



REMINISCENCES OF A CONVERT.

Written for the Review.

After having read the other day with much interest one of the bi-monthly publications of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which contained a thrilling account of the martyrdoms of several Catholic missionaries, the ranks of whom are so largely recruited from the devoted sons of France or the French parts of Canada, my thoughts turned to what I had heard and known about missionaries when I was a Protestant child in England.

I remembered certain stories about what had occurred in my own family and, as I pondered, instead of tears filling my eyes at the recollection of dreadful sufferings, I found myself continuing to smile until at last—like good Mother Hubbard's dog of world-wide renown,—I was actually laughing!

It being a wholesome and pleasant thing for people to appreciate what calls forth legitimate merriment, if the good readers of the NORTHWEST REVIEW should feel disposed to share my mirth, I will explain what called it forth, trusting to their kind indulgence, if, in order to make the incidents clear, I have to enter into some domestic details which shall, however, be as brief as possible.

Many years ago an aunt of mine married a clergyman of the Church of England who—it was said—was going to preach the Gospel to the heathen in the Madras Presidency of India.

Having spent his early manhood in that country he spoke three or four of its languages with fluency, which naturally fitted him particularly well for the task he desired to undertake, as far as the matter of being readily understood by his hearers was concerned.

My uncle had considerable natural abilities and good qualities. He was very generous, and remarkably attractive in society. Certain little habits of his early life would hardly have been compatible with severe training for the missionary career. He once told me that he had always worn silk stockings until he was twenty and that it was only at that relatively mature age that he had acquired the art of putting them on for himself!

I remember that in England he used to refuse copper money when offered him as change, not from manifest haughtiness, but because he thought it had probably passed through the hands of very low class people. At last, however, he and his wife found themselves settled at some distance from Madras with a nice church and a very fairly numerous congregation of Protestant converts. Time passed and after a few years the family numbered three children.

Ever since the departure from England my dear mother and her sister had carried on a constant interchange of letters which afforded the greatest pleasure on both sides.

One morning, however, Louisa's fondly expected epistle filled the soul of my poor mother with the utmost distress, she

read it, and reveal it to be sure she understood aright—yes indeed—the words, which almost froze the blood in her veins, were actually there, "we have a Roman Catholic nurse for our dear children." What! the family of the chief, the especially authorized representative of Protestantism, in what should have been its pristine purity, for many miles around, to have admitted into its very bosom an avowed Papist, what could it mean?

If her sister's right principles were giving way on whom indeed was there longer any dependence to be placed on earth?

And how soon children learn! Though naturally it takes years to lay a sound Protestant foundation of truth in a child's mind and heart, what is there that a Roman Catholic cannot in a very few days accomplish when his end is to add another member to his Church?

Happily pen and ink were there to aid my dear mother and save her from becoming well nigh distracted. She placed herself at her writing table and penned a long, affectionate, but decidedly expostulatory letter to my aunt Louisa, strengthening, as she believed, her remonstrances with various texts chosen out of the book of the Revelation of St. John, explained by Dr. Cumming (a very popular writer at that time among ultra evangelical members of the Church of England), who said that he had good reason to know that they were particularly intended by Almighty God to be pointedly uncomplimentary to members of the Catholic Church. Finally the letter was consigned to the Royal mail bags, and my mother sighed when she reflected how long a time must elapse before it could be borne across the wide ocean and arrive at its distant destination.

A reply could not be looked for before the expiration of several weeks and when it came, what would it be?

Was all well in spite of the unaccountable announcement in Louisa's last letter, or had her dear sister's Protestantism been undermined by some treacherous influence, if it were not indeed already wholly wrecked. To increase her fears my mother suddenly remembered having heard of a small Catholic mission about twenty miles from where her brother-in-law's light was shining before the world.

If there was a mission, there must, she thought, often, if not always, be the presence of a priest, a genuine, unmarried Catholic priest, who doubtless went about not,—unfortunately,—roaring, but,—on the contrary—quite silently seeking whom he might pervert.

My mother nearly began a letter of sympathy to a broken hearted husband, because being gifted with a quick and vivid imagination she soon pictured that dear Louisa might already have taken leave of her family and disappeared forever, shorn and veiled, into some inaccessible convent. At last it came, the thin envelope with the Indian stamp, the manifold post marks, with curious names of places, and the well known hand writing. She was to learn the truth! With trembling hand, and almost gasping breath she tore open the cover, gave one penetrating glance—then came the sigh of intense relief—and she whispered, "thank God."

My beloved Sister,—Your dear

affectionate letter so full of precious warnings has just been brought me, and though it is late, I cannot go to bed without writing to relieve your very natural anxiety.

No wonder you ask how it can possibly be that with the large number of native converts which we have the happiness of seeing around us here, we have not chosen one among them to tend our sweet little ones, and the answer I am obliged to give is very sad, to be candid, there is not one, my dear Helen, whom we dare trust. We tried some girls out of our schools, of whom dear Henry thought very highly, but they proved in the end so dangerous for children that we resolved never to run such a risk again.

One of their great failings is, that even after conversion, these native Christians never seem able to understand properly what truth means. Under these distressing circumstances we have been,—very reluctantly—obliged to accept the services of the poor Roman Catholic whom I named. She is completely ignorant, not being able to read having been brought up entirely in the darkness of Popery. Still, unaccountable as it seems, she is a very model of conscientious devotion, and it is an immense comfort to me when we leave home for a few days at a time, to be able to rest satisfied that Monica will treat our dear children just as if I were looking on. It is truly humiliating to have to make such admissions about those to whom the Word of God is an open book, while on the other hand we see a deluded soul, who has never even been taught the necessity of examining the Scriptures for herself, so admirable in all except her idolatry. I need scarcely tell you how persistently we have endeavored to open the poor thing's eyes to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

And my heart has often ached when I have seen the faithful creature, sitting on the ground near the children asleep, watching so tenderly lest a mosquito should get through their curtains, and holding in her hand a string of beads with which she says her prayers, alas! the "vain repetition" so condemned in the Bible.

Oh! Helen, why have we the light and she NOT?

We have tried in vain to explain that true religion consists in simply laying hold of the righteousness of Christ; her benighted mind cannot grasp the comforting thought that faith is everything, and that good works are not necessary for salvation.

These few lines will, I hope quite relieve your anxious heart. Believe me, we both feel as you do.

Ever yours,
LOUISA.

Here I must pass over many years, during which my Aunt Louisa died, and I, by the unmerited mercy of Almighty God, received the grace to become a member of the One Holy Universal Church.

It wounds me to have to write how much my beloved mother mourned over my conversion, she often said that it was the only occasion on which I had ever crossed her wishes. This testimony leaves me at least the consolation of knowing that she must have felt to the last that she was dearer to me than

anyone or anything else on earth—except God.

To return, however, to my story, I had but recently become a Catholic when my uncle arrived in England from India. He had just been made Bishop and my mother entreated him to call on me and endeavor to shake my resolve.

He complied, and the interview opened in a very solemn manner. Between certain formal general remarks which were intended to lead in time to opening a conversation on the real subject of our thoughts, I was exerting my poor brains to the utmost to remember as clearly as possible the most conclusive arguments proving the authority of the Church, as I had delighted to learn them from the masterly pages of the works of Cardinal Wiseman, and I expected, as my uncle had recently written a commentary on the four gospels, that he would test my intelligence to the utmost.

However, the unexpected is said generally to happen and it certainly did in this case, for after some perhaps natural reproaches that I, the wife of a clergyman of the Church of England, should,—he was too polite, I think, to say—have given the enemy cause to blaspheme, but he meant it,—he cried out, in a tone between regret and encouragement: "But, my dear niece, if you wanted to change your religion, why did you not choose one that would have pleased your mother?"

Again years passed, and I must now invite my patient readers to picture a snug drawing room in England where I was sitting one afternoon with my cousin some months after the death of her father, the above mentioned Bishop.

We talked, over our tea, about various things—of her father's second marriage, and about the cut of an elaborate flowing purple cloth morning robe, which he took back to India in order to feel duly episcopal in the privacy of his home, and which his daughter had told me had cost many hours of mental anguish to a distinguished London tailor, and his subordinates, as it was to be made according to the Bishop's special taste and somewhat varying directions. At last the sorely perplexed tradesman had sent a representative to wait on the Bishop to request with all becoming deference that, if it were possible, he might be permitted, if but one glance, at some garment in some way like what would be fortunate enough to meet with his Lordship's approbation, as, notwithstanding many years of experience in various forms of ecclesiastical and other costumes, he had never had the advantage of contemplating any human covering of such ample dimensions as seemed to be desired.

When—to own the truth we had made sufficiently merry over the robe, the conversation changed to another topic, at last, my cousin, who is a woman of what are called very broad views in matters of religion, remarked carelessly "Oh, my father held all those natives together by his personal influence, he had been with them for years, he ruled them like a little Pope, he was kind, and exceedingly liberal.

"I am told by those who can judge, and I expect myself, that now they will gradually fall away more or less,—but, by the

way, of course, M., you have heard about my father's monument?"

"No; have his people raised a monument to his memory?"

She laughed: "My father was convinced that they would most certainly wish to do so, and it grieved him to fancy the poor natives denying themselves even perhaps in food to raise money in his honour

"After some consideration he came to the conclusion that the only sure way of obviating the difficulty would be for him to set aside a certain sum of money in his will to be applied to erecting a monument for himself, and this he did."

Whether the good Bishop was as considerate to those on whom the onerous task would have to fall of composing his epitaph as he was to those who, he presumed, would starve to erect him a monument, and whether he therefore duly prepared some suitable remarks on himself, I never heard, but if his daughter's surmises were correct, many of his friends and admirers shared, as to the constancy, or rather inconstancy, of many of the converts on whom he had loyally spent some forty years of the best labour he knew how to give, one asks oneself with sadness what was probably the actual number of souls added to the Kingdom of Heaven through his instrumentality.

"He that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."

A GREAT SUCCESS.

CATHOLIC CLUB'S CARD PARTY
MOST SUCCESSFUL EVER
HELD IN THE CITY.

The Catholic Club held last night in Friendship hall the most successful card party ever held in the city. It was something of an experiment to carry out a progressive pedro party on such a large scale, but notwithstanding, the attendance far exceeded the expectations of the committee. The arrangements were so perfect that the affair passed off without a hitch. At the close of the evening's play it was found that the ladies' prize had been won by Mrs. P. Marion, whilst the second was taken by Mrs. Ross. W. Maloney carried off the gentleman's prize. Following the cards a light supper was served and the entertainment was then brought to a pleasant close with a choice programme of vocal and instrumental music in which the following took part: Mr. Morley, H. Brownrigg, D. Cameron, Bruce Eggo and Miss Holroyd. The company dispersed in the small hours of the morning with hearty thanks to president Deegan and the executive committee of the club who had arranged the affair. Before leaving "Soldiers of the Queen" and the national anthem were heartily sung by all present.—Morning Telegram, Feb. 22.

Monsignor Ritchot is suffering from an attack of la grippe, but is rather better than he was last Friday.

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NORTHWEST REVIEW

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1900

CURRENT COMMENT

The General Intention for March is "The International Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial in 1900." This intention, which was proposed to the Holy Father and received his warm commendation as early as November last, comes most opportunely for the many readers of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart who are thinking of a pilgrimage to Rome during the Holy year. It will be so easy for them to turn but very slightly out of their way, when travelling, as they generally do, through France, and visit, in the centre of that beautiful land, the little town of Paray-le-Monial where Our Blessed Lord appeared more than seventy times to Blessed Margaret Mary. Father Coube, one of the greatest French orators now living, is quoted, in the "Messenger Canadien du Sacre-Coeur," as saying that Paray is the Bethlehem where were found the first adorers of the Sacred Heart, the Nazareth where this beloved devotion grew up unobserved, the Jerusalem where Jesus gave a new and more tender version of his teachings in the precincts of the Temple.

Next Friday, March 2nd,—as the "Messenger Canadien du Sacre-Coeur" points out—being the ninetieth birthday of our Holy Father Leo XIII., all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer are invited to receive Holy Communion on that day, which is also the first Friday of the month, and to unite in prayer for the Vicar of Christ. Those who cannot do so on Friday might approach the Holy Table on Sunday, March 4, the 90th anniversary of the baptism of the Pope.

The "Tablet" of the 10th inst. says Lord Lansdowne officially stated in the House of Lords that General Sir William Butler was not recalled but resigned of his own accord because of the divergence between his views and those of the High Commissioner Sir Alfred Milner.

If T. W. M. Marshall, the inimitably clever author of "Christian Missions," were still alive, he would keenly relish the "Reminiscences of a Convert," which we are delighted to be

able to publish in this issue. The author of these reminiscences is a distinguished convert, very highly connected, who is spending the winter in this part of the world. Like all true artists, she does not sharpen her points, but simply lets them penetrate receptive minds; and this, while implying a compliment to the reader, also claims his concentrated attention. It is only on re-reading that all the humor of these anecdotes comes out. We realize the hopeless want of logic in "Aunt Louisa," who, instead of seeing that that religion must be true which succeeds where other religions fail, deplores the idolatry of the virtuous Hindoo nurse. We chuckle over the Anglican bishop who wears a purple robe in the privacy of his home in order to "feel duly episcopal," and we can almost enter into the befuddled mental condition of that same dignitary leaving money for a monument of himself lest his unconverted "converts" might starve themselves to build him one. With such cases actually chronicled by trustworthy witnesses we cease to wonder at the elasticity thanks to which invincible ignorance can be stretched to incredible limits.

The Maternity Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy (Misericorde), incorporated under the laws of this province, and lately opened in a fine new building, described in our last issue but one, has for its object the protection of friendless mothers, whom the Sisters shelter and instruct during the period of maternity, keeping a watchful eye on their physical and moral welfare. About one third of the patients received during last year were respectable married women who preferred the retirement and care of a religious institution to the often heartless ministrations of mere mercenary help. Special provision is made for such patients in the new building at very reasonable rates. But the institution is supported chiefly by voluntary contributions, and no discrimination is made in receiving persons of all races, creeds and religions.

We beg to call especial attention to our article on the Greek play that will be given at the celebration of His Grace's consecration on or about the 19th of this month. "Philoctetes" embodies a noble idea which, though here exemplified in a heathen, is too often forgotten by nominal Christians—the idea that it is a great thing to have suffered with fortitude physical pain. When Hercules appears at the end of this tragedy, he encourages Philoctetes by saying to him: "This is thy lot to make thy life a life of splendid fame through these thy sufferings." The milk-and-water Christians of our day who object to fasting and austerity and who have a childish fear of bodily pain would find a healthy stimulant in this great drama the dominant idea of which Fénelon has summed up in this pithy sentence: "Those who have never suffered know nothing."

Party spirit has its compensations; it often brings out the facts. Besides the two letters which the Free Press published

(and which we reproduce elsewhere) from Mr. McCreary and Father Kulawy in defence of the Galicians, it prints this morning over four columns reviewing the charges made against them and proving that the Galicians are law-abiding, honest and industrious, and that personal spite on the part of a certain editor is the only ground for the extraordinary accusations of wife-beating, robbery and murder.

It has taken the Free Press fully five days, after the receipt of our last issue, to make up its mind to notice our defence of Mr. Goulet, the newly appointed Inspector of Schools. This morning it quotes our statement that he had some valuable experience as a teacher, and our question whether His Grace of Rupert's Land and Rev. Dr. Bryce, prominent members of the Advisory Board, have ever had any normal training. The Free Press quotes—and nothing more. It attempts no denial nor answer. Neither does it produce the vouchers we asked for as to Mr. Rochon's own normal training. This is quite satisfactory to us.

Apropos of "vain repetitions," the Protestant translation of the Greek word "battologein" in Matt. VI. 7, which the writer of "Reminiscences of a Convert" in this issue quotes humorously, Father Sheahan continues in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal a long series of learned but too diffuse articles proving that Liddell and Scott's great Greek lexicon is wrong in translating "battologein" by "to babble, to use vain repetitions." As this word appears but twice in all Greek literature, its meaning is not easy to determine; but the Catholic version "speak not much" agrees better with the second instance, viz., the use of the word by Simplicius. However, even if we tolerate the Protestant version, the only repetitions that are condemned are those which are "vain," and this implies the existence of repetitions that are not vain, such as abound in the Psalms and other books of Scripture.

Death loves a shining mark and certainly found one in Major Arnold, one of the most soldierly and at the same time attractive men that ever graced this western province. The parishioners of St. Mary's, Winnipeg, have special reason to cherish his loyal and gallant memory. For several years his fine voice was one of the mainstays of St. Mary's choir, although he did not belong to the household of the faith. The many hearts his death on the battlefield will wound and well nigh break will realize, as they never did before, the cruelty of war.

The English "Catholic Times," after quoting some of the most telling phrases of our article on "Tablet Tactics" (Jan. 16) says, with evident allusion to "The Tablet," that that same "Catholic contemporary" evidently enjoys harrying Canadian bishops as much as it enjoys harrying the bishops of Ireland.

Some time ago Rev. Father Lebrat, O.M.I., the first pastor of the Immaculate Conception, Winnipeg, wrote to Rev. Father

Cherrier, suggesting that perhaps the present pastor would take up a collection in favor of a new church which Father Lebrat is building at Macleod, Alberta. Father Cherrier did so and sent the venerable Oblate \$53. Father Lebrat writes a beautiful letter of thanks to the pastor and people of the Immaculate Conception parish for their great generosity, promising to say a Mass for them in the new church as soon as it is built.

A GREEK PLAY AT ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

Some day of this month, the date not being yet fixed, one of the tragedies of Sophocles will be played by students of St. Boniface College in the original Greek. This is, we need hardly say, the first time so ambitious an undertaking has been attempted in Western Canada. Toronto witnessed university students playing Antigone in 1894, and the Montreal College of the Sulpician Fathers gave the same play in 1895; but nowhere else in Canada has a Greek tragedy been put on the boards. We feel pretty sure, too, that no such attempt has been made in the United States west of the Alleghanies, though, of course Yale and Harvard have had their Greek plays.

The tragedy chosen by St. Boniface College is Philoctetes, the most pathetic production of that best Greek master of pathos, Sophocles. Though this tragedy is a series of heart-rending situations, there is nothing maudlin, no sentimentality. There is not even a single female character. It is all virility. Four actors and the chorus of fifteen sailors furnish forth the whole of the drama.

Among the chieftains of Hellas who sailed for Troy was Philoctetes. When the fleet stopped at Chryse, he was bitten by a snake which inflicted an incurable, though not immediately mortal wound. To escape from the agonizing cries of Philoctetes and the stench of his festering foot, his comrades followed the advice of the crafty Ulysses and put him ashore, all alone, on the desert island of Lemnos. The victim of their cruel treachery bore with him the bow and arrows which Hercules had given him in return for the service he did that hero in kindling his funeral pyre on Mount Oeta. In the tenth year of the siege of Troy, the Greek chieftains, having learnt from their captive, the Trojan prophet Helenus, that the city could be taken only by Hercules' bow and arrows, sent Ulysses and Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, to Lemnos to obtain these precious weapons from Philoctetes.

It is at this point the play opens. Ulysses, having just landed on Lemnos, sends Neoptolemus ahead with instructions to obtain the bow and arrows by deceit. Then ensues a touching dialogue between Philoctetes recounting his ten years of anguish and Neoptolemus feigning anger at Ulysses so as to ingratiate himself with the stricken hero, who begs to be taken home. The Chorus add their entreaties, and Neoptolemus is on the point of consenting, when two strangers are seen approaching—a merchant, really an emissary of Ulysses in disguise, and a sailor. The trader declares that Ulysses has left Troy in quest of Philoctetes, whose presence is necessary for the success of the Achæan arms. This makes Philoctetes more anxious than ever to start homeward before Ulysses can reach Lemnos; but just then he is attacked by a paroxysm of pain, during which he hands Neop-

tolemus the bow and arrows to hold till the fit is past. From sheer exhaustion he falls asleep, the Chorus meanwhile singing a short hymn of exquisite beauty to the god of sleep. When Philoctetes awakes, his bow is gone, he is helpless, abused by the trusted youth, duped by remonstrance, entreaty succeed each other, and not without effect. Neoptolemus is ashamed of himself, and is on the point of giving back the bow, when Ulysses suddenly appears from his hiding place and forbids any such sentimental weakness, adding that Philoctetes must come to Troy whether he will or no. "It is the will of Zeus."

Then come alternations of recrimination, despair, attempts at suicide on the part of Philoctetes, merciless bluster on the part of Ulysses, repentance of his deceit on the part of Neoptolemus, who restores the bow. With his recovered weapon Philoctetes tries to kill Ulysses, but is prevented by Neoptolemus, who entreats the sufferer to come to Troy. Philoctetes is obdurate, and it seems as if oracles and destinies are to be set at defiance, when the godlike form of Hercules is seen hovering above the disputants, and from the god's lips they learn that heaven wills Philoctetes to go to Troy, there to find health and fame immortal. Thus is a reconciliation effected; Philoctetes accepts his destiny, and the play closes as all are preparing to start for the ship.

In the foregoing summary of the play we have merely hinted at the influential part taken therein by the chorus, which forms the distinctive feature of ancient drama. When occasion offers, the chorus, reflecting the feelings of the actors and the impressions of the audience, speaks or sings to solemn music, sometimes only through the leader (Coryphæus), sometimes through different parts addressing each other and replying, while moving from one side of the stage to the other, in so-called strophes (turns), antistrophes (counter-turns), and epodes (after-songs), enhancing the impression of the play by expressions of joy, sorrow, admiration, or horror; by hymns or supplications to the gods, by addressing the heroes of the scene, advising or consoling, warning or approving.

The music for all the choral parts of Philoctetes is the work of a distinguished composer, a graduate of the Paris "Conservatoire," who does not wish his name to appear, and whose manuscript has never been printed. The rendering of this beautiful music with an appropriate orchestra would alone repay the most fastidious audience, even if the latter did not understand a word of Greek, just as nine-tenths of those who listened to Emma Nevada last week enjoyed her singing, though they understood not a word of her French songs. The choir of boys who are to sing in the Greek chorus have been drilled carefully for several months and are now quite at home in the Hellenic tongue and the sweet, tender melody, which, connoisseurs say, is even more grave and pathetic than Mendelssohn's "Chœurs d'Athalie." Thus, apart from all classic associations, the representation of "Philoctetes" at St. Boniface College will be a treat for all lovers of genuine music.

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THE GALICIANS.

COMMISSIONER M'CREARY AND
REV. FATHER KULAWY
OBJECT TO MISREPRESENTATION.

Free Press, Feb. 24.

To the Editor of the Free Press.

Sir,—I notice in the "Telegram" of this morning a very sensational and bitter editorial on the Galicians in general, and more especially upon the colonies north of Strathclair and Shoal Lake, based upon a most scurrilous article which appeared in the "Shoal Lake Star" of the 15th inst.

Now, sir, I am at a loss to understand this article because if you will consult the files of this gentleman's paper from the time these Galicians went there, you will find he speaks in the highest terms of these people as being good settlers, law-abiding, splendid servants, and, in fact, applies strong language to their merit.

An explanation might possibly be had, however, by consulting the private correspondence in my office, wherein this gentleman asks certain concessions in the way of employment, purchase of extra number of his paper, and so forth, which the government has not yet seen fit to grant. An explanation might possibly, I say, be found here.

Permit me to say that I have sent up to-day one of my agents and an interpreter to go thoroughly through the colony and find out what truth there is in the article. I have no doubt they will, while there, meet the representative of the attorney-general and drive together.

To say that there are not some immoral, some poor and some vicious people would not be true, but I say that the percentage among such a large number of Galicians at that point is small. The Anglo-Saxons have not a monopoly of all the vice.

I have also spoken to the reverend of that municipality and several others who have been down here to the bouspiel, and they strongly repudiate the article, and as most of them have gone home to-day, I predict that the editor will have a hot time. Every one of them very soon stated what the reason was when they saw the private correspondence on file here.

I admit that in addition to there being a few immoral and poor among the Galicians, there is a certain antipathy to them for two reasons. In the first place, along party political lines by strong Conservatives who desire to hurt the minister of the interior, and also many others living in the district adjoining them who have for a number of years had their wood and hay free off the lands taken up by these people. If the second and third class lands of this country are not to be settled up, then our area does not amount to nearly so much as has been stated in the public utterances of our political leaders at Ottawa.

You will observe in these articles referred to that the Rev. Father Kulawy, the Polish priest in this city, has been quoted as giving utterance to certain remarks. I immediately sent a messenger to see this gentleman, and beg to enclose a copy of a letter which I received from him to-day, which will explain itself. No wonder the Reverend Father feels indignant, because he is doing a good work among these people, and has visited, I believe, almost every colony of them, and is in a position to speak with as much authority as any man in the west.

A terrible mistake, Mr. Editor, is being made by some party politicians in decrying this kind of immigration. Such is not done in the party papers across

the line, and I fear if continued here it will have but one effect—that is, we shall get none of these people from Europe, which would be a disastrous blow to this province in the eyes of any one who has the interests of the west really at heart.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
W. F. M'CREARY,
Commissioner.
Winnipeg, Feb. 20, 1900.

Church of the Holy Ghost,
Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 20, 1900.
Mr. McCreary, City:

Dear Sir,—I was very sorry to read in the Shoal Lake Star, Feb. 15, an article echoed by this morning's Telegram, wherein the editor gives on the Galician people settled in his vicinity different statements, the authenticity of which I am not called to criticize, but against which I protest as far as my authority is concerned. I remember well the interview—not with a representative, but with the editor himself—at the Lakeview House, but I do not remember to have given any description of the kind as "Poorest of the Galician serfs, little education, crude moral preceptions, and no ambition, etc." During my mission at the Galician colony north of Shoal Lake from Jan. 12-15, there were every day considerable congregations of people for the church services. I had long talks with them in the afternoon at different stations of the colony, but I never heard a word about so dreadful deeds attributed by the editor to so poor—but so law-abiding—a class of people.

The great majority, I should say the generality, of the Galician people of Shoal Lake, with but few exceptions—as exceptions we find everywhere—are satisfied with their location, and would not go back to Galicia.

Though I am convinced that you did not believe the statements published in the Shoal Lake paper, I regret, however, that such things have been written upon my authority and protest against the words attributed to me by the editor of the Shoal Lake paper.

Pray, dear sir, kindly acknowledge my regrets of such a misunderstanding. Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) J. WM. KULAWY, O.M.I.

FATHER GENDREAU'S VISIT.

The residents of town and surrounding country will be pleased to learn that Rev. Father Gendreau, O.M.I., Superior of the Oblate Mission at Dawson City, Yukon, arrived in Montreal last week. It is to be hoped that the reverend gentleman will gladden the hearts and please the eyes of his very many friends about Mattawa, by a visit before he returns to his arduous mission in the far northern gold fields. His departure from this mission was never regretted but once—and that was all the time by all who knew him, irrespective of race, creed and condition. There are few who esteem him more highly than does the editor of The Tribune.—Mattawa Tribune, Feb. 21.

Mr. Hayter Reed, well known in the Northwest till 1896 as Indian Commissioner, has been appointed manager of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, and will enter upon his duties about April 1. He is at present the secretary of the St. James' Club Montreal.

To John McD.—The letter you enclose will receive due attention.

Children will go sleighing. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Pale And Languid.

THE CONDITION OF VERY MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA.

THEY ARE SUBJECT TO HEADACHES, HEART TROUBLE, AND AN INDISPOSITION TO EXERCISE—PARENTS SHOULD ACT PROMPTLY IN SUCH CASES.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious, and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness and a feeling of almost constant languor. She was treated by a good doctor, but still there was no improvement. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have to stop several times to rest on the way. She lost all her color and her face was as white almost as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which affects so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes. Before they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and languor gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anaemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthen the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

This is Shrove Tuesday, so called because it is confession time. In the middle ages especially all Catholics 'sbrove," i. e. went to confession on the eve of Ash Wednesday.

Immense increase in the sale of D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

OBITUARY.

The funeral of the late Jas. Flannagan took place yesterday morning from the family residence 327 Carlton street to St. Mary's church, where requiem high mass was conducted by Rev. Father O'Dwyer. The choir assisted by Mr. Crick rendered beautiful selections suitable to the occasion. The solo "Some Sweet Day" was sung very feelingly by Miss Barrett. Miss Flannagan, daughter of the deceased is a member of the choir. The high esteem in which the deceased was held among a large circle of friends was evidenced by the large number who attended the funeral. Among the floral tributes was a beautiful wreath with the letters "G. A. R." from the Grand Army of the Republic of which deceased was a member. Other floral tributes were: Large cross from Messrs. Kilgour, Rimer & Co.; large spray, Mr. and Mrs. Burke; spray, Mr. and Mrs. Trumble; spray, Mr. and Mrs. La Porte; spray, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. MacCormick; spray, Miss Morrison; spray, Miss Scott; star, Mr. and Mrs. Colter. The pall bearers were W. J. O'Connor, E. Burke, W. Bawlf, M. Rocan, E. Lafrance, and X. Saucier. The remains were laid to rest in Fort Rouge cemetery.—Free Press, Feb. 21.

The funeral of John Garland, the Springfield farmer, who died at St. Boniface hospital on Wednesday last, took place yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, to the Immaculate Conception church, where requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Rousseau, assisted by Father Cherrier. The bearers of the casket were: Joseph Shaw, William Mathews, Samuel Pantland, John Cameron, Thos. Breen, S. W. McKinnon, L. O. Genest, and Alex. Courtney. The remains were laid to rest in St. Mary's cemetery. Deceased's son, William, arrived on Sunday morning from Montreal, and was present at the funeral. He will remain here a few days to help his aged mother to close up her business.—Free Press, Feb. 27.

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

Male Teacher Wanted

For Indian Industrial School, with knowledge of music or French. Apply to REV. A. NAESSENS, Principal, Davisburg P. O., Alta.



Sewer Construction
DUMOULIN STREET.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council of the Town of St. Boniface has decided to make and construct a common sewer on Dumoulin Street from the West line of St. Joseph Street to the West end of said Dumoulin Street.
The Town will issue local improvement debentures for an amount sufficient to cover the cost of said work, and will assess and levy an annual uniform frontage rate upon the properties of both sides of the street fronting or abutting on the portion of said Dumoulin Street where said sewer is to be made, which rate shall be sufficient to pay interest and raise a sinking fund to pay off the amount of said debentures in fifteen years. And, unless within one month from the publication of this notice, the owners representing at least three fifths of the real property fronting or abutting on said portion of Dumoulin Street to be benefited by such sewer, petition the Council against the said work and the assessment for the cost thereof, the Town of St. Boniface may, without further notice proceed with the construction of said sewer and levy a frontage local improvement rate as aforesaid.

By order,
THEO. BERTRAND,
Secretary Treasurer.
St. Boniface, 27 Dec. 1899.

EMULSION
The D. & L. Emulsion
CONSUMPTION AND ALL KINDS OF BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, LOSS OF APPETITE, &c.
By the aid of the D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.
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MONTREAL.

Two Weeks More...

At the urgent request of a large number of our subscribers we have decided to extend the time for premiums, two weeks longer from to-day. This, we hope, will satisfy them, and they should acknowledge this act by remitting at once.

The NORTHWEST REVIEW,

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MARCH.

- 4, —First Sunday in Lent.
- 5, Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
- 6, Tuesday—Votive office of the Holy Apostles.
- 7, Wednesday—Ember day. St. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor.
- 8, Thursday—St. John of God, Conf.
- 9, Friday—Ember day. The Lance and the Nails. St. Frances of Rome, widow
- 10, Saturday—Ember day. The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

BRIEFLETS.

This is the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba Hill and Cronje surrendered this morning.

The exposition of the Blessed Sacrament last Sunday, yesterday and to-day attracted full congregations to the Cathedral.

Last Sunday at High Mass in the Cathedral of St. Boniface, Rev. J. A. Gernier, S. J., preached on the origin and purpose of the Forty Hours' Devotion during Shrovetide.

About the end of March Rev. Father Lacombe will leave for Europe in order to secure the services of some order of Brothers for his half-breed settlement northeast of Edmonton.

Rev. Father Clarke, C. S. S. R. of St. Louis, Mo., will begin a Mission next Sunday in the Immaculate Conception Church, Winnipeg, and on the 18th of March he will begin another in St. Mary's Church.

Every week-day in Lent is a day of fast. Wednesdays and Fridays are, moreover, days of abstinence; likewise Saturday of next week on account of the Ember Days, and Thursday and Saturday of Holy Week.

By a curious coincidence the 22nd anniversary of the Holy Father's coronation occurs on the 3rd of March, next Saturday, between the anniversary of his birth March 2, and the anniversary of his baptism, March 4.

The Diamond Jubilee of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society of Montreal, the oldest Catholic Temperance organization in America, was celebrated last Sunday in St. Patrick's church in that city.

If "coming events cast their shadows before," those shadows on the blind presage a wedding in the near future.



The young lady may even be "all ready" to marry, that is, she thinks she's "all ready" for her trousseau's prepared, the "trip" has been planned, and the house picked out and "everything."

When we see a young woman go out to meet fate that way it brings to mind the Frenchman's saying of the Charge of the Light Brigade. "It was magnificent but it was not war." It is magnificent to see the young girl face the future so fearlessly, but it is not life. No young woman is ready for married life unless her physical condition is up to the standard of marriage, in the health of all the delicate womanly organs, and rarely is that the case.

Young women entering upon the state of marriage will find no friend so helpful as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, prevents the drains that ruin the health, and makes the ordeal of motherhood so easy that it is practically almost painless.

"At an early stage of married life," writes Mrs. Flora Ann, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo., "I was greatly bothered with painful periods, also a troublesome drain which rendered me very weak and unfit for work of any kind. I became so thin there was nothing left of me but skin and bone. My husband became alarmed and got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription.' After he saw the wonderful effects of that one he got me two more, and after I used those up there was no more pain, and I began to gain in flesh very rapidly."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice answers every question. It is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. For the cloth edition 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN OCEAN OF SAND.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

It is believed that at one time the great desert of North Africa, the Sahara, with its linked sandy waste, the Libyan Desert, constituted a semi-landlocked ocean, a mighty arm of the sea, which possibly almost divided North from South Africa into two continents, by a broad and expansive gulf, ranging in breadth from more than a thousand miles to less than fifty miles. If it be true that the whole of this arid and desolate wilderness—the world's great waste—is considerably below the level of the sea, and that the engineering difficulties of re-admitting the ocean into its old bed are by no means insuperable, it is strange that the two nations most intimately interested—England and France—do not take the matter in hand, and by once more transforming this wild and useless sea of sand into a navigable ocean, open up to prosperity and civilization thousands of miles of territory which is now only reached by arduous and laborious toil, and into which even that pioneer of civilization, the brave and self-denying missionary, has scarcely penetrated.

Truly the Great Desert is a veritable howling wilderness, a savage, boundless wild, drear and dismal; silent as death itself, and terrifying in its weird and ghastly monotonous solitude. Everything sand; its hills, all sand; its valleys, all sand; its plains, all sand; nothing but sand, as far as the wearied eye can reach—sand, sand, sand—constant, never ending sand. At sea, when surrounded by the world of waters, a feeling of joyous exhilaration is experienced, but when encompassed with this dreariness, unvarying environment, and the last palm, and the last habitation have been lost to sight, a strange undefined sense, almost of apprehension, eery and uncanny, which the writer is quite unable to describe, possesses the traveller, and hovers about him until he has left the dismal bone-strewn waste behind, and once more steps upon the green verdure, and rests his tired and jaded eyes upon graceful palm and lofty orange tree, with its golden harvest of luscious fruit.

But at times the wearisome monotony of the desert is suddenly changed: a lurid darkness appears on the horizon, the atmosphere assumes a livid, ghastly hue, the camels begin to tremble and shiver, and a vague apprehensive horror seizes upon all life. The threatening obscurity continues rapidly to advance, and the heavens are hidden in frowning blackness, and then, with appalling uproar, a raging tempest tears the hot sandy hills and mounds from their very base, and drives them furiously, with a roar like live thunder, across the plain in a withering blast of burning, frenzied wrath; blighting all life with its baneful, stifling venom, and suffocating the hapless man or beast exposed to its vehement and relentless fury, as if the very Angel of Death had spread his wings on the blast.

And the desert is as deceitful as it is awesome. For, at times, the parched and wearied traveller, yearning for a draught of cool and refreshing water, sees, perhaps not more than a mile or two away, a glittering lake, over whose shores are waving the fronds of graceful palms, doubtless loaded with full-ripe date fruit. He continues to advance, but never seems to approach any nearer. The pellucid wavelets of the beautiful lake continue to dance and sparkle in the sun, but Tantalus-like seem to mock at his approach, until, when

perhaps he really does appear to be drawing nearer and nearer to the delicious fluid, the beautiful mirage gradually fades away into nothing, and gives place to the hot burning interminable sand, and he finds himself far away in the desert from his true course.

And just so is it with some of ourselves. Wearied with the monotony and drudgery of life, in the desire for more excitement we indulge in the pursuit of some forbidden or questionable pleasure, which leads us further and further away from the course of rectitude, until at length it mockingly eludes our grasp, and we are left stranded and perishing in the arid, waste desert. But there is One, who is able and willing to rescue the erring wayfarers, and to present them faultless before the Presence of the Great Judge, who has promised to accept the punishment borne by Him as full satisfaction for their misdeeds. And that Deliverer is the loving Saviour of the world.

Dr. Devine, as we learn from a private letter, occupied the same stateroom as Father Sinnett on their voyage to South Africa. Dr. Devine is captain-surgeon and Father Sinnett Catholic chaplain of the second contingent.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface is expected back from Prince Albert to-morrow. Rev. Father Lacombe, who met him at Regina and went on to Prince Albert, will accompany him here. Rev. Father Gravel will also return with His Grace.

There is no uncertainty about Pny. Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.



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Branch 52. Winnipeg.

Meets at Unity Hall, corner of Main and Lombard streets, every first and third Wednesday, at 8 o'clock p. m.

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