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CURRENT COMMENT

Elsewhere we reproduce an interesting report of the blessing of the new church at Saskatoon by His Lordship Bishop Pascal, O. M. I. This sympathetic account of an event fraught with incalculable good to the new settlements in that fertile region was written by a Protestant and appeared in the Saskatoon Phenix, of Sept. 25, a well edited eight-page weekly which has already reached the 50th number of its first year.

At the assize court in London, Ont., last Saturday, the jury awarded eight thousand dollars damages to a Miss Archer against the Sacred Heart convent in that city: \$3,000 for wages and \$5,000 for dismissal from the Order. While extending our deepest sympathy to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart as victims of a stupid anti-Catholic fanaticism, we cannot help pointing out the ludicrous inconsistency of a bigoted jury mulcting the Sisters to the tune of \$5,000 for having expelled a dangerous person from their convent. All these benighted jurors no doubt consider a convent a sort of prison, from which it is difficult to escape, and yet they fine the Reverend Mother a small fortune for showing one of the ex-Sisters the door.

To the damages for seventeen years' service ex-Sister Archer had no possible right in equity, since gratuitous service is one of the fundamental principles of every religious order.

Miss Archer pretends that she was not insane and therefore ought not to have been sent to the Longue Point Asylum. Until we get a full and impartial report of the case, such as the "Catholic Record" of London is sure to give, we have no means of unanswerably refuting her plea, which is a very weak one, for she may have been cured at Longue Point; but meanwhile the Free Press despatch, much fairer than the Telegram's, says: During the afternoon over a dozen nuns from the convent were put in the witness box by the defence and every one of them testified that while at the convent Sister Archer acted strangely. The witnesses declared their conviction that she was responsible for a series of misdeeds and acts committed at the institution during her stay.

One redeeming feature of this wretched trial is chronicled by the Winnipeg Tribune alone in its last Monday's telegram from Toronto. Chancellor Boyd charged against the plaintiff. This shows how much superior the judge was to his jury. But the latter, after two hours' deliberation, returned the above disgraceful verdict. If Mary Archer has any care for her reputation the money she has extorted will hardly make her happy.

Last Sunday, by pastoral letter read in all the churches of the diocese of Montreal, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi forbade the faithful to read "Les Debats," a Sunday newspaper which insidiously aims at undermining Catholic faith and ridiculing Catholic practices. The persistent persiflage of this dangerous sheet had long moved all fervent Catholics to desire just what Mgr. Bruchesi has now done. His Grace may rest assured of the grateful obedience and support of the vast majority of his diocesans.

Our Holy Father, Pius X., published his first encyclical last Sat-

urday. Cable despatches give the following extracts:—

"We proclaim that we have not in the pontificate any other programme than to gather all things in Christ so that Christ shall be all in all. There will not be lacking those who, measuring divine things by human laws, will try to discover what are the secret intents of our soul. We say to them that we do not wish to be, and, with divine aid, shall not be, before human society other than the minister of God, of whose authority we are the depository."

His Holiness declares that obedience to the laws and submission to the government are the duty of all citizens. The encyclical closes thus: "It is evident that the Church instituted by Christ must enjoy full and entire independence."

Police Magistrate Baker, who has a merciful tenderness for young criminals, bewailed last Saturday the fact that he had no place whither he could send an innocent looking girl, who dresses as if she was 15 and is really 20, who confessed to stealing a gold watch, and who has long been known to the police. There is a reformatory for boys, but none for girls. The Maternity Hospital, however, offered to relieve the good judge, and this is how the Tribune, kindly though bluntly, states the fact: "It is satisfactory to hear that those good Samaritans, the Sisters of Mercy, have taken charge of Blanche de R., the vice-hardened child and guttersnipe, who was remanded from Saturday."

Mr. W. T. Foster's Weather forecasts from Washington are generally pretty difficult to understand. He starts (always from the Pacific coast) a "disturbance" on the 7th of the month, a "warm wave" on the 6th, another disturbance on the 11th, another warm wave on the 12th, and a "cool wave" on the 13th, and as these disturbances and waves take from three to five days to cross the continent, things get beautifully mixed. This he distinctly admits in his latest forecast, Oct. 3. He says:

These great disturbances will continue over a period of 10 days from about the 12th to 22nd, and all styles of weather that sometimes come in October will be included in that ten days. These storms will probably strike hardest where the greatest disturbances of the past three months did not appear. Nature is inclined to be generous in the distribution of such gifts and when this storm period has passed, most places will have experienced some of the weather extremes that have occurred during August, September, and October.

All of which is delightfully indefinite and surprisingly obvious, but does not show that any reliable forecasting can be made more than a day or two in advance.

The only tangible prophecy is the one in which he foretells, the day before, last Saturday's storm, the severity of which was felt especially on Lake Superior. "About date of this bulletin, and immediately after, comes one of those very dangerous storm disturbances which have been described in previous bulletins." But we all know that weather forecasts 24 hours ahead are fairly trustworthy. Curiously enough, on the very date of Foster's latest, Oct. 3, we experienced here three sharp thunderstorms in the space of twelve hours, two of them in a tolerably bright sky, an unusual phenomenon at this time of the year.

The Rev. J. B. Silcox's sermon last Sunday, printed in Monday's Free Press with the scarehead "Strong Defence of Public Schools,"

looks as if it was meant for a reply to Father Drummond's sermon, four weeks ago, on "Catholic Education." If so, Mr. Silcox's effusion is a strong confirmation of the Catholic preacher's condemnation of looseness of thought, want of sequence and inaccuracy in public school teaching. Mr. Silcox deals only in sonorous platitudes. He makes no attempt at claiming for the public schools the qualities opposite to those which Father Drummond condemned. The sensational minister's discourse is utterly devoid of unity or consecutiveness. It is a running fire of disconnected assertions, such as this: "through the schools ethics and morality could be taught without religion." This needs a deal of proof, which is not forthcoming. As a specimen of his inaccuracy we note that he confuses Dr. Arnold with his son, Mathew Arnold, and that he adduces Arnold's influence apparently to prove that personality, even without religion, is the great factor in education. Had Mr. Silcox read Arnold's admirable Christian sermons to Rugby boys he could hardly have supposed that Arnold eliminated the influence of religion.

At the end of his senseless screed Mr. Silcox waxes wroth. His last sentence is this: "Any in Canada who were not in sympathy with such an institution," i. e., with a school system that ignores religion, "would be better away from it." Then more than half the population of Canada would have to quit the country, for Catholics, who form 43 per cent. of the entire population, have no sympathy with such an institution, and the number of Protestants (Anglicans, Lutherans, etc.) who share this lack of sympathy would easily run the percentage up beyond 50.

Departing from the ordinary routine of the Winnipeg sermon reporter, for whom orator and rant, sage and fool, genius and idiot are all one, all being painted with the same monochrome brush, the Telegram of last Monday gave a breezy welcome to the Rev. Prof. Bland, who, like all the new arrivals at the Protestant colleges, had been extensively advertised several times. The article begins thusly:

"What came ye out for to see?" The Biblical quotation might well have been addressed to the crowds who flocked last evening to Grace church, filling every seat in the building. The answer might have been: "A little lame man who walks with a crutch, rather below the average height, a keen face and short grey beard."

It was certain that many were drawn there out of mere idle curiosity to hear Professor Bland. But when once he spoke it was no wonder. A marvelous flow of language poured from the small figure standing on the platform. Thought, high thought, translated into eloquent sentences, and a message which went to the heart of each and every hearer, whatever motive drew them to church; these were the characteristics of the sermon. It was a voice from the east calling to the men of the west, stirring them up to their duties, and to the opportunities around them. This little black figure who had never seen the prairies till a week ago, interpreted them to the prairie dwellers, and read the destiny of the race springing from their fruitful soil.

After such a grandiloquent introduction one would naturally expect some "high thought" in the one and a half column of the sermon proper. But it is undiscoverable. Conceits there are, compliments galore. Protestant shibboleths such as "the brotherhood of man," Pagan ethics such as the praise of wealth, a judicious admixture of socialistic principles such as "public ownership," in order to

please the gallery; in a word, the usual hodge-podge of the popularity seeker; but not a word to show that the speaker ever heard of the Incarnation. The entire sermon might have been preached by an intelligent monotheistic Chinaman.

Mr. A. E. Winship, editor of a Boston educational journal and member of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts, a gifted and highly polished Bostonian, now in this city, declares that Bishop Spalding, of Peroria, is unquestionably the greatest of all American essayists on educational topics. Father Baumgartner, one of the keenest and most Catholic of critics, says of Bishop Spalding's educational essays: "By their haziness, their mixing of Catholic and 'modern' ideas, of truth with falsehood and inaccuracy, they can do only harm." Without going so far, we have more than once remarked in these columns how inconclusive, incoherent and unpractical those brilliant essays are. The writer seems to be ashamed of Catholic educators. "Real Catholic thinkers and poets are hardly ever quoted by the Bishop," writes Baumgartner in the Stimmen aus Maria-Laach, "except in so far as the modern world will accept them, or as they seem to approach modern views by some occasional utterance." Moral: If you want to be praised by the non-Catholic world cultivate the habit of stringing together shining scraps of thought, without any connection between them. That is the only thing the non-Catholic up-to-date educationist can admire, for his system has destroyed in him the faculty of consecutive thought, the sense of mental perspective, and the power of seizing the strong point in everything.

When Mr. A. E. Winship, editor of the Boston Educational Journal, lectured last Tuesday evening on "Rascals and Saints," Mr. W. A. McIntyre, who revels in italics or heroics, introduced him as director of "the greatest body of teachers on earth," the U. S. National Teachers' Association. We are glad to see that the Telegram report, evidently the work of a mature mind, does not echo this servile worship of Boston methods. If American methods of education are so superior to ours, how comes it that the finest products of that American education fail to excite our admiration? Their most highly praised lecturers are severely criticized in Canada. Mr. Winship does not rise above the Yankee standard of greatness, size or quantity, which really means "bigness," not greatness. For instance, he admires the University of Illinois for having "357 distinct courses, covering every department of knowledge." Thereupon the Telegram slyly remarks: "He dwelt at some length on the educational advantages of American colleges, the chief of which appeared to be that they now handle so many subjects that no reasonable man could go through them all in a lifetime of ordinary duration." The same writer, while giving the lecturer due credit for pointing his excellent moral, viz., that nature's law of the survival of the fittest only is all wrong, and that the world's weaklings should be helped, says: "He has a fund of anecdote, although the illustrative point was sometimes missing, and his pronunciation of many English words is bound to make Englishmen feel there are compensations in being behind the United States in educational matters." This is a graceful concession to sugar-coat a pill; but is it true that English methods of education are really behind those of the United States? The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Which of the two systems produces the better results in the realm of thought and literature?

Clerical News.

Last Monday Rev. Father Paquay, C.S.S.R., who has been, for the last two years, superintending the construction of St. Augustine's Church, Brandon, of which he is the architect, stopped for a few hours at the Archbishop's House on his way back to St. Anne de Beupre. All those who met the genial, cheerful priest will regret his departure; but his work is now complete. He has left to Brandon and all Manitoba a monument which is an object lesson in honest brick, stone and mortar, especially mortar, that indispensable material which is so scantily distributed in most modern buildings, and which Father Paquay laid on everywhere so broad and thick as to astonish the men of the craft.

Rev. Father Jutras, pastor of Letellier, came here last Monday. He has just recovered from a severe attack of gastritis and is in need of rest. He returned home on Tuesday.

Rev. Father Bastien, pastor of St. Amelie, returned from the east last Monday.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Trudel, leaves Friday, the 9th, for Rat Portage, where on the following Sunday he will consecrate the Church of Notre Dame.

Rev. Charles Poirier left on Wednesday afternoon for his new parish of St. Georges de Chateauguay, near Fort Alexander on the Winnipeg River. His brother, Rev. Napoleon Poirier, who arrived last Saturday, left on Wednesday morning for St. Maurice, Assa., where he succeeds the Rev. Charles.

Rev. Father Dandurand, O. M. I., went last Monday to visit the Trappist Monastery at St. Norbert.

Rev. Father Perrault, O. M. I., arrived at the end of last week at St. Mary's Presbytery to be chaplain of St. Mary's Academy.

Rev. Fathers Dugas and Drummond, S. J., will be present at the consecration of Notre Dame du Portage next Sunday. Father Drummond will preach.

Rev. Father Gonzague Belanger said the students' Mass last Wednesday in the chapel of St. Boniface College, where he went through his classical and university course. That same morning he left for St. Norbert to enter upon his duties as curate to Mgr. Ritchot.

Persons and Facts

Last Tuesday, at the request of the late Dr. Bourbeau's mother, Rev. Father Dugas, S. J., Rector of St. Boniface College, sang Mass for the repose of the soul of the recently deceased Doctor, who, besides being at one time a student in the college, had, in 1898, made in the same college the retreat that decided his vocation.

Relating to the doings of St. Boniface town council a Telegram reporter performed a feat last Tuesday which threatens to create a revolution in mathematics: he made two parallel streets, La Verandrye and Provencher avenue, meet at a corner, and this meeting is to be illuminated by an electric lamp. Eleven other arc lamps will be placed at less revolutionary corners and moreover one will stand in front of the cathedral and another in front of the town hall.

Mr. R. Dissette, of the Empire Hotel, Toronto, was visiting in this city early this week, and returned to his home by Thursday's train.

The "commencement" (not a misnomer this time) or opening exercises of St. Mary's Academy will take place next Monday evening at 7:30.

Two unwise young Catholics who had got married by a Protestant minister, made their peace with the Church and their public apology last Sunday afternoon at the French service in St. Mary's.

During Father Cherrier's absence at Eli, where he blessed the cornerstone of the new church, Father Drummond preached last Sunday at High Mass in the Immaculate Conception Church on the use of the Rosary, showing how it contained the best vocal prayers lifted to a higher level by meditation on the principal scenes of Our Lord's life, that life which transforms the world.

The street car tracks are already laid from Norwood to the Grey Nun Mother House and the work is advancing rapidly.

Mr. Menu is the new postmaster of St. Boniface. He has not yet received permission to pay money orders or postal notes.

Rev. Father Chaumont, of St. Laurent, was here on Tuesday.

BLESSING OF A CORNER STONE.

The Catholics of Eli, on the C.P.R., must feel proud of the progress which has marked that locality during the last decade. It had been considered a great achievement when some years ago an enterprising settler, Mr. Dufresne, assisted by the Rev. Father Cherrier, succeeded in establishing a school at Eli; but how much greater an achievement to the glory of God and our holy religion will not the church now under way of erection, prove to be when completed. The blessing of the corner-stone of that new edifice took place last Sunday, and, in the absence of His Grace, was presided over by the Rev. Father Cherrier, who preached both in French and English. The Rev. Father highly complimented the Rev. Father Campeau, the priest in charge, and congratulated the parishioners on their zeal and energy. The fact that another church in the same parish had had its corner-stone blessed some two weeks ago, and a convent-school is practically completed there also, more than proves what good will can accomplish where there is union of forces under one directing head. The Rev. Father Campeau, who is only a few years at St. Eustache, to which Eli for the time being is united, has succeeded beyond all expectation in these various religious enterprises for the simple reason that his parishioners have understood and appreciated his untiring zeal and devotedness. The collections taken at mass and at the blessing of the corner-stones both at St. Eustache and Eli brought in the most gratifying results. May the good people of St. Eustache and Eli persevere in their generosity and obedience to their pastor and before long two fine churches will stand as lasting monuments of their spirit of faith and piety.

In the evening of the same day there was a reception of quite a number of members of the Society of St. Ann in the parish church of St. Eustache. The Rev. Father Cherrier preached an impressive sermon on the duties of the Christian wife and mother.

The Rev. Father Campeau must feel proud of the success of his labors at St. Eustache, and we are sure that often his heart must open to gratefulness to God who thus blesses him in his pastoral work, and to the dear Father Martin, who, during the many years of his stay as parish priest at St. Eustache, has so well prepared the way to his successor.

PROMINENT FAMILIES.

The "old county families" which we meet in English novels, are mostly missing in the United States. In recompense there are the "prominent families." To be prominent in a dead level of 80,

000,000 is a difficult art. Yet the "Summer Social Register" for this summer gives "the country, foreign and yachting addresses" of "the prominent families" of New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Buffalo and St. Louis. There are 7,518 prominent families and only 676 yachts. While the number of yachts shows a gratifying gain since last year, it is still deplorably small. Not even every tenth prominent family owns a yacht. Can a family be considered really and truly prominent if it has no yacht or regular yachting address? The census of prominent families has been padded shamefully. The next edition of the "Summer Social Register" should distinguish between yachting families and prominent families.—Everybody's Magazine.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S LATEST JOKE.

Here is the latest witticism attributed to Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia:

It appears that Bishop Messmer, Bishop Dunne and Bishop Glennon were on the list for the coadjutorship to the Archbishop of St. Louis. Bishop Messmer and Bishop Dunne wear beards. When finally Bishop Glennon received the appointment, Archbishop Ryan wrote congratulating him, and concluded his letter with: "Let me tell you that you got the appointment by a close shave."

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

No, never! Every cloud has a lining; and He who wove it knows when to turn it out. So, after every night, however long or dark, there shall yet come a golden morning. Your noblest powers are never developed in prosperity. Any bark may glide in smooth water, with a favoring gale; but that is a brave, skilful oarsman who rows up stream, against the current, with adverse winds, and no cheering voice to wish him "God speed." Keep your head above the wave; let neither sullen despair, nor weak vacillation drag you under. Heed not the poisoned arrow of sneaking treachery that whizzes past you from the shore. Judas sold himself when he sold his Master; and for him there dawned no resurrection morning! 'Tis glorious to battle on with a brave heart, while covering pusillanimity turns trembling back. Dream not of the word "surrender!" When one frail human reed after another breaks, or bends beneath you, lean on the "Rock of Ages." The Great Architect passes you through the furnace but to purify. The fire may scorch, but it shall never consume you. He will yet label you "fine gold."

The narrow path may be thorny to your tender feet; but the "promised land" lies beyond! The clusters of hope may be seen with the eye of faith; your hand shall yet grasp them; your eyes revel, from the mountain top, over the green pastures and still waters of peace. You shall yet unbuckle your dusty armor, while soft breezes shall fan your victor temples. "Nil desperandum!"—Catholic Citizen.

A MARK OF VULGARITY.

Vulgarity marks the man who is given to backbiting and unreflecting slander, to the glad propagation of scandalous stories respecting people of whom he can know nothing. It gives a certain sense of superiority to be able to thus besmirch the ermine of those who are set in high places and whose moral influence depends on their fame. If they are of such base material, what may not be pardoned to the confessedly coarser clay? And are not the lesser fry in their own small way superior to these grander fellows? So think vulgar-minded retailers of scandalous stories. Those, too, who belittle their friends and acquaintances come into the same category.—Selected.

THE OLDEST BISHOP IN CHRISTENDOM.

The prelates of Irish blood are remarkably long lived. The great Archbishop of Tuam, John Mac-Hale, was the oldest bishop at the Vatican Council, and was for many years the oldest bishop in the Universal church. Once again, since

the death of the well beloved Holy Father Leo XIII., it seems that the honor of being the eldest bishop in Christendom belongs to an Irishman. He is the Most Reverend Daniel Marphy, Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania.

Dr. Marphy was born in Cork on June 18, 1815, the very day that saw the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. He made his studies at Ma nouth and was ordained priest on June 9, 1838. Going as a missionary to Hindoostan, he became Coadjutor to the Vicar-Apostolic of Madras in 1846, the year in which Leo XIII. was made archbishop of Perugia. Subsequently he was appointed bishop of Hyderabad, India, and was transferred to Tasmania in 1866. Thus the venerable octogenarian was a prelate in Australasia before Boyle O'Reilly was taken thither as a convict, and before Gavan Duffy became Prime Minister of Victoria.

The Archbishop of Hobart is still strong and vigorous and as active as he was thirty years ago. The latest Australian exchanges inform us that he was doing arduous missionary labors on the wild west coast of Tasmania on the occasion of his eighty-eighth birthday, though he has had as Coadjutor, since 1893, the Most Reverend Patrick Delaney, formerly professor in All Hallows' College, Dublin.

A splendid record is that of this Irish missionary. A priest for 65 years, a bishop for 57, what magnificent work he must have done for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It is to be hoped that Pius X. will elevate him to the Cardinalate.—San Francisco Leader

ANOTHER AMERICAN CARDINAL.

The assumption of many Catholics that another cardinal's hat will soon come to this country, may prove as unwarranted as that any of the prelates named as the destined recipient shall be so honored. Of course, nobody, whether cleric or layman, has any positive information upon the latter subject that he is free to reveal. The other day an esteemed contemporary printed a special from New York affirming that some one had stated with much positiveness that "so many days" will not elapse before His Grace, Archbishop Farley, will be made a prince of the Church. The statement is necessarily an opinion, with no element of fact, as clearly implied in the sundry reasons accompanying it in proof of its truth. That Archbishop Ryan, or Archbishop Ireland or Archbishop Williams has been selected for the honor can be supported by very cogent reasons also.

In regard to the belief that a second American cardinal is about to be created, does it not assume too much to think that, whatever were the reasons for which Leo XIII. did not appoint a successor in the sacred college to Cardinal McCloskey, these reasons were removed by Pope Leo's death? If these reasons were wholly the "certain delicate questions" that hindered Pope Leo from establishing a cardinalate in New York, as alleged in the dispatch quoted, it seems a remarkable coincidence that they have ceased to be a hindrance so soon after the interment of him whom they hindered. If, however, the coincidence was of the accidental character and that such reasons as influenced Pope Leo are now no longer operative, it is still probable that Pius X. will deem it due to his predecessor in St. Peter's chair, not to seem precipitate in reversing what appears to have been Leo's policy concerning the matter, and defer the anticipated action for a year or two.—Boston Republic.

THE DARK AGES.

A correspondent of the Holy Cross Magazine (Anglican), after describing a visit to Dorchester, England, where a beautiful abbey church, founded by St. Birinus, is being restored at great personal sacrifice by the Anglican vicar, is moved to say:—

"This (Dark Ages) is one of the most vicious and misleading terms that has ever been applied to any period of history. I use the words advisedly. Our whole conception of the Middle Ages is distorted on account of this word 'dark.' We think that the people were sunk in superstition and idolatry, whereas the missionary spirit never shone so

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brightly since the days of the Apostles as it did then. These same 'Dark Ages' produced some of the greatest thinkers, whose writings are still read with profit and pleasure; produced buildings which are still the wonder and delight of the beholder. And, what is more significant, they produced saints—men who, like the blessed Apostle, were in journeyings often, who gave up everything to carry the Gospel to the heathen. There were no missionary societies behind their backs to guarantee their living. . . . We are told that the old monkish missionaries were mistaken, but they did the work for the kingdom in a manner which we can but feebly imitate."

THE DRUG HABIT.

We think that most people who have given the matter any thought will agree with the "Medical Record" when it declares that the means of obtaining powerful drugs is at the present time too easy.

The drugs used are many and various, and not difficult to procure. A large number of them are sold over the counter of a druggist's store, as ordinary articles of commerce, among which are the bromides, and other drugs which have a similar action. Such sedative agents have an insidious effect, for while on the one hand they diminish pain and decrease irritability, on the other hand they lessen the vigor of the organism, alter the quality of the blood for the worse, and tend to shorten life.

There is no doubt but that the opinion among the members of the medical profession throughout the world is identical upon this point, says the "Record," "that laws with respect to the sale of such drugs should be made far stricter than they now are, and further, should be stringently enforced. Drunkenness is probably decreasing, but the drug habit, which is more harmful in every way, is making rapid strides."—Boston Review.

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her religious orders, the morality of Catholic nations and their commercial, industrial or intellectual standing," says the "Pittsburg Catholic." "You can readily distinguish between the Catholic reader of the religious press and the Catholic who draws the knowledge of his religion wholly from the secular press."

CATHOLIC NEWS AGENCY'S WASHINGTON LETTER.

Monday, Sept. 28, 1903.

It has always been the aim of the affiliated colleges of the Catholic University to surround their students with aesthetical influences calculated to refine and elevate. For this purpose fine specimens in painting and sculpture, either originals or copies, have been from time to time acquired. One of the latest of these valuable acquisitions is Girlandajo's Holy Night, a beautiful painting of priceless value, recently donated to Holy Cross College. It is about 6 by 8 feet, and the magnificent Florentine frame alone is valued at \$200. It is considered, next to the statue of Leo XIII. at McMahon Hall, the greatest art treasure at the University.

In my letter of September 14, I stated that little progress had been made in the study of Gaelic at the Catholic University. While this statement is true, I must add that it is not through any fault or lack of interest of the authorities. Great difficulty has been experienced in securing a suitable man for the position. Those who were qualified and received a call to this chair, declined the honor. Mr. Dunn, who is now studying under Dr. Kuno Meyer in Germany, will probably take charge of the chair in another year, expecting to finish his studies in Ireland. In the meantime a professor has been engaged for the coming year, and the study of Gaelic will be resumed in earnest. There are those who wish to revive an interest in Gaelic for the purpose of making it a live and spoken language, and have priests who are able to preach in Gaelic. It is extremely doubtful if this consummation can ever be realized. It may be possible in Ireland, but in the United States, where people who speak a foreign tongue, lose the use of it in a few generations, it will be found problematical.

The Messenger of New York City draws attention to a timely article entitled "The Truth about Hayti," by his Excellency J. N. Leger, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Hayti to the United States. The article is a forcible and clear presentation of the condition of the people of that island, and closes with this emphatic statement:

"The truth is that voodoo and cannibalism do not exist any more in Hayti than the 'night doctor' in Washington."

There is, of course, no such an individual as a night doctor in Washington, but there certainly is a general belief among the more ignorant of the colored people that there are doctors who prowled at night and catch any "niggers" they can for the purpose of cutting him or her open. Colored mothers invoke that mythical being to keep their children out of the street at night, and succeed when all other subterfuges have failed. This fear of the night doctor is not confined to children, but the bulk of the colored population of the city, which is easily 33 per cent. of the whole population, has a horror of this mysterious doctor. Young girls and grown women are afraid to go out alone at night, and if they happen to do so, dodge away from any suspicious looking white man they chance to meet. If this condition is possible in Washington, it may be inferred that the negroes of Hayti have some pet superstition, without throwing a reflection upon all the people of that little island. Mr. Leger, who is a representative Haytian, is a most polished and cultured gentleman, and a devout Catholic. His two boys, who have been attending St. John's College, conducted by the Christian Brothers, can hold their own with any American boy at the school, so that it would be folly to assert that the Haytians are an inferior people.

The craving that Protestants have frequently shown to bring Catholics to their churches is illustrated by a good story. It appears that an Irishman was in the habit of pasturing his cow along the road side in a country town. In an enclosure in which stood the Methodist church the grass was especially rank, and the cow occasionally found her way there through the open gate. One day the minister met the Irishman in the act of

chasing the cow out of that same lot, and gave him permission to pasture her there if he would acknowledge the kindness by attending his church. To this the son of Erin readily agreed, but after a time the minister discovered that he not alone went to his church, but also to early mass at the Catholic church. He took occasion to speak to Patrick about this, and Patrick was ready with his answer:

"You see, sir," he said, "I go to the Catholic church for the good of my soul, and to your church for the good of my cow."

The minister, who wanted the glory of having a Catholic attend his church under any reasonable conditions, decided that half a loaf was better than no loaf, and agreed to continue the arrangement regarding the cow.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

SECTARIAN MENDACITY

Rebuked by a Non-Catholic Journal.

Sectarian intolerance is bad enough anywhere, but the intolerance which breaks out among missionaries engaged in the conversion of the heathen to Christianity surely reaches the lowest depths of baseness, writes Mr. Labouchere, M.P., in London Truth. The United Free Church of Scotland Mission at Old Calabar, Southern Nigeria, is responsible for an exceptionally disgraceful exhibition of this sort. A newspaper entitled the Calabar Observer is published by the mission, and with it is issued a supplement in Efik, the native language of that part of the country. In the supplement for March there appeared a paragraph of which the following is a translation. It has been forwarded to me by an English officer in Southern Nigeria, who explains that owing to the nature of the Efik language a literal translation is almost impossible, but that the sense of the original has not been in any way altered:—

"We know that two strangers arrived here on February 8 in Duke Town. They are those whom we call Roman Catholics; though they call themselves Christians, they do not preach the Gospel. They light candles, they bow down to images, they worship pictures, their way of worship is a mere play. (A play in the sense of the Efik word used is a dancing ceremony, which invariably winds up in a drunken orgie.) They wear fine apparel and perform many useless ceremonies. The Roman Catholics do harm wherever they establish themselves. The peoples of the large towns do not follow in their ways. Their ways are not suited to the Efik people. They are great liars, and they deceive men more than men can tell. They do not permit the reading of the Bible, and what is more, they affirm that all who do not accept their creed will surely go to hell. Efik people beware."

"How these Christians love one other" is doubtless the reflections of the native pagans who read this atrocious piece of scurrility. Among Europeans, irrespective of creed, it has excited the greatest loathing and indignation. The Roman Catholic missionaries themselves treated this Presbyterian libel with the contempt it deserves, but the authorities at home can hardly afford to pass over so outrageous an outpouring of malice and uncharitableness.—The Observer.

A SMALL BOY'S QUESTION.

"Papa, don't fishes have legs?"
"They do not," answered papa.
"Why don't they, papa?"
"Because fishes swim and don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few minutes and papa forgot about the questions. Then he said: "Papa ducks have legs, don't they?"

"Yes."
"Then, why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have legs if fishes don't?"
Papa gave it up.—Ex.

BABY LACKED STYLE.

Aunt Edith—And what do you think of your little baby sister?
Little Elsie—Oh, I dreffully disappointed in her.

Aunt Edith—Disappointed?
Little Elsie—Yes. Why, she does not look a bit more stylish than the baby our washwoman got last spring.—Ex.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1903.

OCTOBER.

- 11—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Maternity of Our Blessed Lady.
12—Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
13—Tuesday—St. Edward, King.
14—Wednesday—St. Callistus, Pope Martyr.
15—Thursday—St. Theresa, Virgin.
16—Friday—Votive office of the Passion.
17—Saturday—Blessed Margaret Mary, Virgin.

THE DELEGATE.

We are expecting some time next week the visit of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic to Canada. As he is the immediate representative of Our Lord's Vicar upon earth his office alone would ensure to him a hearty welcome from all true Catholics. But Mgr. Sbarretti has special claims on our respectful affection. Ever since his arrival in Ottawa last January he has won the confidence of all who have been privileged to meet him. Far from assuming at the outset that he knows all about the questions he is sent to examine, he is ever accessible to the humblest visitor who has a message to convey, he always keeps his mind open for fuller and wider information. We are told that he is an excellent and patient, nay eager, listener. And, with all his amiability, he is wonderfully discreet and prudent.

Donato Sbarretti was born November 12, 1856, at Montefranco, in the archdiocese of Spoleto, in Umbria, and is therefore not quite 47 years of age. Having been ordained priest on April 12th, 1879, he was soon appointed to a chair of Ethics. Nor was it long before his talent for administration brought him within the circle of Vatican official life. One of his first posts was "minutante" for American affairs at the Propaganda. In 1893 he was appointed auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington. During his seven years' sojourn in the States he travelled a great deal and got thoroughly into touch with the clergy and laity. In 1900 Mgr. Sbarretti was consecrated Archbishop of Havana, Cuba, where he won golden opinions during his short pontificate. The following year he was transferred to the titular archbishopric of Ephesus, and on the 26th of November, 1902, he was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. Apostolic Delegate for Canada. His secretary, the Rev. F. S. Schaefer, has remained at the Delegation in Ottawa, and is represented here by the assistant secretary, Rev. Lewis Stickney, a charming young American priest.

His Excellency the Delegate passed through Winnipeg last week on his way to Victoria, B.C., where he has since conferred the pallium on Archbishop Orth, whose see has been recently raised to metropolitan rank.

CATHOLIC AGRICULTURAL HOME FOR ORPHAN BOYS.

A well informed person sends us the following communication concerning the Makinak farm for Orphan Boys. This contribution, which we gladly welcome, makes it quite clear that the land was granted by the Ottawa Government for the purpose of establishing thereon an agricultural home for orphan boys. This purpose is now in a fair way

to be permanently carried out by the Brothers of the Cross, who have lately assumed the management of this establishment, originally founded by the Rev. Lord Archbishop Douglas at considerable expense. The lively interest which His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface takes in this good work is evinced by the large sums he has spent for its maintenance during the past two years, when the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas and his assistant, Father St. John, having been recalled to other labors in Scotland and England, transferred the undertaking to Mgr. Langevin. Our correspondent writes:—

In Manitoba, on the road between Makinak and Ochre and two miles only from the railway station at the former place, is situated the Very Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas' home for orphan boys. Here, nestled in the shadow of the blue Riding Mountains, on land granted him for the purpose by the Federal Government in 1896, you may perceive the buildings which have been erected to meet the requirements of this agricultural school; these comprise chapel, manager's house, chaplain's house, orphans' house, stables, granaries, etc., etc., built and maintained at a cost of \$18,000, nearly all of which money was sent from England for the benefit of these orphan boys, for whose benefit also cattle, horses and implements have been purchased from time to time. The recall of Father Douglas to his native land in the wilds of Scotland, and later the continued absence of the Rev. Father St. John, left the home presently in the hands of His Grace of St. Boniface, who since 1900 has spent a great deal for its maintenance. During the last two years this good work has been in abeyance for want of funds, but we are happy to be able to state that the institution has now passed into excellent management. His Grace having secured the services of the Brothers of the Cross, who, under the able superintendence of the Rev. Father Beauregard, will now teach agriculture, thus fitting a number of boys to hire out with farmers in the near future. About 30 boys were expected from the British Isles this autumn, also a certain number of youths more advanced in age and capability; but final arrangements have not been made yet.

IRISH EYES.

That is a pleasantly suggestive remark that the Roman correspondent of the London "Tablet" attributes to Mr. Thaddens, the well known Irish painter, who is reported to be at work on a portrait of Pope Pius the Tenth. "Why, His Holiness has Irish eyes," the artist is said to have declared recently, in conversation with his countryman, Cardinal Moran. A Pope with Irish eyes! It is a good omen, of course, if a novel one. It brings the untravelled successor of Leo the Thirteenth into a kind of unexpected intimacy with the vast English-speaking races of the earth, and reminds us the while how delicate and yet how potent is that touch of Papal human nature which proves "the whole world kin." Of the millions, even of secular and non-believing newspaper readers, who have heard the story during the week, we doubt if there is one who does not feel the kindlier toward the new Pontiff for the Irish artist's description of his personality, or who is not the readier, in consequence, to think that much better of the old misrepresented and still misunderstood Church, of which so genial a Bishop can be the Chief Pastor.

And yet we must confess, it was not these thoughts alone that stirred in us when we read the naive tale in print for the first time a few days ago. Mr. Thaddens' happy phrase expressed for us, without doubt, the secret of that quiet countenance upon which the world has been gazing with involuntary sympathy for more than a month past. "Here," that world kept saying in effect, "is a man of noble gentleness and passion, with possibly a shrewd sense of humor; a new type of Italian, in a word, full of the better primary impulses of his kind, perhaps, but intensely human for all that, and likely to inspire trust for the air of habitual self-control that imparts a more than ecclesiastical grace to his imposing presence." And then there comes a brilliant Irish artist upon

the scene, a man already familiar with the ways of the Vatican, and lo, the secret of the general spell is translated for us into a "bull," it might actually be said; and the type is found to be, not local, or merely national, but fundamental, aboriginal and Celtic. "It's those Irish eyes of his. Don't you see?" And the world laughs, and then asks itself, in the sober after-silence, why there should be such varieties at all, and how it has come to pass that the Irish, before every other European race, should have given their name to the most winning sort of optic that present-day human nature knows.

Is it not strange when one stops to think about it? We hear of southern eyes and northern; the one sort is popularly reputed to be dark and mysterious, as with the menace of imprisoned fires; while the other is conventionally described as open, honest-souled and vitreous blue. Only one other principle of differentiation seems to exist. When we divide men, not into geographical septs, but into races and families and national brotherhoods, we speak—we, of the English tongue, at least—of Irish eyes, and seem to know no other. Has anybody ever grown dithyrambic over a German eye? Undoubtedly the German eye exists. One could find scores of them flitting impassively along Westminster street, suggesting a half-baked but never faltering mentality, at any hour of the day; but they are not particularly compelling; they are not even arresting; they have no individuality, no character, in fine. Is it because to our less purged insight Teutonism has written its proclivities, if not its entire story, in the more palpable and carnal features of the faces that one sees in the street? God does appear to have reserved the eyes of certain elect stocks for His more spiritual—though not necessarily supernatural or covenanted—messages to a slowly responsive world; and the Irish, in spite of their pathetic failures in a century of other spheres of grace, are His most persuasive pleaders in the subtle apostolate of kindness and good nature upon this soured and ill-tempered earth to-day. Who has not felt the spell of their influence, or been blind to the arch glance of mingled roguery and good faith by which it is conveyed? It is by the eye, rather than by the tongue, that their gracious evangel is most irresistibly preached and enforced. Its color, intellectual steel-grey or affectionately cajoling blue, seems to have little to do with its success; it is the flash of soul behind the color, "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream," that works the strange wizardry which makes an Irish heart victor all the world over, whether it pleads out of the face of a child, or baffles the too-worldly shrewd with the innocence of a maiden's laugh, or mocks at Saxon stolidity with the engaging "Blarney" of the smoothed tongue made. First and last, and always it is "that eye" and we should recognize it, and know it from its counterfeit, though it gleamed through half a dozen Yankee or other perverse misrepresentations in the new world. It is the pledge of unspoiled human heartedness, the cynosure of the questing soul that is looking, not for a bundle of conventions, civil, social, monastic, or ecclesiastical, but for a man or woman in whom it may confide.

That Pius the Tenth should be possessed of so subtle a claim upon our trust is not the least of God's providences in a topsy-turvy world; and it is most refreshing to think that it was an Irish artist who first bore testimony in the presence of an Irish Cardinal to the significant portent. That is the most Irishly satisfying thing in all the puzzling and, as we trust, prophetic episode.—Providence Visitor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (SASKATOON) BLESSED.

Saskatoon, Phenix, Sept. 25. Sunday morning last, with the sun shining in all its glory, this fine new building was formally opened for worship. It was a gratifying sight to the pastor, the Rev. P. P. Guerin, and his pleasant countenance showed that he felt that his months of labor had not been wasted.



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The church with its shining cupola looked fine and was made more attractive by the plentiful use of flags and a temporary avenue of trees. Over the front door "Ad- come, and God Bless Our Bishop, stood out in bold letters of gold.

The congregation was probably the largest ever seen in Saskatoon, all denominations being represented. From an early hour all the trails leading to town were alive with rigs bringing folks in from many a mile away. The inside of the church is very bright, having ten windows, and the altar, etc., was certainly a picture. The ceremony of blessing the church was performed by Bishop Pascal, D.D., O.M.I. He arrived at 9 o'clock and was met at the entrance by the clergy, and an address of welcome was read by Mr. Jas. Sherlock and a beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented by little Miss Braithwaite. After returning thanks for both and expressing his pleasure at seeing such a fine building and complimenting the lay brothers, Bur-nouf and Duclou, who built it and many other churches throughout the diocese, not for worldly pay, but for God, the ceremony of blessing the outside of the building was then proceeded with. The Bishop with his full canonicals and his miter on, and accompanied by the clergy and the altar boys, made the full round of the church, which he then entered, repeating the litanies of the saints, the people following. High Mass was then held; then the sermon, by the Rev. Alfred Myer, who took for his text, "How terrible is the house of God." He dealt with his subject in a forceful manner, showing that from the cradle to the grave the church was a necessity, first baptism, then confirmation, and the last sad rites. Brother La Croix sang the solo of the Mass. He has a splendid full-toned voice, and many heads were turned to get a look at the singer. Miss Mabel Sutton sang the Ave Marie (of Bonlean) at both services, and though suffering from a cold, did so in a manner that showed she was thoroughly conversant with the part. Mr. Young presided at the organ, and the choir, for a new one, was very good, all parts being well sustained. About twelve candidates were up for confirmation and received the Bishop's blessing. The services closed by the pastor returning his sincere thanks to all for their kindness and many acts of help.

The evening service was well attended, and the lecture given by the same speaker as in the morning, was listened to with marked attention. The subject being Faith, the speaker impressed his hearers that it was by faith alone we can be saved; that it was necessary to have faith in God and His church, and by obeying the teaching of the latter all would be well. He warned them against pride and all sins. It was not enough to be saved from our besetting sin, but we should be free from all. He dwelt on the teaching of the Church, which was established by Christ first, and afterwards by the apostles, St. Peter being the first Pope, and that those who would not heed the teaching of the Church were liable to eternal damnation. The Jew and Gentile were both compelled to believe in its teaching, established as it has been for 1,500 years. He warned his listeners against all the new schisms that cropped up within the last 400 years, so many of them rambling and intolerable they cannot all be true, and warned the congregation against hasty judgment. The singing of some hymns and the Ave Marie brought the ceremony to a close.

Father Myer hopes to return again on the 4th of next month, and lecture at 7:30 p.m. the same evening.—Com.

A TALK TO WOMEN.

Do not be content with not speaking unkind words, but try to say kind ones and say them often. How many hearts are sad, not because of the unkind things that have been said of them, but of the cheerful, kind word that was left unsaid. A little honest praise does no one any harm. On the contrary, it does good. We all like to give pleasure, and we like to know that we are giving pleasure. Let us speak the kind word then that helps and cheers. Others will be made happier by it and so will we.

Some people have the mistaken idea that because they do not find fault with every one around them every one is content. Not necessarily so. A pudding or cake is much improved by the addition of a few drops of flavoring (too much would spoil it), and so with our lives. A few words of kindness, of encouragement or praise will do more towards brightening and flavoring the daily routine of those around us than will years of silent satisfaction.

It is too true that many wives are only left to guess that everything pleases their husbands, because no complaint is made. How much pleasanter would a little praise of the wife's fine cooking be, and how much would it repay her for her day's work. But these things are not thought of. Better they were, for these are the "little things," the "flavorings" that sweeten life's journey.—New World, Chicago.

PEN PICTURES OF PIUS X.

If there is one person in Rome who knows Pius X. thoroughly it is the celebrated composer, Perosi, who is indebted to His Holiness for the position he now holds as the head of the choir of the Sistine Chapel. It was Cardinal Sarto who made him head of the choir of St. Mark's, Venice, which paved the way for the high office he now fills. The Roman Tablet met Maestro Perosi the day after the election, who gave the following pen picture of Pius X.:

"I cannot yet realize it," said the young Maestro. "I have been about the Vatican for nearly five years, and have often been received by the Holy Father, but I never succeeded in thinking of him as a mere man. He was to me like a being who really lived away in the clouds far beyond my reach, though he could not be kinder. I cannot get to think of the new Pope in the same way—he used to be so familiar with me at Venice, and his manners are so simple. He was always thinking about his people, and he was so charitable that he was in a chronic state of poverty. Whenever he came to Rome he used to be obliged to borrow the money. I remember once he was presented with a magnificent gold watch, and I think he kept it a whole month, but after that he either sold or pawned it—pawned it, I think, and bought a nickel chronometer for five francs (one dollar), which he still uses. But what is the use? I could not describe his simplicity and goodness if I were talking for a year. I am bewildered by the thought that he is now the successor of Leo XIII. and Vicar of Christ."—Pittsburgh Observer.

CRIMINALITY AMONG CATHOLICS.

For a long time it has been the habit of a certain class of bigots in this country—nearly all of them belonging to the foreign Anglo-Saxon element—to state that Catholics form a larger proportion of criminals than those of any other religious body in comparison with their respective total numbers. A writer of this class in one of the New York dailies recently went a step further than the others. He declared that the number of criminals who were educated in the Catholic schools of this country exceeded the number of those who had received their instruction in the public schools. Official prison statistics—of which this writer appears to have been completely ignorant—prove that the exact contrary is the case. Here are the figures for the state prisons of New York for 1890: Sing-Sing prison—Total number of criminals, 1,553. Of this number 1,493 attended the public schools, 17 attended other schools. Illiterate criminals, 133. Auburn Prison—Total number of criminals, 1,151; attended public schools, 545; attended other schools, 480; illiterate, 126. Clinton Prison—Number of criminals, 804; attended public schools, 637; other schools, 72; illiterate, 93.

NEWMAN ON THE PAPACY.

"In the midst of our difficulties I have one ground of hope, just one stay, but, as I think, a sufficient one, which serves me in the stead of all other argument whatever,

which hardens me against criticism, which supports me if I begin to despond, and to which I ever come round when the question of the possible and the expedient is brought into discussion. It is the decision of the Holy See, St. Peter has spoken, it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes; he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth that had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ, and the Doctor of His Church."

Home Column.

THE HEAVENLY MEETING.

Tell, oh tell me, Book of Visions, bright with promise, sweet with prayer, Shall I know the angel faces that are waiting, over there? Shall I find my children, children? will my gentle mother lay Her dear hand upon my forehead in the old, earth-loving way?

Father, keep them as I loved them; Or if changed to other guise, May the heavenly transformation Dawn but slowly on mine eyes. Let me take them to my bosom Once upon that shining shore. As I saw them when we parted In the love-lit days of yore.

—J. B.

THE VACANT PLACE.

There are few homes without a vacant chair; few families are raised to manhood and womanhood without death claiming one or more of the dear ones.

There is no death; an angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved things away

And then we call them dead. Only those to whom these facts have come home can fully realize their depths—only the mother who has seen the little forms forever taken from her mortal eyes can thoroughly sympathize with the similarly bereaved—and though comforting indeed, yet how feeble are human sympathies to assuage the grief. God, and He alone, can comfort them. Death is hard, no matter at what age it claims its victims, and from experience I must say that the older the child the harder the blow. Moore so truthfully put it:

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,

In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it;

'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,

And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,

To water the Eden where first was its source."

Why, in almost all cases, is it the loveliest of the family that is taken? Heaven wants the best. Why should not the great capital of the universe have the pick of everything? The half-and-half Christians may ultimately get to glory, but they need to be kept here and hereafter a good while yet, for polishing. The earlier inhabitants of a place make the greatest impression on its future character, and so Heaven ought to have the best first. One of our western periodicals says:—"Heaven must be populated. There is not so much room on our Western prairies for more settlers as there is room in the Upper Country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizen-

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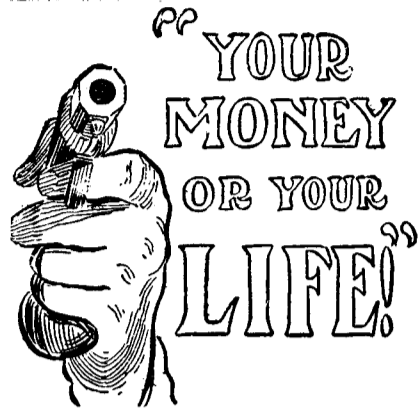
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ship. The crowns are not half taken nor the robes half worn. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece. Now, how shall God fill up His house except by subtractions from this world? The continent of heaven is to be peopled from the surrounding islands. And after all is carefully thought over and the Christian mother recalls her obligations to God, the souls for which she must one day answer, is it not for those who have the battle of life to fight she should weep, not for those who are "sale in the better land?"

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Strangers who met Daniel Webster used to say that though they did not know who he was, they instinctively felt that they were in the presence of a great man. So, when we meet a person who is rich in character, in high aims, overflowing with good will to all, a doer of good deeds as well as a thinker of high thoughts, we feel that we are associated with genuine greatness.—Success.

FICTION IN FREE LIBRARIES.

Viscount Goschen presided at the summer meeting of the University Extension Students at Oxford, and in an interesting address which he delivered, dealing with free libraries, he referred to the complaint that fiction played so important a part in these institutions. In some he had heard, that as much as 80 per cent. of the volumes issued was of that description, though he was glad to know that in others it was but 45. There were critics who doubted the use of public libraries if this class of literature was to play so great a part in their work, but they should remember that generally the readers had no books at all at home. While fiction was recreative and educational, it often was highly stimulating and satisfactory. A great many of the readers in public libraries came home wearied from their work, and in a frame of mind in which it might be difficult for them to apply themselves to some of the more serious books, but if they would only try biographies, histories and works of that kind, they would find them, as soon as the plunge had been taken, as great, or of even greater interest than works which seemed lighter reading.—London Telegraph.



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A NON-CATHOLIC DEFENSE.

Former U. S. Consul Replies to Christian Endeavorers—Declares that South America is Not a Neglected Continent—Bible Not an Unknown Book to its People.

At a recent meeting of the Christian Endeavorers in Pittsburg, "A Mission Study of South America," was selected for the topic of discussion. According to the Pittsburg "Catholic" it was so bitter an arraignment of the Catholic faith that it called forth a forceful reply from Major Joseph Orton Kerbey, former United States Consul to Para, Peru, and a traveller and journalist of wide experience, whose Protestantism is from the cradle. Mr. Kerbey has travelled extensively through South America, and has lived among its people.

"The Bible is an unknown book in South America," and "the religion is the lowest form of Catholicism and heathenism," is the keynote of the lesson which was published broadcast, and is the basis of Major Kerbey's reply. The Major, in a letter to the Pittsburg "Leader" says:

"It is evident that the ideas of 'Christianity' of those who prepared this Christian Endeavor topic means Protestantism, and that their missionary effort relates wholly to proselytizing from Catholicism to this so-called Christianity. Permit me to reared a Protestant in this atmosphere of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism of Pittsburg, and who never could subscribe to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, to offer to the 'Leader' a little bit of actual experience I had when serving as United States Consul and as an extensive traveller all over South America, reaching interiors where no American missionary has cared to venture.

"Primarily, South America is not a neglected continent, and the Bible is not an unknown book to its people. I am free to say that instead of the most degrading vices holding sway, that relatively there is more sin, misery, degradation in the city of Pittsburg than in any city of South America of twice the population. It is one of our mistakes to assume that our civilization is better than any other. As they look at it their civilization is superior to that of the United States, and in many respects this is true, as can be demonstrated. The writer of the Christian Endeavor contribution says: 'The religion of that country is the lowest form of Catholicism and heathenism.' What a comparison to be published in an American city at a time when the world is mourning the death of the Pope, who is a worthy representative of Catholicism. I would like the Christian Endeavor instructor to apply to some Sunday School boy or girl for correct data regarding the early Christian history of this and other lands.

"It was a Las Casas, a Catholic missionary, who accompanied Cortez to Mexico and heroically restrained the Spanish conquerors. I recall the fact that the Bible was published in the City of Mexico a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was declared in Philadelphia.

"It was the Spanish Jesuit missionaries who accompanied Pizarro and prevented that frebooter from greater excesses during his conquest. Whatever is good in South America to-day comes from those early Jesuit missionaries, who were picked men and heroes of the age in which they lived, who in their religious zeal planted the cross where it had never been before, and to-day the result is civilization, perhaps not yet fully developed, in place of the savages they found there. These early Jesuits have not had their names and deeds emblazoned in secular history. There was a labor of love and devotion, for which they neither claimed nor expected reward. It was their lot to go amongst and live with Indians, enduring all the dreadful misery and discomfort of a life in tropical forests among a race that was scarcely human in their instincts. The Catholic missionaries of that age and of the present time do not depend on home and foreign missionary aid societies for their support. They go into the very heart of the continent, cutting down the bridge behind them and devote their lives to the work. These men then should not all be branded as degrading and addicted to drunken-

ness and gambling or all the other vices.

"In those lands the padre, or priest, is the father of the flock, whose counsel and advice is listened to by all. He is also the physician and proprietor, or don of the tambos, from whose casa or house hospitality is freely and generously dealt to all visitors. There are no hotels in that land, but the latch-string is always out—at the padre's home.

"When carried once between two bad smelling, but kindly, half-naked Indians into a village so sick that I could not hold my head up, it was to the padre's house I was taken, presumably to die. But under his care and kindly nursing, while delirious, I thought it was in reality my own father always near me. When I recovered sufficiently to continue my journey, it was the good padre who accompanied me beyond and gave me his blessing. When one experiences these kindnesses in a foreign land, far from home and kindred, he can scarcely stand by and hear the entire class libeled in his own home without an effort to resent the injustice.

"I may be permitted to quote from an interview with a padre with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance in an out-of-the-way town, just midway between the upper Amazon and the Pacific, through which I journeyed on mules.

"A town will be found on the map of Peru called Chachapoyas. It is an adobe city, near the top of the Andes, some 9,000 feet above the sea. It is rather a cold place for the tropics, but on account of the altitude it is more desirable than the valleys surrounding it, which are tropical. At this, the headquarters of the government of that department of Peru, I was entertained by the Rev. John Visorlot, as his name would be written in English. He was born in the island of Guadalupe, of French and Spanish stock, of good family, and early educated for the Church. As I was the only American ever seen there, and a traveller from the outside world was always welcome because he brought the past seven years' news, it afforded this kindly gentleman considerable satisfaction to interview me. I was much impressed by his desire to hear about the Catholic churches in our land, and he showed his pleasure and gratification when I told that as a rule the churches were attended by the best class of people. I told him I had seen a President of the United States and all his Cabinet in a Catholic church at Washington, along with diplomats and distinguished people who were attending the funeral services of the king of Spain. We naturally drifted to the missionary question.

"Perhaps there was a time in my life when I entertained extreme views, privately, similar to those expressed by the Christian Endeavor exhorter, and maybe talked something in this line, as I make it a rule of travel to stand up for my country—right or wrong—when I am in another country. To an observation as to our relative civilization, he remarked quietly, 'Oh, isn't that largely a matter of education? Our people are contented, happy in their civilization, and desire no change; and don't you think we enjoy life as much as anyone?'

"I had to agree with the padre, and I have confirmed the view by living among those people, finding, as a rule, that they get more out of life than we do.

"He asked pointed questions; for instance: 'You have prisons in your land; are there many bad people confined?'

"I evaded the question by saying: 'Only those that deserve it.'

"But he said: 'Have you seen any prisons in this land?'

"I had to admit that there were very few, and not many prisoners.

"He rapped it home by saying: 'I've heard of the poor suffering in your land, and even of people starving to death and freezing for want of clothing and attention.'

"That was admitted.

"Yet you never heard of anyone, however poor, starving to death here, and you must admit that no one need go hungry, not only because of the abundance, but everyone helps the other—especially one in trouble.

"Relatively there is as much virtue in the better class of Spanish-American homes as with us, and

perhaps, as a rule, there is no more vice. The trouble is, that in those countries it is open, no attempt being made to conceal certain vices that are prevalent here, but to which we add the sin of hypocrisy. These may not be gallant things for an American to say, but they are true, and as previously said, when I am in a foreign land I always stand up for America (and may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country first all the time); it is not fair to sit down and see a neighbor misrepresented and slandered without uttering a protest, which is all I have attempted.

"When I asked the kindly old man at parting, 'I do not understand, Father, how it is that a man of your intelligence can be induced to live this horrible life among the Indians,' his benevolent face beamed as he raised the cross attached to a cord hanging by his side, and said:

"My son, if I can but hold this crucifix before the eyes of a single dying Indian, it repays me for my life's work."

Mr. Kerbey is best known in Grand Army circles as author of the book entitled, "The Boy Spy." He is at present publishing an account of his explorations, twice across equatorial America, and five times over the Andes.

MAKING INFIDELS.

An Agnostic Discusses the Work of "Conversion" Carried on by the Sects in Our New Possessions. From Brann's Iconoclast.

Why do a majority of Protestant clergy favor the imperial regime? For the simple reason that they foolishly and wickedly imagine that it means greater fields for Protestant missions. Professor Schurman of Cornell, McKinley's chairman of the first Philippine Commission, was imbued with the same idea. In his lecture on the Philippine Islands, Schurman admits that "90 per cent. of the civilized inhabitants—about 6,000,000—are Catholics." He adds that "nearly all can read and write, and that many are highly educated." Yet he urges Protestant churches to rush missionaries to the islands, and take advantage of demoralized conditions to convert—not the nigratoes and savage subjects of the Sultan of Sulu—but intelligent Catholics, whose ancestors were building colleges and universities before Yale and Harvard were founded. Others of the same ilk look upon Porto Rico and Cuba as inviting fields for such work, and many missionaries have been dispatched thither.

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

I know it is next to impossible for a Protestant to place himself in the attitude where he can view the matter from the standpoint of an intelligent Catholic. Being neither Catholic nor Protestant—just a plain every-day sinner—I am able to approach these questions without prejudice and write down the simple truth without the slightest desire to offend or please either party.

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

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

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

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

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

Impossible!

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

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

HEAD OR TAILS.

Truth is a plaything in the hands of creed-makers. And like other toys of childhood, it suffers from too active manipulation. Just at present the degma of penance is being tossed to and fro by the ritualists in New York City. They have begun to return to confession—for many years abhorred as a Romish invention. Absolution has not entered the horizon of debate thus far, but it will before long become an open question in High Church circles. How far our Episcopalian friends have journeyed on toward Rome may be gleaned from the following statement hidden away in the report of a parish division occasioned by the introduction of the confessional. Speaking of the trouble down at St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal church one writer says: "When the confessional was first introduced few members of the congregation took cognizance. Through the medium of the children it has become an important factor in the church. Now no child can receive any of the Sacraments, such as Communion or Confirmation, without first going to Confession, a rule observed only in Roman Catholic churches or high ritualistic bodies." Hither to advanced Episcopals have been content with vague and general statements made to clergymen, who were to treat the confidence thus reposed in them as a professional secret. When, however, penitents venture on "self-examination" the subject craves wary walking. The introspection which this examination of conscience demands is humiliating to the average man. Objecting to sin and anxious to confess it, the consistent acuser must go the full length of the way and seek out the pardoning power. Their quality of moral physicians will not suffice to make the High Church ministers judges vested with authority to bind and loose sin. Simply seeking or giving advice is about as likely to rid a man of sin as a shower of rain or a smile from a Chinese idol. Down at St. Peter's the Episcopalian creed is swinging the pendulum's length. Whether or not the more earnest and logical souls will describe an arc is too changeful a problem to hazard a guess upon. It is hard to surmise whether society, wealth or the middle-classes will win out in this discussion which the introduction of the confession has provoked. But old truths are being tossed to and fro by high churchmen. Who will come out on top?—Transcript.

An Irishman whose name is given as Mike applied for a situation as coachman. He knew all about horses, about driving, etc. The rich man was duly impressed.

"Mike, I think you are all right," said the man that owned the horses, "but there is one thing I would like to ask you about."

"Sure," answered Mike.

"Well, Mike, have you the regulation Irish family?"

"And what's that?" inquired Mike.

"Oh, a dozen or so and a wife."

"Faith and I have," said Mike.

"But I'd like to know whether you have the regular American rich man's family?"

"Why, what is that?"

"Oh, a wife, a dog, and a bad case of dyspepsia."—The Leader.

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C. M. B. A.

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.

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THE PEARL ROSARY.

(Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart).

It was Rosary Sunday, a mild sunny day when all nature seemed to be striving to pay homage to the Queen of Heaven, whose joyous festival was being celebrated by her faithful children throughout the world.

In the darkened chamber of a tiny cottage, sat a young girl, a rosary of rarest pearls, linked with gold, slipping through her fingers, as she ever and anon turned to glance at the sleeper on the bed near her, whose form was dimly discernable in the faint light. At length she stirred, and immediately the girl was at her side.

"Will you take a little broth, mother?" she said. "I have some on the fire for you."

"A little dear, if you please," said the mother faintly.

The broth was given with the tenderest care, and again the invalid slept.

Nellie Carson, the young girl whose presence we have intruded, went to her vacated chair, and holding her rosary still in her hands, fell into a deep reverie. Before her mental vision rose up a Rosary Sunday of the past—the happy past—when she, a child of ten, had spent that day, which most of all resembles heaven on earth, the day of her first communion. What joy had filled her innocent heart, when for the first time her Lord and her God took up his abode there! And after the happy, holy joy of the morning, what a delightful day she had spent with her kind parents, one of whom now lay silent 'neath the green grass of the churchyard! And when the happy day was over, and the little friends who had been invited to share pleasures and the provided feast, had departed, a new treat was in store for her. Her kind mother gave her a rosary, the same that Nellie now held twined around her fingers, saving as she did so, "My child you have often admired my pearl rosary with its golden chain, and now I give you the companion of it. There is a history connected with it, which I shall tell you some day. In the meantime say it very often for one who was once innocent and pious like yourself." Thus her first Communion day had ended, but when her mother's good night kiss was imprinted upon her brow, two great tears fell down, which somehow Nellie connected with the Rosary, whose costly pearls looked like great tears themselves. Who was it that had once been innocent and pious as she? And to-day again, as so often before, she thought of the unrevealed history and prayed to the Queen of the Rosary for that unknown soul, that the piety and innocence that had once been hers might be restored.

Her mother's voice woke Nellie from her reverie. She hastened to the bedside and found Mrs. Carson awake and feeling brighter and better than she had felt for a long time. As her eyes fell on the Rosary she said: "Now dear, open the blinds and let the beautiful afternoon sun in, and as I feel so strong I will tell you to-day the history of the Rosary you received on your first Communion day."

The blinds were raised and the glorious October sunshine flooded all the room, giving the invalid's pale face a glow of color, and resting like an aureole around the young girl's golden head.

"When I was a little girl," began Mrs. Carson. "I lived in Rio Janeiro. I had, besides several brothers, a twin sister who was as my very soul. My father was the captain of a large vessel which sailed between Brazil and Portugal, and on the day of our first Communion he presented us both with these beautiful pearl and gold Rosaries, which he brought from the latter country. The two clasps which connected the ends of the chaplet, were engraved with gold with our names, Mary on mine, and on my sister's Stella. Time went on, and every happiness was ours. I need not relate to you all that led to our separation, but the day came when my sister left me; left our dearly loved parents, our happy home, to unite herself with one who despised our Holy Faith, and to become his wife, so that the family who loved her so

tenderly, and the religion for which each one of us would have willingly given our life. Since that day, I never heard of her. Her neglected rosary I have always treasured, and entrusted it to you on the happy day of your First Communion, hoping that your prayers would win her back to God."

"Indeed dear mother, I have prayed fervently for the unknown soul entrusted, and only to-day added another rosary to the many I had before recited for her. I noticed the name of Stella on the clasp, and often wondered who and where she was. Now I will pray more perseveringly than ever."

II.

Nellie Carson had been brought up in comfort and even in affluence, but the failure of her father's business, and his sudden death a few weeks after, had thrown her on her own resources, being as she now was, the only support of her widowed mother.

She had secured a place as saleswoman in a large dry goods establishment in Philadelphia, and in that city accordingly she and her mother took up their abode. Great as she found the change from a life of enjoyment to one of hard work, Nellie never complained, but strove to lessen her mother's discomforts by providing for her all the little luxuries she could afford, denying herself many necessaries for that purpose.

In the place of her employment she was well liked by the majority of her companions. She was quiet and reserved with them, but she was ever ready to oblige and treat them all with a gentle deference that won their hearts. One only looked on her with disfavor, and this girl, Ellen Thomas by name, lost no opportunity of insulting and annoying her. Sometimes it was very hard to bear, the more so as she was conscious of no ill-conduct on her own part towards the rude girl who so often made her suffer, but she resolved at last to try by especial kindness to make a friend of her enemy.

On the day after the opening of our story, Nellie went as usual to the store, and being anxious to bring about her aunt's conversion as speedily as possible, resolved to lose no chance of performing acts of charity, however trivial, for those around her. Ellen was even more disagreeable than usual, but Nellie suppressed her feeling of impatience and tried to show no resentment. At last closing time came and as they stood in the cloak-room preparing for departure, Nellie overheard Ellen exclaiming to a companion who was near her: "Rita! what ever shall I do? Mrs. Belmont ordered some goods here to-day, and I forgot to send them when the parcel express went out. She is so particular and makes a fuss over every trifle. She lives away out in Porter Avenue, and I am in such a hurry home to-night that I cannot possibly go there. Mamma is very ill, and the woman who is with her will leave at seven whether I am home or not. I will have to leave it until morning and take the consequences."

"You had better not do that," said her companion, "the last time that Mrs. Belmont's goods were delayed, she refused to take them at all and Annie Carter was dismissed because she sold them and should have sent them."

"What shall I do?" said Ellen in despair.

"Pardon me, Miss Thomas," said Nellie "I could not help overhearing your conversation; if you will allow me, I shall be very glad to take the parcel for you. My own mother is an invalid, and I know how she would worry if I were late during one of her bad attacks. Besides Porter Avenue is not much out of my way."

Ellen blushed scarlet. You are very kind," she said. "But it is a very large parcel, and I am afraid you will mind carrying it."

"Not at all!" replied Nellie, "I am stronger than I look, and I should really be very glad to take it for you."

Ellen gave her the package, told her the number of the house, and for the first time the girls parted with a cordial good-night, Nellie feeling that her enemy was won at last.

Although she walked quickly, the parcel was heavy, and the distance longer than she had thought, so that it was dark night when

she reached Mrs. Belmont's residence. Her ring was answered by a servant, and delivering the goods into her hands Nellie turned to go, not noticing as she did so that her pearl rosary, which she had thrust into the bosom of her dress, fell on the stone step and lay there glittering in the light of the electric lamp which shone from the gate post.

That evening when Mrs. Carson knelt as usual to say the Rosary, Nellie noticed that her precious beads were missing, and thought that she must have dropped them in the store or cloak-room, but, although she started unusually early next morning, that she might search for them before the store was opened, her efforts were fruitless. Ellen assisted her, remarking as she did so, "I hope you did not drop them near Mrs. Belmont's. They say that anything Catholic drives her into a frenzy."

Shortly after the commencement of business that morning, the manager summoned the young ladies at the silk and velvet counters to his office.

When they were assembled he enquired: "Did any of you young ladies leave a parcel of goods at Mrs. Belmont's on Porter Avenue last evening?"

"I did," said Nellie, rising from her place and standing before him. "How did that happen? Why was it not sent by the express?"

"It was forgotten until after he had gone," replied the girl, "and we were afraid Mrs. Belmont would be annoyed at the delay, so I left it there on my way home."

"Mrs. Belmont wishes to see at once the young lady who left the parcel at her house last evening," said the manager, glancing at a note which he held in his hand. You will go immediately, Miss Carson, and if any mistake has been made, you have only your own carelessness to blame for it, and must suffer the consequences. We cannot afford to lose a customer like Mrs. Belmont. You may return to your duties young ladies."

Nellie put on her hat and cloak like one in a dream. Just then Ellen Thomas entered the dressing room.

"Where are you going, Miss Carson?" she asked.

Nellie told her what had happened.

"That is too bad," said Ellen, "I shall go at once to the manager, and explain. I was over in the milliner's department matching some ribbon with this velvet, so I did not get the order."

"There is no good in your saying anything about it. It is the one one who sent it, Mrs. Belmont wants. Don't worry about me. Miss Thomas, you are not to blame; and Nellie set out, a little fearful, but hoping for the best.

III.

The twilight shades of the October evening were settling over the city. The electric lamps burst into flame and irradiated the streets with their weird glare, as if a host of radiant moons had lost their way and hung trembling over the regions of earth land.

Neither evening shadows nor glittering lights attracted my attention in Mrs. Belmont's beautiful home. The heavy curtains were drawn, the servants glided about with noiseless feet, and a deeper shade hung over the mansion than that which the autumn twilight shed from the sky.

Mrs. Belmont's only daughter lay dying, and the frantic mother hung over the pillow, or paced up and down the room in a frenzy of grief. The doctor had promised to be here at six, and it was nearly half-past now. Suddenly there was a sound of the muffled bell, and Mrs. Belmont went to the head of the stairs and listened. The door closed again, and the servant brought up a parcel.

The poor mother could stand it no longer. She went to the door herself, ran down the stone steps, and looked up and down the street. No carriage was in sight. She went wearily up the steps again, and was about to re-enter the house, when her foot struck against something. She stooped, picked it up. The electric lamp from the great hall shone upon a rosary of pearl and gold. She gazed at it in amazement for a moment, read the name on the golden clasp: "My own name!" she exclaimed. Where did this come from? It is a grace from my happy, innocent childhood a ray of light for my sin-darkened

soul." Falling on her knees she raised her tearful eyes to heaven. "Great Queen of Heaven!" she cried. "Save my child, and I shall return to my faith so long abandoned."

She hastened back to the sick-room, placed the precious rosary about the neck of the unconscious girl, and kneeling beside the bed, prayed silently. After a time the invalid's breathing became more regular, the fever flush died away and the sufferer slept. When the doctor made his appearance, he was astonished at the change. He felt his patient's pulse, carefully, so as not to awaken her, and declared that all symptoms of fever had disappeared.

"She will sleep for some hours," he said, "and when she awakes she will have a great craving for food. Give her all the nourishment you can, and my services will be no longer necessary."

When he had retired, Mrs. Belmont threw herself again upon her Mother of Mercy, who had answered her prayer, and renewed her resolution for the future.

She looked at her watch. It was only eight o'clock. Calling a servant, she desired her to remain in the sick-room. She went to her own apartment, and taking a dark cloak from her wardrobe, put it on, enveloped her head and face in a thick, dark veil, and went noiselessly out. She walked rapidly through the dark streets until she reached a large, gloomy-looking building. She rang the bell and a lay-brother of the Order of St. Francis stood before her.

"May I see one of the Fathers?" she asked.

He opened the door of the little reception-room, and one of the Religious soon made his appearance. To him Mrs. Belmont gave a history of her whole life, and begged his help in returning to the faithful practice of her religious duties. When she left the monastery it was with a happier heart than for many years, and with a promise to come back on the morrow, she turned her face homewards.

The sick girl still slept, and the servant sat beside her.

"Annie," said Mrs. Belmont, "who brought that parcel from Cartoni's last evening?"

"A young lady, madam."

"What did she look like?"

"Madam, she looked so much like Miss Eveleen that I was startled, and the very tone of her voice was the same."

Mrs. Belmont was very much puzzled, and at last resolved to ask for the young lady to be sent for. The result of her request we have already seen.

When Nellie reached Porter Avenue her courage almost failed, but one look at Mrs. Belmont dispelled her fears, and explanations followed which filled both hearts with joy. The carriage was ordered, and together they went to Mrs. Carson's, stopping on the way at Cartoni's to inform him that Miss Carson's absence would be permanent, as Mrs. Belmont declared that her fortune henceforth should be shared with her twin-sister.

In a short time the cottage in the dingy street was given up.

Mrs. Belmont resumed with new fervor her neglected religious duties, and Eveleen, too, was instructed in the mysteries of the Catholic faith.

For Ellen Thomas the cousins ever had a warm welcome, for had she not been, in a measure, the means of bringing them together?

The pearl rosary was restored to its original owner and together the twin-sisters recite the fragrant garland to the Queen of Heaven, as they had done in their happy childhood.

S. M. J.

JIMMY'S DADDY.

While the mother and faithful old Ellen were away Jimmie and his father looked after themselves -- Jimmie rather less than his father. As it was holidays, Jimmie got up when he chose, ate what he liked, amused himself in his own way, and went to bed when he was sleepy, sometimes in his own bed. And his father never said a word. Every morning when his father went to town he kissed Jimmie and said, "Be a good boy." This wholly reasonable command was never accompanied by any don'ts, "don't fight, don't tear your clothes, don't tease the cat," or "don't play on the railway."

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And Jimmie's joyful, "Yes, daddy!" was invariably followed by a series of handsprings down the walk to the gate and back again, by way of working off the overflow. When his father came at night he never asked Jimmie if he had been a good boy. He found a cleanish place to kiss, and ignored completely the rent in the corduroys or the bruise under the eye. Once, when the night was wet and both were feeling a little lonely, Jimmie, sitting close, showed his appreciation and understanding of such delicacy. "I say, daddy," he whispered, "you make it awful easy to be good. I expect you were a pretty bad one, weren't you?" — Scottish-American.

JACK BRANDON'S CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.

"We must hurry, or we won't get a chance at the nuts. The Ninth Grade boys are going over to the grove in a body, and if they get there first we might as well stay away." This from George Brandon who was getting over the ground as fast as his short legs would carry him, while his cousin kept pace with him without any effort.

As they swung along the street in the outskirts of the village, talking of the day's promise of a good time, and wondering if the Ninth Grade boys had started yet, they came to a sudden halt. They were opposite a queer little house, old and weather-beaten; windows placed irregularly for convenience rather than outside appearance; wooden eavestrough; a lean-to and a scraggy grape vine climbing up towards the roof; a tangled mass of weeds and flowers that had escaped the early frost grew along the fence.

As the boys came opposite, a window was hastily thrown up, a man's head and shoulders were pushed out, and a voice called out: "Hallo! Say, you young fellows, are you going to the village?"

"No!" replied George, moving forward. But Jack said:

"Hold on; let's see what's wanted."

"We haven't time!" persisted George.

"We'll take time!" Turning to the man, he said: "Can we do anything for you, sir?"

"Well, I'm that stiff with rheumatism that I couldn't hobble to the village and back in half a day. Miss Green wants her shoes for Sunday, and I've run out o' thread and can't finish them no how; tho't I get some. I thought maybe you'd just as soon get me some; boys like to run about. My! I wish I was a boy!"

George demurred, and explained that they were in haste, and were not going to the business street of the town, and, anyway, did not expect to return before two o'clock. "We could bring the thread then, if that would do," he said.

The old man shook his head. "There wouldn't be time to finish the work after that, and Miss Green, she don't like to be kept waiting. Besides, I promised her, and I never broke a promise yet," and the old voice faltered as the head drew back. He was about to shut the window, when Jack spoke up:

"I'll do the errand, sir, if you'll tell me just what you want and where to get it."

The old face brightened. "Bless you. You'll save the old man's reputation for keeping his word, and Miss Green won't be kept from church to-morrow."

In spite of his cousin's protest, Jack waited for his orders, and cheerfully undertook one or two additional commissions. It is true that he was late at the grove and the Ninth Grade had been before him, so that the nuts were scarce, and George, with his own bag full, said, tauntingly:

"If you hadn't been such a greeny as to turn an errand-boy for old Snitz you might have had as many. You got nothing for it, and lost your chance here."

"You are mistaken; I did get something."

"You did. What?"

"Thanks, and a promise to do me a good turn," returned Jack, quietly.

"That was good pay! Likely you'll get into the President's Cabinet on the strength of his influence," exclaimed George, ironically.

* * * * *

"Well, Snitzer, at it yet?"

"Yes, Judge; I'm allers at it!"

"Can you sew up a rip in my boot just now while I wait?"

"Reckon I can, sir, I ain't so very busy. The truth is, I kinder kalkerated to lay off this afternoon. I had other business on hand."

"Ah! how so?" asked the Judge, with a show of interest.

"Well, I have been writing out a certificate of character for a boy. You know about John Brandon's boy. He lives up to his Uncle Fred Brandon's now, but he wants to get a chance to make something out of himself, and I just writ out a paper for him; maybe you'd like to look it over while I take the boot in hand?"

This is what Judge Cary read, written in a cramped hand, with some misspelled words:

"This certifies that Jack Brandon, son of the late John Brandon, is a polite, kind young fellow. He is kind to animals, helpful to the poor and helpless, honest, can reckon money correct, and has good temperance principles. He can stand ridicule, and can sacrifice his own interests without wanting to be known as a martyr. Anybody that wants this sort of a boy had better get hold of Jack Brandon."

"(Signed) Karl Snitzer."
"How do you know all this?" asked the Judge, when he had spelled out the scrawl.

"How do I know? Well, I'll tell you, Jedge." While the rip in the boot was rapidly closing, the old man told of his interview with the two Brandon boys. "Now, that Jack took off his hat while he talked with me, so I know he is a polite boy. He stopped to pat the cat when she rubbed up against him, so I know he is kind to animals. He gave up his nutting party to do me a kindness, and didn't seem to think it was any great thing to do. He did my errands all square, and brought back the change, more than I expected, because some of the things were cheaper than I thought. So you see, I know."

"But what about the temperance principles? How do you know that?"

The old man hesitated, then answered, slowly: "Well, Jedge, I suppose I'll have to tell you. Being you are so stiff yourself on the question, I hated to own up. You see, I asked the boy to bring me a bottle of liquor, and he just stood up and said: 'Sir, I can't do that. Anything else you want I'll do, but I neither taste nor handle.' My! I am ashamed. Well, he got all I sent for. Wouldn't take pay, either. I tell you Jedge, if you want a boy he's the one for you."

A few days ago Jack Brandon was admitted to the bar, taken in to partnership with Judge Cary. Looking over some old papers, in view of the new arrangement, the Judge came across one over which he smiled, then handed it over to his partner, saying:

"I think I never showed you this. Perhaps it may interest you."

Jack read it with a puzzled expression, then, as light broke, he said, with feeling:

"He did serve me a good turn."
It was Jack's "Certificate of Character."—Temperance Banner.

THE SACRED HEART AND A MILLIONAIRE.

A little trait in the character of an American millionaire, who recently visited England, came within our notice, says the London Tablet; and seems to be worth a record. From an inner coat-pocket this gentleman brought forth some precious documents for reference, when in the midst of them was seen a little picture of the Sacred Heart. It was a cheap little oleograph which nestled in a bank book that could buy up an English county; and perhaps a look of surprise on the look of a spectator, who happened to be a Catholic, drew from the man of affairs a sentence in explanation. "You may," he said, "be surprised to find a Protestant like myself bearing about with me a Catholic emblem. It happens that among the thousands of people in my employ, one—a young Catholic girl in a very humble position—came to me some years ago, told me she was praying for my conversion, and asked me to carry this holy picture about me. My dear, until I die, I promised her. So it has been here ever since, and I would rather lose most of the contents of my pockets than lose that now ragged memento of a simple girl's disinterested piety in my regard."—Michigan Catholic, Detroit.

THE "MONEY-GRABBING" PRIEST.

From the Ave Maria.
The "money-grabbing" priest, of whom we read and hear sometimes has at last been discovered in Mississippi. A clergyman writing from that State says:

"Father Bernard O'Reilly, my neighbor, is obliged to teach school for a living. Several of our priests are not able, financially, to attend

our annual retreats unless the bishop pays their travelling expenses. Most of us never see more than two or three hundred dollars per annum. Some of our priests never see the place they call home more than once a fortnight."

The somnolent, ease-loving priest, growing bulky with luxuriant dinners, has also been discovered—this time in North Carolina. Father Price, of Nazareth, gives this account of the daily life of himself and his fellow-missionaries:

"We rose at about 5 o'clock and devoted the early part of the day to ourselves—meditation, Mass and breakfast. This latter was furnished by a neighboring family for a few cents, and consisted of coffee, sour bread and a little fat meat. About 10 o'clock we were ready for work, which consisted in the first place of arranging the chapel for service, sweeping it out and making it look tidy. If any persons came to see us or passed us, we talked to them about religion, etc."

The account then tells of visiting the sick of all denominations, of praying, singing, preaching, catechising and conversing with individuals. It continues:

"These conversations kept us busy till supper and the night service. At this service we always had the question box, with singing and praying as before, and a lecture, with after conversations to all who remained. It was always 10 o'clock when we were able to retire. We slept—some of us in a neighboring house, and several of us in the shack (the little wooden chapel) on the benches, using a cassock, coat or mission case for a pillow."

But this riotous living was not to be endured in that community; a virtuous person, a match and an oil can, a burning shack and the mission ended. But it will be resumed, and the honest bigot who set fire to the little chapel will one day be a pewholder in it. Which is an Hibernicism as well as a prophecy.

ASKING FOR CHARITY.

"Ask the Z's," said one of a committee of young women, who were organizing a little entertainment for charity. "They are so religious and so rich, they will be sure to help."

"Not at all," interrupted another member of the party. They are the sort of good people who always disapprove of everything, and are on the defensive the moment you ask a favor of them."

There is an immense difference in people in this respect. Some meet a request for aid so kindly that even if for some good reason they cannot consent, their refusal gives no discomfort; while others, whether they help or not, make the applicant feel for the moment as if she had committed a crime to ask them.

"No one realizes," said a charitable woman, to whose zealous work many a splendid charity owes its existence, "how hard it is to ask people for help, and how your courage fails when you see the cold look of distrust that suddenly clouds over a conventionally pleasant countenance when you state the object of your visit. It is not the refusal that wounds—it is the manner. Sometimes it is the very people who make your task so hard that are the most generous patrons of the charity in the end, and you realize this, and for the sake of the object to be attained try to overcome the sense of personal humiliation. You cannot help feeling this, although you know you are asking for others, and giving the rich an opportunity to help the poor in the right direction. Nevertheless, the sense of being a mendicant on such occasions is strong, and you therefore feel a deep sense of gratitude to those who appreciate your situation and act nicely toward you."—Catholic Columbian.

HOME.

"Home," says Robertson, in his sermons, "is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defense, where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding

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