

Northwest Review



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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IN MEMORIAM.

From the Northwestern Chronicle.
Most Reverend A. A. Tache, O. M. I., Archbishop of St. Boniface, who died June 22, 1894.
High Priest of God, beloved in all the land,
Around thy grave thy sorrowing children stand,
And not thy faith alone; here all creeds join
In grief that bears the stamp of honest coin.
No more the Red man from the shore shall mark,
With joy, the coming of the Father's bark,
Who poured baptismal waters on his brow,
That bark is moored in Heavenly rivers now.
No more the weary march and lengthened fast,
The Tree of Life now yields a full repast,
And for the chiming of the Vesper bell
Heaven's host the tide of melody shall swell,
Bells of St. Boniface! he held you dear,
And we, who linger still, will often hear
With throbs of pain your mellow call to prayer,
Knowing the well-loved Bishop is not there.
If thou canst look from Heaven's heights and see
Thy faithful children when they bend the knee;
Or tone of earth can reach a sainted ear,
Thy name in loving accents thou shalt hear.
Farewell, thou crowned of Heaven, oh may we,
Who still on earth's path tread till death sets free,
Follow the steps thy sainted feet have trod,
That lead at last to peace and rest with God.
—MRS. A. MCGILLIS.
Winnipeg, Man., Xmas, 1895.

THE DANGER OF SPURIOUS CONVERSIONS.

From the N. Y. Catholic Review.
The conversion of a soul to the Catholic faith is a wonderful work of divine grace. Faith is the gift of God and it is ordinarily vouchsafed to those humble, earnest and obedient souls who, wearied with the uncertainty and endless controversies in which Protestants of every name are involved, even upon the most essential principles of the Gospel, long for certainty, for some stable ground of faith, some reliable authority to decide what to believe and what not to believe. Such a soul is sure to find rest and peace in the Catholic Church.
But there are converts who have not been truly converted. They have come into the Church without really entering into its spirit and comprehending fully its nature, its divine organization, its supreme authority, its compact unity, its indestructible integrity, especially that transcendentally glorious and distinguishing feature, the prerogative of infallibility in teaching faith and morals residing in the tribunal which our Lord himself established in Saint Peter and his successors. A person may be pretty well acquainted with the circle of Catholic doctrines—with the arguments and reasons for each; he may be attracted by its ceremonial, its prestige, the external grandeur of its organization and its history, and he may circulate on the circumference of the circle comprehending more or less of the beauty and attractiveness of the system without ever reaching the centre and comprehending the system as a compact, unique, harmonious whole.
Such converts, of course, cannot be counted upon as permanently reliable and faithful members of the Church. They will be subject to any adverse, adventitious influences that may arise in their experience in their new relations. They may be disappointed in not finding the degree of perfection they anticipated in the Church, or not finding things quite to their mind. They may be offended by scandals; they may be disappointed in their ambitious aspirations, not receiving the attention and eclat that they desired and expected, and consequently they may fall from grace and return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world.
We have rather a striking instance of this kind of fall in Rev. Walter C. Clapp, a Ritualistic clergyman who joined the Church under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers. He commenced studies at their House of Studies in Washington and is recently announced as having gone back to his first love.
There is something quite remarkable in the reasons which are given for his secession. It seems that he left the Episcopal Church on account of certain "Broad" tendencies which exist there, but unfortunately he found what he con-

sidered the same freedom of opinion in the Catholic Church. He was particularly exercised on the inspiration of the Scriptures. It is said: "He thought he would find certainty of faith and peace of mind by submission to the infallible authority which settles all questions and resolves all doubts."
That was certainly a great expectation. The Catholic Church has indeed the power and the prerogative of infallibly settling all questions and resolving all doubts in regard to faith and morals, but there are a thousand questions in theology, in science and history which she has never formally decided upon. The inspiration of the Scriptures is one of those questions and as long as there has been no formal decision, of course liberty of opinion to a certain extent is allowed, though not the liberty indicated by our disappointed convert. The Holy Father's recent utterance on the subject though not a professedly ex cathedra decision, is sufficient to indicate that no Catholic can consistently hold opinions derogatory to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures.
But Mr. Clapp was scandalized by Professor Zahn's lectures on the subject of "The Creation and Evolution," in which he undertakes to reconcile the Mosaic account of the creation with a doctrine of evolution, so as to stem the tide of Agnosticism which has been the result of the Darwinian theory. He also professed to be surprised to find a difference of opinion among the theologians on the validity of Anglican orders, some even holding to the validity of those orders. Now, even admitting the full extent of these varying opinions as claimed by Mr. Clapp we cannot for the life of us see that they constitute a valid argument against the claims of the Catholic Church. It is manifestly absurd to expect the Church to decide scientific questions, and as for the validity of Anglican orders, though the Church has never formally decided the question, yet the practice of the Church for three hundred years ought to be considered a sufficient declaration of her opinion for all practical purposes. Even admitting their validity, that can never justify Anglicans in remaining separate from the Roman obedience. If necessary the Church will in due time decide this question definitely and it has this advantage over all other organizations that if at any other time any writer should give utterances to opinions trenching upon the integrity of faith or morals there is the ever-living voice—the divine infallible tribunal ready to denounce the error and cause the writer to retract, as was the case with St. George Mivart not long since.
Here, then, is the real position of our vacillating convert, he forsook the Anglican communion because they had no power to correct the broad and liberal views which were agitating that body. On becoming a Catholic he found that though there was, indeed, a supreme tribunal of final resort to decide all questions in dispute in faith and morals, there were certain questions which had never been formally decided though he thought they ought have been. So he concluded to return to the organization which had no tribunal of final resort and where he must, therefore, for ever remain in doubt and uncertainty not only on those particular theological and scientific questions which were disturbing his mind but even the most essential principles of the Gospel. He evidently failed to appreciate, or else, chose to ignore, the great fundamental difference between the Catholic Church and the Anglican communion and therefore he failed, through the influence of some secret and unexplained motive, to find that rest and peace which he expected to find in the Holy Mother Church. The more the pity.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES NEAR HOME.

It was Tannhauser that enamored me of pilgrimages. I sat in a corner, where no one could see me, and enjoyed the wonderful music till the tears poured down my face.
It is the story of the soul, marching forward "in grave peace," to the Pilgrim's song of Hope. As it becomes conscious of, and drawn towards the allurements of sense, wild, beautiful, fantastic strains are heard, faintly at first, but growing louder and more emphatic, em-

erging at last, into the awful grandeur of the mortal conflict between Light and Darkness.
Thundering harmonies and crashing discords follow one another for what seems a life-time of agonizing suspense. At last all seems lost. The despairing soul feels itself sinking into an abyss of impenetrable darkness. Hell's forces triumph with hideous revelry; when high above the hurried tumult sound the clear calm strains of the song of hope. Alas, it was with dying eyes Tannhauser saw the budding of his pilgrim staff. It was upon ears dull in death that the welcome message of pardon fell.
But pilgrimages, like some other things, are not what they used to be. A friend of mine, who was going upon one, shewed me some lovely new gowns (made for the purpose) and said something about staying at good hotels and enjoying the scenery. I thought of Tannhauser's tattered garb, and eyes bandaged that they might not behold the beauties of Italy, and concluded that we had improved upon his methods.
However, if I did not feel drawn towards the modern pilgrimage, I was by no means sure I was up to the medieval one, so I invented one for myself. The first shrine I visited was the humble little church of "Our Lady of the Scapular." I knew very little about it beyond the fact of its existence. "Somewhere away over on the east side near Belle-Hospital; only very poor people go there," my informant added.
Early one summer evening I started out alone, if not in distinctive pilgrim-garb, at least almost as poorly clad as Tannhauser himself. I was going to walk all the way, many miles, and as I could not bandage my eyes, I crossed to the east side, where instead of beholding vanity, they might rest upon my poor brothers and sisters. The surging, swarming life of the slums! What pen or pencil can do justice to it? One sees a half a dozen comedies, tragedies, in a single block! The pretty girl walks unabashed, with her lover's strong arm about her slender form; the drunkard's wife, with bleeding mouth, tells the story of her wrongs to all who will listen; white-haired men hobnob over short black pipes; children of all ages, sizes and tints, swarm everywhere.
As I cross a street a filthy baby, in a single cotton garment, is lying crying at my feet. He is not more than eighteen months old. What can I do to comfort him? Pilgrims do not carry lollipops. As I say this his eyes, still full of tears, rest with a hopeful gleam upon my bag. Can it be that this precocious imp understands the value of money? He does, indeed, for a penny dries his tears and sets him on his tiny feet filled with self-importance.
Here I cross a very narrow street where all traffic is suspended, that some half hundred children may dance to the music of a hand organ, ground gratuitously by a kind hearted itinerant. A gracious sight as they trip lightly round, Hungarians, Poles, Jewesses with flashing eyes, and tow-headed Gretchens, a veritable kirmess. The sun seems disposed to linger round as though he found it good to look at.
I am getting near old Bellevue, her grey walls loom up in the distance, and an ambulance rattles by. I hear the surgeon on the back seat say to the driver: "Go as used as you like now, he's dead!" Dead in the street? Oh, yes; ten chances to one he lived there most of the time too. The children stop their dance to follow the ambulance. It is beginning to grow dark. A fresh breeze blows up from the Sound.
"Do you know where the Carmelite church is?" I ask an infirm old Irish woman who is hobbling painfully along the avenue. "Do I know where it is? To be sure I do. I'm going there myself, and if you will give me your arm it will be a great help for I am all doubled up with rheumatism." Then she tells me that one of the good brown Fathers had died and is lying in the church, and there is to be a service for him.
"May his soul rest in peace! It will, if the prayers of the poor can help him, for a kinder man to them never lived."
We are soon at the little brown church, small, simple. So old, yet so new—built but yesterday, out of wood grown a few years since, in this new country, by men belonging to an order that dates

back to the days when the prophet Elias dwelt on Mount Carmel!
The building is crowded to the door and the infirm old woman has to kneel on the bare floor. She does not seem to mind, but sways back and forth, praying and beating her breast.
Before the High Altar in a plain wooden coffin, mounted on a scaffolding covered with rusty black, lies the dead monk.
His face is ghastly white and thin and pinched. He is clad in the full vestments of a priest and holds a silver chalice in his hand. At his feet are palm branches crossed, for victory over death, and white lilies for spotless purity of life.
Long yellow tapers burn gutteringly around his bier. One of his brethren, clad in a robe of coarse, dark brown serge, stands in the pulpit, and tells the story of the dead man's life. He tells of the ordinary pleasures of youth exchanged for days of labor and fasting and nights of prayer and watching, of wonderful zeal for souls and love of the poor and oppressed. I only half listen to the panegyric for the dead face fascinates and holds me. As the scaffolding upon which the coffin rests sways a little beneath its weight, his head moves from side to side as if in deepest humility to deprecate the eulogies bestowed upon him. And to me the thin dead lips say, "I did not do half enough. I am an unworthy servant."
The full deep tones of the monks in the sanctuary are answered, from the organ loft, by the clear, high voices of children, as they chant the mournful vespers of the dead.
The old woman still kneels on the bare floor. As she tells her beads she sops to wipe her dim eyes and to say between her "Paters" and "Aves"—"I have lost a good friend! He was kind to the poor! He was good to me. May his soul, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."
As I walk home, alone, through the darkness, I do not envy the dead Carmelite his lilies and palms, nor the eulogies of his brother. These may mean much, or little. But would to God that I, like him, might hear those blessed words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the LEAST of these, ye have done it unto Me."
AN AUTHOR'S CONVERSION.
The Writer of "Jack Harkaway" Series Received Into the Church.
From the Standard and Times, Philadelphia.
Bracebridge Hemynge, the original Jack Harkaway and the author of all the famous worthy's adventures, has entered the Church. He was baptized in St. Francis Xavier's Church on West Sixteenth street on Nov. 18th by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, of the Society of Jesus. Stephen Keeler Reynolds, an electrician, of 67 West Ninety-seventh street, also a convert, was Mr. Hemynge's sponsor.
Mr. Hemynge was born in Australia on March 5, 1842. He was educated in England and was called to the bar. Briefs were scarce and so he began to write his famous series of stories of the adventures of Jack Harkaway, which achieved immense popularity. A list of Mr. Hemynge's works occupies twelve pages of the catalogue in the British Museum.
The Advance of Catholicity.
Referring to the recent disturbance of missionary work in China, the Reverend Doctor Behrends, of Brooklyn, remarked before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions:
"None of us should be either surprised or alarmed because the new and aggressive civilization which Christianity introduces is resisted now as it was at its birth. 'Asia does not want our religion,' the critics tell us. 'Your preaching has thrown Constantinople into a panic.' Neither did the Roman Empire want Christianity. But Europe would fight for it to-day to the last ditch; and Asia will yet swing into column, even if she must endure the baptism of fire through which her younger sister has passed. The Cross is not a picture, but a power. It is not an amulet or talisman, but a spiritual energy. It means that the world is not conquered except by those who suffer and die in its redemption. It

is our business to close our ranks and redouble our energy."
This declaration is a sufficient answer to those scoffers who object to the insistence with which missionaries bear the Gospel into unwilling countries. It is also creditable to the courage of non-Catholics and their zeal for the spread of the Kingdom of God,—all the more so because their missionaries are confessedly unsuccessful. What noble Catholics, what glorious missionaries, many of these men would be! But—it is the verdict of history—Protestantism never evangelizes any country.—Ave Maria.
Celibacy.
Celibacy is beneficial to women, and, if as chastely observed, would no doubt be beneficial to men from the point of view of longevity, if these statistics taken from the Medical Record of this city, are a criterion: "At the date of the last French census there were 213 genuine centenarians, of whom 47 were women and 66 men; 33 of the women were old maids and 11 of the men bachelors." A large number of our priests and nuns reach old age, and more of them would see their four score and ten if they took care of their health. But they spend themselves in good work and get to heaven all the faster.—N. Y. Catholic Review.
The New Zealand System.
To the Editor of the Free Press.
Sir,—It may interest your readers to see in parallel columns "Catholic's" version of Archbishop Croke's words and Mr. W. T. Stead's own report:
Extract from letter from the entire quotation from Dr. Croke New Zealand system: according to Mr. W. T. Stead:—"I think," replied Dr. Croke, that the New Zealand system is FAIRLY SATISFACTORY. The State provides an education solely secular, and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholic priests in New Zealand attend regularly for one hour in the week to catechize the Catholic scholars in the Public Schools. The system works admirably.—A N D W H Y SHOULD IT NOT? IT IS A MISTAKE TO BE ALWAYS TRUSTING DOGMATIC TEACHING INTO EVERY KIND OF INSTRUCTION. RELIGION CAN BE ALL THE BETTER TAUGHT IF IT IS NOT MADE TOO STALE BY A MONOTONOUS REPETITION."
You will, Sir, immediately observe (1) the impassable gulf that yawns between "fairly satisfactory"—which means less than even the faint praise contained in the feeble adjective "satisfactory"—and "and the best in the world;" (2) the substitution of "one hour" for "some hours;" (3) that, whereas Dr. Croke says, in the tone of an apology, "the system seems to work admirably," "Catholic" makes him say unhesitatingly that "the system works admirably," and then clinches all this garbling with (4) a caustic gloss of his own. He, or the original forger from whom he may have borrowed this version tacks on nearly six lines to the eleven lines reported by Mr. Stead; and the beauty of this interpolation is that it constitutes the climax of the letter. Without it, the whole communication would have been pointless. Thanks to it, "Catholic" is enabled to add, with truly Pecksniffian unctious, "A noble sentiment, indeed from a Catholic archbishop, and one which, were he other than what he is, would bring down upon him the anathemas of no small section of his own church." All this, Sir, is decidedly artistic, a masterpiece of invention. But your clever correspondent has, it strikes me, reckoned without the intelligence of your readers, many of whom no doubt receive the Review of Reviews and will search in vain through Mr. Stead's twenty-four column character sketch of the archbishop of Cashel for one single word to justify this ingenious interpolation.
LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.
St. Boniface, Jan. 11.
Note.—The quotation published in "Catholic's" letter to the Free Press was compared before insertion with the actual interview as published in the American Review of Reviews, and found to be correct.—Ed. Free Press.

Senate Reading Rm. Jan. 7

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The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"A Manitoba Teacher" writes to the Free Press, severely criticizing Chase's Geography, proving by examples that "it bristles with inaccuracies and with facts which were only facts ten or twenty years ago." Were such a backward text-book issued by some Catholic firm, it would be everywhere pointed at with scorn as a monument of Catholic ignorance. But, as it is published by a Protestant firm, which has a strong "pull" on School boards, it will no doubt serenely survive this most just criticism.

Get and spread about you copies of Mr. Ewart's reply to Mr. Wade on the Manitoba School Question. It is so admirable as to make us deeply grateful to Mr. Wade for having provoked it. When Freeman demolished Froude's historical fiction, many reviewers expressed their satisfaction that there should have existed an inventive genius like Froude, because his fabrications had stimulated the accurate Freeman to establish the facts. More recently, Acadians have thanked God that Parkman's attacks upon them have brought forth Richard's splendid defence. "For there must be also heresies; that they also, who are approved, may be made manifest among you."

The note appended by the editor of the Free Press to Father Drummond's letter on Monday last, while shifting the blame on the shoulders of "Catholic," transfers it with crushing force to the American Editor of the Review of Reviews. The latter not only thus proves himself a forger and garbler of the words of his chief, but a betrayer of the public trust, reposed in him as in a supposedly faithful echo of honest W. T. Stead. We understand Archbishop Cooke has been written to for his view on this barefaced falsification of his carefully worded and guarded opinion.

The Catholic Review of New York keenly appreciates our humble efforts, as may be gathered from the following remark it makes after a quotation from our columns:

If the Catholics of the Province obtain their constitutional right to separate schools, they will owe much of their victory to the NORTHWEST REVIEW, which has been a powerful and persistent advocate of their just cause.

A Mr. J. H. Palmer lately wrote to the Free Press his amusing, though mostly unintelligible, views on the School question. In this medley of jargon and French and Latin quotations the most amusing thing of all is his obiter dictum that "Justinian set up the papacy in 538

A.D." This is the "rummest" assertion we have come across for many a day. Does he imagine that Justinian was one of the popes? In an effort to gauge this man's mind (?), we took the trouble to look up a Protestant biography of the famous emperor in order to find if anything therein could suggest such an absurdity. We found just nothing, nothing even specially connected with the year 538. The papacy, we need hardly say, was more than five hundred years old at that date and was fully recognized as such by Justinian himself.

THE REV. G. W. DEAN'S REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN.

The Tribune of the 8th inst. published a sermon by the Rev. G. W. Dean of Edmonton in reply to Archbishop Langevin's reply to the address of the Edmonton Catholics. We purpose reviewing the salient points of that sermon.

1. Mr. Dean dogmatically affirms that Our Blessed Lord "did not countenance a union of church and state," because he said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Now to any one that examines the context, John XVIII. 33-36, it is evident that He is speaking, not of the nature and status, but of the origin of his kingdom. Though He says his kingdom is not of this world, He does not say that it is not IN this world, and He makes his meaning still clearer when He adds, "now is my kingdom not FROM HENCE." Were his kingdom of earthly origin, his servants would "fight that He should not be delivered to the Jews." He was to be delivered and die; therefore they must not fight. But this has nothing whatever to do with the condition of His church in after ages. Nor is there a single word in the New Testament, and still less in the Old (where church and state were one), to support Mr. Dean's view.

2. Mr. Dean calls this school difficulty a "political question." It is not. It is a constitutional, social and religious question.

3. Mr. Dean is surprised "at the bitterness of feeling expressed in the address and the reply." The address, like all manly protests, is vigorous and trenchant, but not bitter. A man has just been robbed, and cries "stop thief!" Is that bitter language? Buckley and Robertson's History of England tends to rob Catholic children of their faith. The parents denounce the attempted robbery in words befitting the priceless value of the coveted treasure. Does this show bitterness of feeling against the intellectual highwaymen? Not at all. It simply shows that they ought to be bound to keep the peace. One thing, however, Mr. Dean's surprise reveals, and that is what we insisted on last week, the manifest oneness of view between laity and clergy. As to His Grace's reply, it is still further removed from bitterness. Before using justifiably strong language, he took care to say that he always considered it a blessing to meet with his non-Catholic friends. Many Protestants who heard the Archbishop's reply were delighted with it. Mr. Dean admits that he did not hear it.

4. Mr. Dean very properly asserts that there is not a Protestant in Edmonton who would wish to enforce an unjust law, invading or destroying the rights of Catholics. Well, Catholics have a natural, a God-given right to shield their children from the poison of lying text-books like Buckley and Robertson's history, and this natural and God-given right is recognized by the Constitution. Therefore any law that infringes on that right is unjust.

5. Mr. Dean coolly affirms that in Ontario "there are thousands of Catholic children who attend Public or Protestant schools in preference to the separate schools." We affirm with equal coolness and more knowledge that this is false. Let Mr. Dean mention places and exact figures, and then we will examine his proofs.

6. Mr. Dean infers, from this above false assertion as compared with Archbishop Cleary's success in excluding all the children of his diocese from Protestant schools, that "intelligent Catholics are not all agreed upon this question."

Quite true; there are always a few sore-heads everywhere; but, as the French say, the exception only proves the rule.

7. Mr. Dean, as usual with men of his class, trots out statistics about Italy and crime in Canada, which are utterly useless because it is impossible to verify them. He quotes no authorities for them; for aught we know, he may have invented them. As an instance of their untrustworthiness, take the table, which the Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. VIII, p. 711, gives, where we read that Great Britain has 83 scholars to every thousand inhabitants and Italy has 70, a very slight difference. Compare this with Mr. Dean's unsupported assertion that in England only 7 per cent. of the males are illiterate, whilst in Italy nearly 54 per cent. of the males are illiterate. According to the latter figures Italy would be almost eight times more illiterate, while according to the former she would be only by a small fraction more illiterate. And note that, in the Britannica's table, Austria, Belgium, France and Luxembourg, all Catholic countries, are far higher above England than England is above Italy.

8. "The burden of the address and the reply thereto is to the effect that the Protestant majority are treating the Catholics as slaves," says Mr. Dean, and he says truly. To deprive all Catholics of any voice in education in a free country is to reduce them to bondage. The yoke is very galling.

9. Mr. Dean indulges in mild jocularity about arithmetic, composition and geography being harmless on the score of religion. Generally speaking, they are; but, suppose a teacher takes Mr. Dean's statistics about Italy as the basis of a sum in proportion, would this not be offensive to Catholics? Might not another teacher choose, for the subject of a composition, the touching description in Green's History of Latimer and Ridley's "martyrdom," the details of which are mostly imaginary and the spirit of which is belied by the lifelong treachery, hypocrisy and cruelty of these two worthies? With regard to geography, we have lately proved in these columns that the Public School Geography, so widely used throughout the Dominion, is opposed to the Bible in that it represents the antiquity of man as indefinitely remote. However all these are mere side-issues. The main objection of the Catholics in the Northwest lies against Protestant histories, especially against Buckley and Robertson, the text-book which they are compelled to use in their so-called separate schools. Protestantism was born of misrepresentation and thrives on nothing else. This conspiracy against the truth is kept up chiefly by slanderous attacks on the Catholic Church in popular histories. These latter are becoming gradually less mendacious according as original documents are more honestly examined. It is not many years since Dr. Littledale, one of the most learned of Anglicans, said: "I gravely assert it to be absolutely impossible for any just, educated and religious man, who have read the history of the time in genuine sources, to hold two opinions about the reformers; they were such UTTERLY UNREDEEMED VILLAINS, for the most part, that the only parallel I know of for the way in which half-educated people speak of them among us is the appearance of Pontius Pilate among the saints of the Abyssinian calendar." These "unredeemed villains" are extolled as saints by Buckley and Robertson, who are still in the half-educated stage.

10. Mr. Dean finds no compulsion in the fact that the Goggin yoke must be borne under pain of losing the benefit of the school-tax. He mercifully allows us to have schools without any grant. In other words he is quite willing to join other Protestants in pocketing the school-tax of Catholics, who may, if they choose, tax themselves anew for bona fide separate schools. Does this not again remind one of the highwayman? He does not steal the money you have safe in the bank; he merely takes what you have in your pocket. You are not compelled to die; he merely starves you for the time being.

11. Mr. Dean asks, "Why should a school, when it receives the people's

money, be absolved from inspection?" No Catholic ever asked to be absolved from inspection. We want the money, which is our money, the money of Catholics and not of anyone else—for even in Government grants we want only the proportion levied on the Catholics—and we court inspection. But, while admitting the principle of Government inspection, we object to being inspected by Protestants only. How would Protestants like to be inspected by Catholics only? Why should Catholics not be as efficient inspectors as Protestants?

12. Mr. Dean pretends that "the Church of Rome has taken the diametrically opposite position to Jesus Christ," because "she has claimed temporal power." We have shown above, in section 1, that the diametrical opposition does not exist. Besides, the only temporal power the Church has claimed is the Pope's rightful sovereignty over his dominions in Italy, of which he was despoiled against the will of his people by a fictitious plebiscite extorted at the cannon's mouth. But what in the world has this to do with the present issue? The Catholics of the Territories claim no temporal power. All they want is to see that their taxes are not applied to the undermining of the Catholic faith in the hearts of their children.

13. Mr. Dean says: "The state is interested not in making good Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, but . . . in making good citizens." We hold that what makes Protestants good citizens is just the amount of Catholic truth they still cling to. Even the idea of good citizenship entertained by that impersonal entity, the State, is a Catholic idea. The modern, state in its better aspects, is a creation of the Catholic church. Without her, there would now be no citizens, nothing but barbarians. He is the best citizen who is the best Catholic.

14. "Do I hear the echo of the other cry, 'We have no other king but the Pope?'" If you do, Mr. Dean, you must be a fit subject for an aurist; there must be singing in your ears. No Catholic ever uttered such a cry. You yourself "believe that Catholics are loyal to the Crown." So your question, being only rhetorical claptrap, calls for no reply.

15. Commenting on this sentence of the address, "It is a gross violation of the natural and God-given and inalienable rights of parents in respect of their children," Mr. Dean interprets it to mean the handing "the religious education of the children over to the priest." This is a gratuitous and mistaken interpretation. Where separate schools are really Catholic, the religious education of the children is carried on every day and every hour by teachers who are not priests, except in poor districts where the priest sometimes voluntarily assumes the added tasks of the schoolroom. Mr. Dean makes a man of straw of his own invention and then proceeds to knock him down. Nevertheless, we are pleased to see he has got hold of one Catholic idea, that "it is the parent's inalienable right to train his own child for time and for eternity."

16. "Surely the Archbishop did not mean that he would appeal to arms?" Of course he did not. You know he did not, and yet you go on to threaten him with "the irresistible impact of the Anglo-Saxon." When the persecuted martyr protests that he will die rather than submit, is that an appeal to arms?

17. Mr. Dean concludes with a rousing peroration about the Great Judge he expects to meet on the awful day. We fancy that he will be terribly shocked to find that the Great Judge is and always has been the High Priest and Head of the Catholic Church. Doubtless Mr. Dean will then regret having preached that sermon.

"THE CHURCH IN FRANCE."

Each month our Holy Father, Leo XIII. recommends some general intention to the League of the Sacred Heart. Last month we were exhorted to pray for "Catholic intentions in the far east," and for this month of January 1896, "The Church in France" is the object of our Holy Father's solicitous care.

The Church in France is a subject of the deepest interest to the Catholic World. For ages France has been the eldest daughter of the Church, and, until within the last century, she had been, in a special manner, the greatest glory of the church.

The American Messenger of the Sacred Heart reminds us that we are about to celebrate the fourteenth centennial of the baptism of Clovis, King of the Franks, which took place on Christmas Day, A. D. 496. This memorable event is known in history as "The baptism of France," because on that day Clovis and thousands of his subjects were brought into the Church by baptism. Catholic France, "the Church's eldest daughter" was born on that day. Let us hope that this fourteenth centennial of that supernatural birth may bring to the "Grande Nation" such an awakening of grace that the Church will be restored to all her rights and liberties by her own children.

The Messenger concludes its interesting article as follows:

"Despite the political and religious upheavals, despite the apparent reign of terror and of the spirit of evil in this century, France as a nation clings to the ancient faith—the faith of Clovis and Clovis, of Pepin, Charlemagne and St. Louis. Her faith is staunch; her charity is unbounded; the piety and devotion of many of her children are the admiration of the world. In this Godless century she has been favored by God as no other nation has. She has been the privileged scene of the apparitions of Lourdes, and of the numberless miracles which followed, and are daily occurring before the eyes of an astonished world. She has also in these latter days been chosen by our Lord Himself as the birthplace and the cradle and the hearth of the devotion to His Sacred Heart and of the Apostleship of Prayer, which are doing so much for the regeneration of the world."

"But side by side with these supernatural manifestations there are the powers of darkness at work in France, as perhaps in no other Christian nation on the face of the globe. There is liberalism, that would throw off all restraint of spiritual authority. There are socialism and communism and anarchism, that would break the bonds of civil authority as well; there is naturalism, that ignores and rejects everything supernatural, and preaches the unstinted gratification of even the grossest sensual appetites; there is Freemasonry, in its most advanced phases, even to the extent of positive hatred of God and devil-worship; there is every species of infidelity, hostility to the church and to all her divine institutions, not only in private individuals, but in public life, in civil laws and enactments; there is the persecution of the religious orders, which is tantamount to a policy of extermination."

"For the removal of these evils she looks for our prayers. Let us join our prayers with those of the noble sons and daughters of France during the month of January—that this may truly be a year of spiritual regeneration for this venerable daughter of the Church; that the haters and persecutors of God's Church and the enemies of Christ may be put to confusion; and that all may again renounce Satan, and all his works, and all his pomps, and believe in the one God and in His only Son, Jesus Christ."

Of course there are other special reasons why the Catholics of the New World should pray for "la belle France." It was from that country the most famous missionaries, who brought the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to our shores, came. The pioneer Jesuit missionaries were the first to shed their blood in testimony of the Gospel they preached, and, even to-day, the pioneers of the faith in almost every pagan land in the world, are the sons and daughters of France. For us in Canada there is the further reason that nearly one-third of the population of the Dominion is French in origin and has inherited from the most Christian Kingdom in its best days an unswerving attachment to the Catholic faith. Gratitude therefore obliges us to pray for a land so dear to God.

THAT MEXICAN CREMATION OF HERETICS.

From the Southern Messenger (Texas).
Some weeks ago the startling news was flashed over the country and even into Canada, that in a certain Mexican village the Catholics had imprisoned ten heretics,—six men, three women, and one child,—set fire to the jail, and danced around the victims as these were being cremated. Much capital was made of this by the enemies of the Church. Newspapers and pulpits sent forth worthy denunciations of the atrocities, practised by Catholics on those who differ from them in religion. Anxious to clear up this matter the Southern Messenger has secured the following statement which speaks for itself:
Editor Messenger:

In the interest of truth and in defence of our Holy Religion I sought to find out the facts relating to the burning of several heretics by Catholics in a Mexican village. I, therefore, wrote to a venerable Priest in the City of Mexico, and requested him to furnish me with such details as would place the whole matter in its true light. Forthwith my correspondent wrote to the Pastor of Pachuca, from where the eventful news had come.

I give the two communications in this connection. The letter from the Pastor of Pachuca is a translation from the Spanish, the original of which I hold.

Yours &c.,
C. J. SMITH, O. M. I.,
Rector St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas.

MEXICO, Dec. 8th, 1895.

Rev. and Dear Father:
This past week, as I was writing to ask a favor of you, I received your welcome letter and instead of finishing my request, I wrote to the Parish Priest of Pachuca, telling him all you said and asking him to give a true account of all that had taken place there, so that it could be published in the papers. The good Priest sent me the answer which I enclose, in order that you, having the original, might present to the public the evidence of malicious calumnies.

I remain,
Your devoted servant in Christ,
MIGUEL RUBI.

To Rev. C. J. Smith, O. M. I., San Antonio, Texas.

PACHUCA, Mexico, Dec. 6th, 1895.
Very Rev. Miguel Rubi:
VERY REV. FATHER:—The very grateful letter, with which you have honored me, is at hand and I hasten to answer you at once, as is my duty and a pleasant one at that.

Respecting the subject spoken of, I must inform your Reverence that there is nothing in it, and nothing has taken place, concerning either the judge of Pachuca, or acts of cremation of any kind; and we enjoy peace to such an extent that the faithful and I have, so to speak, forgotten that there are any Protestants in the city. The facts concerning the event specially referred to, which occurred several months ago on the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, are these:

At the opening of the Hospital of the Conference, the Protestants of the city distributed some pamphlets entitled "La Religion por dinero," or "Religion for money," which pamphlets I ordered to be burned, and all laughed at the matter, treating their act as insipid.

Afterwards I commenced work on the Church and chapel for the purpose of decorating them, and that, precisely when they were about to finish their school building which is almost directly opposite the Church; and as they noticed the chapel, in which divine service is to be held, had been completed and—please God, will be blessed the 12th inst.—the devil was let loose. On the other hand, whilst pursuing the parish work, I have begun to collect material for the construction of the second hall in the hospital of the Conference, in order that there may be two apartments entirely independent, the one above for men, the lower for women, and as this edifice surpassed theirs, they cannot but be somewhat vexed, but it is necessary to tie the devil on both sides and shut him in.

This is the case, such as it is; beyond this there is absolutely nothing, all is calumny, the enemy has simply had a little feast. Let us give thanks to God for His benefits. Do as you deem best with regard to this letter. The authorities here have not meddled in the least, the Protestants living as peacefully as

Your humble servant,
LINUS LAGUNA,
Pastor and Rural Dean of the Parish of the Assumption.

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So pleasantly do Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills search out and drive away the seeds of diseases that all persons living in a country where fever and ague and all other bilious diseases are prevalent, will find they should never be without them. From two to four pills each night upon going to bed, will in a short time, drive away the sickly yellow look of bilious persons, and bring to their cheeks a beautiful glow of perfect health. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS.

Her Health Was Badly Shattered—Suffered from a Bad Cough and Constant Pain in the Side—Pale and Almost Bloodless—Her Health Again Restored.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

"I know that if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." These words were uttered by Miss Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop, of this town, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of general rejoicing among her friends. To a reporter she gave her story as follows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face, and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and I coughed a great deal. At first home remedies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called in, and I was under his care for about a year. But the



COULD NOT GO UP STAIRS WITHOUT RESTING.

treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to go up stairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all interest in life, and at last was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating to the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until now I feel that I have recovered my old time health. I can now walk a long distance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know that had I not begun taking Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer."

Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she feels toward this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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| St. Paul 12:45p | Portage Jct. | St. Paul 12:45p |
| St. Paul 1:00p | St. Norbert | St. Paul 1:15p |
| St. Paul 1:15p | St. Charles | St. Paul 1:30p |
| St. Paul 1:30p | St. Agathe | St. Paul 1:45p |
| St. Paul 1:45p | Union Point | St. Paul 2:00p |
| St. Paul 2:00p | Silver Plains | St. Paul 2:15p |
| St. Paul 2:15p | Morris | St. Paul 2:30p |
| St. Paul 2:30p | St. Jean | St. Paul 2:45p |
| St. Paul 2:45p | Letellier | St. Paul 3:00p |
| St. Paul 3:00p | Emerson | St. Paul 3:15p |
| St. Paul 3:15p | Pembina | St. Paul 3:30p |
| St. Paul 3:30p | Grand Forks | St. Paul 3:45p |
| St. Paul 3:45p | Winnipeg Jct. | St. Paul 4:00p |
| St. Paul 4:00p | Duluth | St. Paul 4:15p |
| St. Paul 4:15p | Minneapolis | St. Paul 4:30p |
| St. Paul 4:30p | St. Paul | St. Paul 4:45p |
| St. Paul 4:45p | Chicago | St. Paul 5:00p |

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

| East Bound. Read up | STATIONS | W. Bound. Read down |
|---------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| Ex. No. 108 | Winnipeg | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Morris | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Low Farm | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Morris | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Roland | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Rosebank | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Miami | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Deerwood | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Altamound | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Somersett | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Swan Lake | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Indian Springs | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Marquette | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Greenway | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Belmont | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Hilton | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Ashtown | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Wawanesa | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Elliot | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Southwalle | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Martinvale | Ex. No. 108 |
| Ex. No. 108 | Brandon | Ex. No. 108 |

No 117 stops at Baldir for meals.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH.

| West Bound. Read d'n | STATIONS | East Bound. Read Up |
|--|--------------------|--|
| Mixed No. 143 Every Day Except Sunday. | Winnipeg | Mixed No. 144 Every Day Except Sunday. |
| 5:45 p.m. | Portage Junction | 12:10 p.m. |
| 5:58 p.m. | St. Charles | 11:55 a.m. |
| 6:14 p.m. | Headingley | 11:21 a.m. |
| 6:19 p.m. | Somersett | 10:57 a.m. |
| 6:22 p.m. | Gravel Pit Spur | 10:32 a.m. |
| 7:06 p.m. | La Salle Tank | 10:24 a.m. |
| 7:13 p.m. | Eustache | 10:11 a.m. |
| 7:25 p.m. | Oakville | 9:48 a.m. |
| 7:47 p.m. | Curtis | 9:34 a.m. |
| 8:00 p.m. | Portage La Prairie | 9:15 a.m. |
| 8:30 p.m. | Flag Station | |

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Grand Deputy, Dr. J. K. Barrett.



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