



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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The Influence Of The Queen.

A paper read at the closing exercises of St. Boniface College, June 16th. 1897. By LAWRENCE DRUMMOND, B.A.

"The Queen is a very good woman, no doubt; but any goose able to hold a pen would do as well, for she is nothing but a signing machine."

You all have all heard this remark, Ladies and Gentleman, and perhaps believed it, so apt is a fallacy to gain ground by being repeated.

Allow me nevertheless to show that in this case the voice of the people is not the voice of truth. During these 60 years Her Majesty's influence has always been more or less potent in governing circles, and at critical moments has asserted itself most vigorously.

A more favorable circumstance than the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee could not be found for elucidating this fact.

In order to form an adequate idea of our Gracious Sovereign's function in the body politic, let us compare the Empire to a joint stock firm directed by a wealthy capitalist.

This personage places the management of the firm in the hands of a few well chosen managers, who take upon themselves all the wear and tear of the enterprise, which he supervises in a general way. Now and then he will give one of his subalterns a hint, but, tis his custom to allow them full scope in the every day run of business.

But should the spectre of bankruptcy loom on the horizon or should the firm be on the eve of embarking on a hazardous speculation our capitalist at once steps to the fore, and using the experience of a lifetime, succeeds in warding off the coming danger.

Now can any one call this shrewd overseer a nonentity, especially if he considers that the set of managers is always changing and that consequently they have barely time to become familiar with the work required of them, before they are turned out of office, while on the other hand the capitalist is continually adding to his knowledge. Would you say he is useless? Why, the day he would throw up his position, the firm's credit would begin to fail.

Her Majesty acts on the same lines. Instead of wasting her energy in trifles, she appoints cabinet ministers whom she entrusts with the discharge of current affairs. They may have it all their own way in matters of ordinary difficulty, they may indulge to their heart's content in party strife, without being handicapped by their sovereign. From her queenly heights she soars above the regions of routine administration and political dissensions. 'Tis beneath her dignity to be either whig or tory. This freedom from petty cares an advantage fully appreciated by persons alone whose lives have been worn away by them—enables her to concentrate her attention on matters of weight, such as colonial development and foreign relations—and on these two fields she focusses all her mental activity.

But the greatest of all advantages enjoyed by Her Majesty is the permanency of her situation. She is like unto the pyramids that ever rise up from the Egyptian wilderness, while

the mirages that hover for an instant in their vicinity, and then disappear in such quick succession, remind us of those cabinets supplanting each other with a bewildering alacrity.

Which of the two has most influence, those transient politicians, who hardly find themselves comfortably seated in the council chamber, before they vanish into nothingness, or the keen-sighted daughter of the Tudors, who is always there, an immovable manager, supervising and directing all important matters?

Even were she to refrain from ever giving an order, her experience alone would place her above the most enlightened and tassetmanlike premiers. She the Nestor of European statesmen, is more deeply versed in international complications that all the diplomatists of Europe put together. She is familiar with all the stratagems and sharp practices of every nation and every form of government. She has scrutinized the innermost causes of those revolutions, that for us are standing marvels, because our knowledge of them is derived from the scanty and carefully cooked scraps that are allowed to drift into the newspapers.

The reason of her ability is obvious. During these sixty years, Her Majesty has been in daily communication with the sovereigns, diplomats, and ambassadors of the world.

Her private correspondence, during the same period with the different governors rajahs, viceroys and premiers of the Empire would fill hundreds of volumes.

At one time it is a letter from Sir Robert Morier, of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, relating a secret interview, in the course of which the czar has made disclosures closely connected with the welfare of the kingdom. At another, it is a despatch from Lord Elgin, viceroy of India, foreboding difficulties with some native prince. Then again the Queen herself will order the colonial Secretary to write to Sir George Grey, Government of Cape Colony, praising him for having saved India by sending reinforcements to Calcutta without waiting for instructions.

Like a general on the battle field, she is being constantly informed of every manœuvre, nothing is done without her consent; every despatch of importance passes through her hands and, according to the Prince Consort, there were 28,000 thousand of them in one year.

Imagine the inexhaustible mine of information that has been stored up by the Widow of Windsor during the course of this record reign. Why, one can hardly conceive a case intricate enough to puzzle her or to leave her without some means of dealing with it successfully. On the other hand, I beg of you to consider for a moment what pretensions as a ruler, a Rosebury a Salisbury or even Gladstone can exhibit, when he comes under the shadow of this living encyclopaedia, who held imperial sway while one was yet at the breast, the other unborn and the third just entering parliament; Alongside of their Queen, what do they know of the traditions of the Court of St. James? How can they penetrate the ultimate aims that actuate a foreign potentate, who for years may have been secretly conspiring against the safety of the

realm? Who will guide them in the choice of a great ambassador, when on the prudence of that choice rests the of Europe? Their very inexperience, therefore, obliges those temporary rulers to take counsel of a permanent authority, if they do not wish to blunder woefully.

Yet you would reduce to a mere figurehead, to a useless machine this oracle whom the sages of the land approach with awe to obtain enlightenment for the future.

The very prestige that hedges round Her Gracious Majesty is of itself a potent factor in the government of the kingdom. Simply on account of the priceless treasure of her knowledge and the uniform direction she imparts to successive cabinets, her presence is invaluable, even were she never to interfere in the management of the state.

Such however is not the case. Supposing a headstrong minister persists in thwarting his sovereign's will when some great interest is at stake, will he carry the day? Not necessarily though indeed he be vested, with temporary dictatorship. Royalty commands a thousand and one channels of influence through which it can act indirectly, till the most desperate resistance is overcome.

For instance, what prevents Her Majesty from interviewing separately the different members of the Cabinet and bringing pressure to bear on them, in order to convert them to her views.

What prevents her from sending a private cable to the premier of New South Wales or to the governor of Metabeleland, to put them on their guard against some ministers foolhardy plan? A word descending from the throne is often more effective than a shower of orders from Downing Street. Then again the permanency of her situation turns the balance in her favor. If one ministers bent on closing his ears to all her entreaties, she wait still this term is up, and sooner or later is sure of carrying her point with a more sympathetic cabinet.

So far we have supposed Her Majesty to attain her ends by acting indirectly on the governing staff; but should there arise a momentous question capable of imperilling the safety of the realm, she sometimes interferes with startling directness.

In 1864 Germany invaded Schleswig, one of Denmark's possessions. England was then very Danish in its sympathies owing to the recent marriage of the Princess Wales with Princess Alexandra, "the sea-king's daughter from over the seas." Naturally that Bismarckian policy was strongly resented, and Lord Palmerston prepared for war. One British Squadron was to swoop down upon the Northern Coast of Germany, while another was to blockade Trieste and Venice. Garibaldi and Kossuth were to be subsidized with a million pounds each in order to stir up an insurrection that would keep Austria busy in Venetia and Hungary. Thus but a spark was needed to precipitate war and Palmerston was the man to light it. He drafted a blustering despatch threatening the courts of Berlin and Vienna with Britain's thunderbolts, if anything was attempted against Schleswig. Now in the strained relation existing between the two countries such a defiant attitude would have acted as a red flag waved before a mad bull.

Fortunately the Queen was on the look out, and when the despatch was submitted to her for approval she unhesitatingly refused to sign it. So Palmerston was compelled to modify its phraseology and the country was saved from the horrors of war through the timely intervention of its sovereign.

The celebrated "Trent" affair offered the Head of the Empire another occasion of damping the ardor of her bellicose minister. We know to what pitch rose the war fever in the British Isles, when it was rumored that a ship flying the Union Jack had been boarded on the high seas, and obliged to surrender two of its passengers, Mason and Slidell. No wonder Palmerston judged it was his time or never, to give vent to his warlike feelings. He was not long in addressing to Washington a note couched in most undiplomatic language. Had the original draft of this note reached its destination, the Northern States would have resented Lord Palmerston's words as an intolerable affront, and summoned Britain to a deadly strife. Torrents of blood would have flowed on either side, and two nations, united by ties of kindred, might have been at daggers drawn for centuries to come.

Happily the ever watchful sovereign of England made a determined stand in the interests of the two great English speaking nations.

Far from encouraging her premier's fiery rhetoric; she compelled him to strike out of his letter everything that could be construed as a menace. Then only was it forwarded to Washington where its moderate demands received due attention.

Were this the only service humanity owes the Queen, her reign should be proclaimed most beneficent; but besides these occasions few and far apart wherein the saving hand of royalty is clearly discernible, how often has the lady at the helm, in a silent way, averted incipient evils that might have swelled into great catastrophes!

These few remarks, Ladies and Gentlemen, will I trust, suffice to show that Her Majesty's influence in public affairs is very real and always exercised with the wisdom of consummate experience.

And, while wishing our beloved Sovereign many more years of wise guidance, we have every reason to be thankful that Divine Providence has cast our lot in an Empire, which, albeit the freest that was ever known, is at the same time dowered with the best blessings of monarchical rule.

St. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

Closing Exercises and Presentations Of Medals.

Lieutenant - Governor Patterson Is Present and speaks.

The annual closing exercises and proclamation of prizes for St. Boniface College took place on Wednesday evening last, the 16th inst. in the college hall, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Patterson presiding. The programme of the evening was an all-round success, demonstrating that the students of St. Boniface, while proficient in University matters also receive training in other branches.

The entertainment opened with a piano overture by Noel

Bernier, one of the best students in the college and the winner of many prizes. The following address was then read by Joseph Poitras.

To His Honour James Colebrooke Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Your Honour,

The Faculty and Students of St. Boniface College are happy to welcome you here this evening. Last year you were so kind as to bestow on successful competitors in this college the three medals which you are yourself to distribute this year; but on the former occasion Your Honour was unavoidably detained in the East, while now your generous gift is enhanced by the presence of the giver. We beg therefore to tender to Your Honour our humble but very warm thanks for the encouragement thus afforded to deserving students.

The gold medal was offered to the Junior and Senior classes for a special examination in Natural History, over and above the University programme. One of the two silver medals is also awarded for extra studies not included in the curriculum of the University, namely, for an historical sketch of French Literature in the 17th century. The other silver medal goes to the pupil who has passed the best mathematical examination for entrance into the University course.

Your Honor will observe that, gratifying as our university record has been this year — since we captured the only two Greek scholarships, won the first place in pass Physics and Preliminary Latin, and had not even one partial failure among the many subjects taken by our twelve candidates — we have found time to cultivate other branches of learning and have been stimulated thereto by the munificence of one who has ever shown himself a patron of education and a friend of true culture.

Your Honor will likewise note with pleasure that, though our closing exercises occur almost a week before the Diamond Jubilee of our gracious Sovereign, we make more than one reference to that auspicious event. We need hardly add our loyal rejoicings over Her Majesty's wonderful reign as intensified by the presence here to night of one who so ably represents her in Manitoba.

Next came the presentation of medals, which were handed to the winners by His Honor. Governor General's Bronze medal; Noël Bernier. Lieutenant Governor's Gold Medal for Natural History: Marius Cinq-Mars; honorable mention, Noël Bernier. Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal for historical sketch of 17th century French literature: Fortunat Lachance; honorable mention, Antonin Dubuc. Lieutenant-Governor's silver Medal for Mathematics: Elzéar Beaupré; honorable mention, Albert Dubuc.

The play that followed was a very clever comedy, "Les Soucis d'un Rentier—The Worries of a Fundholder," with A. Rousseau as Montaudoin, J. Poitras as Fernand, F. Lachance as Léonidas, G. Rocan as Pénuri, J. Arpin as Isidore, H. Hogue as Joseph, and, L. Laliberté as Lemartois Rousseau, the worried fundholder, depicted with admirable naturalness and facial expression the suspicions of a man who finds himself robbed of 37 sous every day for twenty years. He suspects every one but the real culprit, his brother Leonidas (Lachance), who also acted remarkably well and finally explained why he had thus systematically "economized on the sly" for the benefit of his nephew. All the actors did full justice to their parts. The audience were keenly interested from start to finish and frequently broke into laughter and applause.

A most touching valedictory (Continued on page 3.)

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TUESDAY, JUNE 21 1897.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

JUNE.

- 27 Third Sunday after Pentecost. Solemnity of St. John the Baptist.
- 28 Monday.—St. Leo IX., Pope. Vigil.
- 29 Tuesday.—Saints Peter and Paul, Apostles.
- 30 Wednesday.—Commemoration of St. Paul.

JULY.

- 1 Thursday.—Octave of St. John the Baptist.
- 2 Friday.—Visitation of our Blessed Lady.
- 3 Saturday, St. Barnabas, Apostle (transferred from the 11th inst.) Fast day on account of the eve of the solemnity of St. Peter's Day.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We were about to refute the absurd rumors about last week about the Papal Delegate having settled the school question and Mr. Sifton coming here to ensure that final arrangement, when we learned from yesterday's Free Press that Mr. Sifton very properly and sensibly denies that his visit has anything to do with the school question.

It should be understood once for all that Mgr. Merry del Val is not in this country to make any final arrangements, but simply to report to the Holy Father. His Excellency the Delegate, when he was here, encouraged the Archbishop of St. Boniface to continue the Manitoba Catholic school Fund and the organization of Catholic Schools exactly as he had started these good works in the past. Those who heard Mgr. del Val's last public utterance in Manitoba, viz., the two speeches he made at St. Boniface College, have since been intensely amused at the ignorance—not to use a stronger term—of the news paper correspondents who represented him as having persuaded the St. Boniface clergy to accept the settlement.

A propos of those admirable replies, we offer our apologies to our readers for the confusion that occurred last week in the arrangement of our report. Instead of appearing under the heading, "Other Receptions and Festivities," Mgr. del Val's speeches at St. Boniface College on Wednesday, June 9th, were inserted directly after his reply to the C.M. B. A. on June 6th. The foreman's mistake was discovered too late to be remedied.



THE QUEEN AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

"We beseech thee, Almighty God, that thy servant Victoria, our Queen, who through thy mercy, has succeeded to the helm of the state, may receive also an increase in all virtues, so that, being fittingly adorned with them, she may be able to avoid all grievous faults, and, being acceptable in thy sight, may attain unto Thee, Who art the way, the truth and the life. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen." Prayer sung at every solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

JOHN LINGARD.

Story of the Life of the Great English Historian.

His Experience with the Sans Culottes—The England of 1793—Catholics Before the Relief Bill—His Great Work.

From the Providence Visitor.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century events in the historical panorama crowded fast one upon another. Interest in one was hardly cool when another if possible more absorbing than its predecessor, claimed the attention of the world. The American colonies clamored for freedom, and finally wrenched it from grasping England. The peasantry of France became daily more and more dissatisfied, until at length burst forth with all its horrible and sickening details the disastrous civil strife that bathed the fields of that fair land in the blood of her children.

Voltaire, with his bold attacks on all that is holy and sacred, was read, admired and imitated. Monarchies were attacked, republics set up, creeds assailed, time-honored institutions destroyed. Nothing was too high or too holy to escape in this—the era of revolution, the epoch of moral earthquake.

While all this turmoil and these trials were stirring men's souls there was born in Winchester—that quaint old city of St. Swithun, noted for its picturesque nooks and corners, its curious legends, and its venerable past—John Lingard, the Catholic historian.

Early in life the fine parts of the boy, which afterwards enabled the man to perform his great work, showed themselves. He entered the English College at Douai—Douai that had nurtured so many "flowers growing for the priesthood and martyrdom"—where his course in humanities was brilliant. Before completing his

course in theology, however, the unsettled condition of France rendered it unsafe to remain in that country. Before his return to England he visited Paris. The mob—then ruler of the city—recognized him as ecclesiastical students. Fiendish shrieks rasped the air: "Calotin, Calotin, à la lanterne." To save his head he must use his heels. He darted down a narrow lane, the infuriated mob close behind. He looked back a weakness to which mankind, since the days of Lot's wife, has ever been prone—and saw his pursuers in a solid mass, stuck fast. Their leader—a woman of more bulk than grace—was wedged fast between two posts. She was not so agile to go and pass over them, nor was she so slender that she could pass between. The young student never could remember how he cleared them. The mob was held—baffled. To press forward was impossible, because of the struggling human obstruction; to retreat was no less difficult, so great was the seething mass. The prey escaped.

On another occasion our hero with a bayonet at his breast—no doubt as a menace to Æolus lest he fail to be generous—was compelled to sing Ça Ira.

Leaving France and her blood-thirsty citizens Lingard returned to England—England that had so ardently embraced the Faith when St. Augustine brought it—England whose sovereign was once hailed as Defender of the faith—England, Our Lady's dower. Ah, a sad change had come over that self-same England since the day on which Augustine's bark first touched her shore. Time was when through the length and breadth of the land the Church was at the pinnacle of honor. Among her devoted children the Church of St. Peter numbered the people of England from the sovereign down to the poorest peasant. The night of persecution came. Her temples

were confiscated, her children forbidden by law to worship as their conscience decreed. The fiat went forth, to be a Catholic was to be guilty of a felony. Did a Catholic presume to enter the gallery of the House of Commons he was liable to immediate arrest. Every Catholic was at the mercy of any vile informer, spurred on by the hope of reward. Years of persecution—years of determination to extirpate Catholicism from the land had done their work. The Catholic Church was at last almost unknown except in history, where once she "seemed destined to outlast England's greatness."

Through the blackness appeared at length a gleam of light. At times it seemed to flicker and grow so dim that it almost disappeared, only to shine forth again with increased lustre. In the England to which Lingard returned—in 1793—the Relief Bill—repealing the laws that deprived Catholics of the God-given rights of man—had been passed. A Catholic had dared—with impunity—to send forth a printed reply to an attack on the principles of his faith. Englishmen had begun to wonder, to question, to investigate. Converts—many of high station—had joined the Church. It seemed that England might once again be Catholic.

No doubt all these facts passed before the mind of Lingard as he neared the shores of his beloved island. He must have felt that the persecution had very nearly touched him. Had not his grandfather been ruined through fine and imprisonment, his family scattered and thrown on their own resources? For what offence? For treason? No! Merely for being Catholic. Had not Lingard's mother—then a young girl—been compelled in consequence to seek a livelihood away from home and friends in London where she met and afterwards married John Lingard, the histo-

rian's father? Undoubtedly the young man had learned all this from his mother's lips before he had left his native town, and now as he was borne nearer and nearer to his home he must have wondered why England—liberty-loving England—had so persecuted her Catholic children. Had they ever proved themselves disloyal to their king or to their country? Were they not men possessing the inalienable rights of man? Had they received justice? History—for to Hume, the cynic, the skeptic, the scoffer, all rushed for historical data—implied that they had received just what they deserved. Ah! the history that would paint them truthfully, justly, was yet to be written.

When Lingard reached England he joined some Douai students, finished a course in theology and was ordained to the priesthood in 1795. After occupying the chair of natural and moral philosophy at Crookhall, where he showed marked ability, he was offered the professorship of Sacred Scripture in the College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, but refused to accept a chair infected by the "leprosy of hypocrisy." The former occupant had gone over to the established church.

Up to this time he had contributed somewhat largely to the literature of his time, but the great work of his life, the work on which his fame principally rests—his History of England—was yet to come. He retired to Hornby—a small town near Lancaster—as pastor of a village church. Here he found the life that he loved—uninterrupted solitude and leisure for literary pursuit. Then did the idea of his life—to write a history of England—fair, impartial—a history that would prove to the world that Catholics were well worthy of enjoying all civil and religious rights—a history that would show what Catholics had done for England, for man, for truth—take definite form. The first volume called forth numberless encomiums. Its successors only added to the author's fame. When the whole work, from the Invasion by the Romans, 55 B.C., to the Revolution of 1688 was completed, the best, the most impartial history of England that had ever been written, was given to the public. Every page showed the clear head, the sound judgment the broad-minded impartiality, the indefatigable perseverance of a master. Old chronicles, buried for so many centuries from the eyes of the world that they were will-nigh forgotten, were again brought to the light. False ideas, till then almost universally accepted, were simply and logically refuted.

Particularly is that part valuable which pertains to the 15th and 16th centuries—that era when the great religious upheaval convulsed Europe to the centre. This epoch, perhaps, more than any other is difficult to treat fairly. In this delicate work, Lingard alone of English historians has succeeded. Catholics and Protestants alike are pleased to acknowledge this fact. In many ways did the Church wish to honor her distinguished son. To his history, it has been said, was due largely the change in sentiment towards the Catholics which led to the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in 1850. He refused all honors. To him happiness consisted in performing his duties as a priest in an obscure mission church, reading, studying, writing, and entertaining those fortunate enough to be his friends. Seated with his friends under an oak tree, grown from an acorn, brought by himself from the shores of Lake Thrasymene, and planted in the little garden adjoining his house, he spent many pleasant days, pleasant for him, but how much more so for those who shared them with him. His pleasing personality and inexhaustible store of anecdote

rendered him a charming companion,

One Sunday his servant rushed to tell him that prominent members of the bar had come to spend Sunday and dine. "There is only one leg of mutton in the house," she said, "and that has been cut in two. What shall we do? We can buy nothing in the village on Sunday." "Don't worry," he replied, "sew the leg of mutton together and it will do all right." She did as he told her, and the visitors pronounced the day, sewed mutton and all, a most pleasant one.

In 1851, mourned by the entire village, for his quiet and gentle nature had endeared him to the hearts of all his neighbors, and by the whole world of letters, for all acknowledged the greatness of his work, he folded his hands and entered into rest. H.R.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE

Continued from page 1.

was delivered by Marius Cinq-Mars, a graduate of this year. "Tyrolienne" from "Guillaume Tell" was so well rendered by the college choir that they were enthusiastically recalled.

No books were distributed, the prizes being merely proclaimed and each winner receiving a card as a voucher of his success. The reason of this unusual proceeding was explained by the Prefect of Studies. The students had, of their own accord, offered the value of their prizes as a contribution to the fund for Catholic schools. The announcement of this generous donation was received with loud applause from the entire audience. We noticed among those who had won the greatest number of prizes Noël Bernier, Achille Rousseau, Elzéar Beauré (who was credited with thirteen prizes and a silver medal), James Clarke and Adolphe Turner.

After the play was over, Lawrence Drummond, B. A. read an essay on "Her Majesty's Influence", which showed wide knowledge of the Queen's dealings with the officials of the Empire and was delivered in the purest English. We reproduce this remarkable paper on the first page.

The entertainment closed with "The Diamond Jubilee Hymn", recently composed by Jules Norman of Montreal. This was nicely sung by the college choir.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor then addressed the audience. He regretted that he could not speak to them in their beautiful tongue, although he had had the privilege of representing in the House of Commons a French Canadian constituency for twenty years. There was one thought that struck him and which the author of that excellent essay on Her Majesty's influence—an essay which deserved to appear in some more lasting form—might have introduced into his paper as a proof of the great changes wrought in Queen Victoria's reign. It was this. In the year of Her Majesty's accession Canada was in the throes of a serious rebellion, and now, sixty years later, a Premier, who belonged to the very party that had started that rebellion, and who was a distinguished French Canadian, was deemed worthy to represent the Dominion at the heart of the empire on occasion of the Diamond Jubilee festivities. This was a magnificent result of the Queen's influence for good. He went on to thank the Rector and other Fathers for having invited him to this interesting entertainment, in which the students showed so much ability. He was happy to present the medals so well won and he promised to renew the gift next year. In conclusion he rejoiced with them all in their loyal devotion to the person of Her gracious Majesty.

The audience dispersed after listening to the strains of "God save the Queen."

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

TACHE ACADEMY

Address to and Reply by THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of Thursday last, the 17th inst, Medals and Prizes were distributed at Taché Academy by His Honour Lieutenant Governor Patterson. The entertainment which was witnessed by a large and select audience of clergy and laity, opened with an entrance duet from "Martha" and a grand chorus in which some two hundred bright looking, white-robed damsels joined heartily.

Gold Medals were awarded to Miss G. Goulet and Miss A. Samson for proficiency in the highest or 8th class. The Silver Medal for success in English, in the 7th class presented by the Lieutenant-Governor, was awarded to Miss S. J. Isbister; the silver medal for success in French, presented by the Lieutenant-Governor, was awarded to Miss L. Grégoire. In the 6th class the Bronze Medal for French Grammar was won by Miss A. Granger; Rev. A. Béliveau's medal for Arithmetic was won by Miss L. Grégoire; and the medal for Music was won by Miss A. Bédard. Misses A. Samson, L. Gosselin, S. Arpin, V. Ranger and G. Champagne won the prizes for music.

The other principal prize-winners were for general excellence in the 6th class, Miss S. Arpin; in the 5th, Miss L. Dussault; in the 4th, Miss M. E. Charlet; in the 3rd, Miss P. Vigeant; in the 2nd, Miss B. Buron; in the 1st, Miss E. Marion; in the Preparatory class, Miss A. Senez. Prizes for constant and faithful attendance in all weathers were awarded to the following day pupils: Misses A. Kéroack, J. Poirier, A. Gagnier, Alb. Gagnier, Y. Kéroack, B. Bérubé, L. Senez H. Marcoux.

One little tot was so small that she could hardly reach up for her prize; so the kind Lieutenant Governor lifted her up on the marble-top table in front of him and there put the little medal with its ribbon round her neck.

After a rousing chorus, "All hail the bright auspicious day," a French address was read by Miss S. Arpin and an English one by Miss G. Goulet. We here reproduce the latter.

To His Honour J.C. Patterson
Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

May It Please Your Honour,

The return of each Commencement Day is ever looked forward to by the eager student, with sentiments of anxiety mingled with hopeful expectation. The anticipation of this happy day has been as a beacon light guiding us through the storms and tempests of our school year. If at times the clouds of discouragement darkened the bright horizon, the thought of the recompense that awaited us on this joyful occasion, enabled us to overcome all difficulties. And are we not amply repaid?—On all sides dear companions, devoted teachers and loving parents greet us with congratulations and felicitations. But above all we are honored by the distinguished presence of our Lieutenant Governor who condescends to crown this joyful occasion by coming in person to present the medals he so generously gave us. Yes, Your Honor, we are profoundly touched by this mark of patronage and the interest you take in the sublime cause of education and we are happy to embrace this golden opportunity to express our sentiments of sincere gratitude. Deign to accept it, Your Honor, and in after years these beautiful trophies of victory will be an extra link binding our hearts to our dear Tache Academy and its distinguished friend and benefactor.

Lieutenant Governor J. C. Patterson.

His Honor then spoke in part as follows: "Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen and Dear children, We ought all to thank a kind and merciful Providence that we are enjoying here all the blessings of life and culture, while millions of our fellow-creatures in India are perishing of

want and pestilence. Why, the very purity of our atmosphere is a boon. Then again, on seeing these bright intelligent faces enjoying all the benefits of a good education, I am inclined to recall, to a world that is noisy with woman's rights, that the Catholic Church has ever venerated that noble woman who was the Mother of our Saviour. And to come down to events nearer to us, I would ask you, dear children, to imitate in your way our gracious Queen whose jubilee we are about to celebrate. She was quite a grown girl before she realized that one day she might be the Queen of England, and we are told that when informed of that possibility she burst into tears and could console herself only by the promise, 'I will be good'. And wonderfully has she, the best of sovereigns, kept that promise for these sixty years.

You, my dear young friends, cannot all be queens. In fact, it is not at all likely that any one of you will ever become a queen. But you can all imitate Queen Victoria in her resolution to be good. Be worthy, then, of the admirable training you receive here from the devoted sisters."

The young ladies and children concluded the entertainment by singing, with charming precision, "God Save the Queen."

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Time Card taking effect on Monday, August 24, 1896.

MAIN LINE.

North Bound Read up	Stations	South Bound Read down
8:30a	Winnipeg	1:00p
8:15a	Portage Jct.	1:11p
7:50a	St. Norbert	1:25p
7:30a	Cartier	1:37p
6:59a	St. Agathe	1:55p
6:45a	Union Point	2:08p
6:28a	Silver Plains	2:14p
5:53a	Morris	2:30p
5:28a	St. Jean	2:44p
4:52a	Letellier	2:59p
3:30a	Emerson	3:35p
2:30a	Pembina	3:40p
8:35p	Grand Forks	7:00p
11:40a	Winnipeg Jct.	10:45p
	Duluth	8:00a
	Minneapolis	6:45a
	St. Paul	5:15a
	Chicago	8:35p

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

East Bound Read up	Stations	W. Bound Read down
8:30a	Winnipeg	1:00p
8:30p	Morris	2:35p
7:30p	Low Farm	2:55p
6:34p	Rolland	3:25p
6:04p	Rosebank	3:55p
5:27p	Miami	4:10p
4:53p	Deerwood	4:25p
4:02p	Altamont	4:40p
3:25p	St. Jean	4:55p
2:45p	Swan Lake	5:12p
2:08p	Indian Springs	5:28p
1:35p	Mariapolis	5:37p
1:08p	Greenway	5:52p
12:32p	Belmont	6:20p
11:58a	Hilton	6:32p
11:32a	Ashdown	6:48p
10:20a	Wawanesa	7:00p
9:45a	Elliotts	7:11p
8:22a	Wawanesa	7:25p
8:54a	Elliotts	7:32p
8:28a	Routhwaite	7:45p
7:25a	Martinville	8:02p
7:00a	Brandon	8:20p

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH.

West Bound Read d'n	Stations	East Bound Read Up
4:45 p.m.	Winnipeg	12:55 p.m.
4:58 p.m.	Portage Junction	12:17 p.m.
5:14 p.m.	St. Charles	11:50 a.m.
5:38 p.m.	Headingley	11:42 a.m.
5:42 p.m.	White Plains	11:17 a.m.
6:06 p.m.	Gravel Pit Spur	10:51 a.m.
6:13 p.m.	La Salle Tank	10:43 a.m.
6:25 p.m.	Estuace	10:29 a.m.
6:47 p.m.	Oakville	10:08 p.m.
7:00 p.m.	Curtis	9:50 a.m.
7:30 p.m.	Portage La Prairie Flag Station	9:30 a.m.

Stations marked "—" have no agent. Freight must be prepaid. Numbers 108 and 104 have through Pullman vestibule Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between Winnipeg and St. Paul and Minneapolis. Also Palace Dining Cars. Close connection at Chicago with eastern lines. Close connection at Winnipeg Junction with trains to and from the Pacific coast. For rates and full information concerning connections with other lines, etc., apply to any agent of the company.

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NOTICE. Some of our exchanges have not yet noticed our change of address. Papers marked "Winnipeg" reach us a day late. Our present address is THE NORTHWEST REVIEW St. Boniface Manitoba.

CITY AND ELSEWHERE. Rev. Father Proth was in St. Boniface last week. Branch No 52 of the C.M.B.A. are considering the advisability of purchasing a banner for use in parades.

Rev. Father Sinnett passed through the city on Thursday en route to Rat Portage where he preaches a children's retreat.

St. Mary's court no 276 of the Catholic order of Foresters hold a regular meeting in unity Hall tomorrow (Wednesday) evening.

"WERE those cough drops beneficial?" They worked like a charm. They have such a horrible taste that the children have all stopped coughing.

Sister Dugas is now Superior of St. Boniface Hospital; Sister Letellier has charge of the Edmonton hospital; Sister Mary Xavier is at the Grey Nuns Mother house

Mr. Justice Rouleau, with four St. Boniface College boys, Charles Rouleau, James Clarke, Frank Mc. Hugh and John Robinson, returned to Calgary last Thursday.

Three large arches have been erected on main street as a part of the Jubilee celebration and it is said they will not be taken down until after the Exhibition next month.

Report of the closing exercise at the Immaculate conception school last Friday at St. Mary's Academy yesterday afternoon and at the Brothers School yesterday evening are held over till next week.

Mrs. Kuddler—"Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me?" Mr. Kuddler—"Nonsense, Annie; the baby is now more than six months old, and it has never spoken a word."—Boston Transcript.

Reports come from the country of welcome rain in all parts of the Province. The crops were undoubtedly suffering in most districts for want of moisture but with the present ideal growing weather the outlook for a bountiful harvest seems to be most encouraging.

Last Sunday, Rev. Father George, O.M.I., preached at the Cathedral, Rev. Father Drummond, S.J. at St Mary's and Rev. Father Cherrier at the Immaculate Conception, all three taking occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee to remind their hearers that all the powers that be are ordained of God.

Last Friday, the 18 inst., was the fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the Vicariate Apostolic of the Red River into the diocese of St. Boniface, and on that occasion solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the cathedral by Rev. Father Chartier, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, assisted by Rev. Father, Tourangeau, S.J. and Rev. Father Heynen.

The Diamond Jubilee of her Gracious Majesty the Queen is to be celebrated to day in Winnipeg on a large scale. The principal feature of the occasion will undoubtedly be the grand processions of the school children and of the various national and fraternal societies. In the first named the children attending our Catholic schools will take part and they are to march headed by the band of St. Boniface Industrial School. The various Catholic societies will also be prominent, although it is to be feared that the showing of the fraternal organizations will be seriously diminished by the

fact that numbers of members will parade either with the St. Jean Baptiste or St. Patrick's societies. The pupils of the various Catholic schools of the city are now commencing their long summer vacation and it may be said they have honestly earned their holiday. The year just closed has undoubtedly been the most successful in the history of our schools, and the excellent standard attained speaks volumes for the efficiency of the teachers and the industry and perseverance of the scholars.

Sisters Bernier and Naughton are attending the small-pox patient in the isolated small-pox hospital of Winnipeg. The city authorities asked for the sisters. Dr. Inglis is in attendance. Though the case was a very virulent one, the patient is now out of danger and there is no fear of complications. The fact that the devoted Grey Nuns of St. Boniface are thus braving the risk of contagion has been studiously suppressed by all the non-Catholic papers of the country.

The Portrait of Queen Victoria published by the Montreal Star is out, and as was anticipated, is causing a genuine furor. A cablegram from London England, says it beats out of sight all the pictures of Victoria in England, and cable orders are being received at the Star office for the picture. The Star Jubilee Medal of pure aluminum is attracting wide-spread attention. There will not be enough of these two Jubilee Souvenirs to go around for every body wants them.

The consecration of Monsigneur Legal, O. M. I. the new Coadjutor Bishop of St. Albert, was performed last Thursday by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface and their Lordships Bishops Grandin and Durieu. Curiously enough, though Mgr Grandin is the senior bishop of Canada and, with one exception, of the United States, this is the first time he participates in the consecration of a fellow bishop. Mgr Pascal was unavoidably absent owing to missionary labors in the north. Mgr Grouard was also absent for the same reason.

NO ADVERSE CLAIMANT.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The Sun says: "Revelation can come only by a miracle. It must be supernatural in its source. Man can know the ways of God only by revelation, for they are past finding out by human investigation. The knowledge of them must be derived, if it is derived at all, from supernatural and infallible authority alone."

This is sound doctrine; but to make it available in practice we must find an answer to the question. Where and what is this infallible authority without which the ways of God cannot be known? God is infallible, because infinitely perfect, but he does not speak directly to us.

The authority referred to must then be somewhere on earth, visible and cognizable, otherwise it would be of no assistance to us, for that which is not known is to the mind as that which is not. It must then be known. Where and what is it? It is the answer to this question that divides the modern civilized world into Catholic and Protestant. The infallible authority is the Bible, says the Protestant. This is true only on the hypothesis that the book contains the revealed Word of God, that its writers were inspired by God and by Him protected from error in writing. Here we have a question that requires an infallible authority to determine. The Bible cannot determine it, for its authority is the very point in question and until determined its evidence is of no weight. Then the acceptance of the Bible as authority, as the Word of God, presupposes an infallible authority other than the Bible, logically prior to it, on whose authority we accept the book as the Word of God. There must then be an infallible authority somewhere on earth to say, "That book is the Word of God," and tell us when we correctly understand it. Without this, says the Sun, we cannot know the ways of God. What and where is this authority? As it is, and from the nature of the case, it cannot be

the Bible; it must be some Christian Church. Is it Presbyterianism, Methodism, Episcopalianism, or some other denomination known as Protestant? No. It is not, for they all disclaim infallibility and that disclaimer settles the question for them, for an infallible authority cannot disclaim its infallibility. That authority which says it is fallible is most certainly fallible. Their disclaimer reduces us to the alternative that the Catholic Church is the authority sought, or that there is no infallible authority. But if there be no such authority, then it is impossible, according to the Sun, for man to know the ways of God. Then there is such an authority, because it is necessary. But granting its necessity and actual existence, why assume that it is the Catholic Church? For the simple reason that the Catholic Church claims that authority, and there is no adverse claimant.

A Protestant Archbishop As A Poet.

From the Universe (London). The following poem by the late Protestant Archbishop of Dublin was published several years ago. It breathes the true spirit of patriotism, and shows that he was imbued with an intense love of his native land, the poet's admiration of her natural beauties, and the philosopher's calm judgment of the faults of her people. It also shows the contempt in which he held the Little Irelanders who were ashamed of their birth, who, when they get a footing abroad, profess a lofty contempt for kith and kin, and meanly try to rise, not on their merits, but by adulation of their new associates:

The Patriot's Rebuke.

Ye sons of Erin! who despise The motherland that bare you, Who nothing Irish love or prize. Give ear; I will not spare you! The stranger's jeer I do not fear, But can I pardon ever Those who revile their native isle? Oh! never, never, never!

That persons so refined and grand As you are should belong to This very low and vulgar land Is sad and very wrong, too? But 'tis too late to mend your fate; Irish you are for ever— You'll wipe that shame from off your Oh! never, never, never!

Tell, then, what do you hope to win, In spite of all your labours, By meanly cutting kith and kin, And courting prouder neighbours? Ah, no! dears sirs, he sadly errs Who tries to be too clever; Mark what I say, it will not pay— Oh! never, never, never!

From Irish soil you love to roam, But just let me remind you, You'll not ever find a happier home Than that you leave behind you. The world explore from shore to shore; 'Twill be a vain endeavour, On scenes so bright you'll never light— Oh, never, never, never.

Go point me out on any map A match for green Killarney, Or Kevin's Bed or Donlo's Gap, Or mystic shades of Blarney. Or Antrim's caves or Shannon's waves; Ah, me! I doubt if ever An lste so fair was seen elsewhere, Oh, never, never, never,

Where will you meet with lads more true? And where with truer lasses? Those genial hearts, those eyes of blue, Pray tell me what surpasses? You may not grieve such joys to leave, Or care such ties to sever, But friends more kind you'll never find, Oh, never, never, never.

When strutting through some larger town Than your own native city, Some bigger man you may hunt down, And bore them—more's the pity! But 'tis not State that makes men great, And should you fawn for ever, You'll never rise in good men's eyes— Oh, never, never, never.

And now, my friends, go if you will, And visit other nations, And leave your hearts in Erin still, Among your poor relations; The spot of earth that gave you birth Resolve to love for ever, And you'll repent that good intent Oh, never, never, never!

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