



A NOBLE STRUCTURE

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY, VANCOUVER.

Largest in Canada West of Montreal and North of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast—Grand Organ and Peel of Bells—A Brief History of the Church.

The Province, Vancouver.—

From saying Mass in an old hall on Water street a few years ago to the present magnificent church building is truly a great record for the comparatively small number of Roman Catholic residents in the city. However, the old church, on Richard street, became altogether too small for the growing congregation and after several meetings of the pastors and people it was decided to see what could be done towards erecting a church more worthy of their faith. Ways and means were considered, and after interviewing the poorer as well as richer members of the parish, the committee having the matter in charge came to the conclusion that it could be done. The present grand building is the handsomest of its kind west of Montreal, and on the coast there is nothing to compare with it north of San Francisco. Filling a large part of the block bounded by Richard, Dunsmuir, Homer and Georgia streets, situate on the very crest of the gently ascending hill, it occupies possibly the best church site in the city. The building itself faces north and can be seen immediately upon turning the Narrows into the harbor.

The church is Gothic, flamboyant in style, such as prevailed in France during the 14th century, the tracery of the windows and doorways being as waving and flame-like as can be economically and safely carried out in wood. The plan is the usual cross, with an absidal Sanctuary. The nave has two aisles, and on each side of the Sanctuary is a chapel with two sacristies. The length is 161 feet 2 inches; width across the transepts, 104 feet; across the nave and aisles, 62 feet 6 inches. The height to the apex of the ceiling from the transept floor, is 62 feet. From the street line to the tops of the spires, the height is 210 feet.

The building is of local Gabriola sandstone, rock-faced in coursed ashlar, with dressed mouldings and trimmings. The stone work is laid in cement mortar formed of local British Columbia Portland cement. This has given every satisfaction, being found to set as hard and well as the best English article. The roof is covered with local slate, from the Westminster quarry at Jarvis Inlet, and from the Rowling quarries at Howe Sound, and with the exception of the doors, the whole of the woodwork is of British Columbia lumber. The doors are solid oak, and hung with specially designed wrought iron hinges. The doorways themselves are formed of arched recesses, the angle of each recess filled in with marble columns. The marble is a beautiful red variety from the Penrhyn quarry.

The clear-story walls are carried on arches, supported on granite columns, cased with polished scagliola marble. The columns have simple moulded bases and carved caps. In the caps, effigies of the Apostles and Evangelists, with their proper ensigns, are grouped in with the foliage. From the caps, triple engaged shafts extend to carved corbels, and from these spring the roof trusses, and grained arches of the ceiling. On the walls of the Sanctuary niches are formed, and on the Sanctuary piers consoles are placed to receive memorials or other statuary. The windows in clear-story are glazed with trailed cathedral sheet of simple design. The whole of the other windows are filled in with temporary glass, it being the intention later on to glaze them with handsome painted glass of suitable design. For this purpose ample sums will be required, as there is ample space for the richest and most varied designs. The choir window is 17 feet wide, and 28 feet high, the transept windows being 16 wide and 38 feet in height. Together, these three windows will require about 1,800 feet of glazing. As with the glass, so too with the altars. These have yet to be provided for, the five required for present use will be only temporary in character. Over the vestibule is placed

an organ gallery with ample space for a choir of over 100 singers.

In the tower there will be a peal of seven bells, varying in weight from 5,000 to 700 pounds. These will be arranged so that the organist can play any tune from any ordinary key-board, as simply and as easily as on a piano, or if required, they can be played from the organ console.

The whole of the details throughout and all the mouldings and designs, have been carefully carried out by the contractors from the designs specially prepared by the architect. In no single instance has anything been consciously taken from another church or building. In truth the church may be said to be of entirely local creation and manufacture.

Mr. T. E. Julian, of Vancouver, is the architect; Mr. H. J. Williams was superintendent of works, and Paul Forshaw, contractor of the church building.

THE GREAT ELECTRICAL ORGAN.

The organ of three manuals of 61 notes each and pedal of 30 notes, will contain 40 speaking stops, arranged as follows, 12 on the great organ, 13 on the swell organ, 8 on the choir organ, and 7 on the pedal organ; the total number of pipes being 2,469, making it the finest and largest instrument in British Columbia. The mechanical, or coupling stops will number 15, and the pistons affecting the stops and combinations of the great swell and choir organ will number 20. There will also be four combination pedals affecting the stops of the pedal organ, two affecting speaking stops and couplers, one affecting the great pedal coupler and one the small tremolo. But the greatest of all is the grand crescendo pedal affecting the entire organ and couplers. By the downward movement of the pedal the stops of the entire organ are brought on, beginning with the softest and increasing in regular progression until the full organ is reached. An upward movement reverses the action beginning with the loudest and decreasing until the softest stop is reached. The effects that can be produced by this pedal are simply grand. The console or key board of the organ will be extended and reversed, the organist facing the altar. The key action being electric the touch will be as light as a piano at all times, it making no difference whether the organist is playing the stops of one manual or all three coupled up. The bellows to supply wind for the organ will be placed in a separate room in the turret and be operated by an electric motor. The current to operate the key action will be supplied by two separate storage batteries of three cells each, one battery being always kept in reserve.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

Rev. Father Patrick Fay said mass for the first time in Granville on the Feast of the Holy Rosary the first Sunday in October, 1885. He remained as Catholic pastor of the city of Vancouver till the fall of 1892, and in the meantime got the wooden church of the Holy Rosary built on Richards street. He was succeeded by Rev. Father H. Eummelin in May, 1893, who remained in charge till May, 1897. It was during his time that the mission was erected into a parish and the present rectory was built. Owing to bad health he was not able to continue in charge of the parish. Hence, in May, 1897, Rev. Father Dommeau, O.M.I., was given charge, which office he occupied until September, 1898, being efficiently helped by Rev. Father Thayer and Rev. F. J. J. Whelan, O.M.I.

In the spring of 1898 Right Rev. Bishop Durieu, O.M.I., visited Rome and Paris. In the latter city His Lordship arranged with the Superior General of the Oblate Fathers for them to take charge of the parish of the city of Vancouver. Consequently, on September 29, 1898, Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., was appointed superior, Rev. Father Whelan, O.M.I., and Rev. Father LeChesne, O.M.I., assistants. The Oblate Fathers of New Westminster frequently aided both Fathers Fay and Eummelin in their charge. Bishop D'Herbomez died in June, 1890, and was succeeded by Bishop Durieu, who died on the 1st of June of last year. The present Bishop Dentenwill was consecrated in August, 1897.

The Chinese Catholics have twenty-four holidays of obligation every year.

ASSASSINATION OF HUMBERT

Again the world has been startled by the assassination of a crowned head. Humbert of Italy lies dead, killed by the Anarchist Bresci, who himself is the product of the social conditions prevailing in the fair land over which the son of Victor Emanuel ruled. It is just thirty years since the father of Bresci's victim entered Rome at the head of an army, amid the plaudits of the so-called "Liberals," who cheered to the echo the overthrow of the temporal power of Papacy. They never tired of proclaiming that the golden age had come again, and that Italy had set her feet on paths that would lead to higher heights than she had yet trodden.

As one reads the prophecies of 1870 and compares them with actual condition of the Italian people, one cannot help thinking of the contrast between these fair promises and the threatened bankruptcy and social anarchy that may at any moment engulf the fairest land in Europe in universal ruin. Victor Emanuel and his Garibaldians were in one sense the true progenitors of the Anarchists of to-day. The "liberators of Italy," in spreading the doctrine that might makes right, taught a lesson that has returned to plague themselves. A generation ago they used language somewhat like this: We have an army at our command. Pius IX. possesses no military forces, and therefore it will be an easy matter to rob the papacy of its temporal possessions.

The seizure of Rome was the result of that process of reasoning which eliminated all consideration of right and wrong.

In thus substituting brute force for right, the Italian Government taught a lesson which the Anarchists have learned and are applying in a way that is not pleasing to their teachers. They, too, refuse to recognize any allegiance to right and justice, and proclaim themselves the apostles of brute force as typified by the pistol and the dagger. The character of the relationship existing between the Garibaldians of 1870 and the Anarchists of 1900 is well hit off by Milton in "Paradise Lost," in that passage where the encounter between Satan and Death and Sin is so graphically described. Satan, meeting Death, his first born, questions him thus:

"Whence and what art thou, excruciable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front across my way?"

When sin informs Satan that the "miscreated front" is of his own creating, he answers, as the "liberators of Italy" would answer the Anarchists:

"What thing thou art, thus double formed; and why
In this infernal vale first met; thou callest
Me father, and the phantom call'st my son.

I know thee not, nor ever saw, till now,
Sight more detestable than him and thee."

How fittingly could Sin's reply be adopted by the Anarchists when denounced by Garibaldians for ignoring right and employing brute force:

"Hast thou forgot me, then, and do I seem
Now in thine eyes so foul? Once so fair."

Humbert to-day lies dead in Rome, a victim to the teachings popularized by the men who placed the crown of "United Italy" on the brow of his father. These teachings have produced the foul brood of Anarchism which, like the genii unloosed from the bottle by the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights," is looming up portentously over the classic land of Italy.—Irish World.

CANADA'S OLDEST PRIEST.

On the occasion of the recent death of the Rev. Francis J. McDonald, of St. George's, P.E.I., who had not quite completed his 85th year, but had finished his sixtieth year of priesthood eleven days before his death, some of our Catholic contemporaries indulged in a great deal of hasty and inaccurate assertion. "La Presse," of Montreal, in the same paragraph that chronicled his demise at the age of 85, informed the world that he had celebrated the sixty-sixth-year of his ordination some years ago! Confronted with the well-known canonical law that no priest can be ordained before his 23rd year (except by extraordinary dispensation which is never granted in this part of the globe), and with the arithmetical fact that 66 from 85 leaves 19, these "some years" to be subtracted from 19 constitute a most curious sacerdotal phenomenon.

Another paper said that the late Father Francis J. McDonald was the oldest of the Catholic clergy in Canada; not only as to the number of years spent in the sacred ministry—which was quite true—but also by birth—which is equally untrue: for there is still living at Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island, Ont., Rev. Father Dominic du Ranquet, S. J., who was born January 20, 1813, that is to say, two years and almost seven months before the late Father Francis J. McDonald, the date of whose birth was Aug. 11, 1815.

The same paper added that the oldest priest in Canada now is the Rev. D. Dandurand, of the diocese of St. Boniface. This again is incorrect, although in one sense it is nearer the truth than the previous assertion. The Father du Ranquet, mentioned above, was ordained on March 6, 1841, and thus antedates Father Dandurand's ordination, September 21, 1841, by more than six months. Therefore Father du Ranquet, S. J., and not Father Dandurand, O. M. I., is now the oldest priest in Canada; for in age also the former surpasses the latter, the venerable Jesuit being in his eighty-eighth year, whereas the venerable Oblate pastor of St. Charles, Man., is only in his eighty-second year. However, as Father du Ranquet is now rapidly sinking into the grave, while Father Dandurand is still hale and hearty, the latter will probably soon be the senior priest of Canada.

OLD DR. JOHNSON ON PERVERTED CATHOLICS.

Old Dr. Johnson used to say in his own bluff fashion that the perversion of a Catholic could not be sincere, but that the conversion of a Protestant "would have both the

qualities of sincerity and durability." Sir William Scott (says Boswell) informs me that he heard Johnson say:

"A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere. He parts with nothing; he is superadding to what he had already. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains, there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.

To this Boswell adds these words: "The truth of the doctor's observation may be confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of which will occur to most of my readers." What would the fiery old lexicographer have said to the "organizing secretary" of that delightful society whose only aim (according to the Rock) is to pervert the "1,500,000 Catholics of England?"

A TELESCOPE REVEALS A THEFT

A telescope, while recently being tested at the Bausch & Lomb Optical Works, Rochester, N. Y., was turned on a bridge and the observer saw a young thief steal a tub of butter from a wagon and conceal it. The police were telephoned to and the thief was captured as he was attempting to carry away his prize a few hours later.—Scientific American, July 28.

JULIA WARD HOWE ON CHINA.

Art-angel Guido hangs upon my wall
A moving picture of the Tempter's fall.
Michael, bright champion of the heavenly host,
Treads under foot the leader of the lost.

Buskined with light, with faultless weapon armed,
He stands above the prostrate foe, unharmed.
The groveling wretch no counter-blow essays,
Pinned down to earth in impotent amaze.

This vision, oft encountered, seems to say:
The brute on earth shall never more hold sway;
While glorious as a seraph from the skies,
Freedom makes good her deathless victories.

The legendary fight grows pale
Before me as I hear the wail
Of men on noble errand sent
And held with murderous intent
By frantic legions that essay
To stifle Europe in Cathay.

My journey shows each pallid face—
True lovers locked in last embrace;
Parents who to their bosoms strain
The babes they guard, but guard in vain.

And as I kneel in prayer I cry:
Father! send rescue from on high!
The ways of human help are barred;
Be Thou, O Lord! their watch and ward!

Alas! alas! their doom is sealed!
No source of succor is revealed.
But still, beyond the bounds of sense,
Prevaileth God's omnipotence.

This seraph messenger may come,
E'en to that fiend-beleaguered home;
And unto those who perish give
A crown denied to those that live.

Ruler of all! to each brave heart
The joy of martyrdom impart!
Unto thy scroll of deathless fame,
Write them with those who overcame;

Who, folded in the blessed light
Christian faith and Christian right,
Unto the bitter end abode,
Sealed in the armory of God.

—Julia Ward Howe
in Boston Transcript.

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

AUGUST.

- 19, Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. St. Joachim, father of the Blessed Virgin. Solemnity of the Assumption.
- 20, Monday—St. Bernard, Founder of the Cistercians.
- 21, Tuesday—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Foundress of the Visitation Nuns.
- 22, Wednesday — Octave of the Assumption.
- 23, Thursday — St. Philip Beniti, Conf.
- 24, Friday—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
- 25, Saturday—St. Louis, King of France.

Current Comment.

On resuming publication, after two months of forced inaction, we feel that the transfer of our office to Winnipeg, where the Northwest Review first appeared and continued to be published until 1896, will commend itself as a wise move to most of our readers. We need hardly add that, in the case of subscribers who have paid in advance, two months will be added to the term of their subscription. Thus those who have paid till November, 1900, will be credited with payment till January, 1901.

Last week, at one of the summer meetings of the Presbyterian body, the Rev. J. Robertson, D.D., superintendent of missions, said: "The province of Quebec was far behind the other provinces of the Dominion almost entirely on account of their [its] being locked up with their [its] own religious ideas and beliefs. The making of these people Canadians, was of primary importance." There was more in the same strain, but this is enough to show the ignorance and consummate cheek of the speaker. Even with regard to mere material progress the province of Quebec, far from being behind, is fully the equal and generally ahead of all the other provinces, because its citizens, as a whole, are more solvent. In Ontario, to take what is commonly supposed to be the banner province, there are four or five times as many mortgaged farms as in Quebec. The French Canadians boast less, but do more; they are more thrifty and spend less on show. As to the highest kind of civilization, which consists in the knowledge of truth, the spread of higher education, the practice of virtue, cheerfulness and contentment, they are far above all those whose fundamental ideas of life are radically wrong and whose so-called

prosperity consists chiefly in bragging about themselves, and running down others of whom they know nothing but what the prejudices of their sect have invented. Then the serene impudence of a man born in Scotland wanting to make the Quebecers Canadians! Why, they are the only historical Canadians. They were Canadians one hundred and fifty years before the first Scotch Protestant landed in Quebec, and they still speak of themselves, with perfect consistency, as "Les Canadiens."

Writing editorially of the impending cloud of Socialism, the Midland Review says: "Were social justice done, indeed, the storm-cloud of socialism would vanish; but who, at this hour, is abroad righting the wrongs that exist? We are assured the remedy is simple; it is notable that the great forces of civilization are slow to apply it. An autocracy may take warning; a plutocracy—never."

The Duke of Norfolk, who returned to Arundel on the 28th ult., went directly to the Catholic Church, where a Te Deum was sung in presence of a large concourse of his people. On arriving at the castle a salute of seventeen guns was fired. The Duke, in a letter to a South African priest, says it is false to suggest that in going to the front he was actuated by a desire to protest against the views of the Catholic papers in Rome.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, the famous author of "On Shabboletsh" and so many other thought-provoking works on ethics and politics, is a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy vacant at Cambridge by the resignation of Professor Sidgwick. For the sake of Cambridge and its moral sanity it is to be hoped the great Catholic writer will succeed.

Last month in Franklin county, Kentucky, a field of wheat near Jetts, belonging to Patrick O'Brien, was struck by lightning and nearly all of it burned up before the flames could be extinguished. Few people, we think, ever heard of the like happening before.—Midland Review.

Monsignor Ritchot, having received a telegram announcing the fatal illness of his eldest brother, Mr. Urgel Ritchot, of L'Assomption, Que., left last Saturday in hopes of seeing his brother, aged 78, before his death.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate have 18 provinces or foreign vicariates, with twelve Bishops, 750 Fathers, 300 professed Scholastics and 360 professed Lay Brothers.—Missionary Record O.M.I., August, 1900.

Answer to D.P.C.—The editor of the "Catholic Times and Public Opinion," published in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Dublin, is Mr. Beazley.

Stovel's Pocket Directory for August reached us the 2nd of this month.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

It does not surprise us that an appeal has been made to the Civic authorities to suppress the street preaching, the wonder is that a suffering public has so long put up with this nuisance. For years it has been the custom of the ranting brotherhood to occupy, each evening during the summer months, the principal corners of our main thoroughfare and they have long been a source of general disturbance and annoyance. This season they have

been more numerous and aggressive than ever and it is evident that for the well-being of the city something must be done to remove such a noisy and disturbing element from our streets. It is gratifying to see that the Aldermen intend to act upon the appeal and we trust they will rush through the necessary legislation. No time should be lost in doing this, for the street preaching as at present carried on is not only a great public nuisance but it is also one of the most potent causes of the growing irreligion and irreverence which is becoming such a marked feature of the present time.

If Rev. Mr. Silcox had stayed away from the strike meeting held in Selkirk Hall last week, no one could have raised the slightest objections to any of the speeches which were made on the occasion. The addresses of the two working men representatives, Messrs. McGinnis and Gibbon, were excellent in every sense of the word, presenting their case with a moderation and at the same time with an eloquence and force which were most commendable and convincing. Mr. W. W. Buchanan who followed them made a characteristic speech, which means that he was entertaining but that he was carried away by the exuberance of his verbosity and broke out into extravagant flights of oratory which went far to spoil the effect some of the points he sought to make might otherwise have had on thoughtful men. Mr. A. W. Puttee was not listened to with the attention one would expect that the Labor M.P. would receive from such an audience, but as well as could be heard at the back of the hall he apparently devoted most of his time to a talk regarding the New Zealand Law for compulsory arbitration and he closed with rather a poor attempt to make a point against the company because they had placed several special policemen on duty around their yard and workshops. The Rev. Mr. Silcox evidently failed to realize that he was addressing a law abiding and level headed lot of Canadian working men. His speech was clap-trap pure and simple from beginning to end with a spice of something worse thrown in when he referred it to the part which a thread of hemp and lamp-posts played in the settlement of some trouble between capital and the people in Chicago some time ago. Mr. A. J. Andrews' few words were sensible and to the point and confirmed the opinion we have always held regarding this gentleman, namely, that one of the principal reasons that he is so popular with the working classes is, that they know he is their true friend and that he will always be honest and outspoken in any advice he has to give them. On the whole, then, we say the meeting was a credit to the men and we trust that their difficulty with the Company will be settled at an early date and in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

We notice that The Voice admires Rev. W. Silcox and wishes "the church" would follow his example and "get to know something of sociology and practical rightness." The labor organ thinks that "some great good might result." On the other hand we have formed the opinion, after hearing Mr. Silcox the other night, that it would be as reasonable to expect figs to grow on hills or a bad tree to produce good fruit as to look for any improvement of the social conditions from the words and speech of such men as Mr. Silcox. We are not quite sure what The Voice means by the expression "the church," but we may assure it that the Catholic Church has studied the great social question as it has been studied by no other body on this

earth, and until the laboring men realize this and themselves study the teachings of that church and submit to her directions, they will simply go like men groping in the dark, and refusing to avail themselves of the divinely appointed light, they will never reach the end they claim to have in view. We know it is almost hopeless to ask the working men as a body to look into the claims and teachings of the Catholic Church on these matters. They prefer to listen to and applaud the well advertised sensational pulpit monger of the day, and following him, they present a complete picture of the parable of the blind following the blind with its inevitable result.

The Idyl of the Rose.

If you will come with me down the rose petalled pathways of June, I will tell you how we make love in St. Rose, (we have a nicer way but you don't need telling). Awhile ago a very pretty young lady came to stay amongst us. She has gone now, more's the pity, leaving sore hearts behind her. A young man, not one of us, (he was a stranger but he did not take us in) felt that he had lost his heart to this fair maiden and proceeded to woo her in poetry and prose, (poetry borrowed from the poets, prose of home manufacture) something in this wise: "Well! now you know, you can't do better really. It is not every day you'd get the chance of such a pretty little man as I am. Won't you change your mind by next week, don't you think? Perhaps you don't know how much I am worth. I should fetch you up in the world, I really should, don't you know. Ah! you'll be sorry for this some day, etc." He seemed very much in love, but she did not think it was with her, he admired some one very much, but she said it was a little shoemaker, she answered her in her quaint way for she was Quakerbred: "Thou art the last man, I shall not take thee, friend. Never shalt thou be my awl in all." It was not the trade she objected to, because that in a way appealed to the sole, to the understanding, as it were, but she wanted a man she could look up to; he was only 5 feet 3/4. She remarked incidentally that she thought a tailor would know better how to press his suit, but this was neither here nor there, I take it, only a reflection made by this simple girl. The real fact of the matter she told to me, her friend, she had read once in a learned book something she thought very touching and beautiful bearing on marriage. "I have long known that love is immortal in its essence and consecrates the beloved object, true love, image of God's love for us, never tires; it is all that remains to us of the terrestrial Paradise. Adam and Eve brought it with them when they left, the angel with the flaming sword took pity on them and let it pass." So she was content to bide her time, she was but young, as yet she had not met her ideal man and perhaps one more worshipful would arise on the horizon of her life.

P. S. This fair damsel is now gone to the United States, to the united state, I mean, having taken unto herself a husbandman, not in this instance a farmer, but a Special Pleader. We hope the coming years will give the husband a silk gown and many such to the wife,

"So she shall walk in silk attire
An' siller hae to spare,"
which is not the case with many of us. These things did not happen in this June now gliding away from us, with rosy cheeks and eyes of blue, all too wanting in tender tears. No, but in another June, already vanished into the irrevocable past

where this one hasteneth. Good-bye, sweet June, how young and fair you seem to us now, but next year, we shall exclaim: "Young and fair did you say? No indeed! she is of the last century," forgetting that Time, like the world, is ever young and fair while we grow old at His touch.

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PERSONAL.

The following account of the marriage of Thomas D. Deegan, President of the Catholic Club of this City, and Miss Swindell, of Bainbridge, Ga., is taken from the Democrat newspaper published at Bainbridge, and will be read with interest:

"At the family residence on Academy Avenue, in this city, on Tuesday morning last at 8 o'clock, by Rev. Father Schlanky, of the Catholic Church of Columbus, Ga., there was celebrated a beautiful marriage, the high contracting parties being one of the most universally beloved and highly esteemed ladies who ever lived in Bainbridge, Miss Mary Swindell, and Mr. T. D. Deegan, of Winnipeg, Man., of which place he is a well known business man. Herself a native of Quebec, but a resident of this city for more than 15 years with her brothers, Messrs. Edwin and Jack Swindell, and her younger sister, Miss Maggie, Miss Swindel has twined herself about the hearts of all the really true and good who love and respect noble Christian character, piety, and all those noble virtues which elevate and ennoble humanity and bless the world; and her departure from among us makes us poorer, and produces irreparable loss to the little flock of devout Catholics among whom she moved, and to the Sabbath School and church work to which she was so devoted.

"The marriage was a very quiet one, only a few very close friends and the family being present. After the ceremony the day was quietly spent at home till the westbound train arrived, which they boarded, bound for their far away home in Canada. The Democrat extends to the groom its most sincere congratulations over the rare treasure he has transplanted from amongst us, and wishes for both the contracting parties all the bliss which their new relation affords; with all the successes which merit and virtue bring, and finally a safe anchorage in the portal of eternal peace."

Mr. Deegan and his bride returned to the City Sunday, and have taken up their residence at the corner of Cumberland and Hargrave Streets. Mr. Deegan has been warmly congratulated by his numerous friends on the happy event.

On Tuesday evening last, the Catholic Club held a reception at their club rooms in Frond's Block to welcome their esteemed president and his bride on his return to the city with her. Mr. Deegan, who is one of Winnipeg's most popular and successful business men, has long been noted for his good taste and judgment. Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Deegan on Tuesday arrived at the unanimous conclusion that he had excelled himself in his choice of a life partner. After the reception, those present were requested by the first vice-president, L. O. Genest, to be seated, when a beautifully worded address of welcome to the President and Mrs. Deegan was read by the Secretary of the club, Mr. F. W. Rus-

Dyspepsia and Headache.

An Elderly Lady Tells of Her Cure Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After a score of Other Remedies Had Failed.

Dyspepsia causes more genuine distress than most diseases that afflict mankind. In this country from one cause or another, its victims are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and those afflicted always feel tired, worn out and miserable, and are subject to fits of melancholy or ill temper without apparent cause. It is obvious that the human body, in order to perform its functions, must be properly nourished, and this cannot be done when the food is improperly digested. Those who suffer from indigestion should exercise care as to diet, and only easily digested foods should be taken. But more than this is required—the blood needs attention in order that the stomach may be strengthened, and the secretion of the gastric juices properly carried on. There is no other medicine offered the public that will act so promptly and effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. F. X. Doddridge, St. Sauveur, Que. In conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Doddridge said: "For quite a number of years I have been a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, accompanied by the sick headaches that almost invariably come with this trouble. I suffered from terrible pains in the stomach, bloating and belching wind. All food seemed to disagree with me, and as a result of the trouble, I was very much run down, and at times I was unable to do even light housework. I am sure I tried a score of different medicines, but without success, and as I am sixty years of age, I had come to believe that it was hopeless to expect a cure. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, urged me to try this medicine, and my husband brought home a couple of boxes. Before they were finished, I felt much better, and we then got another half dozen boxes, and these have completely restored my health, and I not only feel better than I have done for years, but actually feel younger. I very cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers.

If your dealer does not keep these pills, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

sell. Mr. Deegan responded as only he could do it. With the address was presented a very handsome and valuable easy chair upholstered in leather. A beautiful bouquet was presented to Mrs. Deegan by Miss Lillian McPhillips.

An enjoyable programme of vocal and instrumental music was then carried out by the following: Miss Brooks, Miss Perkins, Messrs. Brodie, F. Day, M. Chisholm, W. Kennedy, A. Brownrigg and H. Brownrigg, and at intervals congratulatory speeches were made by Rev. Father Cherrier and Rev. Father Drummond. At the close, light refreshments were served and the pleasant evening was brought to a fitting conclusion with the hearty singing of God Save the Queen, in which all joined.

The assistance of Mesdames E. Cass, M. Healy, A. H. Kennedy and a number of other lady friends of the members of the club did much to promote the success of what proved to be a delightful evening.

Count Gustave de Galember, with his wife and child, arrived last Tuesday from Shanghai, and are now the guests of their first cousin, Baron Louis de Galember, of the Bell Photo Co., in this city. The Count is an officer in the Imperial Customs of China, the head of which department is Sir Robert Hart. Monsieur G. de Galember is on a two years' leave of absence. When he left Shanghai at the end of June, the Europeans there were in hourly dread of attacks from the Boxers and other natives. He is a blue-button mandarin, speaks and writes the language of the Chinese literati, and has spent twenty-two years in the Flowery Kingdom. He will remain a few days and then proceed by easy stages to the Atlantic coast, and ultimately to Paris.

Linnaeus immortalized the name of the famous naturalist of the Philippine Islands, Brother George Jose Camel, S. J., by bestowing it on the beautiful flower, the Camellia.

Father Vandandaigue, S. J., directed the singing at the blessing, last Sunday, of St. Austin's Church, Austin, Man., and at the benediction in the evening. The ceremony of the blessing was conducted by Father Grenier, S. J., empowered thereto by His Grace the Archbishop.

Father Campeau, of St. Joseph, is laid up in St. Boniface Hospital with effusion of blood from a vein in the leg. Father Pouliot supplies for him in his parish.

Father Drummond concluded this morning a short retreat for the nurses of St. Boniface Hospital, and will soon begin his own annual retreat.

Mr. and Mrs. Deegan have taken house at the corner of Hargrave and Cumberland streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake, of Portage la Prairie, are in town.

TO THE LIONS!

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.

Written for the Review.

Probably the most magnificent building ever erected upon this earth was the Coliseum at Rome. So vast was the structure that seating accommodation was provided for nearly ninety thousand spectators, while the arena was of that extent that on the opening day it is recorded that amongst the "sports" provided for the inauguration ceremony no less than five thousand lions, tigers, and other wild beasts were turned loose into it; together with a few hundred devoted Christians, who, rather than abjure their holy religion, were ready to be torn in pieces and devoured by those hungry beasts of prey.

Although the ravages of time have marred and disfigured, and in part destroyed the wonderful pile, yet even after eighteen centuries that which remains is still an imposing and colossal structure. But if the traveller ascends to the extreme summit and stands upon the very topmost tier of those massive galleries, his wonder at its immense solidity and prodigious dimensions must soon give way to a long train of reverie, as he calls to mind all the sanguinary horrors which from the very first, and onwards, for centuries, were enacted down below in that fateful arena.

There, that opening day were assembled, tier upon tier, all the rank and fashion, all the brave, and all the fair of that old city of the seven hills. But no; not all the brave, not all the fair of Rome were seated in those tiers of luxurious couches. For, immediately after the plaudits have subsided which greeted the entry of the great Caesar, and which drowned even the continuous savage roaring of that vast horde of hungry animals, a large number of Christian converts—nobles and their wives, centurions, soldiers, orators, fair girls, old men, even young children, of all sorts and conditions—are led, unresistingly, into the great enclosed space. Many of them are singing hymns, and though nature's horror of death has perhaps blanched the face of some, yet not one amongst all those hundreds will deny their loved Master even for dear life's sake.

And now, at a signal from the Emperor, the janitors have thrown open the numerous gates, and the famished savage beasts burst forth into the arena with hideous and appalling roars, and ferociously leap upon the devoted martyrs. So terrible is now the spectacle that some even of those hardened Romans are transfixed with horror. Here a fair young maiden, attacked by bears and tigers and lions, madly fighting each other for possession of the prey, while the heroic girl, torn and mangled, continues to look upwards, and, until her beating heart has been torn from her by the savage raveners, a heavenly smile irradiates her countenance, as though she felt not pain, and, like the first of that glorious army of martyrs, saw heaven opened, and Him whom she loved so well standing to receive her. Here a venerable patriarch joyfully yields his life for Him who died that he might live eternally. Here a soldier, who has fought the good fight, and now faces the lions without the slightest trace of fear, for he knows that a crown of glory is awaiting him.

And so with all, more smiles than tears; more songs of joy than sighs of pain. As if indeed all that martyr throng could visibly see the cohort of bright angels hovering over that dread orgie of the King of Terrors, each waiting to receive and escort heavenwards the released spirit of him or her to whom it has ministered, and whom it has watched and helped. Fit example all this for us; fit ideal for us to emulate. We may not, indeed, be called upon, as so many Chinese Christians are now, to yield up our life for our Redeemer; but truly we are called upon by Him to give up anything and everything which His Word condemns, and at the same time, like those sainted martyrs, to acknowledge and to accept Him as our Mediator and our Lord.

THE NUMBER OF CHINESE CONVERTS.

The current estimates of the Catholic population in China vary to the extent of almost 55,000 souls. Thus, a recent issue of the N. Y. Freeman's Journal (July 21) says: "The latest figures from the 'Missions Catholice,' issued by the Propaganda at Rome, and covering the Chinese Empire, are nearly twenty months old. They estimate the population of all China to be 449,155,000, giving their figures by districts, and give the Catholic population as 532,448." This last figure must be much more than twenty months old, for Werner's Atlas of Catholic Missions, a standard and most reliable authority, stated (p. 27), as early as 1886, that the Catholic population of China, detailed in 27 districts, then was 578,988. An article in the Midland Review (July), entitled "The Catholic Missions in China," confirms this estimate by producing statistics

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NOTICE.

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for each province, which, when totalled, give a Catholic population of 587,166. But even this is an underestimate for the present time. In comparing the details of the Midland Review's figures for each diocese or prefecture with those of Werner's Atlas we note in general a marked increase in the Catholic population during the years between 1886 and, say, 1898 (which is probably the date of the latest missionary census); in one instance the figures of the Review are almost double those of the Atlas, the latter giving 11,030, and the former 21,830 for Manchuria; and yet the difference in the totals, as we gave them above, is only 8,178. It is evident that there must be a much greater increase. But, as the names of districts do not always exactly agree in both lists, there being in the Midland Review's list some obvious blunders, it is impossible to put one's finger on all the cases in which the latter is deficient. However, we can point out one very important omission. Werner's Atlas gives the Catholic population of Southern Su-tchuen (or Szechuen) as 96,079. This is the second largest Catholic district in China, the largest being Kiangnan, which, with its Catholic population of 115,000, was once spoken of by Leo XIII as the best organized of all Catholic foreign missions. Now, Southern Sutchuen does not appear at all in the Midland Review's article, and, if its Catholic population in 1886 was over 96,000, it must now surely be 100,000. Adding this to the Midland's total, 587,166, and allowing for other probable omissions, we are fully justified in setting down the Catholic population of China at 600,000.

BRIEFLETS.

Rev. Father Cherrier has lately been appointed a member of the Educational Advisory Board of Manitoba, from which the Rev. Dr. Bryce has retired.

During Lord Roberts' march to Bloemfontein 5,000 horses died each month. The relief of Kimberley practically destroyed General French's splendid cavalry division, which was placed out of action until remounts could be supplied. The fact is that the large-boned English horse is far inferior for campaigning purposes to the small Eastern or country-bred animal of some 14 hands high. Our French Canadian horses in Quebec are tireless travellers.

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BRIEFLETS.

The banner diocese of China is Kiang-nan. It has 156 priests, mostly Jesuits, some Chinese secular priests, 1230 catechists, 726 missions, 115,175 Catholics and 34,481 catechists. Its centre is the great city of Shanghai, near which is the philosophate and theologate of Zi-Ka-Wei with its seventy or eighty priests and scholastics dressed in all the shades of Chinese costume except white and black, with pig-tails and shaven heads. The diocese, or more properly vicariate apostolic, supports 390 schools for boys, 449 girls' schools, making 11,262 and 5,309 pupils respectively. The missionaries conduct a magnetic and meteorological observatory and publish a semi-weekly Chinese journal, along with a Messenger of the Sacred Heart in Chinese.

At a general meeting of the Irish hierarchy in June it was determined that a national pilgrimage to Rome be organized, and an executive committee was formed under the presidency of the Bishop of Canea, the secretary being Father Ring, O.M.I., whose successful conduct of the Papal Jubilee pilgrimage is still a pleasant memory to many. The pilgrimage will start in October.—The Tablet.

It is said that when Lingard's "History of England" appeared, Charles Kingsley—the same whom Newman silenced—complained because Lingard had been granted access to archives which "he used to traduce the blessed Reformation." This illiberal spirit, now happily extinct among real scholars, explains the character of the rubbish that has hitherto passed current among Protestants as history.—Ave Maria.

Fathers Grenier and Drummond, S.J., went to Austin last Saturday for the blessing of the new church built there by the Catholics of the place, prominent among whom is the Hon. Walter Clifford, brother of the present Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. Father Drummond preached morning and evening, on the latter occasion more than half the audience were Protestants.

The Rev. Edward Arthur Harris, for thirteen years Curate and Precentor of St. Alban's, Holborn, was received into the Catholic Church on Tuesday July 24, at St. Mary's, Great Yarmouth, by the Rev. Patrick Hassan, S.J.

Professor Windle, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the new university of Birmingham, England, is the Catholic representative on the Advisory Council to the Board of Education in that city.

Charles B. Lummis says: "No student dares longer refer to Prescott or Irving, or any of the class of which they were leaders, as authorities in history."

The annual retreat of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate began last Tuesday evening, Aug. 14, in St. Mary's Presbytery. The preacher is Rev. Father Lestanc, O.M.I. His Grace presides.

COUNT STOLBERG'S CONVERSION.

A hundred years have passed since Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg became a convert to the Catholic Church, and we learn from a Munster correspondent that the family, the Bishop, the clergy, and members of the Westphalian nobility have been observing the centenary worthily. The importance of a single conversion is indicated by the fact that no fewer than a hundred and twenty-two direct descendants of the Count were present at the fetes. But the influence of Stolberg's conversion had a wider range than his family circle. He was a scion of one of the oldest and

noblest houses in Germany, was recognized at the Courts of Copenhagen, Berlin and St. Petersburg as a diplomatist of high ability, was looked up to by the people with pride as a poet and a writer, was an intimate friend of such as Goethe and Kopstock, and, above all, enjoyed universal esteem for the uprightness of his character.

His submission to the Catholic Church at a time when eminent Germans were asserting their Christianity was approaching an end, and that it was all over with Catholic progress, created a remarkable sensation. His great work, "History of the Religion of Jesus Christ," was epoch making. It was for the beginning of the present century what Bossuet's "Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique" was for the seventh century, or what Mohler's "Symbolik" has been for the middle of the nineteenth century. "How many souls have been brought to a knowledge of Catholic truth by Stolberg's 'History of the Religion of Jesus Christ' will," says Frederick von Schlegel, who owed his own conversion to it "only be known on the day when all things are brought to light." The effects of Stolberg's labors are still felt, and his name will always be linked with that of Gorres for his success in reviving Catholic life in Germany.—Providence Visitor.

LADY ANNA'S WARNING.

"No, no, Ellis," Guy Durant said hastily, "you shall not enter upon such a bargain blindfolded. Let me see," the speaker consulted a schedule for a moment. "Yes, there's a train to Hemsford at 2.30. If you are not otherwise engaged, we can journey by it to Durant Hall. You can view the park and the few acres surrounding it, examine the house, dine and sleep there. Then, if you are foolish enough, tempt me with your offer."

"Nonsense, Durant! I am perfectly satisfied to give you the money I say for your property," Kirby Ellis answered. He was a short, stoutly built man, with keen black eyes and a square determined jaw. Possibly there was Hebrew blood in his veins. At any rate, few men on the Stock Exchange were bolder in their speculations, and fewer still were as successful.

"But I am not satisfied to take it," his companion remarked, quietly. "To tell you the truth, you offer too much. Durant Hall is a dilapidated old structure, and I won't sell it to you except you see it."

The speaker leaned back in his chair as he spoke. For two or three generations the Durants had been going steadily to the bad, and Guy Durant had been but little wiser than his immediate predecessors. Not that he was either a gambler or a spendthrift, but he possessed an easy-going, generous disposition, some artistic and expensive tastes, and no business instincts. He had married a pretty young English girl, who had died, leaving him with a baby two months old. The child he had placed under the care of her maternal aunt, and for many years he had led an aimless, pleasurable existence, in Continental cities chiefly.

A few months previously he had taken up his residence in London, for the purpose of being near a physician in whom he had much dependence. He had been aware for some time that his heart was affected, and Dr. Chalmers had told him that his length of days could not be long, and for the first time he had begun to consider his child. No provision had been made for her, and Durant Hall and its few hundred acres were heavily mortgaged. He had been not a little surprised when Kirby Ellis had offered him a fancy price for the remnant of his property. He had met that gentleman once or twice

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abroad, and had wondered why he was so anxious to cultivate him, since he settled in London.

"Well, what do you say?" Durant demanded, after a short silence "I suppose you must have your way," Ellis replied, rather shortly. "All right then. I'll wire to the old housekeeper to expect us, and meet you in Paddington in half an hour," Durant said, raising.

Ellis nodded, and the two men separated. Three hours later they were at Durant Hall, and its owner insisted on its would-be purchaser seeing the entire property he was so eager to possess. Evening had closed into night when at length they sat down to dinner in the large wainscotted library. It was the most comfortable room in the lower part of the mansion, and various portraits of dead and gone Durants hung upon its dark oaken walls. One of these seemed to have a special attraction for Ellis, and Guy Durant laughed as he noticed it.

"Every one remarks that portrait," he said. "Shall I tell you Lady Anna's story?"

"I shall be glad to listen," the guest promised. "She is very beautiful," with another glance toward the picture.

"She was, if that represents her with any degree of correctness. It was painted long after Lady Anna had shared the common fate of humanity, from an old miniature of her. Yes, she was beautiful.

The speaker paused to look at the delicately moulded features, at the slender neck encircled by the enormous ruff that was the fashion of the time, at the fair hair swept high from the level brow.

"And the story?" Ellis said. "Well it seems that the Lady Anna was a Catholic, though the Durants were then, as now, Protestants."

Guy Durant laughed cynically as he paused for a moment.

"They attended to worldly matters, if the story is true, more than to spiritual and accepted Henry's Six Articles as readily as his son's Thirty-nine. But Lady Anna was different. Her husband, Piers Durant, was one of Elizabeth's courtiers, but this fact did not save his wife from being denounced as a Catholic, nor did his entreaties save her life when she was convicted of assisting a priest to escape. She was executed in the courtyard of the hall, and died as bravely as her co-religionists usually did"

(To be continued.)

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STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave Going South	Leave Going North	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc. Tues. Thur. and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc. to Winnipeg. Mon. Wed. and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thurs.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon. and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East		15 10 West
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.		8 20	15 45
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed. Thur. and Sat.		8 20	
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed. Fri. and Sat.			16 40

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BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG,
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 President, D. Smith; 1st Vice-Pres., E. Cass; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. O. Genest, Rec. Sec., R. F. Hinds; Asst. Sec., J. L. Hughes; Fin. Sec., D. F. Allman; Treas., W. Jordan; Marshall, W. J. O'Neil; Guard, L. F. X. Hart; Trustees: G. Germain, L. O. Genest, P. Shea, G. Gladnisch, M. Conway.

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TIME TABLE.
 BETWEEN WINNIPEG.

	DEPART.	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points daily, east and west	1 45 p.m.	1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon. Wed. Fri.	10 45 a.m.	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues. Thurs. Sat.		4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon. Wed. Fri.	4 30 p.m.	11 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues. Thurs. Sat.		10 35 a.m.