better not to read it indiscriminately."

Might it not be well if the Western Presbyterian were to call the attention of the Lord's Day Alliance to the fact that last Sunday, as the train from the east passed through Selkirk,

a number of men were to be seen busily at work on the roof of one of Sir William Van Horne's new buildings there? Somebody in the car exclaimed. "Who are these pagans working on Sunday?" And when the reply came that they were men in Sir W. C. Van Horne's employ, though the latter was probably not aware of their working on Sunday, the first indignant traveller said: "Well, then, Sir William ought to be told of this." So he ought, and if the Lord's Day Alliance tell him so, the telling may be more effective. Railway magnates ought not to give, even constructively, bad example in so important a matter as the Sunday rest.

TEACHING BY TALES.

Christian Reid, who is one of the greatest of living novelists and is certainly unsurpassed in the Catholic field, is publishing in the Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen" her latest tale of Southern life. The heroine of "A New-comer at Clarendon" is a niece of the master of Clarendon, a typical country-house of the highest class. She is a fervent Catholic because her father, having married a French lady, lived and died in France, and became a convert. Renée Leigh is now an orphan heiress, and she comes to live with her uncle and his charming family of wife, two daughters and a son. As they are Anglicans, the father has decreed that religious discussions shall be tabooed. But the strangeness of the new scenes in Clarendon, the religious isolation of Renée and the irresistible proselytizing tendency of Protestantism bring about casual remarks or transient tête-à-têtes on religion in which the new-comer more than holds her own. Some of her repartees and reflections are pregnant with the deepest truth expressed in a startlingly simple way.

Helen, the more sympathetic of the two Protestant girl cousins, goes to see Renée in her room shortly after the latter's arrival. She finds the room changed: "Against the soft blue wall was hanging a large and beautiful carved crucifix, and below it an alabaster statuette of the Blessed Virgin stood on a bracket from which a vase had been removed." These things strike Helen as "awful in the sense of awe-inspiring. They make one feel as if one were in church,—as if one must not talk and laugh and be gay." "Oh, but that is a mistake," said Renée. "Innocent gaiety never displeases our Lord. But if the presence of His image keep us from sinful thoughts or words, is not that well?" "I suppose so," said Helen, doubtfully; "but it seems like being under a constant restraint." "What else is the presence of God?" asked Renée. "We cannot get rid of that by banishing the crucifix." Well might Helen glance "at her with one of those startled surprised looks which Protestants often give when some perfectly new idea from the world of Catholic thought and piety is presented to them."

On another occasion "Helen shook her head. She was ill-equipped with arguments; but the invincible Protestant repugnance was strong in her, and after a moment she took refuge in

an objection as common as it is foolish. "How can she [the Blessed Virgin] hear your prayers, unless you imagine that, like God, she is everywhere?" "I do not imagine that," Renée answered; "but I do imagine—or rather I know—that God is all-powerful, and that He can make our prayers known to her. If you say that he cannot,"—Helen's face said so,—"then you limit His power; and if His power is limited, He is no longer the omnipotent God."

Here is the impression produced on a Catholic girl by a would-be priest. Renée glanced at him with the most open and direct curiosity. He wore a Roman collar, and he was clean shaven,—in so much he was like a priest. But these points of superficial resemblance seemed to deepen the radical dissimilarity of which she was at once conscious. The face was handsome, well cut and intellectual; but there was no priestly character stamped upon it; and to one who knows this character, its absence is always so strikingly apparent that no degree of masquerading can enable the "highest" Ritualist to deceive the humblest Catholic whose eye may fall upon him. To Renée, who had never before seen such a masquerade, the effect was absolutely repulsive."

This clergyman once attempted to convince Renée of the error of her ways, but he soon found himself acting on the defensive, when he had intended to expound and instruct. He twitted her with knowing little of what the fathers teach. She replied: "I know sufficiently to be sure that they teach the supremacy of the Pope, the seven sacraments, the real presence." "Oh! for the matter of that, I believe in the real presence," said Mr. Craven; "though it is a subject on which one must speak with caution—in public—as yet." Renée looked at him with unconscious scorn in her eyes. "What is that but denying Our Lord?" she said. "If you believe, are you not bound to confess Him and His truth before men?" After some more attempts at parrying such thrusts, Mr. Craven said, "We will drop the subject." "Finally, if you please," said Renée. And finally it was. Never again was she troubled by any allusion to religion from Mr. Craven.

Margaret, the aggressive cousin, was engaged to Mr. Craven, and her sister was explaining to Renée, before she had made this would-be priest's acquaintance, that she would necessarily see a great deal of him, "for he spends almost all his evenings enjoying the pleasure of Margaret's society." Renée did not answer. She was trying to adjust her mind to the idea of a clergyman who spent his evenings in the pleasures of courtship. She had never, even remotely, come into contact with a Protestant minister, so she had no conception of the type; and before her mental vision there rose only the clergy she had known—men of various characters and different orders, but not one of whom her wildest imagination could conceive in such a position, any more than she could conceive St. Paul."

Describing the brother Bertie, who was somewhat annoyed that Renée should insist on finding out when the Catholic priest

came to the town where his flock was made up entirely of poor working people, the author remarks: "The young man himself possessed as little religion, in any dogmatic sense, as most Protestants of his age and generation; but he was an example of the common fact, that inherited prejudice against Catholicism is the last effect of Protestantism which survives."

Margaret volunteers the information that "Mr. Craven has devoted great attention to the points in dispute between the two churches, and I have often heard him preach and talk upon them." "I was not aware," said Renée, with outward quiet, though some natural inward irritation, "that there were any points in dispute, unless disputing can be done by one side alone. There is, with the Catholic Church, only a question of condemned doctrines."

The foregoing extracts, all culled from the first six chapters of Christian Reid's latest Catholic tale, show how deeply she can weave into her story arguments and methods of reply which no treatise of controversy is likely to touch. When to this collection of obvious (though not obtrusive) and most wholesome lessons we add the atmosphere of interior devotion and faith that wraps up Renée's most interesting personality, and the example she continually and unconsciously gives of fidelity to the promptings of conscience, we have no hesitation in saying that a work of this kind, though outwardly classed as fiction, really teems with spiritual facts and the highest kind of practical teachings.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Free Press is proud of its telegraphic service and recently took a great deal of pains to try to make its readers realize that the Associated Press is the wonder of the age. We can easily understand the newspaper man's enthusiasm in this matter. The Press agencies, which fill its columns with startling rumors and alarming suggestions, every night leaving the great affairs of the world in such unsettled condition that anxious humanity longs for the morning paper to unravel the tangle and solve the difficulties, are, inasmuch as they keep up a feverish excitement and an inflated circulation, veritable gold mines to him; but he certainly undertakes a difficult task when he endeavors to convince the public that these news-gathering concerns are un-mixed blessings. We venture to say that there must be times in the life of every newspaper reader when he feels like consigning present day journalism and all its adjuncts to oblivion; for what can be more exasperating than the experience we have each day of space-filling such as we are compelled to read by the column often to find only a line or two based upon actual fact or given on reliable authority. Better by far, we say, have a weekly account of the war in South Africa, for instance, than the daily grist of rumors and sensational surmise which we are forced to wade through for fear that if we don't it is just possible that some few lines of genuine news may be buried in

the mass of gossip and we shall miss it if we don't carefully examine the whole.

The yacht races for the America's cup are over and the goblet remains on this side of the Atlantic. Were it not for the well known bull-dog pluck of the British sportsman we should venture to believe that we have seen the last attempt on the part of Old Country yachtsmen to regain this coveted trophy. It seems to us that this series of races has made it clear that it is impossible to build a yacht on the other side of the Atlantic which can successfully compete in American waters with a boat built on this side. The British yachtsmen are too heavily handicapped. They have not only to build a craft that shall safely navigate the Atlantic and be substantial enough to cope with the storms which may reasonably be expected on an ocean voyage, but when here they have to race in strange waters which their opponents have lived on and known from their earliest years, and under atmospheric conditions totally different to those of the other side, which form a very important consideration in the sailing of a yacht. We don't believe the Yankees could take a yacht to British waters and win races there, and it seems quite evident—indeed it would be unreasonable to expect otherwise—that Britishers cannot hope to win on this side. A series of home and home races would be a fairer test, and we cannot help thinking that if American yachtsmen were as thoroughly good sportsmen as their British cousins are they would acknowledge this and take their boats across the Atlantic to try conclusions there. They will not do this, however, because in yachting as in everything else the Yankee likes to have a little the best of the bargain, and he is satisfied with what international yacht racing he can get under the America's cup rules.

The Valentine Stock Company at the Grand continues to amuse hundreds of citizens nightly and we are glad to see that their popularity in the city is on the increase. We are glad, because we know that during our long winters our people need some innocent recreation, and it is a matter of satisfaction that Winnipeg has at last secured a really able stock company which has a choice repertoire and will give a series of high class performances free from all objectionable features. Although they have been here but a few weeks they have already given abundant evidence of their wonderful versatility. They are equally at home in comedy, tragedy, in drama, and in works which combine all three. This week it is comedy and they are giving their patrons opportunities of enjoying a hearty and healthy laugh—and what pleases everyone is the fact that each piece they put on is a standard work from which not only amusement but instruction is to be derived. All they do is worth doing and is well done, and they stand out distinctly amongst the theatrical companies that have been seen in Winnipeg of late years as thoroughly deserving of the support of citizens generally.

EXCRUCIATING PAINS.

THE VICTIM A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR HOTEL CLERK.

AFTER OTHER MEDICINES FAILED HE WAS CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS—EVERY DOSE COUNTED IN THE BATTLE AGAINST PAIN.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

There is no more popular hotel clerk in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Peter McDonell, of the Grand Union Hotel, Alexandria. At the present time Mr. McDonell is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and a stranger meeting him for the first time could not imagine that a man with the healthy glow and energetic manner of Mr. McDonell could have felt a symptom of disease. There is a story, however, in connection with the splendid degree of health attained by him that is worth telling. It is a well known fact that a few years ago he was the victim of the most excruciating pains of rheumatism. Knowing these facts a News reporter called on Mr. McDonell for the purpose of eliciting fuller particulars. Without hesitation he attributed his present sound state of health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I am," said he, "33 years of age, but three years ago I did not expect to live this long. At that time I was connected with the Commercial here and as, part of my duties was to drive the busses to and from the C. A. R. station, I was exposed to all kinds of weather and subjected to the sudden extremes of heat and cold. Along in the early spring I was suddenly attacked with the most terrible pains in my limbs and body. I sought relief in doctors and then in patent medicines, but all to no purpose, nothing seemed to afford relief. For two months I was a helpless invalid, suffering constantly the most excruciating pains. My hands and feet swelled and I was positive the end was approaching. My heart was affected and indeed I was almost in despair, when fortunately a friend of our family recommended the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began using them in May, 1896, and had taken three boxes before I noticed any change, but from that time every dose counted. The blood seemed to thrill through my veins and by the time I had finished the fifth box every trace of the disease had vanished. Ever since then I have been working hard and frequently long overtime, but have continued in excellent health. Whenever I feel the slightest symptom of the trouble I use the pills for a day or so and soon feel as well as ever. I feel that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lose an opportunity of recommending them to others suffering as I was.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen," Oct. 14, gave an interesting sketch of the late F. C. Pomeroy, a convert, who was for many years principal of the Third Ward public school and afterwards superintendent of schools in that city. Among his distinguished pupils figures "Thomas Shaughnessy, now president of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

NOTES FROM STE. ROSE.

On Wednesday morning, Oct. 11, a quiet wedding took place in the church of Ste. Rose du Lac, when Mr. T. Fitzmaurice, eldest son of T. Fitzmaurice, Esq., of Bracebridge, Ontario, was married, by the Rev. Father Lecoq, to Miss Agatha Tucker. Mr. Cyril Tucker was bestman and Miss Mamie Fitzmaurice bridesmaid. The bride was given away by her father, W. A. Tucker, Esq., formerly of Bridgeport, England. There were also present Mrs. and the Misses Cecily and Frances Tucker, and Messrs. Wilfrid and Basil Tucker, Mr. Dane McCarthy, half-brother of the bridegroom, and other friends.

All the assistants, together with the bride and bridegroom received Holy Communion during the nuptial Mass, which gave occasion to the reverend father of this mission to remark in a graceful little speech, which he made later on at the wedding breakfast, that this wedding put him in mind of the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee, for the first and most honored guest at each was Our Lord Himself.

The bride looked charming in a travelling dress of French grey with white satin gilet and picture hat to match, the bridesmaid's costume being grey of a darker tint.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice have now taken up their residence at St. Bernard's Ranch, bearing with them the best wishes of their numerous friends, who are fain to believe that a happy future is in store for them, for so kind and so loving a daughter and sister, they say, will surely be a good and happy wife, which may God grant.

Rev. Father Lemieux, late of Oak Lake, is here on business.

20 Miles to Procure Medicine. Winfield, Ont.

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



Investment a young man or woman can make in a USEFUL, PRACTICAL AND MONEY-MAKING EDUCATION, such as is given at the WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE. Write for circulars. G. W. DONALD, Sec. N. B.—We are now located in our new premises, Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St.

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

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets do it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WIEDNER.

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

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (20 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, 70-72 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (20 tablets) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, hardware agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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William Stitt, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt. Winnipeg. C. E. McPherson, Gen. Pass. Agt. Winnipeg.

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

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

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



