

# Northwest Review.

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## CURRENT COMMENT

The truly Catholic thoughtfulness of the St. Mary's school boys who took up a collection among themselves, and got Masses said for the soul of their departed schoolfellow Willie Studhart, exemplifies very practically a principle which the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart recommends in its current number as follows:

November is the month which the Church in her maternal solicitude for her suffering children calls the month of the souls. We have already spoken of the rather pagan fashion of sending flowers to deck the biers and graves of deceased friends, and contrasted with it the Catholic and ever growing custom of replacing these empty tokens of sympathy by the more substantial proof of cards with promises of Masses, alms and prayers. In full view of the Church's teachings and practice concerning the souls in purgatory it is difficult to understand such an empty fashion on the part of good Catholics. Do they forget that but few souls are fit to appear at once in the presence of an all-pure God? Do they forget that the cleansing fires of purgatory cause excruciating pain and that by the communion of saints we, the living, can shorten and even end all the suffering by our prayers, indulgences and, as the council of Trent teaches, especially by the sacrifice of the Mass? With these tragic truths before their minds let them weigh in the balance of true friendship a bunch of flowers against a decade of beads and see which is more acceptable to their departed friend.

The New Zealand Tablet tells a pretty story showing how children take naturally to the kindly face of Pius X.

"While the Holy See was vacant," says the Tablet, "our valued friend the Rev. G. Doyle, Pastor of St. Arnaud (Victoria), placed the published portraits of all the leading Cardinals before the children of his parish school and asked them to pick from among them the one that was to be the next occupant of the chair of St. Peter. The children selected Cardinal Sarto."

The child, who some fifty years ago, was the unwitting occasion of the great luss then made around the "Mortara Case," is now a zealous Catholic missionary. It will be remembered that, having been secretly baptized by a servant-maid, he became the protegee and God-son of Pius IX. The Very Rev. Dr. Montara has written some of his reminiscences for the "Child of Mary." He made the acquaintance of Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto in 1897, when preaching a mission at St. Mark's, Venice, and had many opportunities of observing the character and virtues of the present Pope, who, he says, has an enthusiastic admiration for Pius IX. "Pius X.," writes Dr. Montara, "is a truly humble man, and thoroughly dislikes all outward marks of respect. I was often embarrassed in my intercourse with him, so adverse did he show himself to all expressions of esteem and gratitude." In another place he says: "Pius X. will be a wise, prudent and kind hearted Pope. He will resemble his predecessors, Pius IX. and Leo XIII.,—kind and condescending towards men of good will who seek and love the truth; but at the same time as unrelenting and terrible as the Lion of Juda against the foes and adversaries of the Church of God. With such Pius X., will stand immovable as a rock and before his solemn and final "Non possumus" the powers of hell

will exert all their energy and ingenuity in vain."

Of this firmness, the Rome Correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal writes as follows: "With all his goodness and gentleness Pius X. has already shown that his hand is as firm as a rock. In many countries today the Church is pestered with groups of what are known as 'liberal' Catholics. They are called 'liberal' because they spend their lives in grumbling and carping and delying, more or less overtly, ecclesiastical authority. Italy is just now sorely afflicted by a number of Catholics with tendencies in the direction of liberalism. . . . Nearly all of them are young men who have picked up with the aid of a fifty-cent dictionary, a smattering of English, who are full of enthusiasm for the "Anglo-Saxon" race and its vigorous Catholicity. . . . Latterly, one of these young men (they are all young men, and they profess a fierce dislike for everything old) declared that he and his party were prepared to lead a revolt against the Association of Catholic Congresses, unless their terms were complied with. But his words had scarcely been printed in one of the organs of his sect when the Holy Father instructed Monsignor Merry del Val to write a letter stating especially that no organization of Catholics would ever be approved by the Sovereign Pontiff which did not act in harmony with the Association. So Pius X., has with a stroke of the pen, put the budding 'liberal' Catholics of Italy, into their proper place."

All the world knows what an unusual combination of gifts Cardinal Merry del Val brings to the high office of the Secretary of State. A cosmopolitan nobleman, of Irish and Spanish blood, trained in the best Catholic schools of England, he speaks English, Spanish, French and Italian with rare perfection. He has been brought into touch with all classes, from the very highest to the lowest. To a wonderful charm of manner he unites the consummate prudence of one who is bred of a race of Catholic diplomats. All this he who runs may read. But what everybody does not know is that he is over and above all this a man of God. Had he followed his own inclinations he would now be a humble religious in the most maligned of all Orders. It was Leo XIII. who decided otherwise, and in doing so he has no doubt followed the designs of Divine Providence. One who has had many long conversations with Cardinal Merry del Val, in Rome, writes that he is far above all party bias. The clever politicians who imagined they had captured him when he visited Canada six years ago, had better desist that flattering delusion. On the other hand, the honest sore-heads who snubbed him then as if he were too easily deceived had better revise their hasty judgment. He seeks nothing but the greater glory of God, just as Pope Pius X. does. The latter, who is both a saint and a clear headed man, has made no mistake in this appointment, especially after a three months' trial of his worth. We may thank the present Cardinal Secretary of State if we have now an Apostolic Delegate who is a strenuous defender of fervent Catholics. With Monsignor Sbarretti in Ottawa and Cardinal Merry del Val in Rome, all true and loyal Catholics in Canada need fear no misrepresentations at headquarters. Let no Achilles sulk in his tent.

God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!

At the annual meeting of the Grande Ligne Mission, held last month in Montreal, a Baptist minister named Gilmour deplored the fact that contributions to convert

the French Canadians were falling off, and that the Mission had been regretfully constrained to abandon three of its fields. The Rev. Mr. Browne noted with grief the great increase of French as compared with the English speaking population, and he said that the time was not distant when the French element would rule the whole of the Dominion. Whatever may be the value of this forecast, born of dread and spite, one thing is certain, the attempt to Protestantize the French Canadians has always been a costly failure.

The "Ave Maria" says editorially: "It is almost three years now since the Rev. Edward Cunningham O.M.I., was ordained, and began the zealous work which has disapproved the Canadian proverb that a half-breed will never make a priest. Long ago Canadian and Irish adventurers sojourning in the great Northwest, far from religious influences, intermarried with the Indians, and the result was a mixed race with the faults of both whites and Indians." Our brilliant contemporary's remoteness from the scene accounts for the too sweeping assertion. Even before the priestly missionaries came, many of these adventurers were true lay missionaries, and trained up half-breed children in the fear of God, so that when the first resident missionary came here in 1818, he found whole families longing for his arrival, and, two days after his landing from the canoe that had carried him from Montreal, he baptized one hundred children brought to him by their Indian and half-breed mothers. With this parenthetical remark we resume our quotation from the "Ave Maria."

Later, when the missionaries came among them, they introduced agricultural schools as well as chapels; and the rapidity with which the half-breeds have progressed, at least in missions where circumstances were favorable, is little short of the marvellous. The mission of St. Albert, in Alberta, for instance, is surrounded by prosperous farms, where numerous flocks and herds graze and where the most modern farm machinery is in use. This mission also boasts a theological seminary, which has been called 'a little propaganda' because so many nationalities are represented among its pupils—Canadians of French, Irish (and English) extraction, a half-breed Iroquois Cree, an Irishman, an Englishman, and a Ruthenian."

We are glad to learn that the question of exempting from taxation the Catholic schools of Winnipeg is at length becoming a live issue in the city council.

At a meeting of the civic finance committee held on Saturday afternoon, a communication was read from the city solicitors, Hough & Campbell, in reference to the power of the city, under the charter, to pass a by-law exempting these schools from taxation.

The substance of the legal opinion expressed in the letter was that the schools could be exempted under the classification of charitable institutions.

This caused the aldermen to have a brief discussion on the subject, during which it was stated the buildings which are desired to be exempted from taxation are the Catholic schools and St. Joseph's Orphanage. It was not quite clear whether this would create a precedent or not. A suggestion was made that the taxes could be levied in the usual way and that they could be refunded in the way of a grant. It was finally agreed to leave the matter in the hands of the chairman. Ald. Russell will seek further information, and report at the next meeting of the committee.

Assuredly it is high time that the public conscience should be aroused to the injustice of taxing institutions which save the city so much actual outlay. If the municipal authority had to provide for all the children in our orphanage and schools its educational bill would be increased at least 15 per cent. Forcing Catholic parents to support public schools which they do not patronize is cruel enough, without imposing an additional tax on the self-denying teachers, who so ably conduct our Catholic schools for no earthly reward but plain food and the simplest of raiment.

## Persons and Facts

The first appreciable fall of snow in the Winnipeg district occurred last Sunday. In the preceding week there had been only a few flurries of snow which did not cover the ground. The Red River was partially frozen last Saturday. Taking all in all, we have had a remarkably pleasant autumn. From the middle of September to the middle of November there was very little cold or rain.

St. Julian Hospital, of Antwerp, Belgium, celebrated its six hundredth anniversary last August. It has never been closed a single day or night during six centuries, and has always been under the direction of Sisters.

On November the 9th a social, held in the school house at Eli in aid of the new church, netted over one hundred dollars. Most of the outside work on the new church is finished and presents an attractive appearance.

We have received the prospectus of "La Sauvegarde," which is, we understand, the first insurance company officered and financed by French Canadians. Its president is Mr. G. N. Ducharme, president of "La Banque Provinciale du Canada," the first vice-president, Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Judge of the Court of King's Bench; second vice-president, Hon. F. L. Beigue, Senator, and general President of the St. Jean Baptiste Association; directors, Mr. H. Laporte, chairman of the Montreal City Council Finance Committee; Hon. N. Perodeau, N. P., Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, Mr. N. A. Belcourt, K. C., M. P.; Hon. Senator Dandurand, Mr. J. E. Bedard, K. C. The secretary-treasurer is Mr. Henri Bourassa, M. P., and the general manager is Mr. P. Bonhomme. The offices of this promising company are at 26 St. James Street, Montreal. The names of these officers are a guarantee of honesty and solvency. The idea is a patriotic one—to establish a first class insurance company for native Canadians, and thus keep at home, for the benefit of the country, a part at least of the several millions of dollars that go to fill the coffers of foreign insurance companies.

A cablegram, dated November 16th, announces that the Holy Father, in an interview with Lord Bray, the zealous Catholic Baron, while speaking strongly on the necessity of biblical research, condemned the efforts of modern writers to separate the supernatural from the historical narratives of the scriptures. He insisted that to do so would be as futile as to deny the existence of the soul while accepting the material fact of the body. The Pope declared his disapproval of a rationalistic interpretation of the Bible, not only by laymen, but by clergymen, and conveyed the impression that he intended to thoroughly repudiate the views contained in the latest works by Abbe Loisy.

A long interview with Rev. Father Woodcutter, who was in town last week, appeared in the Free Press. He speaks very highly of the prospects of Esterhazy, a new town on the Kirkella branch railway, where he is making arrangements to build a \$10,000 church. He will start in December to visit England, Germany, Hungary and perhaps Rome. In his missions he preaches in French, English, German and Hungarian, and can converse in other languages.

The Catholic Club held a success was pleasantly spent with Pedro and music, while refreshments were served.

## Clerical News.

Rev. Father Finke, a native of Russian Poland, has arrived at the Archbishops' house, to labor among his fellow country-men in this diocese. He studied theology in Rome.

Rev. Father Coffey, S. J., who was last year treasurer of St. Boniface College, and is now occupying a similar position in Loyola College in Montreal, is also chaplain of the prosperous Catholic Sailor's Club in that city.

Rev. Father William Kelly, who is living in well earned retirement, in the parish house of St. Theresa's pro-Cathedral, Omaha, has lived under seven Popes. When he was born in 1818 in Ireland, Pius VII., was Pope; when he was five years old, Leo XII, succeeded to the Papacy, and when he was eleven, Pius VIII. began his twenty-one months reign, to be in turn succeeded by Gregory XVI., who, though he wore the ring of the fisherman fifteen years, yet died before William Kelly left his native land for the United States, which he did during the reign of Pius IX. going to Omaha, then a town of 1800 souls, where he was ordained in 1859, in his forty-second year. An Omaha paper makes much of the above dates; but surely there must be many priests above eighty years of age, which is all that is needed to have lived under seven Popes." Our Father Dandurand here has lived under seven Popes, and had been eighteen years a priest before William Kelly, of Omaha said his first Mass.

Rev. Father Desrosiers took charge of the new parish of St. Antoine d' Ambigny last Sunday. Rev. Father Besson, curate of the Cathedral, supplied at Fannystelle, for Rev. Father Perrault, who was at Ambigny for the ceremony of induction.

Rev. Father Fillion, of St. Jean, was here last Monday.

The two Basilian Fathers of the Ruthenian rite, whose coming we announced lately, arrived last Sunday. Their names are: Rev. Matthew Hura, and Rev. Paneratus Kryzanowski, both of the Order of St. Basil the Great (O.B.M., Ordinis Basilii Magni). It is probable that the Very Rev. Father Filas, O.B.M., will come from Edmonton to organize their parish work. He may possibly remain in the city, and send one of the two newly arrived Fathers to Edmonton.

Rev. Father Gendron was at the Archbishops palace last Monday.

Rev. Brother Brouillet, O.M.I., takes the place of Rev. Brother Doyle, O.M.I., at St. Mary's presbytery.

On Wednesday Cardinal Merry del Val was named Preict of the Sacred Palace, in place of Cardinal Mocenni.

Some controversy having arisen as to Cardinal Merry del Val's age and name, it may be as well to note that "La Croix" of Paris, is authority for the statement that he was born in London, on the 10th of October, 1865. He is therefore, just a little over 38 years of age. Moreover, he himself, signs his name with a small 'd' in the 'del' which of course, means "of the," (Merry of the Vale). Finally the "Merry" is essential. To call him "Cardinal del Val" would be as incorrect as to style President Roosevelt "Velt."

Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., visited his brethren at St. Mary's this week.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface left on Tuesday for Notre Dame de Lourdes, where he officiates at ordination services on Thursday and also on Sunday next.

Rev. Joseph Mangin, O.M.I., a Frenchman, who was ordained October 14, 1853, celebrated his golden jubilee on the 18th of last month at Lowell, Mass., where he has been stationed for the past six years. He was received into the Order by its founder, Mgr. de Mazenod.

The Right Rev. John Brondel, Bishop of Helena, who died lately, was one of the pioneer missionaries of Montana.

The late Bishop Jolivet, O.M.I., at whose funeral Bishop Gaughren, O.M.I., of Orange River Colony, preached, labored for seventeen years in Liverpool. As Vicar Apostolic of Natal he did wonders by his zeal and energy.

It is officially announced that a General Chapter of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate will begin on the 14th of August, 1904, in the scholasticate of Liege, Belgium.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, arrived at Archbishop Langevin's house on Thursday evening by the delayed express from the West, and will remain here until His Grace of St. Boniface returns from Notre Dame de Lourdes.

Very Rev. Father Zoldak left on Thursday morning for Gonor.

Rev. Father McCarthy, O.M.I., went by Thursday's delayed express to Rat Portage, where he will take the place of Rev. Father Emard, O.M.I., who started on Tuesday for Montreal, where his mother is dying.

Rev. Father Ireland, O.M.I., goes to Morden on Saturday, the 21st, for next Sunday's services. Rev. Father Albert Kulawy, O.M.I., is at Sifton.

Regina Notes.

On Thursday morning Rev. Fathers Suffa and Kasper, O.M.I., accompanied by Rev. Brother Schumacher, O.M.I., arrived in Regina. On Saturday morning Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., joined them. On Sunday morning Rev. Father Suffa celebrated High Mass, he preached a very good soul-stirring sermon, from the text "Hail Mary full of Grace." He enlarged on the depth of the true Mother's love, and how much deeper the love of the Mother of God. He clearly proved how truly in accordance with the law of God was the devotion we pay His Holy Mother, and then earnestly besought his hearers to invoke her aid. Most appropriate indeed for an Oblate Father, a devout worshipper of Mary Immaculate to preach his first sermon in the city from such a text, and in such a touching manner to place his and his assistants' future labors under the care and guidance of the Queen of Heaven.

On Thursday evening Rev. Father Kostorz left for St. Boniface. We are pleased to note by the Review that he intends making Regina his headquarters.

We have had a week of bitterly cold weather; there has been quite a fall of snow, and it is indeed very winter-like.

Rev. Father Van Heertam spent Sunday in Moose Jaw.

GENA MACFARLANE.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. Bennett wishes to heartily thank her many friends for their kindness and sympathy during the long illness and at the death and burial of her little son. For the floral, and above all for the many spiritual offerings she received, she is especially grateful.

Edmonton Notes.

Edmonton, Alberta, N.W.T. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November 3rd, 4th, and 5th, a bazaar was held in aid of the St. Joachim's Church building fund, which was an unqualified success, from every point of view.

The following is the list of officers:

Honorary President—Rev. Father Jan, O.M.I.  
President—Mrs. John Kelly.  
Treasurer—Mrs. Berube.  
Secretary—Mrs. Beck.

Board of Management.  
Mesdames: Prince, Lachambre, Gallagher, Leclerc, McNamara; Misses Pagerie and Duplessis.

The various departments were managed by the following ladies:  
Fancy Work Table—Mrs. Beck, assisted by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Pace and Mrs. Prince.  
Lottery Table—Mrs. Berube, and Mrs. Gallagher.

Fish Pond—Misses Mary Gallagher, and Annetta Lachambre.  
Candy Table—Mrs. Lachambre.  
Toy Table—Mrs. Ketchen.  
Ice Cream—Mrs. Leclerc.

Plain Sewing—Mrs. Reid, and Mrs. McNamara.  
Dining Room—Mrs. Boivin, Mrs. Bilodeau, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Johnstone, and the Misses McAlister, Sarah McAlister, Mary McAlister, Pigeon, Huot, Bayhen, and Maud Bayhen.

Although the display of fancy work was very large and handsome, every article was disposed of, and the same remark holds good for the other departments, as absolutely nothing was left at the close of the Bazaar.

The three contests aroused much interest and became very exciting at the last moment. One between Mr. Percy Blois and Mr. Auguste Lessard for a gold watch chain was won by Mr. Blois.

Another for a ring between two little girls, Miss Katie Koch and Miss Mary Fitzgerald, was won by the latter.

Perhaps the most interest and amusement centred in the Old Timers contest for a pipe, presented by the Rev. Father Leduc, himself an old timer of 37 years standing in the North-West. This contest was won by Mr. John Kelly.

Every evening the hall in which the Bazaar was held was crowded, and as a musical programme was rendered, the people were entertained and amused.

This department was under the direction of Messrs. C. Hall, J. G. Fairbanks, and E. J. Hart.

On Tuesday evening the Harmonies St. Jean Baptiste, gave an excellent band concert.

The programme on Wednesday evening consisted of songs by Miss Marie Dubuc, (Winnipeg), Mr. Hall and Master Fairbanks.

Violin and Piano Duet by Messrs Hart and Timney, and Piano Solos by Miss Mary Gallagher and Mr. L. Dubuc.

On Thursday evening songs were rendered by Madame Wilfrid Gariepy and Mr. Howard Stutchbury, accompanied by Mr. Vernon Barford, also by Mr. Provost, accompanied by Mr. A. Prince.

Two comic songs by Mr. W. Clark, created a good deal of amusement, also a humorous recitation by Mr. Fred Lamoureux, Miss Gariepy, Messrs. Dubuc, Timney, and Hart, gave instrumental selections, and the programme closed with a couple of French choruses.

A number of valuable articles were railed during the three days of the Bazaar, which was the most successful ever held in Edmonton, the sum of \$1,268.65 being realized, after all expenses were paid.

Towne—He seems to think he's quite an orator.  
Brown—Huh! Why, whenever he attempts to make a speech he really makes a mopkey of himself.

Towne—Sort of harangue-outang, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Home Column.

THOSE WE LOVE THE BEST.

They say the earth is round and yet I often think it square.  
So many little hurts we get From the corners here and there.  
But one sad truth in life I've found While journeying to the West:  
The only folks who really wound Are those we love the best.

The choicest garb and sweetest grace  
Are oft to strangers shown;  
The careless mien, the frowning face,  
Are given to our own.  
We flatter those we scarcely know,  
We please the fleeing guest  
And deal full many a thoughtless blow  
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree  
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.  
Alas, for those who only see  
This truth across the tomb.  
But soon or late the fact grows plain  
To all through sorrow's test—  
The only ones who give us pain  
Are those we love the best.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THOUGHTS.

Teach children to love everything that is beautiful and you will teach them to be useful and good.  
We can gain most good ends better by peace than by strife.  
The praise of the world without the fear of God has no foundation.  
The religion of Christ is not a law, but a spirit—not a creed, but a life.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving at the right moment.  
It may be that dark days are given to show how well God can sustain us in the hour of death.

"I will give you rest." Every promise begins to be fulfilled the moment you give it a patient hearing.  
Know that thou art in the battle field where God and the Angels and the Saints are watching thee with intense interest.  
Let me be brave in God's foes, and use the help and cheer He gives by the way. I shall not think the way long or the fight hard when I look back from heaven.

SOME GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.  
Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.  
Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.  
Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world keep the bad to yourself.  
Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have a heart ache, headache, or rheumatism.  
Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many browns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Home life is the centre of all life. We shall have strong states if we have happy homes. We shall have peace among the nations if we have peaceable homes. U. S. Senator Hoar once said wisely that the real purpose and end of every struggle for liberty and constitutional government were to be found in the necessity of establishing happy homes. King Alfred, Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, all have their value, so far as they secure for us happy homes. We shall have good men and good women if we have glad and cheerful homes, and only so.—Edward Everett Hale.

THE CHILD'S ADVANTAGE.  
"Pa," said little Tommy, getting a bright idea, "I can do something you can't."  
"What?" demanded Pa.  
"Grow!" replied the youngster.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ah! I surprise you dear friend! What do you drink?  
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CHESTNUTS.

That an apparently ignorant and certainly ill-dressed fruit vendor may be endowed with a keen sense of humor, is evident from a story told by Augustus Van Wyck of a man near his residence from whom he tried to purchase some chestnuts.

"Have you any nice fresh chestnuts this morning?" asked the Judge of the son of sunny Italy.

"No 'Merican nutties, got Etalian ches-nutta," answered the man in almost unintelligible English.

"But I want the regular old American chestnuts, not the foreign variety," said Judge Van Wyck.

At this a broad smile spread over the face of the foreigner, in delightful anticipation of the witticism he was about to perpetrate.

"Ah Meester," he answered, with a bow, "you mus' go for zat kin' to Meester Shauncey Deepew."

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**IMPRESSIONS IN A STORM.**

By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D.,  
in The Dolphin.

We had a terrible magnetic storm last night. Wise people who understand the eternal laws of Nature, and the marvelous interdependence of suns and planets, foresaw it. For there were, all this year, spots in the sun, great rents in the photosphere here and there, into whose horrible jaws you might fling thousands of pebbles, such as this little earth of ours, without the chance of satiating them. So I told my little children in the convent schools here. They received the information with a smile of pitying incredulity. Then there was some magnificent auroras, up there in hyperborean regions—great plumes of light cast up from an unseen cauldron in the blazing heavens, and stretched out in a great fan of colors, frail and iridescent as a rainbow's. So we said to ourselves: Something is coming. This is but the stage scenery. When will the performance commence? Sure enough, yesterday afternoon there were some deep grumbings in that half bronze, half copper sky, which always holds in its hollows untold terrors. These were the prelude to the mighty nocturnal oratorio of the heavens. It commenced, as oratorios do, ever so softly and gently, mere susurrus of sound, echoed down along the bases of the black mountains and fading away to invisible distances. But every two seconds the sky was a sheet of blue flame, fitful and flickering, and yet broad and deep and permanent enough to show every outline—leaf and bough, and trunk, of the belt of forest trees opposite my window, and every ripple in the river beneath. There was no sleeping now. I arose. So did everyone in the village except the little children in their innocence, who slept a right through the storm; and a tramp, who was drunk. I lighted my candle, and tried to read. It was useless. Those broad, blue flashes flickering like swallows' wings across my windows, forbade it. There was nothing for it but to witness in awe and with strained nerves the explosion in fire and fury of the elements of heaven.

Then it struck me that my stables were in danger. I passed out into the yard to examine them and so powerful is the force of imagination I distinctly saw fire flickering across the ridges of some thatched roofs outside my garden walls. Next day, I was surprised to find that these cottages were not burned to the ground. I returned, and sat patiently watching the play of the electric fluid across the heaven and athwart the landscape. Hitherto, no rain had fallen, but about 2 a.m. the flashes became more frequent, as if the whole heavens were a tremendous battery, belching out blue flame at every moment. And the deep diapason of the thunder came nearer and broke in deeper and longer volleys reverberating across the valley and shattered against the black mountains far away. The strain became severe; and I prayed for one drop of rain to certify that nature was melting away in its own terrific anger. But not a drop, only the swift wings of light beating across sky and earth, and the deep growl of the thunder coming nearer and nearer. Up to this the town was as still as death—still with the silence under which all souls are hushed in terror, as if there were no escape, and nothing remained but to wait and pray. About three o'clock, however, as the storm deepened in intensity, a poor half-demented creature rushed wildly into the streets and cried: "The town is on fire! the town is on fire." It was ghastly, that lonely cry in the stillness and dread.

It was so like the cry of the angels who abandoned Jerusalem in the crisis of its fate. Let us go hence! Let us go hence! But a more startling sound struck the ears of the trembling people. Two poor jennets who had been out feeding on the highways in defiance of the law, tore madly across the bridge and into the streets, screaming madly in terror; and their cry resembled so exactly the wail of women, despairing and stricken, that it seemed for a moment as if the whole town had gone mad from fright and rushed like maniacs

abroad. At last a about 4 a.m. a few drops of rain fell and I said thank God! But the storm was reaching its climax. The blue flashes broad and gleaming gave way before the terrific artillery that now broke right above our heads; and great blood-red and forked javelins of fire stabbed here and there through the inky blackness. It was horrible—those fire missiles flung at us we know not from where, and running zigzag now in the heavens above, now in the earth beneath; and every flash such a crash of thunder that one could well believe that the end of all things had come; that the mountains of the great deep were broken up; and that Earth and Heaven were rushing together pell mell into chaos. And the one hope was that the rain was now pouring in deluge from the skies; and the splash from roof and housetop and gully was almost equal in horror to the weird music in the heavens. At last about 4:30 a.m. there was a flash of blinding light, as if hell had opened and shut, then a moment's pause; and then such a snarl of sound overhead, such a malignant fiendish growl as of a thousand maddened beasts that I involuntarily put my fingers in my ears and murmured: "Election!" It was the last bar in the great oratorio of the heavens. The sounds rumbled and died far down on the head of the horizon; the skies cleared; and nought was heard, only the unseen cataracts pouring down their floods from the broken reservoirs of Heaven.

A few days later I read, with surprise, that this frightful cataclysm was limited to a narrow belt of atmosphere, not half a mile in depth. Beyond and above, the eternal stars shone peacefully.

About six o'clock the evening before the storm, a tramp came into my garden, where I was reading. My servant said: A gentleman wanted to see me! So I said: Send him up. We are so polite in Ireland that everyone is a gentleman or a lady, when they are not noblemen. I saw at a glance at his boots that he was a tramp. Now I like tramps just as I like everything planetary and wandering. It is because I am such a precisian, that I could not sit down to dinner if a picture was hung awry, or a book misplaced on a shelf, that I love irregularities in others. A piece of torn paper on my carpet will give me a fit of epilepsy; but I can tranquilly contemplate the awful chaos of another's study, and even congratulate him on his splendid nerves. So tramps, comets, variable stars, wandering lights of philosophy, stars of the outer darkness, flotsam and jetsam of heaven and earth—I have a curious sympathy with them all, as fate or fortune blows them about in eccentric orbits. This wayfarer told me he was from my native town, (which was a lie); that he was a tradesman out of employment (which was another); that he was hungry and thirsty (which was half-and-half). I gave him sixpence, which he instantly transmuted into whiskey. Then he lay down under an open archway; and slept all through that terrific storm. I have no doubt but that the electric fluid shot through that open arch again and again during the night; but the Eudaemon, who presides over drunken people, warded off the bolts. He woke next morning, stiff, but sound and whole; and was utterly amazed at the universal consternation. And there are people in the world still who say that drink is an unmitigated evil!

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**PROTESTANTISM AND PROSPERITY.**

(Catholic Times (English))  
Whatever else may be the outcome of Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals, these two gentlemen have dealt a severe blow at one of the most venerable controversial arguments that Protestantism ever possessed. Heretofore it was quite customary for members of the Established Church, when engaged in religious discussions with Catholics, to point to the unquestioned progress and prosperity of the British Empire as proof positive that Protestantism surpassed in worth and beneficence any and every other form of faith. Compared with Catholicism, its splendor shone with the glory of the noonday sun. Wherever the Catholic Church held sway over men there was poverty and wretchedness, backwardness or decay. The results of professing Protestantism or Catholicism could be seen at a glance, and no one with an eye could fail to see that, judged by the standard of common sense and worldly wisdom, Protestantism was immensely superior to its rival and foe. The argument was not very logical, perhaps, and the test certainly was one which no thoughtful philosopher would accept as conclusive; for what natural alliance, what necessary connection was there between supernatural faith and material prosperity? However, the argument did duty on scores of platforms, and as a theme for the pulpit was never hackneyed, because always flattering. Alas for arguments, and premisses which have no foundation in fact! All the logic in the world won't save them from Humpty-Dumpty's fate when he fell from the wall. This reasoning from Protestant material prosperity to Protestant religious truth has fallen on evil days. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain and scores of politicians besides lift up their voices and cry out alarmingly to their fellow countrymen, warning them that England's prosperity has passed or is quickly passing away, and that, unless they adopt new fiscal methods, Great Britain's day is done. All this prophecy may, or may not be true; it may be a wily dodge to escape the judgment of the country on their scandalous wickedness and mismanagement during the late war; but, at all events, people believe them, and a large following accepts their views as correct and asserts that they are warranted by facts.

If these things are so; if the prosperity of this country really has passed or is passing away, then with it has gone or is fast going the strongest, because the most popular defense of Protestantism as a religious creed. No other argument in defense of the Established Church ever exercised an influence comparable to this. It was an argument which men could see with their eyes, handle with their hands. It met them in every place and in every form. At home and abroad, in town and in country, on sea and land, England's power and prosperity, her wealth, her progress, her industry, her genius, came before them in turn, and, as being material, were calculable and impressive. To the man in the street

(Continued on page six).

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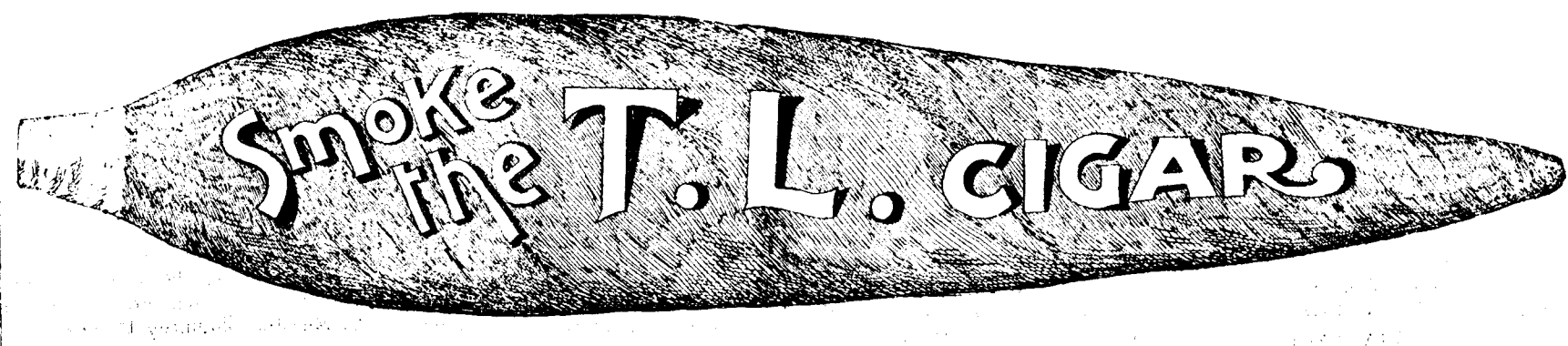
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SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1903.

## Calendar for Next Week.

### NOVEMBER.

- 22—Twenty-fifth and last Sunday after Pentecost. Octave of the dedication of all the churches of the Diocese.
- 23—Monday—St. Clement, Pope, Martyr.
- 24—Tuesday—St. John of the Cross Confessor.
- 25—Wednesday—St. Catharine, Virgin, Martyr.
- 26—Thursday—St. Leonard of Porto Maurizio, Confessor.
- 27—Friday—The Feast of the Miraculous Medal of the Blessed Virgin.
- 28—Saturday—St. Sylvester, Abbot (transferred from the 26th inst). Vigil of St. Andrew.

### VALUE OF TRADITION.

That the Apostle's Creed was never, during three centuries committed to writing in its complete form, and that it was preserved intact by being committed to memory, and repeated regularly by all Christians: these are the two startling propositions which the Rev. Dr. Alexander McDonald, Vicar General of the Diocese of Antigonish, proves in his learned work, "The Symbol of the Apostles—a vindication of the Apostolic authorship of the Creed on the lines of Catholic tradition." The nucleus of this great work was a series of articles in the American Ecclesiastical Review from January to July of this year. They form the first six chapters of the book, which contains seven more chapters and a splendid introduction on the discipline of Secrecy, by the Author, to which is added a final chapter by another writer on the name "Catholic."

The entire tone and style of the work inspires great confidence in the learning and discernment of the author. He is evidently extremely modern in form. Nothing in the way of real scholarship is unknown to him, and his mind is stored with that treasury of collateral information which enables a scholar to throw light on many a subject that needs illustration. But all the while he holds to the value of oral tradition when the subject thereof is a matter of supreme moment, which must be kept secret from those outside the Church. This Discipline of Secrecy with regard to the body of Christian doctrine is the point on which the learned author insists all through his book. Here is a passage that gives an excellent idea of his manner.

"There has been produced evidence enough and to spare that the Creed of the early Church was hedged about and jealously guarded by the Discipline of the Secret, and that the early Christian writers religiously refrained from reproducing it in their works, and even from putting it at all in writing. But consider how fraught with significance is this, and how effectually it serves to discredit the method of historical criticism so-called, as applied to the question of the authorship of the Creed. Your ingenious critic, with his vast apparatus of learning, with industry and patience in research beyond all praise and worthy of all

emulation, ransacks the writings of sub-apostolic and early times, for the Symbol, and declares he cannot find it. No marvel that he cannot find it: he seeks the living among the dead. The Creed is in the heart and on the lips of the Church of the living God; he is looking for some fossil remains of a casket that might be thought to have enclosed it, but did not: for, to cite once more the words of St. Jerome: "The Symbol of our faith and hope, handed down to us from the Apostles, is not written with ink on paper, but graved on the fleshly tablets of the heart." To the weary and sore perplexed critic peering into ancient tombs, groping in the twilight of those early times, seeking in vain the source whence came the Symbol, the words of Augustine and Jerome and Rufinus, of Basil and Cyril and Clement, should have been as the legend on the signpost to give timely warning of No thoroughfare. But he heeded not the warning, he had no eyes for it; he would plod his way, groping ever, till at length he has latched up in a blind alley. For this is just where its failure to find other than an anonymous author for the great Creed of Christendom has left historical criticism—in a cul-de-sac."

Elsewhere Dr. McDonald explains his meaning in greater detail. "The historical critic," he writes, "searches for the Symbol or traces of the Symbol, among the remains of early Christian literature, after much the same manner as the biologist seeks for a species, or traces of a species among the fossil remains of early geological epochs. This is all well enough. But in the eagerness of his search he overlooks a point of capital importance. Between literary remains and the fossil remains of plant or animal there is a radical distinction. The latter are mute and voiceless; the former, being the product of the living mind have a tongue and can deliver their message to those who find them. Now here is where the method of historical criticism is at fault. It takes the Symbol by dint of piecing together the scattered elements of it, from the writings of Cyril and Rufinus and Augustine, and pays not the slightest heed to the warning which these same writings deliver at the same time. The very same writers"—and this is the strongest general argument in Dr. McDonald's book, the great point which he makes so clearly—"who are the first to describe and expound the Symbol, and in the very act of describing it, tell us, in the most distinct way, and with patient iteration, that they did not themselves get the Symbol from written records, but from the lips of the living Church. What sort of criticism is it that is willing to trust these writers when they tell us what the articles of the Symbol were in their day, and in what order they were arranged, but will not trust them when they tell us how the Symbol was transmitted to them by their forefathers in the fancy that he can run with the hare and hunt with the hounds after this fashion: 'I will accept nothing,' he declares, 'but what I can find documentary evidence for.' All very well. But let the whole evidence be taken. It will not do to take this because it fits in with a preconceived theory, and reject that because it does not. The method that picks and chooses in this way, is neither critical nor historical."

In order that our readers, who have not the book before them, may better understand what follows in this long quotation, we hark back to a previous chapter in which the Author gives this passage from St. Basil: "Of the dogmas and teachings preserved in the Church, we have some from the doctrine committed to writing, and some we have received, transmitted to us in a secret manner, from the tradition of the Apostles; both of these have the same force in forming religion; and no one will gainsay either of these, no one, that is, who has the least experience of the laws of the Church. . . . Dogma is one thing, and preaching another; for the former is guarded in silence, while preachings are openly proclaimed." That he means by 'dogma' especially the Symbol ap-

pears from the words, he uses a little further on: "The very Confession of Faith in Father, Son and Holy Ghost," he asks, "from what written records have we it?"

Dr. McDonald continues, (p. 80). "The critic may, if he likes, put this statement of St. Basil's to the test, and proceed to ransack written records for the Confession of Faith. He has a perfect right to do this. But he has no warrant, and no shadow of warrant, on failing to find it, as he was foredoomed to fail, to say that the Symbol did not then exist at all. This is an assumption so arbitrary that it is difficult to speak of it with composure. His assumed first principle will not let the critic see that he has been looking in the wrong place for the Symbol."

"In our quest for the origin of the Creed then, we shall set out, not with an assumed first principle but with a fact proved by documents, and proved up to the hilt, namely, that the Creed was not transmitted in writing to the Christians of the fourth or fifth centuries, but handed on by word of mouth, and 'graved on the fleshly tablets of the heart.' The knowledge of this fact will be as a lamp to our feet. In the light of it we shall not look for the Symbol itself in the writings of the earlier time, assured before hand that it is not to be found there. We shall look only for traces of it, tokens of its existence in the minds and hearts of believers, in the mouths and on the lips of the neophyte and the martyr, and these we shall find in plenty."

"Of course no comprehensive or minute search into original sources can be made here, nor shall it be attempted, nor is it, indeed, needed. We shall pick up in passing, one or two allusions to the Symbol from third century writings, and proceed straightway to the second century, which is today the battleground of the rival theories as to its origin."

Dr. McDonald analyzes most thoroughly the crucial passages of the second century witnesses. Occasionally his treatment of the subject is as breezy as it is effective. Referring to Prof. McGiffert's theory as to the origin of the Symbol, he writes "the theory that the Symbol was framed to head off the heresy of Marcion, however much labor and skill may be employed in setting it up, is but a house of cards, which a very slight puff of wind would blow down. A gust or two from North Africa will sweep it clean into the Adriatic." And then he adduces the testimony of Tertullian asserting that the Roman Church got her Symbol from the Apostles Peter and Paul, and afterwards gave it to proconsular Africa.

Had we more space, we should examine more fully Dr. McDonald's convincing evidence. But, under the circumstances, we can only endorse his main contention thus expressed at page 283:

The key to the whole situation is furnished by the Discipline of the Secret. Both Irenaeus and Tertullian are kept back from giving us the Creed in the very phrase by the prohibition against putting it in writing, and the obligation of secrecy in regard to it. Neither of them tells the reader so in terms, but this only serves to hit more effectually the words and structure of their Symbol. On any other hypothesis, the reticence of these writers and the studied care with which they vary the unvarying rule of the Faith is an insoluble conundrum to be everlastingly given up.

These words contain the essence of Dr. McDonald's splendid defence of tradition. They show how lamentably handicapped are all non-Catholic searchers in the field of early Christian history. Not belonging to the family, they do not know its secrets, its spirit, its 'ethos,' and so they grope with Sisyphean labor, in the dark. As this work is sure to make its way among the learned defenders of Christianity, we venture to suggest some necessary improvements. The index should be more complete; every quotation should be referred therein to the pages, not the sections, of the book. The pages should also be marked in the contents. We have also noted several errata, such as p. 39, l. 6, where a



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verb (says?) is missing; p. 40, where the reference number of the note is wrong; p. 67, l. 3, where the period should be an interrogation mark; p. 78, l. 4, where "the" should be "the"; p. 208, where the second note has no number; pages 200 and 201, where the impossible Greek form, 'eksomologouthmenos' appears four times.

This book, which is very well printed on thick paper, is published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, 26 Barclay Street, New York.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Referring to the appointment of Monsignor Merry del Val as Papal Secretary of State, the 'Congregationalist' asks: "Will he play the Liberal or the Ultramontane game?" Neither, esteemed contemporary. He will play the Catholic game, the game of Christ, Who founded and sustains the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

With regard to the new diocese to be carved out of the diocese of Providence, R. I., the 'Review' says: "The French Canadian Catholics of the United States, and especially of New England, where they are most numerous, have long cherished the wish to be represented in the American hierarchy by at least one bishop of their nationality, and we think if the matter is brought properly before the Supreme Pontiff, they will be gratified. The Review, needless to say, is heartily in sympathy with them."

Discussing the great Pitt's project of establishing an hereditary English nobility in Canada, to offset the already well established French nobility, with its 150 years of 'seigneuries,' the Ottawa correspondent of the 'True Witness' writes:

"Looking at it in the light of our past experience, we can but say that this country must build up its own nobility—and that the titles cannot be hereditary, but rather that each succeeding generation must create its own titles to recognition. There is no land freer on earth than in Canada; and none that presents brighter prospects for the future than depends upon these children themselves. They cannot expect to inherit rank, nor title, nor power, nor wealth, nor social political, or national honors, they must begin at the foundation and construct their own future, or else fall behind in the race."

There are nineteen cities of the United States each with a population of over 200,000. All of these cities have one or more Catholic papers, except Jersey City, N. Y., (population 206,433). There are seventeen other cities in the United States with populations over 100,000, but under 200,000. All of these have Catholic papers except Allegheny, Pa., (population 129,000); New Haven, Conn., (population 108,000), and Toledo, O., (population 131,832). Every northern state east of the Mississippi has one or more Catholic papers, Delaware alone excepted. Of the eleven southern states—the Confederate states of 1861-5.—only four have Catholic papers.—Catholic Citizen, (Milwaukee).

The municipal campaign in greater New York just ended was one noted for reckless dirt flinging. Vituperation of the most malignant sort took the place of arguments, to the disgust of decent men. District Attorney Jerome easily held the first place among the dirt slingers. Among those at whom he flung mud was Mr. Burke Cockran. The latter's towering and overshadowing intellectuality rendered it impossible for Jerome to meet him in the field of argument. What, then, did the District Attorney of New York do? He began calling names like a veritable fishwoman.

"Mulligan Guard Demosthenes" was the choice term he employed to describe the ablest orator in the country. The brainless Jerome let out some of his anti-Irish venom when he hurled this epithet at a man of whom any race would have good cause to be proud.—Irish World.

Evidently the members of the Alaskan Boundary Commission were

not so well versed in the geography of that part of North America, the lines of which were to be fixed, as could be wished; otherwise they would not have left in doubt the ownership of a large strip of territory 150 miles in length and of uncertain width. The fact that neither this government nor Canada cares much about this strip does not justify the neglect to definitely settle the entire question so that there might be no chance for disagreement in future. No one can tell where mineral wealth may be found in Alaska, and should a discovery of gold be made in this undetermined territory there would be trouble over the ownership immediately.—Providence Visitor.

The greatest trial of his life has come to the German Emperor. He has to keep silence until a little wound in his throat is completely healed. This wound was caused by a surgeon's knife, in removing a polypus which had the presumption despite the law of lese majeste, to settle in that indispensable portion of his Majesty's anatomy.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Catholic family that does not enjoy reading a sound and instructive Catholic paper does not enjoy the practice of religion, does not value membership in the Church, and does not prize the gift of Faith.—Catholic Columbian.

If the daily press does not misrepresent him Prophet Dowie is making himself more absurd than ever since his return. Now he is printing letters showing that he is arranging for people in different sections of the country whatever sort of weather they desire. They write requests and he prays. Evidently his prayers were not very effective over in New York. President Roosevelt ought to ship him to the great arid zone and save costs of irrigation.—New World, (Chicago).

INAPPROPRIATE SONGS.

We have often reflected on the bad taste displayed at concerts, receptions and other functions by the people who are chosen to entertain the gathering with songs and recitations. There is a certain fitness of things in these affairs, which some minds seem unable to grasp and appreciate. A rollicking drinking song, for instance, sung at a temperance rally—could anything be more inappropriate and banal? Yet we have known a young man to come forth untroubled and sing such a song on such an occasion. And we have known young women to render some maudlin love song at times when the occasion called for something austere and dignified. We have often thought that the young singers of our own country were perhaps unique in respect of this inapposite and inappropriate choice of songs, but our neighbors in Canada seem to suffer from the same evil. The other day Monsignor Sharretti was in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and of course he received a hearty welcome from all classes of Catholics. One organization of Catholic young men planned a reception in his honor, which was largely attended. Our esteemed contemporary the Northwest Review, was highly pleased with the whole affair with one exception. This was the case of a young man who sang. Our contemporary was grieved at his strange taste, and said:—

"He sings so well and his songs are so clever that we feel all the more grieved to have to point out that a song the point of which was 'a man without a woman is a mighty poor thing,' is not precisely the sort of ballad a gentleman should sing as his only contribution to honor a Delegate Apostolic, the Archbishop of all the Catholics there, and the numerous clergy, who, of course, have no wives. That sort of thing may go down with a purely Protestant audience, which is not squeamish about false principles; but it was a decidedly ungentlemanly thing to do under the circumstances. Many Catholics were heard to say, 'What a strange choice of a song!' And His Grace of St. Boniface very

properly showed his displeasure in the expression of his face."

We hope the young man so rebuked may have better taste in future. But it seems to us the blame rests as much on the committee-men in charge as on the singer. They should have made sure that nothing objectionable would find its way into the order of exercises. And the same may be said of all such committees, in Winnipeg and elsewhere. Sacred Heart Review

SOCIALISM STRIKES A SNAG.

Within a few years that political hybrid, the Socialist party, has shown a tendency to development in Massachusetts, especially among the working classes, by assuming to be the champion of their interests. It thrived on account of the apathy of the other two parties as regards the remedial labor legislation and the unrest and dissatisfaction thus occasioned, attaining the importance of electing the mayors of two cities, and last year securing three members of the State Legislature. This measure of success emboldened it to reach out for further conquests, but the result of the election in the Bay state on Tuesday, shows evidence of a return of political sanity, and gives the Socialists a set-back for which they were by no means prepared, proving that the people are cutting loose from these political dreamers, and are repudiating their sophistries.

There should be no encouragement or toleration in this country for a so-called political party that presumes to hold a mortgage upon the consciences of its members, the impertinence to try to regulate their private affairs, and the audacity to attack even the family relation. The political conditions against which the Socialist orators inveigh, are far less intolerable than would be the veiled kind of anarchism, social chaos and destructive class division that would be the outcome under such rule. The "co-operative commonwealth," and other shibboleths have a catchy sound to those who are not given to looking beneath the surface of things, and who jump at every kind of political quackery that promises a change. Undoubtedly there are some features of our political and industrial life that are by no means satisfactory, but socialism, as it is interpreted by these clamorous pleaders for a new order of things, would in the end prove a "remedy worse than the disease."—Providence Visitor.

A MONOMANIACAL WITNESS.

"That calls to mind a queer experience of my own," said a lawyer who had listened to the story. "Some years ago I defended a fellow for murder in a little Southern town, and the worst witness we had against us was an old German who was a stack builder by trade. A stack, by the way, is merely another name for a big chimney. The old fellow was perfectly honest and gave his story in such a clear, straightforward manner that I felt my client was doomed unless I could think of some way to break him down. While I was cudgeling my brains a friend whispered to me to ask him how high he could build a stack. 'What do you mean?' I asked, in surprise. 'Never mind,' said my friend. 'Just slip in that question and see.' So at the end of the cross examination I paused as if struck by an afterthought, and said: 'You are a stack builder, I believe?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the witness. 'Well, sir,' I continued, 'about how high can you build?' I never got any further. A swift, inscrutable change flashed over the German's face and he rose excitedly from his chair. 'As high as der sky!' he roared. 'So high dose angels come around it like birds!' In five seconds he was raving. You see the man was a monomaniac—sane on every subject but one, and my friend happened to know his weak spot. It is hardly necessary to say that his evidence in regard to the homicide was promptly ruled out by the Judge, and as there was no other witness of importance my man was cleared. The rascal should have been hanged, and would have been but for the lucky reference to the stack."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



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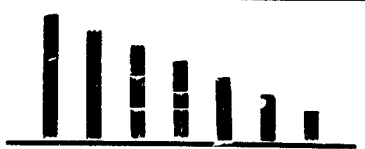
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## PROTESTANTISM AND PROSPERITY.

(Continued from page three.)

they were the most imposing evidences that God showered His blessings upon the professors of the pure reformed faith, while he withheld His bounty from the credulous and superstitious believers in the senilities and fables of Roman doctrine. Logic and reasoning were equally powerless to remove from his mind a conclusion which he had drawn unconsciously as a rule, from observing the facts. The weapons of the most acute controversialists were blunted against a conviction which he had sucked in with his mother's milk and fed afterwards with the strong food of his own manly experience. All this is now changed. Protestant England is no longer prosperous, and, if in the past her prosperity was in debt due to her Protestantism, then either her Protestantism has failed or to it her prosperity never was due at all. Whichever way the matter is looked at, Mr. Ballour and Mr. Chamberlain, in proclaiming England's approaching industrial and commercial ruin, have deprived the professional Protestant controversialist of the best weapon in his armoury. Catholics may do well to keep the fact in mind.

Of course the argument never had any validity. Perhaps the statement never was a fact. Certainly, if the signs of England's prosperity were conspicuous, and this may readily be granted, they were accompanied by other signs which forbade hasty and rash conclusions. The riches of this country were conditioned by poverty, and misery such as probably no part of the world could match. If England and Englishmen could boast of possessing wealth, and comfort, and prosperity unequalled elsewhere, yet, side by side with these things, it would be easy, as Cardinal Newman said, to point out "the cold, cruel, selfish system which this supreme worship of comfort, decency, and social order necessarily introduces; to show how the many are sacrificed to the few, the poor to the wealthy, how an oligarchical monopoly of enjoyment is established far and wide, and the claims of want and pain, and sorrow, and affliction, and guilt, and misery, are practically forgotten." The prosperity of units was built on the misery of hundreds and thousands. Is such prosperity worth pointing to as a proof, one way or another, of the accuracy of that form of religious belief which is general among the prosperous and the miserable? What has religion to do with these things? The success of Great Britain, to our mind, was based, not on its Protestantism, but on its coal-beds, and still more on its insular position. Coal gave us command of steam, and, in consequence, control of the industries of which steam power is the dominant factor. We became the manufacturers for the world, which, not having, or not yet having found, coal supplies at home, could not possibly compete with us. But time went on, and Belgium, France, Germany, Russia, America found that they could do for themselves what we had grown to fancy they must have done for them by us. Nor did its Protestantism save England in the stress of foreign competition. Having never affected this country's prosperity all along, it did nothing whatever in the day when it should have helped. As an argument, it had force; as a fact, it had none. Material prosperity depends on circumstances and conditions outside the sphere of religion. Religion has its concern with the world of spirit; prosperity with the world of matter. Men may be morally bad and yet succeed in business; they may be morally good and fail. A poor saint might make a very bad horse-dealer, and a good horse-dealer might make a very poor saint. Getting on well in this world is not always evidence of getting on well for the next. What has religion to do with commerce and manufacture? These are not the purviews of the gospel. "Not till the State is blamed for not making saints, may it fairly be laid to the fault of the Church that she cannot invent a steam-engine or construct a tariff." Protestantism and Catholicism are equally powerless to effect worldly prosperity, and the truth of their tenets must be settled by arguments drawn elsewhere.

## THE REV. DR. GEER AGAIN.

The Vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, New York, on Christian Education and the Schools.

To the Editor of the N.Y. Sun:

This question has ceased to be a point at issue between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and has become one between Agnosticism, established and endowed, and Christianity, disestablished and disendowed. State education touches for harm every one of our most disturbing national problems, except the necessity which is upon us of Americanizing the children of immigrants; and even that problem, can, in the long run, be better solved under the denominational system—subject of course, to rigorous State inspection and State control—better solved, for a reason that ought to be patent to all Christian educators, viz., that there can be no abiding and trustworthy love of country independently of religion.

It is Scyllia and Charybdis over again. We are sailing the ship of State with a sharp eye on the rock which is being beautifully and sparsely cleared; and of this fine seamanship we are rightly proud before the nations of the world. But our backs are being given to the whirlpool which has a dangerous reality—equal to that of the rock. A question of this gravity, therefore, can only be safely considered in the spirit, not of denominational zeal, but of purest patriotism, and in view of the 17,000,000 children now attending our public schools, who in large measure are the children of the poor.

Let this be my answer, in large part, to those who have differed, and may yet differ with me in your columns. Nor can the cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" be longer considered a sufficient answer to these charges.

If we look primarily at anything bearing the name of Christ, in the interest of the rich, or of the cultured classes—those, e. g., who send their children to Groton, (Mass.) School, to St. Paul's, Concord, N. H., or to the Cathedral School in Washington, or to any of the smaller but splendidly equipped Church schools, we are sure to be led to a wrong conclusion. Christ came to preach the Gospel to the poor. So let academies and universities go their own way; there can be but one point of view for the Church and for all Christians in this matter of religious education, it is the point of view of the children of the poor.

My opinions on this subject were at one time strenuously opposed by a man now high in the councils of the nation. Today he sends two of his sons to a Church school of the highest order, and his daughter to another; both schools well known for aggressive Christian nurture. And I have acted as far as I could on the same principle. Yet neither he nor I think for a moment, that our children are one whit better in the sight of God than those of the poorest hod-carrier; or one whit better entitled to daily Christian nurture. We send our children to Christian schools because we rightly value Christian education and can afford to pay for it. The hod-carrier sends his children to the public school, since he has not the money to do better for them, because the State has made it impossible for him to secure Christian education for his children that condition of affairs is most repugnant to my sense of justice, as I do not doubt it is, on reflection, to his. There can be no Christian propriety or American fair play in such a cruel discrimination against the poor, in essentials. What Ruskin called the "height of black anger" surely would not be much out of place here.

Now for State education and our national problems: because it is not enough to say that the system is vicious. We must show why and how it is vicious.

1. State education touches the negro problem for harm.

It was Canning who said "to turn him (the negro) loose in the manhood of his physical strength, in the maturity of his physical passions, but in the infancy of his un-instructed reason, would be to raise up a creature resembling the splendid fiction of a recent romance (Frankenstein)."

What have we done during the last forty years with State education, or in any other way? what are we doing today to make that prophecy worthless? No nation was ever guilty of wilder folly than we are now guilty of in attacking this discouraging problem with an almost completely secularized and Godless education. Burke argued against total abolition, and said: "I confess I trust infinitely more (according to the sound principles of those who ever have at any time ameliorated the state of mankind) to the effect and influence of religion than to all the rest of the regulations put together." But we have outgrown all this age-honored wisdom, and are today reaping the bad harvest of our folly; and who is not looking into the future with forebodings?

We read in Harper's Weekly of Oct. 17 that the wives of Southern farmers "literally sit in fear" when their husbands are in the field, with their pistols always loaded and within easy reach; and that they dare not drive alone to the neighboring town.

2. State education touches the divorce problem for harm.

It does little in itself to strengthen the moral fibre of children, and it deprives the Church of one of her best opportunities to do that kind of work so effectively as to reduce the divorce evil to the lowest point. The public school system comes between the Church and her children for harm. The gospel, as a result, has not free course in this country; and until it has, the divorce evil will increase, and Church life and home life will continue to deteriorate, and innocent children will continue to suffer (Oh, the pity of it), and in increasing numbers; all, admittedly, to the peril of our existence as a nation.

3. State education touches the industrial problem for harm.

The less religion a people have, the more quarrelsome, unreasonable, discontented and suspicious of each other they become; more and more watchful for self-interest, without regard to the public good. Religion binds the classes and the masses together, and makes them more considerate of each other's feelings. No seeming exceptions to this rule can disprove it. I was taxed in your first editorial in answer to my letter, with pessimistic leanings; but the editorial on our labor troubles in your paper of October 13 is well high down to my low level, in what it more than hints at concerning "the bureaucratic despotism of the coming socialist organization," and of "the military despotism which must ensue, as surely as the night, must follow the day." If the years of prosperity for all classes have brought us the misery and the peril of which you write, what have we to expect from years of adversity? When labor threatens a general strike in all departments of work throughout the entire land, and when capital threatens to reduce labor to subjection by a process of slow starvation, verily the splendid dimensions of our great country shrink to those of small, and quarrelsome Verona. The air becomes full of portents of evil and we cry aloud in great perturbation of soul, "A plague of both your houses."

4. State education touches on political problems for harm.

By multiplying the number of those whose votes go to the highest bidder, because they have not had principles of honesty instilled into their hearts and consciences in any effective way, and that quotation of yours from Herbert Spencer that is most pertinent; "A nation of which the legislators vote as they are bid, and of which the workers surrender their rights of selling their labor as they please, has neither the ideas nor the sentiments needed for the maintenance of liberty." And you say of Mr. Spencer that "we must respect him as the foremost intellectual observer and sociologic authority of modern times," to which may be added the significant fact that he is earnestly opposed to both compulsory education and to public schools.

5. State education over-educates and over-stimulates countless numbers of people whose after lives give no adequate play for their enlightenment and unhappily acquired ambition. Hence, deserted farms,

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# FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb.)

(Continued from last week.)  
CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Yes, there were two Travers there, but William has returned home, and only Basil remains now. He is preparing for the priesthood."

"The priesthood for Basil! Well, indeed, I should not have dreamed that; William was grave and scholarly, Basil was ever a roysterer, and the life of the old hall."

"He is a fine fellow; and fiery now in the great cause. Why, mother," said Walter, lowering his voice into a whisper, "he would be a martyr if he could; the queen hath already put some priests to death for saying Mass, and Basil longs thus to die. Now, mother, a De Lisle was never a coward, I could die in battle, in fair and open fight, and even if unjustly condemned, as too many have been, I could meet the death of my peers on the scaffold; but like a dog, as they say men at Tyburn—ah, mother, the very thought makes me turn cold!"

Alice's pale cheek grew paler still. "God save thee from such a fate, my boy!" murmured she; "but yet honor beyond all praise those who are called to it; for surely to Him who died between two thieves, the very disgrace and obloquy you shudder at makes then dear in His eyes. But," continued she, rousing herself, "I will not have such sad talk the first evening to greet you with, my boy. Methinks I hear Isabel's steps in the anteroom. Will you go and see if she is there?" But as she spoke, Isabel and Mary entered together.

"Supper is over then?" inquired the baroness.

"Oh, yes, dear aunt, I am thankful to say it is," answered Mary; "it is a blessing to get rid of that terrible Earl for awhile."

"Has he frightened you, Mary?" said the baroness, smiling.

"Aunt he is just like a hawk; some times he looks through you as if he longed to put you on the rack, and then"—and Mary began to mimic his gestures—"he is so soft, pays such gentle compliments, oh, I did so long to say, 'Out with thee, hypocrite!'"

Isabel and Walter were both convulsed with laughing at Mary's ready mimicry.

"Poor Beauville!" said Alice, "he was a different being a few years since, open as the day, generous and noble; grievous has been the change. He follows now a shadow which will lead him to destruction. I must now, I suppose, prepare to see him."

"Not to-night, dearest mother," said Isabel, in an alarmed tone; "when I was about to call even Walter away, for you look so flushed and weary, and have endured so much to-day."

"But has he not asked to see me?" said the baroness.

"Yes, truly, mother, he did; but I told him you were too ill; and he would have lorded it over me, and said that he must see you—but," Isabel's color rose, "he is not the master over all the castle."

Alice looked sadly at Isabel.

"Alas, my child," she said, "I ever sorrow when I hear you speak thus, and this matter brooks no delay. Go you, Walter, and beg Lord Beauville to visit me here; when he comes, I would be alone with him; but do you, dear children, remain within call."

"You are ill, indeed, Alice," said the Earl, as he took the thin hand, and gazed on the wasted form and features of the baroness, with evident emotion.

"Yes, Philip," said she, sweetly; "it is an illness that has no cure; and were it not for my children, I could rejoice it were so. But sit beside me now, for I have to thank you for a great delight, and yet to chide you sorely for giving it to me."

"I have been more merciful to you, Alice, than you would have been to yourself and your children. Had I not brought Walter home,

the estates would have been confiscated, and a bill of attainder passed against your house; indeed, you are mistaken if you deem the queen means not to put her decrees into execution."

"I have no such hope," answered Lady de Lisle; "but you know well my lord, that I count the land and honors of my son as light in the balance with his honor towards his God. It is a cruel trial of faith and patience at his years that you have now exposed him to—a trial I would fain have spared him—and bade my pining heart, that craved so for his presence, be still and endure the pain."

"At his years," repeated the Earl.

"Walter is twenty; and at twenty," replied Alice, "he is to be kept back from the companionship of the youths of his own age, excluded from the court and university, deprived of all the aims to which it is but natural youthful ambition should aspire."

"Tush!" answered the Earl, "why exclude him from the court, at least. He hath studied enough by this time; now let him win his way; and, with his grace and bearing, I warrant you, Walter, Baron de Lisle will, papist though he be, ruffle it with the best among us. Elizabeth Tudor has her woman's weakness about her, and the face of yonder boy will please her fancy marvellously well."

"Rather would I see him laid in his grave, in all his beauty and innocence," said Alice, "than send him to meet the corruption of Elizabeth's court. No, Philip, thither, with my consent, he shall never go."

"Now this is too much," said Beauville, starting to his feet. "Wilt keep the lad here till he moulder into dust, or make him a shaven priest perchance? God fore-lead! but by virtue of my office as guardian, I have power, and I say he shall go thither."

There was no answer; but as Beauville perceived the deadly paleness that overspread the face of the baroness, his anger fled.

"Nay, Alice," said he, sitting down again; "why dost thou anger me thus? Thou knowest I would not harm the boy."

"It is useless to argue," said she faintly; "I know you have power; and if my words, my supplications,—if the memory of our early years, of my husband, your true and faithful friend,—can move you not, I have no other weapons to turn against you but my prayers."

"Well, well," said the Earl, soothingly, "let the matter rest awhile; we will talk more calmly anon. I was to blame for speaking thus roughly; but this religion of yours, Alice, does send you distraught, I verily think. I will leave you now, and to-morrow we will confer further. Fare thee well, sweet Alice," and he raised her hand to his lips; "do not judge me harshly."

Alice raised herself into a sitting posture; she fixed her eyes upon him as she said, "Philip, life for me has nearly run out; its span! I stand on the borders of eternity, and see what you cannot now behold; but that hour shall come also to you, and as you hope for mercy in that day, deal fairly with my children; be true to them, God will be true to you; lay snares for them, and that hour shall come on you as a snare!"

She sank back fainting on her pillows. Beauville called for assistance, and departed ere she woke to consciousness. When she recovered, she expressed a wish to see Walter again, but this was opposed by Isabel, who pleaded the lateness of the hour, and begged that her mother would suffer herself to be undressed, and go to bed. Lady de Lisle was too feeble to contend; she yielded, saying half to herself, "Tell him to be strong,—tell him to be strong!" When laid in her bed, she seemed much relieved, and sank instantly to sleep. This comforted Isabel, but not

overcrowded cities, widespread and ever-increasing discontent. To these may be added something of the unwillingness of our American girls to go into domestic service; for few graduates of our public schools are found to take up that honorable and useful kind of work. This is especially true in our large cities—over-education has helped to make that life distasteful.

Attention is called a second time to this over-education indictment, because, in common with nearly all the other specific indictments in my first letter, it has received no notice in the discussion which has followed, although in your editorial you speak especially of this question as being "well worth debate."

6. State education touches for harm the problem involved in the marked falling off in the number of candidates for the Christian ministry. Our boys are growing up without feeling any deep sense of obligation to the Church. Their enthusiasm is chilled, or rather it is not called into existence.

7. State education touches for harm the problem involved in the falling off in church attendance, largely for the same reason. I do not find that the Roman Catholic Church, which provides parochial schools for its children, as far as it can, has complained of any falling off, either in the number of candidates for the priesthood, or in the attendance of people on divine worship. That Church is, therefore, surely wise, yes, and patriotic, in putting her children under the highest spiritual obligations to her as their divine Mother.

8. State education is going to touch for harm our problems in Porto Rico and the Philippines, for the same reason that it has been a source of injury to us in the home country.

Nor is there a single ethical or spiritual problem that we have in common with other countries which State education does not touch for harm. If this sweeping indictment is not true, then why did Herbert Spencer condemn compulsory education and public schools?

Can there be any surprise that one burdened with this belief is not to be silenced by fear lest the Roman Catholic Church should profit by a modification of our system of education? The logic of Bible, prayer-book, and tradition in the Church of England, and in the daughter Church, which we call Protestant episcopal in this country, is, and always has been, Christian education at its best for her children, and on every day in the week, in the school as well as in the home. If others will not say so, the present writer is not to be blamed. But "when one ox will lie down, the yoke bears hard on him that stands up."

There can be no effective teaching of morality without personality. We cannot teach patriotism without George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. No more can Christian ethics be effectively taught independently of Christ and His Church; or Jewish ethics without Moses, David and Isaiah. Codes, commandments, and moral recommendations of any description, without personal life and power behind them, are dead matter to the soul.

Nor is it enough to say that the Church and the home must attend to the religious instruction of the young; because, in their influence over children, both Church and home are being weakened and slowly undermined by our "madly-perverted" system of secularized education. As for the average Sunday School, everybody knows that but little religious instruction can be given in it; and often it does more harm than good, by keeping the children from taking part with their parents in the services of the Church. They graduate from the Sunday school without being promoted into the Church.

It is often claimed that our public school system was from the beginning what it is now. This is a great mistake. Horace Mann, who has been called more than any other man the "author, expositor, and eloquent defender of the common school system," was careful to vindicate it not only from the aspersion, but from the suspicion of being an irreligious, or anti-Christian, or un-Christian system. And more of "equally sharp and clear vindication can easily be pro-

duced if it is called for. The Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, the well known educator of Princeton University, was therefore right when he said that the system has been "madly perverted."

We hear much, sometimes with justice, of the inferior character of Church schools. But is it not remarkable that they do such good work?

What would be the success of private enterprise in groceries, drugs, or dry goods, if the State, during the last fifty years, had placed on every block splendid stores in competition? Could any commercial enterprise bear up against being undersold as well as has the Christian education enterprise?

The truth, never to be forgotten, is that Church schools have been wholly prevented from making anything like the progress which has characterized work in every other department of thought and action. We have wanted to make bricks, but the straw has been withheld. Force the churches either to educate their children, or take the consequences of their neglect of duty in the loss of their children; just as they are forced to minister to their adult members in spiritual things, or suffer loss in adult membership; then our affairs in this country will take a turn for the better, and this is legitimate and wise work for the State to enter upon.

Christian Popes, Bishops, priests, deacons, and laymen have been flagrantly bad. Many church schools have done poor work, and are doing it today. Christian governments have made sad records and Christian churches have covered themselves with confusion, and their candlestick has been removed. Even Christianity itself, for the past two thousand years, has come so far short of the work appointed it to do that it has been held to escape the charge of having failed only on the significant ground that it has never been tried. Why, then, make such an effort to honor Christianity in the councils of the nation, in our courts and halls of legislation, if it is to be so grossly dishonored in the education of the child-life of the nation, where it is most needed? The honor given to the Christian religion is based on the belief that it is the one hope of the country today. The dishonor heaped upon it is the expression of bad management; and very costly it is proving.

The Church (and for convenience let that word stand for every religious body which is working in the field of ethics in any large, organized way) is not allowed to put her children under sufficient obligations to her. This is one of the greatest evils in the land today; and it is the crux of this whole vexatious situation.

The children's love and devotion are not being won by that powerful organization, almost always auxiliary to the State, almost always the best friend of the State, which can do the most good with it. The State is winning the love of the children and that will prove splendidly efficacious against foreign foes, but it is sure to prove worthless against internal trouble. Should the time ever come for grading taxation, for conscripting recruits, for delending property rights in a large way, on behalf of the rapidly increasing number of very rich corporations and individuals, against the interests and rights real or imaginary, of the poor, love of country will vanish; and then there will be no great power to control the people. The Roman Catholic Church is winning and holding the love of her children by reason of her great sacrifices for their moral and religious as well as their mental training. How is this shown? By the record of the attendance of her people on divine worship, which is far ahead of that of Protestant churches.

One point in conclusion, to avoid misunderstanding on a point of justice and courtesy. If the principals and teachers of our public schools, throughout the country, could be entrusted without let or hindrance, with the moral and religious training of the children, on denominational lines, I do not believe that the delicate and important work could be placed in better hands, the clergy, of course, doing their work, each in his own place.

W. MONTAGUE GEER,  
Vicar of St. Paul's Chapel.

## Canadian Pacific

### TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	14 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	14 00	
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		12 30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettipiece, Miniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morlen, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 20	13 15
Glendora, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 10
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs. Sat.	8 20	
Mon., Wed., Friday		13 15
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	17 00	9 30
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 15	9 45
St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	13 55	13 35
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 15	19 20

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C. E. MCPHERSON,  
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

## Canadian Northern

### TIME TABLE

Winnipeg trains arrive at and depart from Canadian Northern Railway Depot, Water Street, as follows:

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
<b>EAST</b>		
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 00		17 30
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowke, Mattawan, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jet, Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
8 00		17 30
<b>WEST</b>		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glensmith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetomas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Mon.	Bowman, Birch River, Nova, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
9 30		17 45
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues.
9 30		17 45
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
14 30		11 15
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 45		16 30
<b>SOUTH</b>		
Daily	Morris, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, The Superiors.	Daily
13 45		13 00

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Rachel, who feared it was but a token of the utter exhaustion to which her lady was reduced.

"Go you to bed, Rachel," whispered Isabel; "I will watch beside my mother to-night."

Rachel was unwilling to go; but a look from her young mistress speedily reminded her that there was no gainsaying the will of Isabel de Lisle; and Rachel went to lie down, but not to rest, for she dreaded the effects of all she had that day gone through, on the feeble frame of her lady.

The castle grew gradually quiet; steps and voices died away, and all was hushed. Midnight rang out its chimes; and the day, so full of events and of strong emotions, was past.

Isabel was used to watching; she regularly shared with Rachel the task of waiting on the baroness at night, when her illness was unusually severe. As the night wore on, she felt surprised at her mother's long continued sleep—so different from her usual restless starts and sudden wakings. Generally she required frequent nourishment during the night; now the wine stood untouched.

As the morning began to dawn, Isabel felt drowsy; and to shake it off, she stole to the window and looked out. The mist that precedes the sunrise veiled the landscape, but as she watched, it began to disperse; streaks of pink scattered over the sky and gathered in more brilliant hues towards the east; the first notes of the birds were heard; and soon gloriously arose the sun over the broad lands and fair woods of the De Lisles; far as her eye could reach over that wide landscape of wood and water, hill and dale, luxuriant and beautiful, spread the heritage of her fathers.

"And is it thus," she mused, "that the heir of these lands, the lord of these possessions, has returned to his home—to ride at the rein of a Beauville, to be marshaled by him into his own castle, to be ordered hither and thither as he lists? What indignity. Oh, if I were but a man, the blood of De Lisle in my veins, would I not set myself free from this thralldom, and reign baron in my own castle?"

A slight sound in the room startled her; in an instant she was at her mother's side. Lady de Lisle still slept, but she turned on her side, and murmured something to herself. Isabel bent her ear close to her mother's mouth; she heard breathed in half-conscious whisper: "Aeterna fac cum sanctis in gloria numerari."

There was a strange sort of shadow on her mother's face; Isabel sprang to the door of the adjoining room; Rachel was awake, and in a moment was at her lady's bedside. They knelt in silence.

"She will wake," whispered Isabel; but there was no more waking to earth for Alice de Lisle; there was no agony, no death-struggle,—without a sigh she slept into death. The gray shade gathered now over that fair face, and the soul stood before its Judge.

Bright streamed the sun over wood and field; the sounds of waking life, of earthly toil, and struggle and pleasure, were to be heard; but to Isabel's ears all sounds were dulled, save one everlasting chime that rang— "Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari."

(Grant that she may be numbered with your saints in everlasting glory.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mourn, therefore, no true lover's death;

Life only him annoys;  
And when he taketh leave of life,  
Then love begins his joys."

Poems by Father Southwell.

Deep was the gloom that now fell over the Castle de Lisle, and few have there been who were so deeply mourned as the gentle baroness. Many of the servants and tenants remembered her arrival as a bride, or in the first glow of her short married happiness. They remembered too, how a few years after his marriage, when Isabel was still a child, the sun of her life had suddenly gone down, and left her alone and widowed; they remembered how sorrows had followed quickly on that greatest one,

and how meekly all had been borne, how she had lived a life of retirement, of constant prayer, of frequent almsgiving; they had watched her steadfastness in resisting the temptations of worldly success, that would have drawn her from her faith; they knew that her death had been caused more by the pressure of mental anguish on a delicate frame, than by actual disease; and deep, though not loud, were the murmurs uttered by the servants and peasantry against Lord Beauville.

Isabel shed no tears for her loss. In silence and composure she performed the last sacred offices, and arrayed the wasted body in its last earthly clothing, and crossed the thin hands upon the breast, and sealed down the eyes, whose glance had been sunlight to her. She passed hours kneeling by the corpse, and gazing on the marble face, so lovely in its repose. She did not want sympathy, and she seemed to shrink from the sight of her brother, while all felt that the presence of Lord Beauville was more than she could brook; but to this trial she was not exposed. The Earl was deeply moved by the death of Alice de Lisle. His first sensation was one of horror at the part himself had had in the sudden snapping of the life of the gentle baroness, but this faded away. His heart was incrustated too thickly with worldliness for such emotions to do more than float on the surface. He turned from sad thoughts to occupation. He began to look narrowly into the state of the De Lisle estates, so that he could put them under charge of a trusty steward of his own, as he now designed to close the castle, retaining only a few servants to keep it in safety, and to convey his wards to his own home.

It will be readily supposed that the shock to Walter has been most severe; the cup of happiness had been placed to his lips, that he might taste all its sweetness, and then dashed away. The fond visions of his boyhood were now never to be realized. In his dreams for many years past he had pictured to himself the fair face of his mother smiling upon him. Many a secret grief and joy had been treasured up to pour forth to her. The thought of seeing again his mother and sister had been far dearer to him than that of returning to his possessions, for the strongest passion in Walter's nature was human love.

The first night spent in his castle he had gone to rest with no proud ambitious thoughts, but with the memory of his mother's kiss and blessing lingering with him like a spell. He awoke full of bright anticipations of the hours he would spend with her, of the comfort he would be to her—he awoke and found her dead.

The second day after the death of Lady de Lisle, Mary Thoresby went into the castle gardens. There, flung on the ground, beneath a wide-spreading elm tree, she found Walter; his head was resting on his arm, and his whole aspect was one of the deepest despondency. Mary knelt down beside him, saying:

"Oh, Walter, how I grieve to see you thus. Would that I could comfort you!"

"Oh! there is no comfort, Mary," said he, wearily, "no comfort left on earth."

"If we could only have Father Gerard here," sighed Mary. "I suppose it would not be safe to go to him."

"Go to him—where is he then?" inquired Walter.

Mary told him, and proceeded to relate all the incidents of the day of his arrival. Walter was aroused and interested, and when he heard that his dear mother had partaken of all the consolations of the Church for the dying, he shed tears.

"Oh! thanks be to God, a thousand times, for that, Mary; that she died not as many do, without priest or sacrament."

"Yes, indeed," answered she; "and surely in such evil days we may rejoice that one so good, and so patient, should be taken from them. Surely her bitter trials purified her even on earth, and now she has entered into the fullness of rest and joy. Oh! Walter, we would not wish her back on this weary earth, when now she can see His face."

(To be continued.)

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