

## CURRENT COMMENT

Decidedly amusing is the conduct of some of the Anglican friends of those who have left the Anglican church of St. Michael, Shoreditch, and are now attending the services at St. Mary's (Catholic) church, Moorfields. It is said that some Anglicans have been circulating amongst their friends (seeking admission to the Catholic Church) the striking statement that by going to St. Mary's and embracing the faith taught and practised there they were forsaking the Catholic (meaning the Established) Church and becoming Protestants. Sudden as may have seemed this "Great Conversion Movement," yet is it not without stability. It is estimated that over 300 of the congregation of St. Michael's attended St. Mary's on Sunday morning. At the evening service the church was literally crammed by, those who, according to present appearances, will in the near future be counted amongst the faithful under the spiritual care of the Very Rev. Canon William Fleming, M.R.

The eleven o'clock Mass was sung by Rev. Father Theed, formerly a Church of England clergyman, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Father Chase, who also was previously an Anglican minister. On Monday evening the church was again crowded; several "new-comers," young and old, were noticed amongst the congregation. The Rev. Father Chase preached the sermon and gave solemn Benediction. After the service over one hundred of the congregation who wish to be received into the Church gave their names, requesting immediate instruction, and already a great many children are attending the Catholic schools of the parish. On Tuesday evening St. Mary's was filled at overflowing. Father Chase again occupied the pulpit, and the sermon was followed by Benediction of the Adorable Sacrament.

Judging by the proceedings of the Gamey case it would seem that there is nothing like close watching to improve the morals of a certain class of men. There are people who seem to be laboring under the delusion that to avoid the appearance of evil means to cover up your rascality. Just how some people succeed so admirably in differentiating personal honor from political morality is strangely mysterious, but true it is that men are to be found not infrequently who in their private life are excellent examples of unswerving integrity and yet will stoop to the most contemptible tactics toward the attainment of a political end for themselves or their party. These statements are an indulgence in mere generalities and apply to no particular person or political party, for observation impels one to believe that they are all whitewashed with the same brush. Little wonder men speak disdainfully of political life; so many enter the field without a blemish, so few return without a taint. In the present case a most serious accusation has been made, but has not yet been proved. Until convincing proof asserts itself we must consider the accused innocent. Let us hope, for the honor of that body of men whom the country has honored with such grave responsibility, that future events may prove the soundness of our belief in the innocence of the accused. Meanwhile a diligent investigation is strenuously pushed forward by the opposite party; nor can we rest perfectly assured that this investigation is being urged from a sense of justice and vindication of principal so much as for the harassment of the political opponent. However this may be, complete and open investigation is the only course to be pursued. Happy are we in the thought that few indeed are the precedents upon which this investigation may be based. Surely we sound the sentiments of every true Canadian in the earnest hope that very many years may pass without the possibility of again exposing the foul hand of bribery in our midst.

While the eastern province is busy with its parliamentary house-cleaning might it not be well to take a look into the corners of our little civic home lest some dust may have gathered there? And may that look consist of an enquiry

## Persons and Facts

M. Combes has dissolved the committee of "fabrique" of the Church of St. George at Lyons and ordered the election of a new one. The parish priest is in rebellion against his Bishop, and the probable consequence of M. Combes' action will be the election of a committee more in favor of the inordinate cleric! That is how the Government understand the union of the Church and State in France. —Catholic Times.

The Sicilian Bishops, at a recent meeting in Palermo, resolved to inaugurate a course of social studies in their seminaries, in order to prepare the young clergy to carry out

was cared for on that occasion by Giuseppe Mero, a lay brother of the Society of Jesus and infirmarian of the Jesuit college in the city of Benevento. When Cardinal Pecci became Pope, he sent a special blessing to the good brother who had pulled him through so severe an illness, and who was then afflicted with blindness in St. Beuno's College, North Wales.

The most recent report of the Anti-Slavery Society of Italy, which is under the auspices of the Holy See, states that one hundred slaves—44 men and 56 women—have been freed by its agents in Tripoli during 1902.

A new catacomb has been discovered in Rome. It dates from the second half of the fourth cen-

one: That of the Venerable Joseph Anchieta, professed priest in the Society of Jesus. Five other causes were also heard in part: Those of the Venerable Gesualdo da Reggio, O.S.F.C., the Venerable Marcellin Champagnat, Marist priest and Founder of the Little Brethren of Mary; the Venerable Marie-Madeleine Postel, Foundress of the Christian Schools of Mercy; the Venerable Therese de Saint Augustin and companions, Carmelites, known as the Martyrs of Compiegne; and the Venerable Diomira of the Incarnate Word, O.S.F.C.

The death of Duke Nicholas of Wurtemberg, which took place on Feb. 23rd, places a Catholic next in succession to the throne of that German State. The present King is not a Catholic, nor was the duke just dead, but Duke Philip, who becomes heir apparent, professes the true faith. It is one of the credits of Germany that religion does not necessarily interfere with kingship. Saxony is not a Catholic land by half, but her ruler is Catholic. Wurtemberg is likewise comparatively a non-Catholic State, yet should Duke Philip survive the present king his faith will not impose on him any disqualification.

The Revs. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., and John Harney, C.S.P., conducted a three weeks' mission to non-Catholics, recently, at St. Patrick's Church, Kansas City, Mo., the Very Rev. Thomas F. Lillis pastor. Seventy-seven converts were made, and hundreds of neglectful Catholics received the Sacraments.

The Abbe Houtin's book, "La Question Biblique chez les Catholiques de France au XIX Siecle," has been condemned by his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Angers, and its circulation forbidden.

## Brandon Notes.

Mrs. R. F. Chapman returned on Thursday from a short visit to Portage.

High Mass was celebrated at St. Augustine's church on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock in honor of St. Patrick, Patron of Ireland, and the Irish.

Mr. James Murphy, of the C.P.R. Department, Winnipeg, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. T. H. Taylor is visiting friends at Douglas.

The house question is becoming a serious problem in Brandon, property is selling at a high figure, and people are offering almost any amount for rooms or dwellings centrally located. Mr. A. C. Jeffrey has bought the lots on the corner of Sixth street and Victoria avenue for \$950.

On Sunday the blessing of the beautiful new statue of St. Joseph took place at High Mass. This is the first ornament which has been purchased for the new church, and Rev. Father Godts relates how when a grand church for Brandon was looked upon and spoken of as an impossibility; he, with all confidence placed the matter in the hands of St. Joseph, to whom we certainly already owe a mark of gratitude for the success already attained. Let us hope and pray that this great Saint may help us to the end.

On Thursday morning the feast of St. Joseph High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock.



ament a possible irregularity in letting the contract for the firemen's summer uniform? We understand that the contract was given to a tailor whose tender was \$19.75 a suit, while the tender of another reputable tailor conforming with all the requirements was seventeen dollars. This means in the forty-four suits a difference of one hundred and twenty-one dollars. Is the city so heavily burdened with riches that it must adopt this means of unloading itself? Why accept a library from Carnegie? Why not insist upon building it ourselves? Why allow streets to be in bad repair? Why tax the citizens so heavily? Is this action taken because of surplus wealth, or is it because of debt manipulation within the secret chamber? It would be painful to think that racial or religious sentiment should enter into such a matter; yet we understand that the controlling influence in this instance was exercised by Aldermen Barclay and Harvey, names that smack of the same national calibre as that of the man who got the contract. This is just a start. If no answer is made to our enquiry we may blow the trumpet harder.

the Christian Democratic instructions of the Pope.

The Holy Father has conferred on Mr. Merry del Val the decoration of the Order of Christ, in recognition of his eminent services during the long period he was Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See. By special desire of the Pope Cardinal Rampolla presented the decoration at a gathering in the Spanish College, at which Mgr. Merry del Val, Archbishop of Nicaea, son of the Ambassador, was among the audience.

The Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of Queen Christina of Spain, died at Vienna on Saturday. The funeral took place yesterday, the 19th inst. Queen Christina and her daughter, the Infanta Maria Teresa, went to Vienna on Friday night.

When the Holy Father received the pilgrims of Benevento, which was, before 1860, one of the Papal States, he reminded the oldest among the pilgrims that, in 1838, when he was Governor of that district, he was very seriously ill. He

in clay, who probably lived on the spot. This catacomb promises to be peculiarly interesting because its existence has hitherto not been indicated in any known memorial.

Among the proceedings printed in the Acts of the Second International Congress of Christian Archaeology, held in Rome in April 1902, but of which the printed Acts did not appear till last month, figures a paper read by Dr. William J. D. Croke, Rome correspondent of several Catholic journals in the United States, attempting to identify St. Palladius, the early preacher of the Faith in Ireland, as the same in person with St. Patrick, the national Apostle. Signor Parisotti also furnishes a paper trying to give a new solidity to the cult of and the legends of St. George, the Patron of England.

At a meeting of the Congregation of Rites held on Feb. 10 one of the causes considered was that of the Venerable Claude de la Colombiere, S.J., in which two miracles attributed to him were discussed. Another cause was a South American

**MISINFORMATION FURNISHED  
IN A NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA.**

Some Excerpts From a Work That  
is Heralded as Fair and  
Impartial.

Written for the San Francisco  
Leader.

The New International Encyclopedia is the latest American publication of its class. Its publishers are Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Its editors are Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and of Carnegie Institute; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., LL.D., Professor in Columbia University and senior editor of The Bookman, and Frank Moore Colby, M.A., late Professor of Economics in New York University. Five volumes have already been issued.

In the introduction to this publication the editors state: "Since accuracy is very properly regarded as the most essential of all the attributes of such a publication, the editors have been at especial pains to make this work in its several departments fitly representative of modern scientific scholarship." Amongst the list of contributors given is the name of Thomas Joseph Shahan, Professor in the Catholic University of America. The subjects assigned after Dr. Shahan's name are: Roman Catholic Missions; Roman Catholic Church. The agents of Dodd, Mead & Co. represent that Dr. Shahan has had charge of all the articles that concern the Catholic Church. We are also reliably informed that the publishers have written to the same effect to an intending Catholic purchaser of these volumes. Certainly the list of contributors leaves that impression on the reader's mind.

On turning over the pages of the five volumes that have reached us, our mind was soon disabused. On inquiry we find that Dr. Shahan has written but two articles in the seventeen large volumes, and neither he nor any Catholic scholar has exercised any supervision over the articles that set forth the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. This fact we propose to make evident in the course of this article. Incidentally the readers of The Leader may be able to form an idea of that "modern scientific scholarship" of which the editors write in their introduction.

Generally speaking, most of the articles in the New International Encyclopedia which concern the Catholic Church are written from the Protestant point of view, and not in an impartial and unbiased manner. Take as an example the very name of the Church. We call her the Catholic Church or the Roman Catholic Church. We certainly ought to know her proper name. Ill-mannered and insulting Protestants call her the Church of Rome. This is the title given her by the New International Encyclopedia in apparently the great majority of instances, though sometimes it speaks of her as the Roman Catholic Church, showing a lack of uniformity and very indifferent editing. Still more offensive is the use of the word "Romanism," as in the article on celibacy; "within the bosom of Romanism" is the phrase employed to denote "within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church." We naturally expect such expressions as "Church of Rome" and "Romanism" from the lips of an illiterate backwoods preacher or an anti-Catholic agitator, but we did not expect to find them in a work appealing to all classes and creeds and edited by "modern scientific scholars."

So much about the name of the Church. We shall now consider the articles under the three headings: Baptism, Confirmation, Confession.

In the article on Baptism we read: "The Church of Rome prefers the use of holy water in baptism." This is not true. The Catholic Church enjoins the use of baptismal water in the solemn administration of the Sacrament, and no other water may be used unless in case of necessity. Holy water and baptismal water are very different things, as any Catholic child could tell the writer of the article.

In the following article on Baptism (Infant) we find this precious sentence:

"At the Reformation, the effort was made to extricate the doctrine (of infant baptism) from the 'externalism' which had become fixed and intensified in the Roman Church, and to give a due place to the idea of faith." Of course the Roman Church had no idea of faith; it was an "externalism," according to the writer. But it seems this "idea of faith" has been lost by the descendants of the reformers, for a few lines below in the same article we read: "The necessity of baptism to salvation is now maintained only by the Roman Catholic Church and by the Sacramentarian party of the Lutheran and English Churches."

In the article on Confirmation we find the following statement: "In the Roman Catholic Church Confirmation is held to be one of the Seven Sacraments, and in its administration unction and the sign of the cross are used, and, instead of the imposition of hands, the person confirmed receives a slight blow on the cheek." This is an absolute misstatement of the Catholic practice. The Sacrament of Confirmation is administered with the imposition of hands; the slight blow on the cheek does not take the place of the imposition of hands, but is an additional ceremony.

In the article on Confession the doctrine is stated thus: "The sinner is required to confess each and every mortal sin, in thought, word, and deed, which, after diligent examination of his conscience, has occurred to his memory. What is withheld is not forgiven." This statement implies that, if a person withholds a mortal sin in confession, all the other sins are forgiven. The Catholic Church teaches that, if a person withholds or willfully conceals a mortal sin in confession, the confession is entirely bad; no sin is forgiven in that confession, and a new sin of sacrilege is committed.

II.

In a newspaper article we cannot criticize in detail a large encyclopedia. Besides, it must be remembered that only five out of seventeen volumes have been published. Little more ground is covered in these five volumes than comes under the three first letters of the alphabet. But we think that the examples already given of the treatment of Catholic questions will convince the readers of The Leader that the New International Encyclopedia is unfair to the Catholic Church and entirely unreliable.

We find too that "the accuracy which is very properly regarded as the most essential of all the attributes of such a publication" is painfully lacking in the treatment of other questions than Catholic doctrine and practice. In the article on California we find some remarkable statements. For instance, speaking of the work of the Franciscan Fathers, it says: "The Indians were reduced to a state of infantile tutelage." From what high state were they "reduced" to this "infantile tutelage"? The Mission Fathers civilized and Christianized the Indians. Is that the meaning of "infantile tutelage"?

Again we read: "Thunderstorms are common in California." We have experienced one thunderstorm in a residence of fifteen years.

"Again: 'In Southern California oranges are gathered fresh from Christmas to July.' The picking of oranges in Southern California begins usually about the first of November.

Turning to Irish affairs, we find St. Brendan styled "a legendary hero." According to the dictionary, legendary means fabulous or mythical, and surely the great patron of the diocese of Kerry, the founder of Clonfert and Ardfer, is not fabulous or mythical.

Connaught is given as the northwestern province of Ireland. Since the days of Cromwell, Connaught has been thought to be in the neighborhood of Hades, but we did not know that it had moved to Donegal.

Coleraine is called a Parliamentary borough. It has not been a Parliamentary borough for many a year.

Under the heading, Celtic Church, we are informed that "in Ireland the merging of the Celtic Church into the Catholic was com-

pleted in the same year" (1153). The natural inference is that the Irish were not Catholics until that date. In the same article it is stated that "Christianity was introduced into Ireland by Saint Patrick about 425," but no mention is made of the fact that Saint Patrick was sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine. This sort of history seems intended to substantiate the absurd Protestant claim that the Apostle of Ireland was not a Roman Catholic at all, but rather an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian. Was that the purpose of the writer?

In the bibliography under the heading, Celtic Languages, we are told that "for modern Irish, recent grammars show very little advance over O'Donovan, 'Grammar of the Irish Language,' Dublin (1845)." There is not even mention of the great name of O'Growney. And every Gaelic scholar knows that O'Donovan's Grammar is now entirely out of date.

Turning to other matters, we shall briefly test the boasted "accuracy of modern scientific scholarship." In the article on Baltimore we read: "Baltimore is the seat of a Roman Catholic Archbishop, who is also Cardinal and Primate of America." The Archbishop of Baltimore is at present a Cardinal, but that is an honor conferred on the man who fills the office and is not an attachment of the diocese. Baltimore may not have another Cardinal for a century. The Archbishop of Baltimore is not Primate of America. There is no Primate in the American Church, as there is in Ireland.

Of Cardinal William Allen, the exiled English Prelate, we are treated to this piece of Protestant history with a vengeance: "He hated Elizabeth, who expelled some of his emissaries, and put some to death. In one of his pamphlets he made charges against the Queen too foul for decent pages. He was in the Armada plot, the Pope having promised him the See of Canterbury in case of his success." This account of the great founder of Douay College reads like a passage from an A. P. A. pamphlet, not like a page of sober history from an impartial encyclopedia prepared for all classes of readers with an accuracy "fitly representative of modern scientific scholarship."

III.

It is not many months since the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. was taught a severe lesson for its want of fairness to Catholics in the preparation of its well known encyclopedia. D. Appleton & Co. promised to profit by that lesson by revising its unfair publication. Dodd, Mead & Co. did not learn from the example of the other New York publishing house. It now becomes the duty of Catholics to teach the same lesson to Dodd, Mead & Co., and in the most striking and effective manner.

Dodd, Mead & Co. is a business house. It publishes books to make money. It sends its circulars and its agents alike to Protestant and Catholic. It wants the money of Catholics as much as the money of Protestants. Its agents go to Catholic colleges and convents, to the Catholic clergy and laity. The tenderest part of its anatomy is its pocket. Talk about and criticize Dodd, Mead & Co., and they can afford to laugh at you. But let Catholics withdraw their subscriptions from the encyclopedia and from The Bookman and from their other publications, and Dodd, Mead & Co. will soon laugh on the other side of their mouth.

We believe the proper way to deal with Dodd, Mead & Co. is the following:

1. When the agent calls on you, send him away, telling him that the New International Encyclopedia misrepresents Catholic doctrine and practice, falsifies history where the Church is concerned, and is frequently inaccurate in other matters.

2. If you have already subscribed for the publication, withdraw your subscription, return the volumes received, and demand your money. It is only by such manly and independent action that we can teach them and their kind to respect the rights of the twelve millions of people who make up the American Catholic Church.

It is a shocking thing that men



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like Professor Peck and President Gilman should lend their names to this sort of dirty work. We may be told that these gentlemen are incapable of bigotry. That was our opinion until now, but we begin to change our mind. If they are not bigoted, they certainly are contemptuous. They have handed over the treatment of Catholic subjects either to bigots or to hopeless incompetents. Had they consulted such a book even as the Catholic Dictionary, many of the gross errors we have pointed out could be avoided; even any one of our smaller catechisms would be highly instructive to the eminent "theologians" who prepared many of the articles which refer to Catholic doctrine. Of course, it would be too much to ask these "modern scientific scholars" to have Catholic questions discussed and Catholic articles written by competent Catholic scholars.



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This is the only way to secure accuracy in such matters, but there's nothing is good enough for Catholics. At any rate, that seems to be the theory and the practice of Dodd, Mead & Co., and of Daniel Coit Gilman and Harry Thurston Peck.

We hope the Catholics of America will let these gentlemen know what they think about them and their works and pomps.

**GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AND YOUR RUBBER STAMPS MADE BY THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.**

## The Fortune of Flora.

What was the fortune of Flora? Nobody seemed to know, and what more curious, nobody seemed to like to ask, yet it was impossible for a young couple to be more light hearted on the eve of the adventure of matrimony. Laurie, it is true, was at the golden age of twenty-three and had never allowed himself to be annoyed by a care or an unpaid debt in his jocund young life, while to mention that the bride-elect was an American of five and twenty, though she looked (and called herself) nineteen, is to say that her outlook on the world and its problems was as cheerful as is consistent with living in the twentieth century. The problem she had chiefly envisaged for the last five or six years was that of allying herself, matrimonially, with an Englishman of good family, and this ambition had been finally encompassed in the person of the Hon. Laurence Eversley, second son of Lord Worthing, met only a few weeks before on the steamer coming across. For Laurie's career at Oxford had stopped short of its final and most important stage, and it had been for painting his dean's door what he described as a "quite wonderful" shade of sealing wax red that he had been requested by the authorities to absent himself permanently from the banks of the Isis. But if Lady Worthing had been much incensed with Laurie over this untoward affair, Lord Worthing had only laughed, quoted the case of Shelley, and taken the classic course of sending his light-hearted son on a tour to America. "Perhaps they will teach him to hustle over there," he remarked, "or else he will pick up a girl with a fair piece of money."

"It would be the usual vulgar way out of our difficulties," her ladyship had said. She had never been particularly fond of her second son, all her sympathies being with her eldest, Littlehampton, who was in the army. "What, indeed, do you suppose we shall ever do with the boy? As Liberals, we have no hope of anything from the government. I do not think he knows how to work. Yes, I suppose Laurie had better marry an American heiress. After all, it has become quite a respectable profession for our sons. Look at the Warminsters. Why, the mortgage is actually off the place at last."

So when Laurie had skipped into the drawing-room again some six months later and announced his engagement to "the most exquisite creature in the world, of fabulous wealth and the most deliciously unconventional manners," his parents accepted the situation—and the prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Flora Dodge—with equanimity.

The wedding was hurried forward. Mr. Dodge, it appeared, could make but a brief stay on what he insisted on calling "this side," so the ceremony was to take place almost immediately. Lord Worthing, who had long ago had to get rid of his place in Sussex and the agricultural land appertaining thereto, occupied a gaunt and somewhat neglected house in the Cromwell Road, a region which Mr. Cyrus P. Dodge and his daughter evidently regarded as in the vortex of fashion. And in this passably forlorn mansion, which Laurie had somewhat profusely decorated with flowers for the occasion, the betrothal dinner was, at this moment, taking place.

There they sat, the two young people, side by side, radiant with their new honors and delighted to be the centre of attraction, the cynosure of all eyes. For Laurie was by no means the self-conscious young Englishman who cannot bear a fuss, and who looks down upon the preliminary ceremonies of his wedding-day with boredom and horror; on the contrary, he delighted in the prospect and took a personal interest in all the details of the coming rites.

"You can't be too careful about a wedding," declared the bridegroom, "the slightest mistake will ruin it. One should have a sense of decency, and, above all, a sense of humor. Do you remember when Warminster married that peevish Sallie Vanderboken? As they were coming up the aisle, the choir ac-

tually sang, 'Fight the good fight with all your might!' I nearly died of suppressed giggling and I was the best man."

He went into the question of the music minutely; he would not have an ugly parson. No bridesmaid was to be over sixteen, and they were to have long hair, which was to be worn floating round their young faces.

"It must be quite beautiful and quite gay," declared Laurie. "We will have a sort of bower of apple blossoms at the chancel. Your white gown should be semi-opaque and mounted on palest pink. You will look like a blossom or a shell. You will be quite delicious! We shall both look charming," he added, after a little pause. "Quite young and radiant, the ideal bride and bridegroom."

"Why, Laurie, you're just too queer for anything!" declared Miss Dodge. "Where do you get your ideas? I guess the girls in Milwaukee would stare if they could hear you."

But, indeed, they were a remarkable young pair. Laurie was slim and pale, his features and hands a trifle effeminate looking, but there was something ratlike in his tenacity and strength, both of which he was in the habit of carefully hiding under an elaborate air of dilettanteism. Once, coming out of a theatre, a cad had purposely hustled him, counting on his pensive expression and his pallor that he would not retaliate. But Laurie had not neglected the noble art at Oxford, and the fellow lay sprawling in the mud when our young gentleman had stalked imperturbably away. The girl was of a more solid build, and had all the capability of her nation and sex. Flora was the new type of American girl, tall, active and lithe. Canadian on her mother's side, she had eyes of Northern blue, an abundance of fair silky hair, and a complexion of pink and white. She was dressed to-night in palest diaphanous blue, showing the whole of her beautiful shoulders; a blue snood was twisted in her hair and she wore a priceless pearl necklace fastened round her white throat. It was impossible to look more elegant, more flowerlike, or to exhale a more subtle air of wealth. The little blue frock had cost fifty guineas, she had given at least a sovereign for the bunch of real roses she wore tucked in her belt; her hair was dressed by an artist. The outside girl looked like a Greuze, but she had gone through Vassar with distinction.

Laurie had seen to it that the dinner of his betrothal should be as imposing as possible. Some important people had been asked. Lady Worthing had on all the family diamonds—jewels which quite brightened up her somewhat rusty black lace frock—all the plate had been collected, and with a formidable array of wax candles and a profusion of flowers, a stranger might have thought that Lord Worthing and his family enjoyed all the freedom from anxiety which a fat rent roll confers.

There is no doubt that Mr. Cyrus P. Dodge was impressed. He sat, of course, by Lady Worthing, and gazed with paternal pride at the handsome young daughter who wags so soon to inhabit the ancestral halls of England.

The talk turned on the sort of house which the young people might take. Nothing had been settled as yet, and it had been decided that Laurie and Flora should pay a visit in the Cromwell Road after their marriage in order to "look around," and find what they wanted. There was nothing ambiguous, to be sure, in what they wanted, the comedy of the situation lay in the fact that each of these young people hoped that the other one would provide the little house in Queen Anne's Gate, which they both so ardently desired. The paternal mansion in the Cromwell Road had been painted and decorated some fifteen years ago, when London was still in the throes of the "aesthetic" movement; but time, fog and smoke had not made the yellow green pomegranates on the walls any more delectable, nor added to the meagre attractions of the sage-colored serge curtains, on which Lady

Worthing, in her bygone enthusiasm, had embroidered a kind of hybrid apple in worsted.

Flora, gazing around, inquired of her future slave whether "this was the latest style in London. She guessed she would like to have the last thing."

Laurie laughed.

"Heavens! No," he cried. "We must be gay and sane—gay and sane like they were in the eighteenth century. I will not hang autotypes of Rossetti on my walls; a few Bartolozzis, if you like, and some of the wonderful women of Romney and Reynolds. We shall have little striped papers, of course, and very shiny, crackling chintzes."

And Flora, who was staying at the Carlton, heaved a private sigh of relief. You never knew, with these aristocrats, just what was the latest style. On the whole, the young lady preferred the appearance of the famous dining-room in Pall-Mall. She would just love to have an all-white dining-room.

At the other end of the table, the voices in the little comedy had taken a more anxious tone. "Confound the man," said Laurie's anxious mother to herself, "is he never going to say what he will do for the young people? Who, I wonder, does he think is going to pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker? And Laurie always wants such a lot of candlesticks!"

"Our dear children," suggested Lady Worthing to Mr. Dodge, "must start delightfully, with everything pretty and in good taste."

"That's so," assented Mr. Dodge, with a paternal smile. "Though her mother and I," he continued, gazing with pride at his lovely daughter, "why, we just started on \$10 a week in Milwaukee. We boarded right in the city. And I don't know as it isn't a good plan for young folks, anyway. Makes them kind of spry." And to Lady Worthing's alarm she could get nothing definite from him what he meant to do for his daughter—and her son.

There was one guest at the dinner on whom none of this little comedy was lost, and that was Aunt Charlotte, Lady Worthing's eldest sister. Miss Mitchamore, who sat on Laurie's other hand, was an amused spectator of the whole intrigue. A spinster of original turn, with a handsome independence of her own (the two sisters had been co-heiresses, but Lady Worthing's fortune had long been swallowed up in her husband's embarrassments), Charlotte Mitchamore had been a traveller all her life. In the States she had often met the type of American who was facing her. She knew that though he would let his daughter dress at Worth's, would cover her in jewels and take suites of rooms at Ritz's in Paris and at the Carlton in London, he would, in all probability, make no sort of legal settlement on his child or her marriage. Even if he were really wealthy—and there was no evidence that he was—he would be reluctant to make any definite promises as to income. Sometimes these curious transatlantic parents were extraordinarily, fantastically generous. Sometimes they closed their pockets to prospect sons-in-laws, and coolly advised them to earn their own living. In short, you could not count on them. And Charlotte Mitchamore, who was fond of Laurie, and had, indeed, been the chief means of his taking a six months' tour in the United States, wondered what would be the outcome of this match, into which both sides seemed to be walking blindfold. She had hinted these things to her sister, but the hints had not been well received. Lady Worthing could not be brought to see the affair as it really was. For what with Littlehampton's debts and the girls fast coming out, it was most desirable, she urged, that Laurie, poor boy, should be settled somehow.

And none of these doubts, it must be owned, assailed the bridegroom-elect. In his jocund days everything had always turned out all right. Why should not his marriage be as triumphant, as delightful, as all his other experiences? And at school, at college, he had always been a favorite. Laurie, with all his airy carelessness, had almost

forgot that he had not been "sent down," or at the worst he only remembered it as an amusing episode in his career, in which a Don with a very red face and very white hair, who somehow suggested a jack-in-a-box, had got extraordinarily vexed and tried to say unpleasant things. And, after all, it had turned out charmingly, for he had spent that May and June in London, and then he had gone to the States.

"The great thing is not to be afraid of marrying!" announced Laurie, as he surveyed the formidable array of presents spread out the day before his nuptials. "Why, indeed, should one? Directly you marry the whole of society at once takes a perfervid interest in you. They begin by loading you with presents, and they will probably end by supporting you, your wife and your family. Whereas in the most exemplary bachelor or spinster society takes no interest whatever. It is better to be charming than to be good," added Laurie, pensively, "and certainly, on the whole, if it comes to solid help, it is better to be married than to be single."

The first blow fell when they were still on their honeymoon in St. Petersburg, a city which they had chosen because Lord Worthing's first cousin was ambassador there. A handsome check of Mr. Dodge's enabled them to enjoy it. They had danced at a ball in the vast, imposing saloons of the Winter Palace; they had been made the spoiled children of the British Embassy where the bride's elegance and her husband's attractive manners had made them welcome in the most select drawing-rooms of the Russian capital. Socially, the young Eversleys were a decided success. Flora, it must be owned, talked the French which is considered correct in Milwaukee; but Laurie, on the other hand, who had an uncanny gift for strange tongues, could boast a flow of quite Parisian idioms. They had sleighed and shopped in the Nevski Prospekt; Flora had laid in a formidable stock of turquoises in the bazaar, and Laurie had spent his mornings in the Hermitage and his afternoons in getting up little dinner and supper parties in the restaurants on the islands; in short, they had had, as they both avowed, a beautiful time. Nothing amused Laurie more than to watch the shaggy, red-bloused, ever-smiling moujik; custom could not stale Flora's interest in the drovsky driver's Noah's Ark costume, in his padded shoulders and waist, his long hair and his voluminous plaited pelisse. They had taken a trip to Moscow, had been pumped and banged over the cobble paved hills of the Holy City, had got their first glimpse of the Immemorial East in the sinister, haremlike rooms of the old palace in the Kremlin, had wandered astonished through those magnificent modern arcades which put anything of the same kind in Europe to the blush.

But it was when they were once more back in their pretty rooms in the Hotel de France, in St. Petersburg, that Flora found, among a little crowd of bouquets from Russian admirers, a letter from Mr. Cyrus P. Dodge, with the postmark Milwaukee.

"My dear little girl," it ran, "I guess you will be sorry to hear that I have had real bad luck. The New Trust has done for the old man—for the present. I shall have to pay up all round and I guess you'll have to make that check I gave you last just as long as you can. Luckily, you've got some of your father's grit; I can trust my poor Flora not to sit down and cry over spilled milk. I feel as mad as a hornet; I just mean to start a new combine against the trust. You can bet the old man will hustle some. There's hardly a cent now, but we may come up smiling yet. I'm just off to Chicago on urgent business. My respects to Lord and Lady Worthing. I think you're a real lucky girl. They're nice folks and they'll look after you. Your devoted father,

"Cyrus P. Dodge."  
(To be continued.)

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SATURDAY, MAR 21, 1903.

### CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

#### MARCH.

- 22—Fourth Sunday in Lent. Solemnity of the Annunciation.
- 23—Monday—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.
- 24—Tuesday—Votive office of the Holy Apostles.
- 25—Wednesday—The Annunciation.
- 26—Thursday—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 27—Friday—The Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.
- 28—Saturday—St. John Capistran.

### AN ANCIENT PRECEDENT.

At a time when there is so much talk about the Gamey-Stratton disclosures in Ontario, it may be interesting to our readers if we lay before them what we have reason to think is the only precedent, from Confederation, of a similar attempt to bribe a member of the House of Commons. The details of this momentous disclosure made almost thirty years ago will be all the more interesting to Manitobans because the member who made them was the first representative from Marquette in the Dominion Parliament. The resemblance between the Cunningham-Heney and the Gamey-Stratton cases is rather curious.

On motion of Mr. Whyte (Halton), seconded by Mr. Laflamme, an order of the House was issued "directing that the Sergeant-at-Arms do forthwith take the said Alderman Heney into custody," and on the following day, November 4th, 1873, the Sergeant-at-Arms reported "that in obedience to the Order of the House of yesterday, he had taken into custody Mr. Alderman Heney." But, considering that, three days later, the administration of Sir John A. Macdonald resigned, the Parliament was prorogued, and the ensuing general elections returned a Liberal administration, Mr. Heney's custody was swallowed up in the graver issues of which it had been the fore-runner.

From the Journals of the House of Commons, Monday, 3rd November, 1873.

Mr. Cunningham, member for the electoral district of Marquette, rose in his place, and read to the House a statement, and laid the same on the table, which statement is as follows:—

"On Sunday, being unwell, I left word with the clerk of my hotel that I was not at home to anybody. At 1.30 p.m., Mr. Graham, the proprietor, came to my room and informed me a gentleman wished to see me. I declined; he mentioned that my visitor's name was Alderman Heney, of Ottawa, and that he had been told I was in, and pressed me to admit him. I consented at length, and a person came in, who introduced himself to me as Alderman Heney. He immediately referred to my speech of Thursday, suggested that I had not so committed myself as to prevent me from voting either way, and asked me to vote for the Govern-

ment, told me that he knew all about the situation the Government wished me to accept, and said that I might have that situation, and that it would be made far better for me than was at first proposed. He went on to say that my expenses at last election must have been great, and that the Government were willing to pay these expenses, and more, that I could name any sum, £1,000, £2,000, £3,000, and it would be at once deposited so as to be secured to me.

"I was so astounded at the conversation that I wished for time to consider and consult as to the best mode of exposing the affair, and I asked him to return at seven o'clock, when I would have considered it. As he left my room he met Senator Sutherland, who entered immediately, and to whom I at once communicated what had passed. During the afternoon I also stated the facts to two private, and to four parliamentary friends.

"About 7 p.m., Mr. Alderman Heney returned, and asked me if I had thought over the matter. I replied in the affirmative. He asked me what I meant to do. I inquired for whom he was acting in the matter. He said for the Government. He asked me what my election expenses were. I named a sum. 'That is not enough, put it higher. Name any sum, any sum at all. Vote with the Government, and you will get it.' I asked what guarantee I would have of good faith, supposing I agreed. He said the Government never went back on their word,—that they had been true to him in his wood contracts,—and that they would be sure in this matter,—that I would still have the situation mentioned, and could name my terms as to money.

"Though I had been more than once nearly overcome by indignation, and was on the point of ejecting the Alderman from my room, I restrained myself and determined to see how far he would go. Accordingly I said, suppose I ask that \$5,000 should be put to my credit in a bank, secured so that I can draw it on my voting with the Government, can that be done? 'Certainly,' he replied. 'Meet me to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock at my office. We will go to Mr. Noel, and the whole will be arranged.'

"We then parted, and I at once informed Senator Sutherland and the other gentlemen of the conversation.

"I did not go to his office, and avoided seeing him since.

"I may state that this statement contains the more material part of the conversation, although much more was said."

### CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF HIS GRACE AT ST. NORBERT.

On Sunday last at St. Norbert, the ceremony of the blessing of a bell for the Trappist monastery took place, and the occasion was taken advantage of by the pupils of St. Norbert convent to present to His Grace the annual reception in honor of the anniversary of his consecration as Bishop. Promptly upon the arrival of the train at 3.30 p.m. conveying the distinguished prelate and the Rev. Fathers F. A. Dugas, V.G., Dandurand, Poitras, Lecoq, O.M.I., Hudon, S.J., Lebel, S.J., A. Bellevue, M. Lalonde, M. Mirault, M. Therieault, and many visitors from St. Boniface and Winnipeg. The parish church bells pealed forth the announcing the hour of Benediction, after which His Grace, assisted by the Trappist Fathers, performed the ceremony of the blessing of the bell. The Rev. A. Dugas, V.G., then in a few well chosen words explained the significance of the blessing of bells and in particular, this one to be used by the Trappists, whose austere monastic regulations are well known. After the ceremony a sumptuous repast was served to the visiting prelates and sponsors at Monsignor Ritchot's, whose hospitality is attested to by all who know the venerable cure of St. Norbert. At 7.30 p.m. the doors of the spacious reception room of the convent, where two hundred seats had been placed, were thrown open, and in a very short while standing room was at a premium, though notice

of the play had been given but a few days previous.

The entrance of His Grace, accompanied by Monseigneur Ritchot, Rev. Fathers Louis, Paul and Sebastian, of the Trappist monastery, Rev. G. Garnier and the visiting clergy, signalized the opening of the performance of the following programme:

Athalie: Tragedy in five acts.

Personages.

Joas, King of Judea, Son of Ochozias, Miss T. Marcoux  
Athalie, widow of Joram, T. Turenne

Joad, High Priest, A. Ross  
Josabeth, Joas' Aunt, wife of high priest M. A. Laurendeau

Zacharie, son of Joad and Josabeth, A. Laporte  
Salomith, sister of Zacharie, H. Chagnon

Abner, principal officer of the Queen E. Cloutier  
Asarias, T. Beaubier

Ismael, J. Campeau  
Chiefs of the Priests,

R. Garaud, A. Poulin  
Mathan, Apostate, Sacrificer to Baal, M. Beauchemin

Nabal, confidant of Mathan, E. Ross

Agar, follower of Athalie, G. Champagne  
Levites,

E. Gosselin, M. M. Monchamp  
Chorus—soloists, Misses B. McDougall, E. Lacerte, B. Marcoux, M. Dufort, A. Dufort.

Accompanist—Miss A. M. Jean.  
Address.

God Save the King.

For two and a half hours the eagerly attentive audience listened to the rendering of the drama, interrupted only by the applause called forth occasionally by the parts which were exceptionally well rendered; the young ladies doing their parts so well that one almost forgot they were not professionals.

Before the opening Miss Hubertha Chagnon stepped forward and read the following (in substance):—  
My Lord, Very Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen.

In offering you this evening our first effort in the rendering of a chef-d'oeuvre of Racine, we do not pretend to perfection—no, far from that. It would be presumption on our part, had we not in view the nourishing of our hearts and minds with the pure truth and beauty, rising to our Maker, himself who lends a willing ear to the humblest child, asking as food, the truth in his studies as well as in all else.

We are confident of your indulgence, knowing that you do not object to the occasional leaving of other studies for that of the sublime tragedy Athalie, which to us represents your holy teachings and paternal solicitude.

Thanks Rev. Fathers for your presence here in such numbers, which we partly owe to the solemn blessing of the monastery bell. In future its tones will serve as a reminiscence of this day.

Thanks ladies and gentlemen, to whom we extend a respectful and cordial welcome, craving your indulgence while we assure you of our good will in these our efforts for your amusement.

At the close of the performance the following address to His Grace was read by Miss A. M. Jean:—

"My Lord,—How thankful we are to-day for the circumstances which permits us to celebrate a feast so dear to all; that of the eighth anniversary of your consecration as Bishop, which causes emotions of thanksgiving to surge within us. Permit, My Lord, for this once that the usual order be reversed, allowing the last to be the first, to offer you the respectful homage of their gratitude. The humble tribute of our filial piety is admirably expressed in the docile submission of the child (Joas-in-Athalie) who is guarded and protected by the Divine Law given by God to His ministers for the welfare of His people.

Such lessons imprinted on our memory will always serve as beacons to guide our footsteps in life's path.

During the occasional short visits which you paid us since the beginning of the year, wherein you encouraged us in our studies, we have heard you remark that you counted on the preparation of the youth of to-day, for the future of our cause. These words have found a responsive chord within us and we



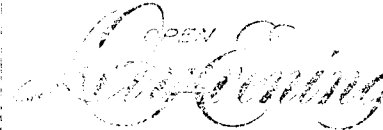
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wish but to prove useful instruments of His Divine Will as well as to the cause which you have so much at heart.

May our sincere wishes for your preservation and happiness, My Lord, be deserving of the continuation of your kind favors and fatherly care."

His Grace, upon rising to answer, first dwelt on the high standard of the Educational Institute wherein such care was being taken to train the young ladies to an appreciation of the beautiful in literature by the devoted Sisters of Charity, and eulogized the rendering of the play by a well merited compliment to the principal actors—Miss A. Ross as High Priest, Miss Therese Turenne, who so gracefully fulfilled her role as Queen, Miss E. Cloutier as a faithful general, and last but not least, the child, Miss T. Marcoux, who so perfectly represented Joas' rightful heir to the throne.

He complimented the audience in their appreciation of the play, thereby proving themselves a credit to their venerable pastor, who had just reason to be proud of them as well as the convent where the young ladies secured such training.

Monsignor Ritchot then complimented the pupils and could only reiterate the sentiments expressed by His Grace.

Owing to the limited hall space, the play was again rendered on Tuesday, to give to all an opportunity of witnessing it.

A Spectator.

ST. ANNE DES CHENES.

It is with sorrow that we announce the death of Mrs. Pare, who expired at 11 o'clock, Saturday morning, the 7th of March. She was the esteemed wife of our sometime member of Parliament, Mr. T. Pare, who is one of the most universally respected gentlemen in the whole district. Mrs. Pare died fortified with all the rights of our Holy Mother the Church, her only regret was that she could not see her daughter: to bid her a last good-bye. Her daughter was very

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much pained not to be present, but she had about two years ago entered the novitiate of the Grey Nuns at St. Boniface, where she is to pronounce her vows early in April. According to the rules of the order she could not leave the convent, at this time, even to be present at her mother's death-bed. She was an only child. The funeral service took place on Tuesday at 10 o'clock, every family in the parish was represented. There were also many people from the adjoining parishes of Labroquerie and Lorette. Several gentlemen from St. Boniface were also present.

When the body reached the church the tail end of the procession was over a quarter of a mile behind. The church was fuller than on ordinary Sundays.

Rev. Father Giroux sang solemn High Mass. He was much affected and almost broke down during the Libera. Dr. Demus acquitted himself very cleverly of the solos. The rest of the music was as usual owed to the Sisters.

Mrs. Pare was always very kind to the poor, there are many who will miss her unobtrusive but generous aid in time of need. May she rest in peace!

## Regina Notes

Rev. Father Drummond passed Sunday at the Territorial Capital, and at High Mass on that day preached a sermon on St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. Briefly did the learned lecturer review the history of the conversion of that land. He showed beyond a doubt that the conversion of Ireland was thorough, was complete and one peculiar fact unknown in the conversion of other lands was the fact that the conversion was accomplished without a martyrdom. Such a fact was accounted for by the high state of cultivation in which the island was when St. Patrick visited it. Their worship was more refined, more exalted than ordinary heathen. They had priests called Druids; they had great respect for purity of life and through their purity and chastity were prepared for the faith. During the time that many great and learned men feared that the great Roman Empire was tottering to a fall Ireland remained the seat of learning. The home of the good and great. The learned speaker emphasized this fact, distinctly declaring that such was no polite exaggeration. In the beginning of the 12th century the Danes attempted the overthrow of Ireland, although the Irish vanquished them under Brian Boru. This, added to the bad system existing in Ireland of clans or tribes that did not work together, made the resistance to a foreign nation utterly impossible. England, under the pretext of bringing about order, stepped in, in the 12th century, bringing forward the same reasons for her interference, as she does in the 20th century, and the manner that Ireland has since been used has brought out their faith, the gift received from St. Patrick. The Irish have since been most typical in their faith. The system of government existing and which has existed is not by any means according to the will of the best of Irishmen. Yet they "make the best of a bad bargain." Matters seem brighter at present, still the reverend speaker did not encourage his hearers to place too much confidence in English diplomacy. The past is an indication of the future, and Father Drummond said that his opinion was that Catholic Ireland will never be at rest. Irishmen will have to suffer for their faith. No true Irishman, true to the home of his forefathers, true to the teachings of St. Patrick, ever loses his faith; never can such men be bribed. To be regretted is the fact that there are some few Irishmen who flaunt the fact of their being Irishmen, followers of St. Patrick, loyal to the green isle, yet do not follow out their religion. St. Patrick was a thorough Catholic. Some have gone so far as to say St. Patrick was a Protestant, but if that be the case he was a Protestant who believed in the Seven Sacraments, who genuflected one hundred times a day, said his office, etc. Father Drummond, in summing up his sermon, exhorted his hearers most earnestly to be faithful, be true Irishmen. Beware of silent voices.

"Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it." God does not say, Blessed are the rich, Blessed are the rulers, they that grasp all within their reach. No. Woe to the Irishman who adopts that Saxon creed—Be true to what you are! The Rev. Father paid a tribute to the true Englishman, who had good qualities, worthy of emulation; his love of truth, his predominance over passion and his tenacity of purpose. These qualities the Irishman could indeed imitate, yet emphatically did he call on his hearers to be true to their nationality. Be like the true Irishman: virtuous, generous, placing their love and hope in the world to come. He dwelt on the faith a true Irish man or woman has in his priest, the Sogarth Aroon, for whom the Irishman has such an affectionate respect, full of confidence and love. As an instance of the life of a true Irishman Father Drummond took Thomas Nevin, the millionaire who died last August. He never swerved from his duty, was ever a pious and fervent Catholic, proud of his religion, the soul of honor and truth, most generous in helping his church in many ways. As a true Irishman he longed to return to his native land and spend his last days. This he did, building for himself a castle in Ireland around which he gathered many of the poor and made them comfortable. He was one of the most noble of Irishmen. Be true to your own character, make the best of what you are, cultivate the qualities you possess. Be true to yourselves, be Irish, and the best thing of all is to have heard the word of God and kept it. Rev. Father Drummond is a great favorite wherever he is heard, his audiences are always the most attentive and interested, and none could be more so than those who listened to him on Sunday. They recognized in him a master hand, one who is competent to teach, yet a fellow creature in whom human sympathy is overflowing. Many welcomes may be more demonstrative, yet none more hearty, more sanguine than that which will ever await Father Drummond when he visits Regina.

Rev. Father Drummond was a guest of His Honor Lieutenant Governor and Madam Forget during his stay in Regina.

## ST. PATRICK'S CELEBRATION.

The feast of St. Patrick was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp at St. Mary's church. A large congregation filled the beautiful edifice to the doors. His Grace Archbishop Langevin, pontificated, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Dugas, Vicar General of the Diocese, and many of the clergy. The sanctuary was most appropriately decorated for the occasion. Above the altar was strung a streamer with the words "Erin go Bragh" in golden letters upon a ground of green. From the centre arch of the ceiling full soft streamers of green and white were drawn down and caught to the side pillars with bunches of shamrocks. On the right pillar of the sanctuary was a large banner with a picture of the Saint bidding farewell to Erin.

A panegyric of the Saint and his life work was preached by the Rev. Father Coffey, S.J., Bursar of St. Boniface College. For more than an hour he sketched the history of the work done by the great Saint and the result of that work in succeeding generations of Irishmen. In connection with the description of the address delivered by St. Patrick to the king and chieftains of the Irish tribes on the memorable hill of Tara he told the story of how the shamrock came to be the badge of an Irishman's faith. The assembled king and nobles had listened eagerly to the story of the cross and professed themselves anxious to embrace the new faith, but found a difficulty in the idea of a belief in the Divine God, three Persons really distinct, co-equal and co-existent, yet possessing but one Divine nature. With a sudden inspiration St. Patrick stooped to the earth and plucking a shamrock to lend force to his explanation pointed out that the three little shoots are separate and distinct, yet they are to all outward appearances similar to one

another, co-equal and co-existent, and together form but a single plant. This homely illustration brought home to their minds a more intelligent idea of the mystery of the Holy Trinity—three persons essentially distinct from one another and yet together constituting but one all-wise omnipotent God. At once the difficulty vanished and with minds illuminated by the operations of Divine grace they readily accepted the sublime faith of this devout and ardent soldier of the cross.

The reverend speaker then proceeded to enlarge upon this theme and, confining himself throughout to indisputable facts, maintained that the Irish people as a nation received the vocation and did the work of an apostle and that the three-leaved shamrock symbolized the three leading characteristics of the faith of the nation from the days of St. Patrick continuously to the present. (1) The readiness with which they received and accepted the faith; (2) the ardour and persistence with which they adhered to it; (3) the generosity and sacrificing zeal by which they ever labored to impart that faith to others.

In developing this theme he struck a responsive chord in every Irish heart present and in ornate language marked by a strict adherence to well acknowledged facts he assuredly left a lasting impression on the minds of all who had the good fortune to hear him. Not a word was said to wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive. He dwelt upon his subject in a manner calculated to strengthen the resolution of every true son of St. Patrick to honor in his daily life the glorious examples of firmness constancy and fidelity which have been handed down to him from noble sires as their most precious heritage.

In an eloquent peroration he called upon every Irishman to practice what he preaches, to thunder facts into the ears of his daily associates, for this is the only argument to which people will to-day listen. He exhorted them to boldly and bravely undertake their share of the burden of work demanded for the successful development of this promising country, and to show by their actions in the daily tenor of their lives what kind of citizen the true spirit of the Catholic faith, reduced to practice, is capable of producing; citizens to whom others can always point as exemplary models of the virtues that men admire. Temperance, justice, charity, purity, and all the other virtues that naturally spring from an abiding spirit of faith, fathers and mothers devoted to the uplifting and preservation of the true spirit of sound Catholic family life, upon which depends a healthy national life; parents determined to spare no sacrifice to assure for their children a thoroughly moral and soundly intellectual education. The prayer of every lover of his country should be that the old land may ever continue to shine as a bright beacon light across the bounding billows of the Atlantic, dispensing far and wide consoling rays of heavenly light and repeating to all mankind by word and by deed the lesson she long ago learned from Patrick's lips. "Fear God and keep His commandments for this is the whole man."

The annual St. Patrick's concert, under the auspices of the Catholic Club, filled the Y.M.C.A. hall to overflowing, indeed, hundreds of late comers had to turn away unable to gain admission. On the success both artistic and financial, the Catholic Club is to be very heartily congratulated. The audience included His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and a party of gentlemen who appeared to thoroughly enjoy the programme and applauded very generously the various artists.

President Russell promptly at 8.30 opened the entertainment, making a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. He also read a telegram of greeting from Justice Doherty, president of St. Patrick's society of Montreal as follows:

"A greeting to the Celts of the West. Fond memory to-night turns all our thoughts to the Emerald gem of the Western World."

To this message President Rus-

sell read the reply he had sent, which was: "The Irishmen of Winnipeg reciprocate your kindly greeting and join you in fond memories of the past and confident hopes for the future."

A telegram from Rev. Father Guillet, formerly parish priest of St. Mary's, was read as follows: "Erin Go Bragh. Am with you heart and soul."

To this kindly message Mr. Russell replied: "Thanks for kind remembrances. We all wish you were here in the body."

The concert programme was an interesting and varied one, and was as below:

- Part I.  
Piano solo—Fantasia of Irish Airs  
Miss Maud Cross.  
Song—"The Dear Homeland"..... Trotere  
Mr. G. A. Smith.  
Recitation—"The Dublin Fusiliers"..... Drummond  
Mrs. D. E. McKenty.  
Song—"Good-Bye, Mavourneen,"..... Thos. P. Westendorf  
Mabel Holroyd.  
Recitation—"The Montmorency Election"..... Drummond  
Mr. W. E. Fox.  
Song—"Acushla Machree"..... Olcott  
Mr. C. W. Handscomb.  
Humorous song..... Selected  
Mr. A. C. W. Soper.  
Part II.  
Song—"Killarney"..... Moore  
Miss Isabelle G. Johnston.  
Song—"Off to Philadelphia"..... Haynes  
Mr. J. J. Moncrieff.  
Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen,"..... Crouch  
Miss May Mawhinney.  
Reading..... Selected  
Mrs. D. E. McKenty.  
Song—"Father O'Flynn"..... Phares  
Mr. A. A. Codd.  
Recitation—"When the Bishop Comes to Tea"..... Perseley  
Miss Maud Sloane.  
Humorous selection..... Selected  
Mr. A. C. W. Soper.  
Singing the well-loved old songs of the green isle and telling stories of Irish wit it is unnecessary to say that every number was well received. A succession of encores and recalls manifested the pleasure of the gathering.  
Next year the Catholic Club will certainly have to get a larger hall so that all their friends may enjoy the treat. Both President Russell and Secretary Brownrigg, who directed arrangements, are entitled to credit for the success of their efforts.

## SLANDERS REFUTED BY THE I. C. T. S.

Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and Times.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Feb. 28.—Your readers will be pleased to know that this society has now perfected arrangements with the Catholic Bureau of Information (Central-Auskunftstelle der Katholischen Presse), the headquarters of which are in Berlin and the energetic, able superintendent of which is Mr. Ernest Kley. This Bureau was established during the latter part of the year 1900 for the sole purpose of investigating the veracity of articles, dissertations, telegraphic despatches, etc., heavily charged with anti-Catholic virus, appearing in the various secular papers of Europe.

Of late years the imperative need of some such central agency has been made apparent to all thinking Catholics of Europe of an agency which would be in a position to get at the real truth of the alleged "scandals," "rebellions in the Church," "defections among the clergy," etc., and which might be in a position to give the exact truth to personal inquiries, and above all to supply with authoritative information the various Catholic papers on the Continent. During its brief existence this bureau has merited the highest esteem and gratitude of thinking men by its admirable spirit of justice and impartiality. Should the facts in any reported scandal in the Church be true, they are with regret openly and plainly admitted, but the average reader has not the slightest conception of the number, variety and malice of the canards put before the reading public of every country in Europe by the anti-Catholic daily press.

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It is unnecessary to dilate upon the advantages which must needs accrue to the Catholic press of this country from this systematic inter-communication, and we ask the co-operation of Catholics at large, and particularly of the editors of our Catholic papers, to assist us in carrying out the obligations which we have assumed towards the Berlin management. As it is good for us to refute for the benefit of the Catholic people calumnies against the Catholic Church of Europe, so is it necessary for us to perform like service for the fair name of the Catholic Church of these parts, frequently misrepresented in the anti-clerical organs of Europe.

The samples given in the following correspondence from Herr Kley are characteristic illustrations of  
(Continued on page 8)

## Young Woman's Corner

### BENEVOLENCE AND COMPASSION.

Behold where breathing love divine,  
Our dying Master stands!  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive His last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips,  
What tender accents fell!

The gentle precept which He gave  
Became its Author well.

"Blest is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain;

To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain.

"Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
A stranger's woes to feel,

And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief;

His secret bounty largely flows  
And brings unasked relief.

"To gentle offices of love,  
His feet are never slow,

He views through mercy's melting eye  
A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give;

And when he kneels before His Throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shown  
And mercy from above

Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

"Love is an eternity of forgiving." This is the pretty definition of love, put on the lips of a sister of charity in a very pretty Catholic love story.

The sister of charity was no doubt defining love in its broad sense—love in any relation of life. One cannot conceive of a happier existence than to live under the influence of such a love. Such an existence would make this mundane old sphere a little like what we imagine Heaven to be.

This way of loving sets aside self entirely. It is a perpetual sacrifice. Its ideality consists in the willingness of the sacrifice.

"An eternity of forgiving." Here is the point. In intimate association there is always something occurring to annoy us, always something being done by our intimates that may irritate us if we do not love them with the love that always forgives. This is love pure, refined—not one unclean spot on it—no dross in its metal.

This should be the brotherly love, the filial love, the sisterly love and the marital love. It is the ideal love. There is no question of reciprocity. It is a love that gives all and it is only the really high-minded who are capable of it. We may long to attain this perfection and in the longing take on some of its excellence. How fine would become our morals and the morals of those around us and how happy all of us if we were to regulate our love to this standard.

—Wordsworth.

AMICA.

STE. ROSE.

Small service is true service while it lasts,  
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;

The daisy by the shadow that it casts  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

—Wordsworth.

AMICA.

STE. ROSE.

Last week we had a short visit from Archbishop Langevin, who drove out to Ste. Amelie to choose a site for the church to be built there immediately. We hear that a priest is already appointed to that place, although at first he will no doubt live at Ste. Rose. His Grace only stayed two days; we had hoped to enjoy his delightful company

for a longer time, but perhaps this was too much pleasure to expect during the austere season of Lent. Father Anthony, Trappist, accompanied him.

The school at Ste. Rose North is not to be opened at present, greatly to the disappointment of the people in that district, but shortly, there will be two opened at Ste. Amelie.

Does it not seem a pity that in nearly all the French-speaking settlements in this country they are guilty of Sunday trading, keeping stores open and the rest. If it is to the interest of people to do this, it must certainly be against their principles, and what a scandal to their Protestant neighbors! Have they so soon forgotten that desecration of the Lord's Day is the curse and ruin of France and are they willing to bring the same on this land of their adoption?

We are pleased to see our esteemed friend and neighbor, Mr. R. Robinson, is made J. P. We take this as a kind and polite attention on the part of the Government, as now some of us who are more anxious about the law than the Gospel, will be able to follow Mr. Punch's excellent advice and wash our dirty linen at home and not hang it on our neighbor's fence to dry. We wonder how many J.P.'s it would take to make us keep the peace! There are in this settlement badly brought up cows, uneducated of course, brought up, it is said, by rough masters, making disturbance among peaceable folks. They cannot henceforth be permitted to leave their comfortable homes and invade their neighbors' property. John Bull, in the form of the law, must step in and shorten the tales of these cows and restrict the language they give rise to.

## Chats with Young Men

Don't be mean! I have written so many times on things you ought to do that I think you will find some novelty in don'ts. Indeed there is not much novelty in the familiar phrase, "Don't be mean"; for, as far back as memory will carry us, I recollect those very words from the mouths of small boys, grouped together to divide a bon-bon, each eager to get the lion's share, the umpire being constantly admonished not to be mean. Boys ordinarily out live that fear of not being dealt with fairly; and many years find them preferring to stand back, in trivial matters at least, while their share is being allotted. It becomes them better to do so. He who takes an unfair advantage is rated as mean. It is a very unenviable title; and it may be earned in more instances than those afforded by divisions of material things.

You can say mean things. Sometimes your relation with regard to others resembles that of teacher to pupil. You are in authority; he is bound to respectful silence. You can make cutting remarks, can attribute false motives to his actions, can venture unsupported statements. He might conceive of more sarcastic retorts, might vindicate his position, could easily refute your statements. But he is bound to silence by his respect for authority. He sinks self through respect for you, or for some one dear to you; perhaps he respects your office and you interpret his silence as fear for yourself. He is too noble even to exonerate himself, in the eyes of others who might be misled by you, by saying three words which would explain his conduct. You are mean to abuse your position so. A hundred cases not unlike to this, might be mentioned, which would illustrate meanness. Boys blocking up a street corner often make audible references to the garb or figure of a stranger passing by; frequently those passers-by are defenceless girls; the meanness in such cases advances to the phase of cowardice. Employers not seldom fail in this regard. They are in a position to dictate terms to employees, even to demand unfair and abject service. Their fearlessness of

retaliation sometimes begets an indifference to honor; and their attitude to servants may be described as mean.

To cite further cases of meanness would be as unprofitable as it would be easy. When I shall have referred to one more aspect of meanness I shall gladly leave the subject. It is this. In business dealings you find most men holding certain generally recognized business principles; they may be acquaintances or they may be strangers. You have your option to deal with them or not. If you decide to do so, you should deal honorably, that is without default or without coercion. This does not mean that you are not privileged always to secure any rates that your ingenuity or prestige can obtain; but that when these fail you should not resort to bullying. This is an injunction hardly less important than another of kindred tone; when you have debts to pay, pay them when you can; some debtors

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haggle about silly conditions, not indeed with the intention of lessening their own obligations, but apparently to inconvenience a creditor and make him, as they say, earn his money. Those men should make it a rule to reverse the situation, to learn how they should wish to be treated. The fact is they are mean.

Yet why should I write all this. If there is a mean young man among my readers I dare say he does not think himself so. Nobody would trace his own motives to meanness. But, young men, you are all mean and so am I. Which of us dare stand up and say he never did or said a mean thing? Not one. We have all been mean at times. So have we all suffered from the meanness of others, and oh! how in our hearts we resented it. Well then let us take lesson. Let us employ at least as much time in searching our own hearts for meanness as in searching the words and acts of others. Young

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men especially should avoid meanness. They will always be in the glare of publicity. A million searchlights will be turned upon them as they struggle for an eminence from which to declare their righteousness, at every stage of life. Woe to them if they are branded with meanness! Even other mean men will avoid them, thereby to exact a title to honor. Don't be mean.

FINEM RESPICE.

## Home Column

### THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And not about the sad ones.  
We were not made to fret and sigh,  
And when grief sleeps, to wake it.  
Bright happiness is standing by—  
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,  
Or be believers in it;  
A light there is in every soul  
That takes the pains to win it.  
Oh, there's the slumbering good in  
all,  
And we perchance may wake it;  
Our hands contain the magic wand  
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving  
hearts  
Shed light and joy about them!  
Thanks be to them for countless  
gems  
We never had known without  
them.  
Oh, this should be a happy world,  
To all who may partake it;  
The fault's our own if it is not—  
This life is what we make it.

### GOOD MANNERS.

Many people say that good manners have become a lost art. We are told that in the present haste and rush of every-day life there is little time to practise the graces of courteous demeanor and that we are gradually losing the finer qualities of behavior—or, at least, they are hidden beneath a mass of characteristics which may be very practical and useful, but do not help to beautify life. Some, who are more optimistic, say that although manners are far less ceremonious than in the past and are "somewhat hasty, to match our rate of motion," that the right principle remains, because good manners spring from the heart, and the hearts of the present generation are in the right place. Others say that manners are now "more frankly selfish." This statement is in itself a rather rude avowal of retrogression; yet most people are striving to improve and progress in life. Every effort in culture and refinement is an aid in that direction. It would be well for even the self-seeking to remember that good manners are an element of success in life. In every career and in every point in social life a careful study of manners will be found of importance. Common-sense, then, as well as a desire to please should make everyone respect conventionalities and try to learn the delicate distinctions between good and bad manners.

When one attempts to define what is the charm of a certain person, it is almost something intangible, vague and elusive. The person may not be noted for beauty, for brilliancy in conversation or for remarkable intelligence. The charm is really in a graciousness of manner and bearing, a kindly considerateness and thoughtfulness, a lack of self-consciousness or effort. True politeness comes from a kind heart, a ready sympathy, an intuitive tact, a wish to please, an unwillingness to hurt another's feelings, and a desire to put other people completely at ease. It does not consist in being effusively cordial to one person in particular and coldly forgetful of others, or very polite when there is something to win and very indifferent when there is nothing more to be gained.

To know the right thing to do and the proper thing to say, one must consider what will please other people. One need never be insincere. There are many pleasant things which can be sincerely and truthfully said. Perfect politeness may be a rare thing, but everyone may try to improve in this matter. It has been wisely said that we should try not only to have good manners but better manners. A polite person takes the trouble to make cordial greetings; to bow pleasantly; to listen when another is talking; does not interrupt or appear eager to monopolize the conversation; does not relate long stories or tell disagreeable news; has good manners in a street car

or a shop, as well as in a drawing-room. Recently someone noticed a young girl coming into a room at an afternoon reception just as an older woman was leaving. Instead of stepping back and allowing the older woman to pass, the girl pressed forward so that the departing guest was fairly hurled back into the room and had to wait to go out until the newcomer had pushed her way past her. If the young girl had been trained to yield to older people and had stepped back, as a matter of course, a pleasant impression would have been made instead of a very unpleasant one.

"Manners aim to facilitate life," writes Emerson. "They aid our dealing and our conversation. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinctions." He also writes that a beautiful behavior is "the finest of the fine arts." Society demands an element "which it significantly terms good-nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige up to the heights of magnanimity and love."

An observant woman who is herself a model of culture recently commented upon the lack of good manners one may see during a walk in a crowded thoroughfare, as follows: "The high-pitched voice, the ungracious adherence to advantage accidentally gained, the rude stare of curiosity, the aggressive physical push, the loud discussion of people and affairs, these discomforting results need no moral to point their application. And, on the other hand, the smallest courtesy so sweetens the day's experience, and the most trifling assistance is so acceptable, that no mention is needed to disclose that the highest standard of fine manners is rooted in unselfishness."

### MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS.

From "The Missionary" we glean the following interesting items which illustrate the varied experiences of missionaries in their work. Referring to the results of recent missions a correspondent writes:

AT MONACA, PA.—A mission for non-Catholics was booked for Monaca, Pa., early in September. Monaca lies twenty-five miles from Pittsburg, on the western bank of the Ohio River; a black and grimy but flourishing iron town. Before its nuptials, with the iron industry, Pittsburg as it was then called, was noted for beauty and innocence. Its streets, unbroken by wagon wheel or iron hoof, formed a continuous lawn, and the honesty of its inhabitants was attested by the lack of locks on house doors. It is all different now. There are trolley cars, electric lights, rolling mills, glass houses and saloons; also catches on the windows and spring locks to the doors. The Pittsburg people, who have moved down into the burg, love to tell you how they have civilized the place.

The mission was given in the Catholic Church. There was no difficulty about filling the building, though some difficulty was experienced in getting Protestant women to wear hats. They said the non-Catholic population was very bitter; but nothing occurred to prove it at this mission. The questions were fair and intelligent. One of the less sensible ones was an inquiry as to the precise degree of Fahrenheit prevailing in purgatory. A few of the literary contributors challenged the Pope's right to issue commands or condemn societies.

Rev. Anthony Vogel, of Beaver, has charge of Monaca as a mission. He has at present four persons under instruction at Beaver, as a result of a mission in his tiny home parish, given last May.

AT NAVARRE, O.—There was a peculiar feature about the non-Catholic mission preached at Navarre, O. The pastor, who had arranged for it, and who had promised the missionaries a fruitful field left the church a few weeks before that event, himself joining the O'Connor crowd in New York. As he was a good-living priest, his defection caused great dismay in the parish; but when Protestants and

Catholics confided their individual impressions to one another and began to tell of odd things done and said, the conclusion became general that the apostate priest was afflicted with melancholia and could hardly be held responsible for his action. The sequel proved the correctness of their conclusion; a few weeks later he placed himself at the disposition of his bishop and repaired the scandal as best he could.

But for this distressful feature the mission at Navarre would have been an exceedingly pleasant one. The large church was crowded each night with non-Catholics. There was an entire absence of rancor or bitterness. Though many questions were asked, none related to the pastor.

It was thought advisable to give the parishioners a few sermons after the conclusion of the mission. The entire parish went to the sacraments. May we not believe that the prompt return to the priestly calling of their late pastor was largely due to their fervent prayers.

MILTONSBURG, O., is a small town in Monroe County, a county famous for its hills. It lies six miles from the county's only railroad. It was formerly a town of some importance. Though it never counted more residences—twenty-six in all—it could boast of seven saloons and two breweries. The last have disappeared wholly, and the seven saloons have dwindled to two. The two lone survivors complained that they could do no business at all during mission week. There is one church in the village—German Evangelical—and a beautiful Catholic Church one-half mile from the town. The Catholic congregation is not large, counting scarcely more than thirty families; but this small community of farmers has erected as fine a church as one is likely to see anywhere in the country, or, considering its size, even in the city. It is built of buff sandstone, and surmounting as it does one of the highest hills of the county, is visible for a dozen miles from every direction.

It was in this church that a mission was given for the neighboring non-Catholics. It was a composite mission, the mornings being reserved for Catholics exclusively. The attendance was large, and it was not necessary to coax questions out of the audience. The village doctor had twenty queries of his own to ask. He was worried most about the large amount of money "poor Catholics" had to pay to get their relatives out of purgatory. Most of his questions were on purgatory, which gave the missionary a good opportunity to drive that doctrine home. Among the auditors were some Campbellites, who undertook to enlighten the congregation on the question of baptism. "There is only one baptism," they said, "not three." They are Simon-pure Disciples, immersing only in running water, unlike their degenerate brethren in the cities who are using tanks. One questioner asked, with indignant flourish, why nuns are not permitted to marry. A brand-new question was this one, referring to Extreme Unction: "Did not St. James mean faith by the word oil?"

There was a temperance lecture on one of the evenings, the very first on record at Miltonsburg. It took well among Catholics and Protestants. A printed slip was handed to each male attendant, containing a ladder with nineteen steps of temperance resolutions. They were asked to climb up the ladder as high as they could without danger of falling, and to return there upon with the record of their climb. The ladder was the invention of the pastor, Rev. T. A. Goebel, and proved a splendid device for promoting sobriety. This mission will prove fruitful in converts. A Methodist lady placed herself under instruction at once, and four or five more were expected to come in later. The pastor is a good convert-maker. He is new to this community; but received twenty-four converts in the small parish of Wheelersburg last year.

GRIFFITH, is a small oil town in the same county of Monroe. Rev. Charles Alfred Martin was chosen to take the place in the Apostolate of Father Michaels, who had returned to parish work after three

and one-half years of good service as a missionary. Coming to Woodsfield to assume his new duties, Father Goebel invited the novice to experiment with Griffith, he agreeing to lend a hand in the mission. The school building was secured, after some trouble, and for six nights the zealous young priests preached to packed houses. On the closing night one of them addressed the overflow on the outside, in the light of a generous full moon, while the other harangued his hearers on the inside. While there were plenty of questions, baptism seemed to be the only doctrine they could argue about. "Immersion only" texts came from the Campbellites every night. There were endless questions showing an observation of every detail of "external religion," from the sign of the cross to "the strait band color the preat wares." One question asked: "Why dose a Cochlic priest say mas in such landwith as Congragion canot understand."

The Campbellites like to be called Christians simply. After the first lecture some one asked: "When you speak of Christians do you mean Campbellites?" It was explained that the Campbellites are Christians, but there are others. Next night came the withering question, "Why do you call Christian people Camellites? I thought camels had humps on their backs." A number of other questions brought down the house: "Why do you call hell purgatory?" "Why do Catholics smoke?" "Why does a priest never have a fight about religion?" The last was a veiled compliment to the missionaries.

A collection was taken up at the end to meet the literature expense; the generous oil people contributed enough to pay the expenses of a half-dozen such missions. One convert is under instruction and five others are considering the step.

SEBRING, O., is a small pottery town in Mahoning County. It has a population of twelve hundred souls, but has not yet reached its third birthday. But few Catholic families have found homes in Sebring. It was thought that there might be single men and women at work there, and that a non-Catholic mission would bring them together. Obstacles blocked the way; but they were all successfully overcome. Chairs had to be hauled from Alliance, four miles distant. Some were loaned by Protestant churches, but were recalled when it was seen that large and enthusiastic crowds gathered at the missions. The sectarian churches put on special services to keep their people at home. A worse obstacle was encountered in the failure of the contractors to get a furnace into the building within the specified time; the Lord, however, came to the rescue, and tempered the wind to the unheated hall. There were very many questions, not a few emanating from ministerial sources. Here is a sample: "Who is authority for the belief that St. Ann is, or was, the mother of God?" In a question preceding this he asked: "What is Rome's idea in keeping her subjects in ignorance of the Bible?" This precious ignoramus, who pleads for a better acquaintance of the Scriptures and who deploras that "Romanist" countries are "hopelessly entangled in ignorance," was actually ignorant of the name of the mother of the Saviour. Such men feel themselves equipped to pass judgment on the mental limitations of Catholics and all foreign countries.

LEIPSIC, O., had its first non-Catholic mission during Thanksgiving week. Seven hundred and fifty persons gathered in the opera house to hear the first lecture. The five succeeding lectures were given in the church. Though there was a shower of questions each night no new discovery in religious thought was made. A minister wrote this: "Recognizing the fact that all men are seeking the same goal, viz., Heaven, do you not consider the several denominations of the Church Militant but mere cloaks, which are laid aside at death for the perfect one, the Church Triumphant?" The Methodist minister gave this: "Is it not a fact that the best Christian civilization is found in the countries where Protestantism is dominant?" He was



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told in answer that it was not a fact, if by Christian civilization be understood, not mere material prosperity but the possession and exercise of Christian virtues. A comparison was drawn between the Mexican Catholic and the American Protestant, the Decalogue serving as a basis. Nearly every count, it will be found, favors the Mexican. This was galling to Anglo-Saxon and Protestant pride. The comparison was displeasing to this particular questioner for still another reason. His people are pledged to give generously to the missions in Mexico, and information of this kind was apt to hurt the cause. He called up the missionary by telephone to tell him that his answer did not please him, and to let him know further that he would investigate a charge of his, that some missionaries in Mexico bribe Catholics by gifts to attend their services. He assured the priest that the Methodist Church, which has set aside \$45,000 for mission work in Mexico, would not for one tolerate such practices among its missionaries. There is more than a suspicion that not a few Protestants are doing that very thing nearer home. The last mission before the holidays was given at Pittsburg. Though this was the fifth mission given in St. Paul's Cathedral district, large numbers of Protestants attended night after night. An immense amount of literature was given out. Father Regis Canevin, the pastor, had a different book to present to non-Catholics each night. These little libraries in so many Protestant homes ought to be productive of much good. The four daily papers gave good notices. At the conclusion of the mission twenty persons gave their names for the convert class, one of them a Jew. This class is now being prepared for baptism by Father Lawrence O'Connell, one of the zealous assistants of the cathedral.

## SLANDERS REFUTED.

(Continued from page 5)

the unscrupulous tactics of European papers when there is question of Catholic interests—tactics, we are sorry to say, frequently adopted by not a few editors on this side of the Atlantic.

I.C.T.S. Superstition (!) in Italy.

The anti-clerical press of entire Europe published the following incident:

"In the small village, Coriano (Central Italy), a mad dog had bitten fourteen persons. The doctor of the village sent the head of the animal to the bacteriological institute of the University of Bologna, which found the usual indications of hydrophobia. At the instigation of the pastor, the village authorities decreed to grant those who had been bitten the sum of 1,000 lire, and to send them not to Bologna to be treated according to the Pasteur system, but to Cucullo, a place of pilgrimage, where they should be cured through St. Dominic. The pilgrims, however, returned even more sick and one even died."

This report is an infamous calumny about the pastor and the Catholic authorities of Coriano. The pastor had nothing whatever to do with the affair. The authorities granted the victims 1,000 lire to go to Bologna for treatment. But the victims (they were eight not fourteen in number) of their own accord, without the knowledge of the pastor or the authorities, went not to Bologna, but to Cucullo, as their ancestors used to do in similar circumstances. All of them, without exception, returned perfectly cured, while some years ago a boy died who had been bitten by a mad dog and had been treated in proper time by the Pasteur Institute of Bologna.

(The episcopal See of Rimini, to which Coriano belongs, sent me a declaration of the pastor, of the authorities and some local newspapers in which those who had been cured personally narrated all details.)

### False Statistics.

"Le Jour" of January 23 pictures the French Bretagne, in which at present 20,000 fishermen are in great distress, as "darkest France" claiming that it furnishes for the "Grande Republique" the largest number of spiritual congregations and of persons who can't read or write, of drunkards and criminals.

A statistical comparison between two provinces of a country can only be just if, aside from various other conditions, the comparative size of the provinces is considered. It is wrong, then, to say: In this or that country there is the greatest number of drunkards, criminals, etc., but one ought to say: In proportion to its size, such or such a country has the largest number of drunkards, etc. Taking this into consideration we may conclude:

1. That Bretagne does not contain the largest number of congregations, for there are comparatively as many in the Auvergne, in Rhone, Soire, etc. The largest number is in the department Auvergne.

2. Such as can't read or write are as numerous in the South and Southeastern France as in the Bretagne. Even in Paris there are about 30,000 children that go to no school, or do not begin to go until they are fifteen years of age.

3. The largest percentage of drunkards is found in Normandie, especially in the Department Seine inferieure; Bretagne ranks third.

4. The brooding place for crime is Paris and its suburbs, where there is little religion. The Protestant journal "Le Temps" had to acknowledge that in the good Catholic sections of France there are the best morals and the least crimes. Among such thoroughly Catholic sections of the country the "Temps" justly mentions first Bretagne, then Auvergne, Bearn, Biscave.

### An Anti-Celibacy Canard.

During the past few months a few of the leading anti-clerical papers of every country in Europe have been endeavoring to create the impression that there exists a strong, widely developed movement among the Catholic clergy, particularly of Italy, against clerical celibacy. Thus the Berlin daily ("Berlin Tageblatt") in a recent

issue gives the following despatch: "Rome.—In Apulia there has developed among the clergy a vigorous propaganda against clerical celibacy. The Bishop of Molfetta communicated with the Vatican on the subject and has suspended a number of priests from the sacred ministry."

In answer to inquiries, I have received from the Bishop of Molfetta, Mgr. Pascola Picone, the following:

1. It is absolutely untrue that there has arisen in this diocese even the slightest movement of the clergy against celibacy. 2. The Bishop of Molfetta has never communicated with the Vatican upon this subject. 3. By reason of some disciplinary offenses a few priests were recently suspended a divinis.

Can you, readers, by any stretch of imagination, conceive how the above named canard could have come into existence?

## Clerical News

The 8th anniversary of the consecration of Mgr. Langevin was celebrated on Thursday of this week. As many as possible of the priests of the diocese were present. Mass was sung at 10 o'clock by His Grace. The sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Lietard, C.S.S.R. As the full particulars of the celebration could not be obtained when the Review went to press a more extended account will be given next week.

Rev. Dr. Trudel of the Palace is ill at St. Boniface Hospital.

Mr. A. Bellavance, Eccl., is dangerously ill at St. Rochs.

Brother Boisrime, O.M.I., is at St. Boniface Hospital.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., will preach a mission at St. Jean Baptiste next week.

On St. Patrick's day the Rev. Father Albert Kulawy, O.M.I., of the Church of the Holy Ghost, left by the Canadian Northern railway for Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, La Salle and other places in the State of Illinois, where he will spend several months in missionary work amongst the Polish Catholics. While visiting the Polish settlements of Manitoba in February, Father Albert Kulawy brought the following reports: From Pleasant Home and Gimli, 16 marriages, 32 baptisms and about 350 confessions; from Dauphin, Sifton and Ethelbert, 19 marriages, 24 baptisms and over 400 confessions.

Rev. Father Van Heertum, of Regina, came in by the new Moosejaw local last Monday.

Two Benedictine Fathers went to Prince Albert last week to see about the 900 homesteads secured by them in the Saskatchewan.

Rev. Father Drummond arrived in Regina last Saturday, preached on Sunday at the High Mass and went on to Calgary on Monday. He was the guest of Lieut.-Gov. Forget.

The Hon. and Right Rev. Algon Charles Stanley, who has been appointed Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster, is to be consecrated in the Church of San Gregorio al Celio, Rome.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Gargan, President of Maynooth, whose condition was lately so serious, has rallied and is reported to be progressing favorably.

The latest English papers report that the Bishop of Salford is still very dangerously ill with little hope of recovery.

Cardinal Ferrata has been appointed Protector of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and Cardinals Azliardi and Martinelli, members of the Congregation of Rites.

New Consultors have been appointed to the Congregation of Propaganda in the persons of Padre Rodriguez, General of the Hermits of Augustin; Padre De Luca, S.J., Professor of Canon Law in the Gregorian University, and the Very Rev. Canon Evaristo Lucidi.

The "Annee Dominicaine" states that Father Etourneau having come to the end of his term as preacher at Notre Dame, Paris, the Cardinal-Archbishop has appointed as his successor another Breton Dominican, Father Janvier, who is forty-two years of age.

## THE DANGER POINT IN THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

By John J. O'Shea in Donahoe's for March.

Are there any breakers ahead in the new situation thus unexpectedly developed? He would be an optimist overbold, indeed, who could shut his eyes to the truth. What has been accomplished amounts to little more than a mutual confession that a state of war is bad on both sides, and that an amicable understanding on the terms of change is desirable for both parties, as well as for the country at large. The crux will come when the terms of capitulation are presented for discussion. It is understood that the element of compulsion is to be excluded, and the aim of the Government confined to lending assistance to both parties when they desire agreement—to carry out the terms of the bargain made. Naturally the landlords will endeavor to secure the highest figure that capitalized annual value will bring; and quite as naturally the tenant-purchaser will seek to keep down his annual instalments to the margin where repayment will not mean starvation or ruin. Fortunately, the basis for a reasonable settlement of the terms of agreement is practicable, by means of the returns kept in the Land courts. The recorded results of judgments under Mr. Gladstone's law—which provided for a periodical revision of rents to match the fluctuations in market values of produce, and the rates fixed by the decisions rendered under this arrangement, all over the country—will afford a reliable guide for a mutual understanding. The danger point arises when the conflicting interests of both parties bring pressure to bear in opposite directions, when the proposals of the Government are brought forward. These may induce such a spirit of stubbornness and impracticability as may impel the Ministry to throw up the whole measure and abandon the respective contestants to their own resources.

A prominent bishop of the Episcopal church tells the following story:

He was at a dinner given to several of the clergy by a society woman. Opposite to the bishop sat another clergyman, a shy, retiring old gentleman, whom a perverse fate had seated next to a young society girl; she, accustomed to the light chit-chat of her set, was rather at a loss for a subject of common interest.

A silence had fallen—one of those sudden lulls which will come in the midst of the most entertaining dinners, and are the despair of the hostess. The young girl cast about frantically for a subject with which to start the conversational ball rolling again. A dish of fruit before her gave her her cue, and, into the silence, in a voice made rather high by nervousness, she flung the question:

"Dr. C—, do you like bananas?" A puzzled look, mingled with some dismay, crossed the old gentleman's face.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, but I am a little hard of hearing. What did you say?"

Overcome with embarrassment, the girl repeated her question in a louder voice, in a fascinated silence which none seemed able to break.

"Do you like bananas?"

But again the clergyman begged, for leniency, and besought her to repeat the words; so a third time the thoroughly confused girl went over the inane remark, this time fairly shouting it in her desperation.

The gentle diffident old man, in embarrassment equal to hers, at last answered:

"I thought I must have misunderstood you, my dear, but since you ask me, I must confess that I am very conservative, and I still cling to the old-fashioned night-shirt."

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