

CURRENT COMMENT

The Catholic Visitor, of Richmond, Va., reproduces without acknowledgment our "Two Authentic Anecdotes" about Saratoga for Canossa, and "Nimive" for "Venise." Doubtless our contemporary supposed that these anecdotes were borrowed from some other paper. But they were not. We got them at first hand, and could give the names of both the blunders. Let us seize this opportunity to say that anything that appears in the Northwest Review without being credited to any other paper is original. Jokes are no exception. If the Catholic Standard and Times has a weekly department of original jokes, which are copied even into our Manitoba secular papers, why shouldn't we have a little joke factory of our own?

This applies also to reports of entertainments, meetings, speeches or sermons. Some of our readers have remarked that our reports were just the same as those which had appeared in the Free Press or Telegram several days before. If they are exactly the same and are not credited to those papers, then our readers may be sure the reports were drawn up by a member of our staff, and in publishing them as our own we are merely claiming our own property and reprinting it in order that it may remain on record, since few people keep the daily papers on file, whereas many save up all the numbers of their Catholic journal. A case in point is the report of Father Drummond's sermon last Sunday. That report appeared in Monday's Free Press, but it was the work of one of our regular contributors who drew it up with a view to our columns.

The Tribune's report of the same sermon, though much shorter, was a remarkably good specimen of accurate condensation. To condense without distorting, to summarize and yet to set forth faithfully the gist of a discourse, to emphasize its strong points, these are rare qualities in a reporter and ought to single him out for special commendation. However either he or the printer made one important slip. The concluding sentence should read: "The Virgin Mary, was truthfully the Mother of God" (not merely "of Jesus," as the Tribune report reads, which is so obvious that no one denies it), "for though strictly she imparted to Him only the humanity of His nature, still her motherhood terminated in a divine person."

A very suggestive article and one that ought to be read by all professors of the sacred science is "Progress in Theology," by the Rev. James J. Fox, D.D. It was delivered before the Literary Society of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, and is now printed in the current number of the "Catholic World." Dr. Fox, who is one of the shining lights of the Catholic University of America, has already made his mark as a deep thinker and brilliant writer, quite unlike certain professors of theology who are completely out of touch with the age in which we live. "The great masters of other days," he writes, "were careful to keep their eye on the needs of their times; they spoke to their own age, in its own language, and therein chiefly lay the secret of their success. If we are to take them for our guides, we must imitate their method in this point, and neglecting what has but an occasional value, translate the enduring doctrine into language understood of our own times."

Speaking of the flexibility of the Church's teaching, Father Fox says: "Divine truth is a living principle; the Church is not an organism whose cycle of development and growth has already terminated in the rigidity and torpor of old age. Her mission is for all time. And the doctrine of which she is the custodian is capable of adapting itself to every condition and phase of human thought; yet, because it is infinite, it can be adequately and exhaustively apprehended by none. Shining on the generations of men, as the sun upon the current of a mighty river, it remains the same though its reflection varies with the changing moods of the passing waters." This is another way of expressing the idea which Tennyson puts into Cardinal Pole's mouth (Queen Mary, Act III., scene 4):

I have seen
A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood
The pine—
The cataract shook the shadow. To
my mind
The cataract typed the headlong
plunge and fall
Of heresy to the pit: the pine was
Rome.
You see, my Lords,
It was the shadow of the Church
that trembled;
Your church was but the shadow
of a church.

Father Fox thus describes the reaction against unbelief: "While the influence of Kant has begotten in the modern mind a distrust of our objective demonstrations of the great basic truths of religion, it has proportionately exalted the great moral argument. And the very excesses of Agnosticism have brought men to see more clearly that unless we take the Christian valuation, the dignity and importance of man disappear from a life that is no longer worth living. The exaltation of Positivism has already generated a reaction. The conviction is becoming general that, after all, man liveth not by science alone; that he is something more than an inductive logical machine; that the intellectual faculty is not commensurate with the human soul; that what is best and noblest in us are the aspirations after a good about which science knows nothing; and that to refuse to make an act of belief in certain truths which we can neither support by mathematical demonstration nor verify by experimental proof is at once intellectual suicide and the demolition of morality. Now, this frame of mind is one which offers an easy approach to Faith."

Rev. Father Lietart, C.S.S.R., of Brandon, has lately discovered at Whitewood an ingenious scheme for insinuating heresy under the guise of Catholicism. Book agents have been selling a work which, at first sight, looks like a pious Catholic book. It is a large volume of more than 600 pages, profusely illustrated with such pictures as may be seen in Catholic Family Bibles, and bearing the apparently harmless title, "Lectures pour la Famille." To prospective buyers who inquire if it is a Catholic book, the agent replies: "Yes, it is written for Catholics." So it is, but in order gradually to lead them to that extreme form of Protestantism which goes back to the Jewish Sabbath and insists that it should be observed, not on Sunday, but on Saturday, and which looks forward to the millenium. In a word, this harmless looking book teems with the errors of the Seventh Day Adventists. We have before us the French edition, but there are other editions in English and other languages. It is a masterpiece of diabolical insinuation. In the first part of the work many passages seem fairly Catholic in tone; then, by little and little, heretical doubts

are broached with consummate skill; finally, at page 455, the author, whoever he may be, boldly throws off his mask of Catholic piety and praises the Adventists. The rest of the book riots in the most absurd ultra-Protestant tenets, such as the metaphorical explanation of "This is my Body," the denial of heaven to the just till after the general resurrection, and the complete annihilation of the wicked, who, according to this book, instead of suffering for ever in hell, will be simply burnt up like straw and reduced to utter nothingness.

A book like the one we have just described helps largely to account for the popular anti-Catholic view of Jesuitism. The contrast between this view and the real doctrine and practice of the Jesuits always seemed to us an impenetrable mystery until we got to know several propagators of Protestantism who have all the characteristics of the Jesuit of fiction: craft, cunning, duplicity, insidiousness. It immediately dawned upon us that these men were the creators of the popular Protestant notion of the Jesuit; all they had to do was to draw on their own inner consciousness, their own methods and experience. They simply ascribed to their opponents the vices of which they felt themselves guilty. They could paint in vivid hues because they were so familiar with the scenery. This book—"Lectures pour la Famille"—is written by one or probably many Jesuits of this Protestant stamp, unknown among the real followers of Loyola, but very common in the ranks of their maligners.

We trust these few remarks will suffice to put Catholics on their guard against the poison so deftly hidden in such books. No well informed Catholic would buy a professedly religious book that did not bear the approval of some Catholic Bishop or at least the imprint of some Catholic book firm; but many people are not well informed and may, if not forewarned, be entrapped into buying a book of this kind for the sake of the pious pictures it contains.

The Morning Telegram has not yet retracted its slander about confession to a priest leading to the detection of a murder. We mean to keep refreshing its memory on that point.

The Free Press published, on Monday last, what purported to be an extract from His Grace Archbishop Langevin's sermon last Sunday. This extract, the publication of which the Archbishop did not authorize or approve, is only partially correct, it omits qualifying clauses of the greatest importance. It places in juxtaposition two ideas which were distinctly separated in the original: "Any" (which should, of course, be "every") man is bound to vote according to his conscience; but in any matter pertaining to the conscience, the duty of a Roman Catholic is to follow the directions of his priest." This collocation of two separate ideas would lead one to infer that a Catholic should always consult his priest before voting on any question whatever. This, His Grace authorizes us to say, is ridiculous and was never taught by him. In matters that have no bearing on faith or morals the Archbishop holds, with all the Church, that Catholic voters may please themselves, though they should always vote according to their conscience. But on questions where Catholic interests are at stake, all Catholic voters should unite to defend those interests, and the bond of union between them should very naturally be the common opinion of their clergy whose duty it is to enlighten the consciences of the laity.

The following from the Winnipeg Tribune expresses the common Catholic doctrine that, in cases of extreme want, the rights of exclusive property lapse for the moment, and all goods become common property:—

"Cardinal Manning once created a warm controversy by saying that it was not morally wrong for a man to take bread which was the property of some one else, if he needed it to keep himself from starving. A similar view seems to be held by an American court, judging from the following dispatch:—"

Toledo, O., Jan. 13.—The workhouse board has issued an order setting at liberty all prisoners held for stealing coal from the railway yards and tracks. No prosecutions for coal thefts will be recognized by the board during the coal famine.

The report we publish this week of the last University Council meeting is more complete than any other that has appeared elsewhere. Moreover, it presents many important statements which were minimized or omitted in the other reports.

The cheerful cable liar got in some of his fine work last week anent the death of Cardinal Parocchi, saying that the Pope had removed him from the post of vice-chancellor because he was too much addicted to posing as Leo XIII.'s probable successor. Then the cable fictionist noted with wicked glee the haste with which Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli was appointed to succeed Cardinal Parocchi the day after the latter's death. For those who know the late Cardinal's modesty and humility this canard is impossible to swallow, and, as to the haste in appointing a successor, an unjaundiced mind would see in that only another proof of the Holy Father's strict attention to business. The vice-chancellor being practically the Bishop of Rome, the Pope cannot afford to allow this office to remain vacant.

Would that all lies were as quickly nailed as was that fake interview of La Presse with Mr. J. B. Lauzon. On Tuesday the Free Press gloated over the supposed fact that the ex-M.P. for St. Boniface had predicted the approaching downfall of Premier Roblin. On Wednesday, the 21st, the Telegram published a despatch embodying these words of Le Journal: "Mr. Lauzon authorizes us to say that he never expressed any opinion on the coming elections in Manitoba."

Clerical News

His Lordship Bishop Breynat, O. M. I., who left Dawson the day after Christmas, arrived here on the 16th, went out to St. Norbert the same day, returning that evening, and left on the 17th for Rat Portage, where he stayed over on his way to Montreal, whence he will proceed to Paris; he will be in Rome in time for the Holy Father's jubilee festivities. The Very Rev. A. Dugas, V. G., accompanied Mgr. Breynat and will visit friends in the province of Quebec.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface held an ordination service in his private chapel last Sunday at 5.30 a.m., for three Trappists. Rev. Brother Etienne was tonsured, Rev. Father Louis de Gonzague received the subdeaconship and Rev. Father Sebastien the deaconship. The Very Rev. Father Louis, prior of the St. Norbert monastery, as-

sisted the Archbishop. At the ten o'clock High Mass in the cathedral the Father Prior was celebrant, Father Sebastien deacon, Father Louis de Gonzague subdeacon, and thus the principal ceremonies were all performed by Trappists. His Grace preached an eloquent sermon on the Holy Name of Jesus.

Rev. Fathers Jolys and Cherrier took the train for the south on the 18th inst. The bronchial affection from which Father Jolys suffers made this southern journey imperative. The travellers intend to visit Bermuda, Florida, New Mexico and perhaps Mexico.

Rev. Dr. Trudel, whose "Cloches de Saint-Boniface" have now become a weekly, has been appointed Secretary of the Archives of the cathedral and chaplain of the new community in the Maison-Chapelle.

Rev. E. Proulx, S. J., after leaving St. Pierre on the 15th inst., went to St. Norbert and thence on the 16th to Letellier, where he took all the services of Sunday last, singing High Mass, preaching and giving Vespers. He returned to St. Boniface last Monday.

His Grace and several of the clergy drove back from St. Pierre forty miles on the 15th inst. The weather was then comparatively mild, so that the long, five-hour drive was thoroughly enjoyed.

Rome, Jan. 12.—The Pope signed a brief to-day by which hereafter the Catholic University at Washington will be under the jurisdiction of the Congregation of Studies, presided over by Cardinal Sattoli.

At the same time the Pope signed a brief appointing Mgr. De O'Connell rector of the Catholic University at Washington.

HENDERSON-BEAUBIEN.

On the 13th inst., in St. Mary's church, at a nuptial Mass, Mr. A. L. Beaubien, manager for Mr. Frank Marriaggi, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Cecilia Henderson, of this city, by Rev. Father McCarthy, O. M. I. Many friends foregathered to grace the happy event. After the Mass, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Beaubien and their numerous guests assembled in one of the charming grottoes of the Alexandra to do honor to the wedding breakfast. Among the guests were Messrs. Howell, Ross, Marriaggi, L. P. Beaubien and others. Mr. L. P. Beaubien, brother of the bridegroom, Mr. Ross, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Marriaggi toasted the newly married couple in felicitous language, to which Mr. A. L. Beaubien responded feelingly. A little before 2 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Beaubien took the train for St. Jean, where Mr. Aime Beaubien, father of the groom, welcomed them with a host of friends and well-wishers, entertaining them with a banquet, musical and other rejoicings. The next day the happy couple left for St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago and other American towns. Our best wishes accompany them.

Take courage, poor hearts; commence again to smile and devote yourself. If men make no return, either through forgetfulness, inability, or indifference, so much the better! God will reward you in Heaven; and is not God's recompense worth more than that of men?

Young Woman's Corner

MAD RIVER.

In the White Mountains.

TRAVELLER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet, nameless and unknown,
Was I as first resembling
A little child that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs
Of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall
I plunged and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me mad, and well they may,
When full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge
Away
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating,
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.
—Atlantic Monthly, May, 1882.

GOOD MANNERS.

There is nothing more engaging than genuine good manners. Indeed what else is there at a first introduction to judge by but the manners. Good books are deceiving. Good clothes may be worn by the most worthless person. Good manners too, may be put on and taken off like any piece of wearing apparel, but the average individual is not likely to be deceived by superficial good manners. And here is the point: Superficial manners are mere mannerisms. Many a person with the most elaborate manner has not good manners. An idea contained in good manners is good breeding, which gives the idea of training of some kind. Either school and home training or self discipline.

There are instances of good manners that cannot be accounted for. Now and again young men or girls brought up under the most unfavorable influences to produce good manners deport themselves perfectly. We say they have naturally good manners, whereas it would seem most unnatural, under the circumstances. This question can be left to the psychologists. Our duty is to cultivate good manners.

There is nothing so tiresome as a display of manners worn like some flimsy scarf that blows here and there with the wind, hitting one passer-by and missing the next.

It is the mind and heart that produce good manners. A cultivated mind and kind heart should make perfect manners, but the fact of the matter is that a kind heart alone has been sufficient in many instances to award its owner the title of lady or gentleman. The keynote to good manners is simplicity. Good manners are the expression of kind thoughts, forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness of others.

It is a case of do not do many things, much more than of do many things. A thing that must be done is to listen when talked to. Do not interrupt to give your opinion until the other person is finished. Perhaps by that time you will have discovered that it will not matter if you never give it at all.

Learn to sit at repose. Do not loll. It is disrespectful to the company you are in and pronounces you had mannered.

Be always ready to wait on the elderly. Do not make nor listen to a joke that has any savor of coarseness. In fact do not say nor do anything that you need feel ashamed to have any one hear of.

Be respectful always of others rights and privileges. There is a prying tendency in this age that is most disrespectful and does more to destroy good manners than anything else.

These are only a few recommendations for good manners that, if practised, will lead to greater and higher things in the art.

AMICA.

Brandon Notes

Mr. C. J. Flanagan, of Prince Albert, has been calling on friends in the city.

Mr. Archie Herriott, of Souris, is attending the Normal.

Mr. Anthony Sliro, of Manor, Assa., is in the city en route to Winnipeg, where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. Cameron, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. F. C. Paterson, 11th street, is seriously ill. Little hope of her recovery is entertained.

The pedro party to be given by the C.M.B.A. on Thursday evening promises to be a great success. The members and their friends anticipate an enjoyable time.

The Ladies of Mercy held a meeting on Sunday afternoon and among other things decided to call a mass meeting of the ladies of the parish on the 2nd of February for the purpose of beginning work for the bazaar to be held in November.

Mrs. F. W. Gill is visiting her old home in Winnipeg.

HELP THE WORLD ALONG.

If every little boy and girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kindly deed would do,
The world would be so gay.

No matter where you chanced to go
You'd never see a tear;
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Pass through life with a song,
If each one did his level best
To help the world along?

The wrong things then would soon
be right:
So try to do or say
One kindly deed, one loving word:
Begin this very day.
—S. S. Advocate.

JUVENILE DEFINITIONS.

Gleams from a recent examination in the San Francisco schools:
"Define fathom and form a sentence with it."
"A fathom is six feet. A fly has fathom."
"Define species."

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"Species is kind. A boy must be species to his mother."
"Define odorless."
"Odorless is without scent. A man who is odorless cannot ride in the car."—Pacific Unitarian.

TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME

Lettie S. Bigelow.

Of the hard and weary loads
"Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife,
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe,
The lips of Pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that never come.

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There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.
—"Zion's Herald."

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Cor. St. Mary and Hargrave Sts.
RECTOR—Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I.
ASSISTANTS—Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I., Rev. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.
SACRISTAN—Rev. B. Doyle, O.M.I.
SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and 8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sunday School at 2.30. Baptism from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and Benediction at 7.15.

WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass
In summer time at 6.30 and 7.30.
In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Austin St., near C.P.R. Station.
Pastor, REV. A. A. CHERRIER.
SUNDAYS—Low Mass, with short instruction, 8.30 a.m.
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.
On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

HOLY GHOST CHURCH.

315 Selkirk Ave.

PARISH PRIEST—Rev. J. W. Kullawy, O.M.I. Assistant priest, Rev. J. Cordes, O.M.I.

SUNDAYS—Low Mass, 8 a.m. High Mass with sermon in German, 9.30 a.m. High Mass with sermon in Polish, 11 a.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. Vespers and Benediction, 7.30 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 6 and 8.30 a.m.

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.

Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A.

for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

BRANCH 163, WINNIPEG.

Meets in the Immaculate Conception school room on 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. A. A. Cherrier, President, R. McKenna; First Vice-Pres., P. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-Pres.; J. Schmidt; Rec. Sec., J. Markinski, 180 Austin St.; Assis. Rec. Sec. A. Picard; Financial Secretary, J. L. Manning; Treasurer, J. Shaw; Marshal, F. Welnitz; Guard, Geo. Alt-mayer; Trustees, J. Shaw, N. Bergeron, J. Markinski, R. McKenna, J. E. Manning.

BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG.

Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Sts., every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

Chancellor—Bro. E. J. Bawlf. President—Bro. W. F. Brownrigg. 1st Vice-President—Bro. P. O'Donnell. 2nd Vice-President—Bro. W. J. Kiely. Rec. Secretary—Bro. R. F. Hinds, 364 Alexander Avenue. Assist. Secretary—Bro. M. A. McCommack. Fin. Secretary—Bro. D. F. Allman, 270 Colony St. Treasurer—Bro. W. Jordan. Marshal—Bro. J. H. O'Connor. Guard—Bro. H. Brownrigg. Trustees—Bros. G. Gladuish, R. Murphy, M. Conway, M. A. McCommack, and P. Shea. Spiritual Adviser—Rev. Father Guillette, P.P.

ST. MARY'S COURT, No. 276

Catholic Order of Foresters

Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday in Trades Hall, Fould's Block, at 8.30 p.m.

Chief Ranger, I. O. Genest; Vice-C. R., E. R. Dowdall, R. S., F. W. Russell; F.S., J. P. Raleigh; Treas., J. J. MacDonald; Representative to State Court, T. D. Deegan; Alternate, E. Dowdall.

(In Faith and Friendship)

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Chats with Young Men

Before proceeding with my subject for this week I have a little secret to communicate to my readers. Each of you must have noticed that when writing in the various themes dealt with hitherto in these Chats I have approached them with the air of one authorized to do so by his wide experience in the ways of men, or of one, at least, basing his admonitions on the groundwork of sager counsels. I would fain continue to reap the benefit of this fond delusion, if such it has been, only that I fear discovery in the present issue, seeing that I select for treatment Tact, a theme for the discussion of which I feel so inadequate that I seek as my only reward for writing on it the sweetness that comes from open confession, and that wisely, too, before my boldness is disclosed. Yet, if anything I say shall awaken young men to the importance of this mystic grace I shall have a second and greater reward in having planted early in their garden of success an ornamental tree which, cultivated and pruned through life, will often lend its subtle shades to hide their failings from the ardor of public scrutiny.

What is tact? Rather what is it not? It is everything, so multi-form are the means it employs to turn a bad situation to advantage. It is a peculiar gift ever on the alert which prompts men having a losing cause to say an apt word, maintain a studious silence, shift an affirmed position, yield a contested point, or adopt some such means of ready resource which will either turn victory to their side or gain for them the most that opportunity and appropriate tactics could procure. From this it is evident that the weapons of tact are wielded with force proportionate to one's ability to seize a situation or read the minds against which those weapons are directed. Certain it is, then that to be tactful one must be wide awake, observant, quick to judge and penetrating. A knowledge of human nature, too, embracing as it does a familiarity with the lines along which men think, their associations of ideas, the influences which bear on them, the glitter that appeal to them, the vanities that lurk in them, and which cause them to stumble over cracks,—this knowledge is dark-lantern to the tactful man.

Is tact a gift of nature or the fruit of cultivation and study? To be sure nature holds all degrees of it in her gift. She endows some men so liberally that their tact covers a multitude of defective measures of more substantial qualities. Hence it is that sometimes we see men of tact great leaders, while men having better brains hold the rank of lieutenants and do the real work and brilliant thinking. But tact is more often the reward of observation and conscious effort. Even nature's contribution may better be considered an extraordinary aptitude for improving by experience. At any rate we are concerned more with the means of cultivating tact and will devote our remarks to that issue.

How is tact to be cultivated? That can hardly be answered in a general way. The means to be adopted differ with individuals. One is of a nervous or excitable temperament and approaches persons in a blundering, fermenting way, which betrays lack of confidence in one's own proposal. That person should think out a very terse simple form of presenting his proposition so as not to have words defeating his earnest attempts to gather together and control his nerves. Another person tends to volubility. He should take a like exercise to impress his auditors with the value of time to all concerned. In actual dealings, however, tact is more often called in where differences or obstacles exist. Tact is patient. It waits until the other person is finished speaking so that thought may be indulged in while that person is disclosing his position and proposition. Where obstacles exist and either or both sides must advance to their removal tact elicits the best offer the other person will make and, with that as a standing proposition, offers a plausible counter-proposition smacking of fairness but yielding

less its purpose to secure a small advantage. Here too comes in penetration. Dispositions play a significant part in bargains. Some men will discuss, but will not argue; others will argue and will dispute. If it is to your advantage to conclude a deal in some way, it is therefore well to know when to seal a bargain. Again, when tempers are aroused much tact is required. What form it should take depends on your insight into the situation; with some men you will find it well to appear calm, and at other times a trifle startled; with others your point will be gained by manifesting a little mettle, always, of course, keeping control of your reason. When your silence permits an opponent to think in favor of your proposition, be silent; when your talk holds his thoughts in your favor, talk; or when even your words confuse him or prevent his thinking against you, still talk. Tact thus is a weapon of art.

There is, however, a broader and gentler task for the exercise of this precious gift. It is that of holding friends and organizing and leading men. So often do misunderstandings arise and actual grievances loom up between friends, allies and members of the same party that it requires an alert and versatile tempered mind to keep all within their ranks. A look, a word, a smile, a timely concession or apology,—all are secrets of strength with those who retain their friends or lead parties.

Enough points have been hinted at, however, to lay bare to my readers the necessity of cultivating tact. All I would emphasize now is the necessity of diligent self-study and rigid self-discipline in order to improve this most necessary weapon of success. When you fail to gain a point, you usually can see on reflection where you might have bettered your case by some word or tactic. When a similar opportunity presents itself, avail yourself of the judgment you pronounced upon your last failure and adopt a different method. When finally, from many failures you learn a successful treatment for a situation, you have made a conquest in the mastery of tact. By persevering endeavor and by constant observation of the methods employed to gain their points, by men of every craft and condition, you will be able to adapt the fruits of your observation to your own necessities.

In conclusion I must express the hope that no young man feels that effort along this line can fail to achieve the desired results. The most awkward in manner and speech, by persevering study, may become graceful and tactful. Moreover, the knowledge of one's self thus gained is a source of strength and confidence, a contributor of force to character. There is no need for rush,—years await your perseverance, each with its weight of experience. If you have acquired a fair degree of tact by the time you have reached manly years, success is almost assured you. Whether you enter mercantile or professional life or aspire to leadership in the field of politics, and even if you are content with the more simple, more happy and more quiet paths of private life, tact will smooth your path. FINEM RESPICE.

MINERAL WATER IN FORM OF ICE.

A novel project has been put forth in Wisconsin for the sale in the form of ice of mineral water, and a company has been formed to exploit it. It is proposed to dispose of the water in this form so as to save to the consumer the cost of the ice ordinarily bought to cool the various mineral waters as sold now in bottles and cans. Ordinarily the ice to cool mineral waters, as kept in tanks, business offices, clubs, hotels and homes, costs more than the water itself, and it is proposed to cut in half the cost of water, ice and freight and distributing charges. The idea is not a new one, having been proposed several years ago, when a company was almost upon the point of forming to carry it out. In the first place, ice will be made of the spring water, retaining all the original mineral properties, the water melting in the consumer's tank and returning to its natural form as pure as when taken from the spring. The ice can be furnished, it is declared, at less cost than the water, as the

cost of shipping ice from the Wisconsin lakes to Milwaukee and Chicago is 3½ cents a hundred pounds, while the cost of shipping water is 7 cents for the same weight. The ice, it is claimed, will be as valuable as a refrigerant as any ice, and in the home will do service in the ordinary family refrigerator, the melting ice furnishing pure water for drinking purposes, if the ice chamber is kept clean, and for the same price as ice manufactured from distilled water.

STARVED VENEZUELAN SOLDIERS.

By A. Pasteur in January Donahoe's.

From my hotel in Caracas I could see the ragged starved boys called soldiers, bearing the yellow government flag of Castro, symbol of a pest-house rather than of a civilized government. The people of South America must eventually tire of revolution and corrupt government. Already the men on the streets in Barcelona, La Guayra, Caracas, Valencia and the rich cities of Venezuela are grumbling over the internal and interminable revolutions. Under the aegis of the Monroe Doctrine the Venezuelans take every kind of advantage both of America and Europe. They know we will never allow a European country to take an aggressive attitude or proceed to colonize in the western hemisphere; they also are adepts at the diplomatic art of playing off one government against another. The Turk alone is equal to the Venezuelan statesman in the fine art of international deceit.

A FAMOUS CONVERT.

By Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., in January Donahoe's.

Paul Bourget, another famous convert, a descendant of a Russian father and of an English mother, was born in the busy city of Amiens, in 1852. Bourget was noted in his early youth for an enthusiastic love of travel and for an insatiable desire of reading. He enjoyed nothing more than visiting different cities, studying their history, their monuments, and the local peculiarities of the people. At the same time he was an omnivorous reader, and was nearly always seen with a book in his hand or under his arm. He was especially fond of English and French poetry, of fiction and of philosophy. At the College de Sainte Barbe in Paris, he carried off several prizes on account of his excellence in writing and of his thorough scholarship.

He entered the arena of letters as a writer of poems. "La Vie inquiete" was not a success, it was stilted in style, and superficial in conception. In 1883 he publishes "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine." This immediately made him famous. It struck the popular fancy and was greeted with approval by the critics. He added fresh laurels to those already won by "Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine" and by "Etudes et Portraits."

PROTESTANTISM.

The following acrostic is reproduced from the "Living Church," leading organ of the "advanced party" in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country:—

Poor profession, mere denial,
Rising not above negation;
Of no use in time of trial,
Tearing Church, befouling Nation,
Ever carping, sniffing, snarling,
Scenting wrong in all that's right;
Truth thy bugbear, strife thy darling,
Always butting black for bright,
Now protesting, now reviling,
Tampering with the Church's name,
Indolent, on error smiling,
Seeming dead to Christian shame,
Most un-Christian is thy fame.

Many works seem full of charity; but as the order of discretion is not in them, so God is not in them.—St. Antoninus.

Ah, if you knew how to pray, and if you loved to pray, how good, useful, fruitful and meritorious would be your life.

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(As it should be spelled).....
Paper has been going to.....
Send it now to.....
(Write name and address very plainly).

There are some triumphant defeats of which Victory herself might be jealous.

Northwest Review

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SATURDAY, JAN 24, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

JANUARY.

- 25—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
The Holy Family.
- 26—Monday—St. Polycarp, Martyr.
- 27—Tuesday—St. John Chrysos-
tom, Bishop, Doctor.
- 28—Wednesday—The Chair of St.
Peter in Rome.
- 29—Thursday—St. Francis of Sales,
Bishop, Doctor.
- 30—Friday—St. Martina, Virgin,
Martyr.
- 31—Saturday—St. Peter Nolasco,
Confessor.

WHAT MR. CARNEGIE OUGHT TO DO WITH HIS MONEY.

Says the (Washington, D. C.)
"New Century," of Jan. 10:—

"It is not a decent thing to look
a gift horse in the mouth. But, as
Mr. Andrew Carnegie has not es-
pecially benefited us by his Free
Library, we shall continue to count
its teeth and to give him advice.
If Mr. Carnegie desires to do a
work of charity which will endear
him to the American public, let
him make the great hospitals so
independent that the rich and the
poor can be treated exactly on the
same basis. This is impossible when
hospitals are forced to struggle
along from hand to mouth, wait-
ing each year for endowments, pub-
lic or private, which may or not
come.

"Mr. Carnegie need not endow a
new hospital. That would be super-
fluous. Let him put twenty of the
best hospitals in the country into
an independent position, on condi-
tion that no charge is made to any-
body for the ordinary comforts and
the necessary delicacies that the
sick require—and that "up-to-date"
wards for consumptives be added.
There is scarcely a hospital, out-
side of one or two very richly en-
dowed ones, that could exist, if it
were not for the devotion of phy-
sicians, who give more for nothing
and receive less thanks than any
class of men with the exception of
clergymen. An absolutely free hos-
pital can be created by a very gen-
erous endowment, and this it is in
Mr. Carnegie's power to make. Or,
if this does not chime with his
ideas, why not endow a perfect hos-
pital for consumptives? Libraries
are all very well, but nearly every
city worthy of the name will soon-
er or later provide itself with books
and, besides, ten books owned by a
man who has bought them himself
are worth more to him than a hun-
dred that belong to somebody else.
Mr. Carnegie would publicly admit
this, if he is of his countryman's,
Carlyle's, way of thinking.

"Hospitals,—free hospitals,—and
homes for old persons, who would
rather die than proclaim themselves
paupers, are much more needed
than libraries filled not wholly with
the intellectual wealth of the ages,
but with much undigested trash. If
Mr. Carnegie and St. Vincent de
Paul could only communicate with
each other!"

We heartily endorse our thought-
ful contemporary's idea. We have

always held that Mr. Carnegie's li-
brary endowments showed a la-
mentable lack of judgment. For
one serious student who may im-
prove his mind in a free library
there are a hundred triflers who
will dissipate their mental powers
in desultory and often in positively
harmful reading. With the utter
absence of definite standards of
truth and morality which charac-
terizes the average collectors of
books for public libraries and the
equally utter absence of all effective
control over the choice of books by
the young and inexperienced read-
er, most free non-Catholic libraries,
far from subserving the legitimate
ends of true education, are hotbeds
of intellectual error and moral de-
generacy.

Against the New Century's wise
preference for hospitals Mr. Car-
negie can allege no reasonable fear of
encouraging idleness by promiscu-
ous almsdeeds. The sick must be
idle, must be helped. Ministering
to them is the noblest of the cor-
poral works of mercy and one that
wins more gratitude than any
other form of charity. It is pass-
ing strange that a shrewd business
man like Mr. Carnegie should have
concentrated his gigantic energy on
so thankless and subjectively so un-
remunerative a scattering of his
millions and should have overlook-
ed the splendid opportunity of win-
ning the love of untold thousands
of his fellow-sufferers—for he is,
himself, we understand, a prey to a
distressing disease—by endowing
free hospitals. Surely even he must
crave for human sympathy and
gratitude. Yet what a paltry mo-
dicum thereof he gleans from his
lad for dotting the world with an
omnium gatherum of third-rate
books! And his choice is doubly
strange and melancholy in that he
is one of the benighted throng that
has neither faith nor hope in the
world of eternal realities, which is
taken for granted or proved by the
best books.

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Father Drummond's Sermon Sum-
marized—The Name of Jesus
Teaches Reverence, Obe-
dience, Love.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., al-
ter announcing that a collection
would be taken up for the Catholic
schools, preached last Sunday even-
ing from the text: "Let this mind
be in you, which was also in Christ
Jesus, Who, being in the form of
God, thought it not robbery to be
equal with God, but emptied Him-
self, taking the form of a servant,
being made in the likeness of men,
and in habit found as a man. He
humbled Himself, becoming obedi-
ent unto death, even to the death
of the cross. For which cause God
also hath exalted Him, and hath
given Him a name which is above
all names; that in the name of
Jesus every knee should bow of
them that are in heaven, on earth
and under the earth, and that every
tongue should confess that the Lord
Jesus Christ is in the glory of God
the Father." Phil. ii, 5-11. The
Rev. Father said the name repre-
sents the character and deeds of the
person. It is in this sense that the
Catholic Church devotes the second
Sunday after Epiphany to honor-
ing the name of Jesus. In the text
chosen two things are noticeable at
the outset with regard to this holy
name. The first is that in the name
of Jesus every knee should bow, of
them that are in heaven, on earth
and under the earth. And here he
might be allowed to say that the
ordinary Protestant version is not
quite correct when it says, "Of the
things that are in heaven." Both
in the Latin and the Greek text,
no substantive is expressed, but the
substantive that is understood is
the one already expressed, "every
knee shall bow"; it is more correct,
as in the Catholic version to say,
"of them that are in heaven," etc.
With regard to the bowing of the
knee, the only church in which this
practice is literally carried out is
the Catholic Church. "We bow the
knee, or genuflect," said the rever-
end speaker, "in the presence of
Jesus; and it is a common prac-
tice with the laity to bow the head
when that holy name is uttered."

The second remarkable thing to
be noticed in this text is that
Christ humbled himself unto the
death of the cross. Nowhere are
the humiliations of the cross so
much made of as in the Catholic
Church.

Now let us suppose an inquirer,
who knows nothing about Chris-
tianity, taking up this passage, be-
cause he has been told that it con-
tains the highest expression of the
spirit of Christianity. His first
question will be.

Who Wrote the Words?

And when he is told that they were
written by the Apostle Paul he will
naturally examine into the histor-
ical proofs that Paul existed. These
proofs he will find in the early
writers of Christianity, in such
men as Irenaeus in the second cen-
tury, who knew men who had
known Paul, and therefore was sepa-
rated from him by only one genera-
tion. But our inquirer might ob-
ject that there is a great deal of
doubt expressed by what is called
higher criticism as to the authen-
ticity of this and other texts. To
this we should reply that the
doubts of higher critics when un-
supported by arguments ought not
to shake one's confidence in histor-
ical tradition. Besides this there is
the broad fact that such passages
as this have transformed the world.
Nothing could be more contrary to
the spirit of crucifixion and of
obedience here expressed than the
cruelty and lust which were the
dominant features of the Roman
empire at the time when Paul
wrote these words; and yet that
Roman empire was by these very
words and others like them, con-
verted to the worship of Christ
Jesus.

However, the inquirer might not
be content with this, but would go
on to say that these things may
have been well enough for past
ages, but are not worthy of the en-
lightenment of the 20th century. To
this a very obvious answer can be
given. Is not the 20th century in-
clined to overrate itself? Is not it
an unscientific temper of mind to
imagine that there was no intellect
and no learning in the days which
Greece has made immortal, and in
many respect unapproachable? It
was only a few months ago that
tablets were unearthed in the re-
gion of Babylonia, showing that the
textbooks of the schools of that
country, five thousand years ago,
were much more advanced in arith-
metic than our own text books are
now. For instance our multiplica-
tion table, even the most improv-
ed, does not go beyond 20 times
20, while the Babylonian children,
5,000 years ago, went as far as 60
times 60. Other similar examples
might be given which show that
learning and intellect did not begin
in the recent centuries, and there-
fore that we should not despise old
things simply because they are old.

Follow His Example.

The preacher went on to show
how Christ practiced obedience as
a model to us. If we wish to par-
take of His spirit we must follow
His example and observe His com-
mandments. He also teaches us
reverence for His holy name. In
order to be reverent one must know
what that name implies; namely,
the union of two natures, the
divine and the human, in one per-
sonality. Many, without being
aware of it, are Arians, because
they do not really believe that
Christ has a divine nature. For in-
stance, Rev. John Watson, in his
recently published "Life of the Mas-
ter," speaks of Christ as realizing
His mission on the day of His bap-
tism. This shows that the author
is an Arian without being aware of
it. A true Christian would recog-
nize that Christ, being God, knew
all things, past, present and future,
at the very first moment of His
existence. Again, many, without
being aware of it, are Nestorians.
Nestorius split up the personality
of Christ into two. He said there
were two persons, one divine and
one human. This completely des-
troys the unity of the atonement.
If there is to be any redemption it
must be wrought by a person who
is both divine and human—divine in
order that his expiation may have
infinite value; human in order that
that expiation may be real. Thus
to divide the Christ is to destroy
all Christianity. Now, whosoever
refuses to the mother of Christ the
title of mother of God, is necessari-
ly a Nestorian; because there is
but one person in Christ, the se-
cond person of the Trinity, God;
and the mother of any human be-
ing is always the mother of the
person, though she is, strictly

speaking, only the mother of the
body. This, of course, does not
imply that Mary is the mother of
the divine nature. It merely in-
sists upon the fact that her moth-
erhood terminates in a divine person.
In order to have this reverence be-
sides faith there must also be love.
In this respect Christ has been won-
derfully successful. He has succeed-
ed in winning the love of men more
than any other being ever did.
There are at the beginning of this
twentieth century more men and
more women who really love Him
and follow in His steps and would
be glad to die for Him, than there
were in the first ages of Christiani-
ty. These feelings are well express-
ed in the Church's hymn for this
feast.

The preacher concluded by read-
ing a translation of the hymn,
"Jesu, Dulcis Memoria," into Eng-
lish verse with close imitation of
the Latin rhythm, by Rev. H. T.
Henry, of Overbrook Seminary,
Philadelphia.

At Mass in St. Mary's yesterday
morning Mr. James Stack played
a cornet solo, "Viking," by Paul
Rodney. In the evening the musical
service started with a trio, of
Verdi, "Jesu Dei Vivi," and in-
cluded a soprano solo, "O Salutaris,"
by Miss Bessie Simpson; a tenor
solo by Mr. James Perkins, "Sanctus,"
from Cooke's "Messe Solenne-
lle," and a chorus by the choir,
"Tantum Ergo," Lambillotte.

THE UNIVERSITY AND BRAN- DON COLLEGE.

On Thursday afternoon, the 15th
inst., a meeting of the University
Council was held which may have
an important bearing on the future
of the University. In the spring of
last year the Municipal Council,
the Board of Trade, and the School
Board of the City of Brandon united
in presenting a petition to the
Attorney-General and Minister of
Education of the Province of Mani-
toba, praying for legislative action
that will relieve Brandon students
from the necessity of going to Win-
nipeg for University examinations,
and that will change the present
constitution of the University
Council. The petitioners objected
especially to the University Act in
that it gives the members of the
Council unlimited power in the
management of the affairs of the
University, and that the Govern-
ment has, therefore, no direct check
on their action. The motive for
this complaint is the refusal of the
University Council to hold exami-
nations above the Matriculation at
points outside of Winnipeg. Bran-
don students deem it a hardship to
have to travel 132 miles and board
during a fortnight in Winnipeg at
considerable expense.

The Attorney-General prudently
submitted this petition to the Uni-
versity Council, which appointed a
committee to draw up a reply. This
committee presented its report to a
meeting of the Council held on
December 11th last, during which
Mr. Coldwell, a Brandon advocate,
speaking in behalf of his fellow citi-
zens, pool-poohed the precedents
cited in support of the University's
refusal, and indulged in politely
worded threats if the University
persisted in its refusal. After a pro-
tracted discussion the debate was
adjourned till January 15. The
general tone of the debate was not
encouraging for the members of the
University who believe that their
course of action is perfectly just.

The tone of the second meeting
on January 15 was much better
and more hopeful of an amicable
solution. We intend to bring out
some salient points that were omit-
ted in the colorless reports of the
two morning papers.

Rev. Dr. Bryce, who was the first
speaker, explained that the matter
had been referred to the university
council for its view upon it, in or-
der that the legislature might judge
whether the Brandon people or the
council were in the proper position,
as they are now diametrically op-
posed. He felt that it would be a
mistake as a University if they
turned a cold shoulder to the Bran-
don college. It was a new point
and should be settled in some wise
way, but how? Dr. Bryce explain-
ed the practice of other Canadian
Universities, in the matter of hold-
ing matriculations at points other
than the centre at affiliated and
other colleges. Regarding the
Brandon college, he did not see how

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dential.

they could object to affiliating with
a state institution. The same ob-
jection would naturally arise in con-
nection with sending students to a
state institution. The basis of af-
filiation is so broad and the only
standard that is required is effi-
ciency, and he could see no objection
to it. The three principal points
were the usages in other universi-
ties. He thought it would be a

good thing to grant the privilege of holding junior matriculation and also to go as far as McGill, to the second year, under the conditions at present existing. He thought this would be sufficient to bring about some harmonious understanding. If Brandon college chooses to affiliate with the University it would, of course, enjoy exceptional advantage, but he did not believe in extending these privileges of examinations to all centres of population, as there is a distinct educational movement in Brandon.

Dr. Bryce said he moved entirely in the interests of education in the province, as he wished to avoid an unfortunate struggle, which might develop into a local struggle. Otherwise it would go before the legislators and a schism would be undesirable, as the justice of the case might not be considered where local interests and influence are concerned.

Rev. Dr. Bryce then moved, seconded by Mr. D. McIntyre, "That the council adopt the report of the committee and add as an appendix the fact following: As to (a), place of examination. (b), application. (c), conditions of application with University of Manitoba; and agree that on the affiliation to this university of Brandon college by the government, the university will be willing to make provision, not only for the conducting of examinations in Brandon for matriculation and senior matriculation (first year) under the conditions at present existing, but also under the same conditions for the second year in arts."

One Fixed Educational Standard.

Rev. Dr. DuVal thought it was a noble thing that in Manitoba there was one university alone and one fixed standard of graduation. He thought that the Brandon people had been laboring under a suspicion that there was an effort afoot to crush them, but there was no ground for this, as the aim of the council had been to preserve one standard. He hoped that nothing would be done to destroy this ideal as if there was not a disposition to maintain this, then the whole structure would be demolished.

Mr. G. R. Coldwell, the representative of the government, said he had no authority to speak on behalf of Brandon college or to consent to anything on their behalf. He represented the province, and could not say whether this solution would be acceptable to Brandon college. He felt grateful to Dr. Bryce and thought his motion was a step in the right direction, but did not go far enough. He had considered this matter and would speak with regard to the practical carrying out of the examinations of the university. This matter was a very serious one and knowing the feeling in the country towards this institution, he said it should be treated very carefully and liberally, otherwise the thing which the board desire to prevent will come to pass in another way, as it will not end here, and may come to pass in a way which will be undesirable to the university. The position of the university should not be lost sight of. The receipts were some \$14,750 for 1903, and of this sum over \$9,500 was contributed by the people of the country. The members of the council should disassociate themselves from their own particular college views and regard the university as an institution owned by the people of the country. He was not speaking on behalf of the people of Brandon, but also the people of Winnipeg, and in accord with views of the latter. The great fund which is back of this university, the great land grant also belongs to the people of Manitoba, and if this is not administered for the institution he predicted a very radical change. What difference does it make to the university whether a college is affiliated or not. Dr. Bryce offered certain privileges if Brandon college would only affiliate but this should not be. Why should these advantages not be granted without affiliation, if a college does not wish to do so. Mr. Coldwell thought that this question should

be eliminated from the discussion. He also advocated scattering the examinations to all parts of the province and giving students the advantage.

An objection was raised that there was no precedent for this.

Mr. Coldwell's Motion.

Mr. Coldwell suggested that a precedent be forthwith established, and moved in substitution of Dr. Bryce's amendment, seconded by Mr. Agnew, "That the report be not adopted and that the government will make provision for holding the university examinations at any point in the province from which a request comes signed by at least six students, desirous of writing at any such examinations, and who are duly qualified to apply for examination under the University Act, provided that such place where examinations are to be held, furnish a suitable building and requisite materials for any practical work in science to be done."

Land Grant Not for the People.

Mr. J. A. M. Aikins quietly and with his usual legal acumen set Mr. Coldwell right on the ownership of the land grant of 250,000 acres. That grant was made not to the people of Manitoba, but to the incorporated body styled the University of Manitoba, a body incorporated for the purposes of higher education. Prudent legislators would not dream of diverting this grant from its legitimate purpose. He went on to speak of the necessity of having one strong university in this province, one in which the personal training by professors should be homogeneous; this should be the main consideration in dealing with this question. Owing to threats such as these just made, the university had at one time made certain concessions, and he was not sure if the result of these concessions had been beneficial. He advised the council not to be moved by Mr. Coldwell's implied threats. The members should move slowly in this matter. He was much opposed to Mr. Coldwell's resolution, he was not in favor of Dr. Bryce's, nor yet did he feel he could vote for the original report.

Dr. G. J. Laird pointed out that the holding of examinations at outside points is a very heavy undertaking. Already the university has arranged to hold senior matriculations at Brandon and is manfully struggling to meet all difficulties. He hoped that the people of Brandon would see that the university was striving to do all it could in this direction.

Rev. Dr. Hart said that, though a man of peace by nature and profession, his spirit was roused to resistance by the mere hint of a threat, and that he would rather go down with the ship than destroy it.

Rev. Father Drummond pointed out that one of the

Advantages of Affiliation

would be that representatives from Brandon college would be on the council and would be able to speak for themselves and their institution in such cases as the present one. The other members of the council would thus enjoy the benefit of their superior wisdom. At present it was the council's misfortune that it was concentrated in the capital of the province, but with the influx of Brandon representatives would come the light from the west. Taking up Mr. Coldwell's statement that the university was something radically distinct from the affiliated colleges, he said that if the colleges were not affiliated with the university there would be no university at all, for practically all the university training was given in the colleges. The impossible attempt to disassociate the university from the colleges reminded him of what happened to the Cheshire Cat as related in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," when the cat vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of the cat had gone. If you eliminate the colleges the university is nothing but

A Grin Without a Cat.

"Chagrin" here wittily interjected Mr. Aikins. "The university without the colleges," continued Father

Drummond, "is an abstraction, for the University of Manitoba is really a republic of colleges. The question of the university's relations to Brandon college is too momentous a one to be lightly settled." As there has as yet appeared in this council no person authorized to speak for Brandon college, he would move that that institution be invited to send a representative to confer with the committee, which would afterwards report to the council.

He was glad Mr. Aikins had so clearly established the fact that the land grant was in no sense the property of the people, but of that incorporated body known as the University of Manitoba. No doubt the people, through their legislators, might, theoretically speaking, be prevailed upon to perpetrate any wrong, but he had too much confidence in the honesty of the people of this province to believe that they would ever sanction so glaring an outrage as the misappropriation of funds. In conclusion he moved, seconded by Mr. Aikins, that the debate be adjourned till some representative of Brandon College could meet the committee. This was finally agreed to.

Before the motion was put Mr. Coldwell again pointed out that the university is separate and distinct from the colleges, and while he did not wish to threaten, still he thought that if Brandon College is not liberally dealt with they might apply for a university charter themselves.

Rev. Dr. Sparling, principal of Wesley College, thought that Mr. Coldwell was speaking theoretically only when he said that the government supplied \$9,500 of \$14,500 received by the university. As a matter of fact the government supplied \$9,500 out of \$80,000 per year, for practically all the teaching of university was done in the affiliated colleges. In the university the only subject was science, while the colleges did all the rest. At present the four colleges had twenty-eight out of the fifty-four members, but if they had their equitable share they would have nine-tenths of the representation on the council. On the other hand, the government, with seven representatives, had more than their proper share, since they contributed only one-ninth of the current expenditure.

Hon. Senator Bernier feelingly supported the stand taken by Father Drummond and Dr. Sparling. If there were no colleges there would be no university. The government grant was only a drop in the cost of the teaching of the university. He felt a certain sympathy for the people of Brandon in their request, but he did not want to see anything done which might injure the university. He favored an adjournment of the debate.

The Rev. Canon Murray favored the adoption of conciliatory measures in the interests of education. He would like to see the militant clause in the report of the committee of the council struck out. He supported Father Drummond's motion for an adjournment.

The Rev. Principal Patrick also advised conciliation. He would like to hear a representative from Brandon College present their side of the question in order that a mutually satisfactory understanding might be reached.

It was finally decided to adjourn the debate until the next meeting, February 12, and, according to a suggestion from Rev. Dean Matheson, it was determined that Brandon be asked to appoint a committee to meet a committee from the council on Jan. 29 to discuss the matter in all its phases and to see if some agreement could not be reached.

HOME LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

Now that the Church is preparing the process of her canonization, Jeanne d'Arc is again challenging the interest of the world. T. Douglas Murray has just edited her life from original documents. Apropos of the new volume the London Spectator publishes the following interesting article:—

The character and achievements of Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, have long passed beyond the range of controversy. Her simple courage and her splendid faith, which so profoundly influenced the fortunes of France, are accepted by all with unquestioning admiration. The source and quality of her inspira-

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tion may still be a matter for discussion, but that is all. The world needs no argument to convince it of Jeanne d'Arc piety or patriotism. Indeed, though she suffered at the stake, in accordance with the savage fanaticism of her time, she had not been dead much more than twenty years when, under the auspices of Pope Calixtus, her trial was reconsidered and her condemnation annulled. Evidence was taken upon oath concerning her childhood, her military exploits and her violent death, and this evidence, translated and edited by Mr. T. Douglas Murray, gives us so plainly unvarnished a picture of the past as history rarely affords.

But it is the record of her life, not the record of her death, that is most interesting to us. The depositions are no dry legal documents. They carry us back to Domremy and show us the life of a fifteenth century village. Jean Morel, a laborer and her godfather, draws us a picture of Jeanne following the plough and minding the cattle in the fields. She was a good girl who knew her belief and her Pater and Ave as well as any of her companions. Moreover, "she had modest ways, as becometh one whose parents were not rich." Before all things she was religious, and if she heard the Mass bell she would leave the field and hie her back to the village and to the church, where she heard the Mass. The same laborer gave evidence on the Fairies Tree, a piece of superstition pretty enough to quote:

"I have heard that the fairies came there long ago to dance," he says, "but since the Gospel of St. John has been read under the tree they come no more. At the present day, on the Sunday when in the Church of God, the Introit to the Mass 'Lactare Jerusalem' is sung, called with us 'the Sunday of the Wells,' the young maidens and youths of Domremy are accustomed to go there, and also in the spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a leaf. On their return they go dancing and playing to the Well of the Thorn, where they drink and amuse themselves gathering flowers. Jeanne the Maid went there, like all the other girls at these times, and did as they did, but I never heard say that she went there

alone, either to the tree or to the well—which is nearer to the village than the tree—or that she went for any other purpose than to walk about and play with her companions."

So all the witnesses agree in asserting the piety and industry of Jeanne the Maid. One of her godmothers describes her as fond of work and often at the spinning wheel; the cure of a neighboring parish says that she often confessed her sins, and that if she had money she would have given it to him for the saying of Masses. One laborer confessed that she would often retire alone "to talk with God." To another she said one day: "Gossip, if you were not a Burgundian I would tell you something," and afterwards when she met the same man at Chalons she owned that she feared "nothing but treason." The unanimity of these simple folk is remarkable and truly Jeanne d'Arc differed from the most of prophets in this, that she was not without honor in her own country and among her own people.

Similarly eulogistic is the testimony of her soldiers. "No one in the army dared swear or blaspheme before her," says Louis de Contes, "for fear of being reprimanded." She was of the most sober habits, he says: "Many times I saw her eat nothing during a whole day but a morsel of bread. When she was in her lodging she ate only twice a day." Brave as she was, and eager to attack her enemies, she was always humane and quick to express compassion for a fallen foe. "Seeing a Frenchman," so de Contes tells the tale, "who was charged with the bones of certain English prisoners, strike one of them on the head in such a manner that he was left for dead on the ground, she dismounted, had him confessed, supporting his head herself, and comforting him to the best of her power." But on one point she was obdurate: she would permit no woman other than herself and her companions to be with the army. Once near Chateau-Thierry she observed the mistress of one of her followers riding on horseback. Instantly she rode at her, threatening her with her sword, not striking her, but admonishing her in all gentleness to leave the army if she would not be punished.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacred Heart Review.

CCXXIV.

On page 85 of Lansing's book there is a ridiculous parody of Edmund Burke's magnificent peroration against Warren Hastings. Under eight or ten heads the author impeaches the Pope of this, that and the other, with that cloudy confusion of fact and falsehood, of ignorance and malevolence, which is characteristic of him and of all his kind.

One of his clauses is: "I impeach him in the name of the marriage-bond of the majority of the happy households of the Christian world, which he has stigmatized as 'filthy concubinage,' because not contracted in the Romish Church."

We will consider this indictment presently, and will make thorough work of this horrible calumny, which is continually going the rounds of Protestant papers that are about on the same low level, morally and intellectually, as the Lansings and the John Christians. However, let me first come to the man's help by adding another impeachment, which he has forgotten. This is just in his line as an American Protestant. Besides, I have quite as good a right as he to make a fool of myself by laying my poor patchwork alongside of Burke's cloth-of-gold.

Here goes, then. "I impeach the Pope of showing himself the enemy of American freedom and progress by doing his best to impede the happy celerity with which our various states are driving on to extinguish concubinage by abolishing all distinction between concubinage and marriage, as desired by the elder Henry James. 'Married today; parted to-morrow'; that is the grand ideal and goal towards which our legislation has long since been moving. Now comes the Pope and helps to check this auspicious development by re-inforcing the scruples of our old-fashioned Protestants, and emboldening them to say that Caesar's word, in the court of the Christian conscience, is void when it contradicts the word of Christ. Against this pernicious and seditious doctrine an eloquent Baptist brother of the West has raised his voice, and has been echoed, although in more indulgent tones, by a famous Episcopalian brother of the East.

"I impeach him in the name of that great orthodox religious newspaper of our country which informs us that we are not to bother ourselves over what Christ has said in the matter. Christ, it instructs us, was all very well in His day, but His day is not ours. It is for us, not for Him, to determine now, at our discretion and comfortable convenience, the terms on which the marriage-contract is to be formed, maintained, or pleasantly dissolved.

"What excuse could there be for unchastity, when once the State, in the progress now making in our land, shall have brought down the legal definition of chastity below even what is expected of a temperate patron of the brothel? And is this blessed advance towards conjugal purity—which certainly ought to be easily maintainable when marriage need not hold beyond a day—to be obstructed because an old-fashioned Roman priest is trying to dam up the exuberance of our frolicsome Anglo-Saxon freedom, in these unincumbered fields of the West? Perish the thought, and perish the Pope that has conceived it! If it were not that the squeamishness of modern manners is a little against it, I would exclaim with Father Luther: Let us march upon Rome, and seize the Pope and his company, and hang them up on gibbets, having first cut out their tongues."

There now, I make Mr. Lansing a free present of this incomparable outburst, for his next edition. It will go hard, but that our united eloquence will sweep the Pope into the Bay of Bengal.

Let us now come back to his actual impeachment. And let us, for the moment, accept his lie for a truth, and declare with this villainous slander, that the Pope has pronounced all Protestant marriages "filthy concubinage." How would that dishonor a majority of the households of Christendom?

Mr. Lansing's statistics are of a piece with all the rest of him. His whole being is made up of ends and ravelings, and his statistics follow suit. For instance, he tells us that St. Bartholomew's slaughtered 700,000 Huguenots. To be sure, the Huguenots themselves, who ought to have known best, gave the number at 13,000. Poor-spirited things! See how grandly Lansing outgoes them. He gives us fifty-two times as many. That is worth while. Don't let him apologize for having put in an extra cipher. He ought to apologize for not having put in two. That would become a man so unboundedly liberal in murders and massacres, and every possible and impossible thing to discredit the Catholics. It does not go ahead of his feats in resuscitating Bellarmine and Benedict VIII., 150 and 400 years after their burial.

Glancing at an encyclopedia, I find Protestants and Easterns given as one-half the Christian world. Moreover, as Rome declares (see Pope Benedict XIV.) that it is unlawful for Catholics to discredit the Eastern sacraments, where is your majority now? If the Pope had ever said what Lansing declares—which he never has—we have here three Christian marriages out of every four undoubtedly valid, if they are such as would be valid among Roman Catholics.

Moreover, this teaching of Rome at once knocks out Lansing's underpinning. He declares the reason of the Pope's supposed denial of our marriages to be, that they are not contracted in the "Romish" Church. Now here are 100,000,000 Eastern Christians, outside the "Romish" Church, whose marriages the Holy See forbids Catholics to deny. Lansing will have to find some other ground for this imagined denial of Protestant marriages.

Here, perhaps, somebody that knows a thing or two—for Lansing knows nothing about anything—might whisper to him: "Say that Rome owns these priests, though schismatic, for real priests. Therefore their administration of the sacraments, though irregular, is valid."

This won't work at all. The Church anathematizes all who maintain that the presence of a priest is intrinsically necessary to a Christian marriage. And Pius IX. declares that wherever a Christian marriage is valid, it is also sacramental. This, say Archbishop Heiss and the Catholic Dictionary, finally extinguishes the opinion that the priest is the minister of the sacrament. The consenting parties are the ministers, and the priest—in some cases a simple acolyte, if a titled pastor—is needed to ratify the contract, and thereby the sacrament, if the Church requires it, not otherwise.

Lansing will have to shift his ground again. Perhaps somebody—for I once found, by his own admission, that he knew nothing about the action of Trent in the matter—might suggest to him: "Since Trent the presence of a Catholic clergyman is required for every Christian marriage." Indeed, Lansing, universal and unflinching blunderhead as he is, declares it, in Roman view, necessary for every marriage whatever.

Here, let me inform any Protestant reader, the man, as almost invariably, blends a lie and a blunder into one inextricable mess. It is amusing to see him, like a person so incomparably his superior as Froude, always blundering because he wishes to lie, and always lying because he is perfectly willing to blunder.

Now, as Lansing confessedly knows nothing about the decree "Tametsi," which controls this whole matter, of course he does not know that the Church forbids any pastor to act on the Lex Clandestinitatis where it has not been formally published in his parish, and that as it has not been published in Protestant countries, even Catholic marriages there, however censurable, are valid without it. Still less—if we can talk of more or less in the blankness of absolute ignorance—is he aware that mixed marriages are dispensed from it in Malta,* Rhenish Prussia, Belgium, Ireland, Quebec, and some other Catholic regions, and in the strip, once Catholic, from Georgia to California.

Of course it is more than certain that he is wholly unaware that where a Protestant husband and wife, canonically competent, and both baptized, become Catholics it

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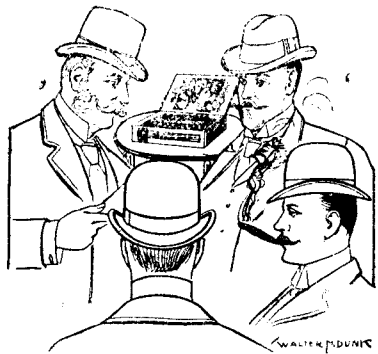


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is forbidden to repeat the marriage, even if the validity of one baptism is doubtful. Here is a fact that alone would be enough to lay all the Lansings and Christians flat on their backs, but that their absolutely invincible effrontery would buoy them up against a thousand decisions of the Holy See.

Has not Pope Pius then spoken about "filthy concubines"? Certainly, twice; once concerning New Grenada and once concerning Piedmont, both being countries governed by the decree "Tametsi," in which, therefore, the neglect of it annuls their marriages in the eyes of the Church. In neither address, therefore, is there the remotest reference to Protestant marriages, or to Catholic marriages in Protestant countries.

CHAS. C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

*I doubt now whether this is true of Malta.

Each man is responsible for his own character. Each man has the liberty of sowing what he pleases. The harvest that he reaps is the aggregate of his habits—that is to say, his character. Accordingly, then, it is for each man to say whether he will be good or bad, whether he will grow better or worse. Each man is responsible for his destiny. He is responsible for his character. Character determines destiny. A profound truth lies in the adage of Sallust: "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Daily character is shaping your future destiny.

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The Photograph of a Ghost

I.

"Dare I say
No spirit ever broke the band
That stays him from his native land
Where first he walked when clasped
in clay?"

—Tennyson.

"You mean to tell me this house is really haunted?"

"So they say. We are not the original possessors, you know. They were Catholics and could boast of a priestly apparition—a cowed monk, so I have heard—but I have never been fortunate enough to interview him. Not spiritual enough myself, I suppose!"

And as he spoke Claude Loftus glanced at the girl beside him with a gleam of amusement in his blue eyes.

She looked at him gravely. "Yes, I guess that is the reason."

It was the first time Maisie Moore had ever found herself in the role of guest in an English country house: the first time, indeed, that she had crossed the Atlantic, and her present existence was, as she expressed it, "just like a story book." Everything was so old in one sense and so new in another, and Buckley Manor, where she was staying with the parents of a school friend, was so emphatically a house "with a past" that it was a never-ceasing joy to her.

It was five o'clock and the whole party were assembled in what was known as the oak parlor for afternoon tea. Colonel and Mrs. Loftus, Claude, the only son, Rose and Cecily, the two daughters, Mrs. Beauclerc, the writer of a recent successful play, and Maisie Moore, the American girl.

"Really a ghost," she was now murmuring ecstatically: "how lovely!"

"But you do not believe in them?"

It was Mrs. Beauclerc who put the question, her dark, earnest eyes fixed on the girl's flower-like face. Maisie was quite a new type to her and she found her an interesting study.

"Of course I believe in them. We are so near the spirit world, just a thin veil dividing us, and sometimes there is a rent in the veil and we see those that are beyond." As the girl spoke her eyes brightened and a pink flush rose to her ethereal, almost transparent face.

"If any one sees the monk in this house it will be you," remarked Claude with conviction. "The rest of us are far too material."

"That is a very sweeping assertion Mr. Loftus," retorted Mrs. Beauclerc with a laugh.

"I will tell you what, Maisie," put in Cecily eagerly: "you shall take a photo of the haunted room to-morrow as a souvenir of your visit, and, who knows, perhaps he may appear to you."

"Very well," said Maisie. "That will be just lovely."

"But, Miss Moore," interrupted Mrs. Beauclerc, "tell me—what possible object could a monk have in 'revisiting' the glimpses of the moon' in Buckley Manor? It was never a monastery. What is your theory? I can see you have one."

Maisie raised her limpid eyes to the elder woman's face. She admired her with all an intelligent and cultured girl's enthusiasm for talent and brilliancy, but there were moments when she suspected the existence of a flaw in the crystal.

"I guess he wants prayers," she said simply.

The author of "A Woman's Passion" raised her eyebrows with a little mocking laugh.

"Prayers!" she echoed. "He must be past praying for by now I should imagine. What a fanciful idea!"

"It is not at all fanciful," replied Maisie calmly. An English girl might have thought twice before embarking on an argument with her present opponent, but the American's assurance, founded in this case on the solidity of her own religious convictions, stood to her in this emergency.

"The monk who haunts this house," she went on in the explanatory manner with which one instructs a child, "is very possibly undergoing his Purgatory in this very spot. The Church has never defined exactly where Purgatory is, and sometimes, in order to obtain

prayers, he is allowed to make his presence known and visible. He appeared, you see, to the first owners of this house, who were, as you say, Catholics, and very possibly by this time their prayers have gained him his release from suffering. That I expect is why none of you have ever seen him," she continued, turning to Claude, who was leaning on the back of her chair, a tenderly reverential expression in his usually laughing eyes.

"How nicely you say it all!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauclerc, with just a touch of insolence in her languid tones. "I suppose they put you up to all that sort of thing in your convent school? It is quite a pretty theory, and it does very well for the dear little nuns—just fits in with the whole environment—but it is a little out of date in the present century, and I imagined you Americans always prided yourselves on leading the van. We pay for our pleasures in this world sooner or later, at pretty high rates to some of us—with a little shrug of her shoulders—"and when we die, well—there is an end of us altogether; 'the rest is silence.' That is the modern creed."

"Is that so?" inquired Maisie. "Well, it seems to me that it is not what one would call a satisfying one, and I prefer the ancient and authenticated version. I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting."

"Bravo!" murmured Claude in an undertone. His own ideas concerning eternal truths were of the vaguest description, but he was, as he would have described it in his vocabulary, thoroughly "fetched" by his sister's friend, and when a man is in that condition of mind he is unusually open to conviction, and—which was also a factor in the case—there was very little love lost between himself and the successful playwright.

"We must agree to differ, then," said Mrs. Beauclerc, an expression of somewhat contemptuous amusement on her face. "The idea of that chit having an opinion of her own!" she was saying to herself mentally.

"Actually, the dressing bell! How quickly time goes when one is interested!" And with a slightly malicious smile on her lips she rose and left the room.

"Routed, by Jove!" exclaimed Claude, gleefully; "horse, foot and artillery. It was your text of Scripture that did the business, Miss Moore. It was Scripture, was it not? I always mix the Bible up with Shakespeare somehow." Then as if struck by a sudden remembrance: "I thought, by the way, that you Papists never read the Bible? How is it you are so well up in the life everlasting and all the rest of it?"

"You know very little about us," said Maisie sagely; "and until you do not understand. You don't hear me laying down the law about wire fencing, or the best way of bringing up fox hound puppies." And with an irrepressible laugh at the sight of his bewildered countenance she left him to his own reflections.

II.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job.

When Maisie said her prayers that night she included in them a petition for Mrs. Beauclerc. A woman without faith; it seemed to her convent-bred ideas such an anomaly, and then she found herself wishing that the monk would appear to her, if only to prove that the suffering souls in Purgatory were really allowed to revists the earth, and that there was in reality a world beyond the grave.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and after breakfast Rose and Cecily led the way to the haunted room. Claude had gone out shooting and Mrs. Beauclerc was hard at work on a new play, which she intended should take the London world by storm in the coming season; so the three girls were left to their own devices.

"There!" exclaimed Cecily, in a tone of triumph, as she opened the door; "now you are inside the ghost's domain; don't you feel creepy?"

For an instant Maisie made no reply. As she had said to Mrs. Beauclerc, the spirit world was very near to her, and now, as she stood gazing around her at the quaint,

old-fashioned room, it seemed as though at any moment there might be a rent in the thin dividing veil.

"What has come to you?" asked Rose with a laugh. "You look as if you saw him already. You have just the eyes of a ghost-seer, Maisie!"

Maisie roused herself from her reverie, and her gravity relaxed into a smile. "What sort of eyes do they have? Here, give me my camera. I shall take it from here so as to bring in the bed."

"Oh, but why? It is not very ornamental."

"Never mind; I want it," replied Maisie, decisively.

"That was where the altar used to stand in the old days," remarked Cecily. "This used to be a chapel when the Lushingtons had it."

"Really?" exclaimed Maisie eagerly. "Oh, then perhaps—" and she stopped abruptly.

"Perhaps what?" asked Rose curiously.

"Oh! nothing. I was only wondering. I shall take it from here." And she adjusted her camera. Just as she had completed her operations the gong sounded for luncheon and the three girls ran gaily down the broad oak staircase, leaving all the photographic apparatus behind them in the haunted room.

"I shall develop it to-morrow," announced Maisie as they reached the dining-room. "I am so longing to see how it has turned out."

She was also longing for a little solitude, and after luncheon she escaped to her own room on the plea of writing letters. It had seemed to her while she was taking the photograph that an unseen presence was there close beside her—the presence of one suffering. It was an impression which clung to her mind for the next twenty-four hours, and when she said her rosary that night she offered it for the souls of the forgotten dead.

III.

"And some are saved yet so as by fire."

"Rose! Cecily! Come here quickly!"

Maisie was standing before her kodak, her cheeks like white roses and her eyes dilated.

"Look!" she said breathlessly, as the girls rushed into the room and she held out for their inspection the freshly-developed photograph.

"What—what an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Cecily excitedly.

"Where? Where? Let me see," clamored Rose, pushing her sister unceremoniously aside, and then she, too, broke out into vehement exclamations.

There was the room just as it appeared every day, in a clear, well-developed photograph; but standing facing the bed, with his back to the rest of the apartment, stood the figure of a monk vested as if for saying Mass.

"Maisie, you little wretch," suddenly exclaimed Rose, "you are trying to play a trick on us! You had that figure on one of your plates before and you have arranged so that it shall come into the one of the room. I do call that playing it low down!"

Maisie turned to confront her friend, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling.

"You are talking absolute nonsense, Rose," she said. "I have never had a figure like that on any of my plates, and I am ready to swear to it, if you like."

"Oh, rubbish!" interposed Cecily with conviction. "If Maisie says so it is all right, but it is extraordinary I must say. What do you think about it yourself, Maisie?"

"I think it is a poor suffering soul who is in want of prayers, and that he has been allowed to take this way of letting me know it, as I am the only person of his religion in the house."

The two girls regarded her with a look of mingled curiosity and admiration. If any one else had made a similar remark they would, in their modern vocabulary, have termed it "utter rot." But Maisie was different.

"Let us show it to the others," exclaimed Rose; and seizing the photograph she ran downstairs, followed by Cecily and, somewhat reluctantly, by Maisie Moore.

Mrs. Beauclerc and Claude were playing billiards, and the former raised her eyebrows superciliously at the girls' noisy entrance.

"Look!" said Rose, breathlessly. "Maisie has photographed the ghost!"

Claude Loftus threw down his cue and took the photograph in his hand.

"By Jove!" he remarked, "what an extraordinary thing. What do you make of it, Miss Moore?"

"Oh! we know Miss Moore's theory," interposed Mrs. Beauclerc quickly, as the photograph was passed for her inspection. "The monk is undergoing his Purgatory, in front of the bed, and has most obligingly stood for his portrait on this occasion."

Maisie flushed crimson, but made no reply; and Claude rushed gallantly to the rescue.

"And why not?" he said coldly, his handsome face darkened with anger. "Why should not Miss Moore's theories, as you call them, be as correct as yours? There are a jolly sight more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our shallow philosophy."

"Really, you are quite eloquent," murmured Mrs. Beauclerc, with a somewhat forced smile. Her failure in attracting Claude Loftus was that which lay at the root of her dislike to him, and consequently to the American girl, whom she knew he admired.

"There are so many curious effects in photography nowadays," she continued, turning to Maisie. "But after our conversation yesterday this shadowy figure—it is rather shadowy, by the way—is quite a coincidence, is it not?"

"It appears so to you probably," returned Maisie calmly. She had quite recovered her usual self-possession. "But, as I said before, I see no reason why it should not be a soul in Purgatory seeking prayers."

And having giving evidence of the faith that was in her she took up the photograph and left the room. And Claude followed her.

"I believe it, Miss Moore," he said earnestly. "Never mind that woman. She has not an ounce of faith or religion in her whole composition—or morality, either, judging by her plays,"—he added in a lower tone.

Maisie glanced up at him with a smile in her eyes, though her lips remained grave. "I am so sorry for her," she said simply. "But you—you do not believe in my poor soul either, really? You are only saying so because you think I was hurt by Mrs. Beauclerc's incredulity."

"I swear I do," he said eagerly. "All the more because she scoffed at it. I am not a religious chap myself, but—oh, well, anything you believe in is good enough for me!"

"Some day you will have a better motive," said Maisie. But as she said it she smiled at him again.

Six months later Claude Loftus came into his wife's sitting-room with an open letter in his hand.

"Read this Maisie," he said. "It is a copy of an old document sent me by Lushington's grandson, which he says may throw some light on the photograph business. You see this is evidently an agreement on the part of a Father Cuthbert, O.S.B., to say a certain number of Masses before a given date, and—"

"And he either omitted to say them or died before he could complete the number," exclaimed Maisie excitedly, her eyes dilated in what her sisters-in-law described as the "ghost-seer look." That is it, you may depend, Claude, and we must have the Masses said, must we not?"

"By all means. I owe him something in any case, as he was indirectly the means of my becoming a Catholic. Your influence completed it, but he began it, at any rate—eh, Maisie?"

She looked at him tenderly, intense gratitude in her expressive face. "Yes, thank God!" she murmured softly. And then the corners of her mouth relaxed in a mischievous smile. "This is what Mrs. Beauclerc would call a 'coincidence,' Claude; but you and I know better. Poor woman! how I pity her."—Grace V. Christmas, in The Catholic World Magazine.

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Persons and Facts

Mr. Aime Cinq-Mars left for Montreal last Tuesday in order to consult a celebrated oculist there, for he is suffering greatly from weak eyes. His wife accompanied him.

An interesting pedro contest will be held in the Catholic Club rooms on Monday evening, Jan. 26th, between the Catholic Club and the Young Liberals.

Mr. and Mrs. George Galt and Miss Edith Galt reached Rome on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day they went to St. Peter's for High Mass, but the crowd was so great that they could neither see nor hear anything; so they visited another church, where the worshippers were almost as numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Galt will be back here next month.

Last Saturday Mrs. N. Bawlf received a letter from Mrs. M. McIntyre, informing her that the party (Mr. James McIntyre, Mrs. and Miss Monchamp) were enjoying the balmy climate of Nice. They had spent a few days at Monte Carlo. All were well, Mrs. Monchamp's health was remarkably improved.

An instance of the readiness with which immigrants can find employment occurred at the end of last week. A newly married couple, Catholics from Dublin, on arriving at the C.P.R. station, applied at the immigration office and were immediately engaged at a very good salary as caretaker and housekeeper for a farmer living four miles from Souris. They left for their new situation last Monday.

Mr. W. Isaac Spencer, who last summer left an important position of trust in the St. Boniface Industrial School to visit his friends in England, writes to His Grace the Archbishop: "After reading the Northwest Review, which comes to us regularly, a longing comes over me to be once more in the land it breathes of." His boy Dick is attending the Jesuits' college at Stamford Hill, London, where he is a great favorite with the Fathers and boys. They call him "the little Canadian," and he replies with pride, "You just bet I am." Molly goes to the convent of the Servite Sisters also at Stamford.

Archie Charest, son of Dr. Charest, of Fargo, N.D., entered St. Boniface College last Saturday.

Sir William Mulock and Mr. F. X. Chenier both celebrated their sixtieth birthdays on the 19th inst.

The weather last week was unusually mild for this season, but it got back to its January briskness below zero this week.

BRANDON NOTES.

Mrs. E. McCarthy left on Sunday evening for Barrie, Ont., on a visit to her mother, who is dangerously ill. She was accompanied by two of the children.

Miss Madge McKinley, of Brandon, has been spending a few days with Mrs. Painchaud (nee Cinq-Mars) at St. Boniface.

In your ordinary occupations not only strive, like Martha, to accomplish your work to the glory of God, but, like Mary, seek to disengage your mind from worldly and tumultuous thoughts, and direct it towards God.—Ven. L. de Blois, O.S.B.

Home Column

WHERE IS HOME?

Home is where affection binds
Gentle hearts in union;
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion!

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow;
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow!

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given;
Where the blessings from above
Make it seem like heaven!

Home is where the sun will shine
In skies above us;
Peeping bright through the vine
Trained by those who love us!

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreaths the brows that greet us;
And the one of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us.

—Selected.

"BEARING LIFE'S BURDENS."

"Life is full of trials and troubles." Yes, but is there any good ever comes of complaining? Are we alone in having troubles? Must not each one bear her burdens? Then the best way to get along is try to be cheerful and try to be happy and diffuse happiness. Mrs. A. may think, if I had everything as nice as Mrs. B. I would be happy. While Mrs. B. thinks, if my husband were as kind, and my children as well trained as Mrs. A.'s I should have nothing to complain about. And Mrs. C., with all her wealth will envy them both. There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble
And into the waters of Lethe depart
Did we not release it
And tenderly nurse it
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

God never intended that we should live under a clouded sky all the time. He has given us the light and sunshine and flowers to brighten our lives; and if we shut them out of our hearts and homes, it is our own fault. If we will pick the thorns and leave the roses, we must not complain if we get pricked.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

Then why were they made, these beautiful flowers, if we could live just as well without them? Our outward life does not require them. Herbs and vegetables that keep the life in man might have taken their place; they could have utilized the sun and rain, then wherefore were they made.

"To comfort man to whisper hope,
When'er his hope is dim,
For whose careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

What if John does come in with his feet muddy, and put them on top of the nicely polished stove. Of course he ought to know better, but he could do worse. Suppose he did not spend his evenings at home at all. Many a wife has had reason to regret her constant complaining and faultfinding. Why? There are a thousand and one little troubles that women have to contend with that a man knows nothing about; they are too trifling for his notice, and he would not comprehend how such things could worry you, if you should ding-dong about them from now until doomsday. The happy homes are not always those that are kept the cleanest; although cleanliness is next to Godliness it is often overdone. Love and happiness are left out of the question. Nor will a well filled pocket book bring all the comforts of life, although it is very handy to have one. There is more happiness in a cottage, where love and contentment dwell than in a mansion with discontent. It is contentment and peace that make heaven here below. No matter in what sphere she moves, a truly conscientious mother's lot is a trying one, but how trying indeed is the life of the mother who sees to all her own household, often with little or no help. There are times when it is impossible to feel otherwise than blue,

when it seems that there is nothing for a woman to do but sweep, dust, cook and wash dishes, as fast as one thing is done, another is coming on; by the time the last room is cleaned the first one wants sweeping again. When the sky seems thus overcast the best way is to keep quiet, keep the mouth shut. Although it will often open when we do not want it, and it is a sure thing that if we stop to consider we will say, that we do not remember ever speaking angrily, but we were sorry for it afterwards. We should therefore try to be patient and cheerful, remembering that good cheer is contagious and the mother who does her best and endeavors to diffuse good cheer will reap her reward even here below. Let us bear our burdens, assisted by the lovely mother "who kept these things in her heart," and not try to make others unhappy by our complaining. We are in the sphere God intended us for and can therefore if we seek aught find the helps necessary to make for ourselves and our loved ones a happy home—a heaven here below.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Rita."—A bread-and-butter letter (as it is called) is due to your hostess, telling her of your safe arrival home and speaking of your pleasant visit at her house.

"Dunce."—I do not recall the Greek words on the head of the Home Journal's editorial page, but I remember once seeing them translated into English. They signify: "Purity, enlightenment and contemporaneous interest."

"Visitor."—"Speed the parting guest," is the familiar expression, "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest," does not mean to hurry the guest off, but to give her "God speed" or the best wishes for a prosperous journey.

REGINA NOTES.

We regret very much to hear of the death of Mr. Whelan's brother in Toronto. Mr. Whelan's many friends in Regina deeply sympathize with him and his family in their bereavement.

Rev. Father Woodcutter paid the capital a visit and was Father Van Heertum's guest during the past week. His many friends were pleased to see him.

Miss Johnstone, of Winnipeg, is at present one of the staff of nurses at Regina Hospital. That Miss Johnstone's stay is not permanent is a matter of regret as St. Mary's congregation would gladly welcome her among them.

We were glad to see last week's "Record's" "handling" of Max O'Rell, and have long wondered that some one capable of "handling" him with his stock subject of "Women's inconsistency" has not done so before. We heartily congratulate the Record for championing our cause.

Never mind "Ste. Rose," the married women's canonization is a patent fact. Who could ever doubt their sanctity? Don't be discouraged, and after all I think that its just the husbands that are conducive to sanctity. Come soon again, we always enjoy your notes.

GENA MACFARLANE.

ST. PIERRE-LETELLIER.

The weather is delightful for the time of year, with now and then a little blizzard or cold snap, but the latter are of short duration.

Father Jutras has made his new year visits in the parish.

The Rev. Father Proulx preached at High Mass last Sunday, a sermon appropriate to the day, on the Holy Name of Jesus.

Dr. Belanger and Miss Jutras were united in the bonds of holy matrimony on the 29th December. Father Fillion gave a suitable discourse and assisted Father Jutras, the bride's uncle, with the ceremony. Directly after the wedding breakfast, the happy couple took the train en route for Ottawa, where the bridegroom's father re-

sides, and a visit to the province of Quebec. On their return Dr. and Mrs. Belanger will take up their residence at Letellier.

Last Wednesday Mr. F. Jubenville led to the altar Miss Marie Poliquen. The bridegroom's uncle, Father Jubenville, tied the nuptial knot. The happy young couple are the recipients of general good wishes.

Mrs. Guilbert has been obliged to spend some time at the hospital at St. Boniface. We hope she will soon be quite recovered.

One of Dr. Deschambault's little boys has also been some time at the hospital, but we trust he will soon be restored to his parents completely cured.

A petition has been signed begging the government to open up the Roseau Indian Reserve to colonization by buying it from the Indians, who are not numerous, and placing them on some other reserve. It would no doubt be a good thing, even for the red brethren, for they only deteriorate, and instead of making progress spend all they can lay hold of in strong liquor. Of course the law forbids selling intoxicants to Indians, but they find ways and means of obtaining it.

REV. FATHER JOLYS' JUBILEE.

The celebration of the twenty-fifth year of the priesthood of Rev. Father Jolys, pastor of St. Pierre, Man., took place on the 14th and 15th of this month. At supper in the jubilant's hospitable presbytery Father Cloutier, who had skillfully organized the celebration presented a report of the donations made by friends and voiced the good wishes of the gathering. In the evening a pleasing musical and dramatic entertainment was given at the Convent of the Holy Names, after which His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface spoke eloquently of the work done in this parish. The same theme was treated more fully in an historical retrospect by Rev. Father Fillion.

On the 15th at High Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Jolys himself, Rev. Father Cherrier, who had taken the place of Rev. Father Giroux, of St. Anne, detained by sickness in his parish, preached an impressive sermon on the dignity of the priesthood, with especial reference to Father Jolys' career and success in St. Pierre. After the Mass, addresses were read by the Mayor, the President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society and the President of the Association des Metis. His Grace, Father Jolys and others replied in grateful terms. Both the addresses and replies were notably good. Father Jolys announced that he made over to the new church fund the thousand dollar gift he had just received. The new church, which is a very fine structure, is already roofed in and will be finished this summer.

After an admirably appointed dinner, the clerical guests, who numbered twenty-three, departed for their respective homes, delighted with this fraternal meeting in which secular priests and religious of the various orders, Oblates, Trappists, Canons, Regular and Jesuits, were represented and met in truly brotherly love, and more than delighted with the gracious welcome of the host whose silver jubilee they had come to celebrate.

The clerical guests present were: His Grace the Archbishop, Very Rev. A. Dugas, V.G., Rev. G. Cloutier, Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Rev. Drs. Belyeau and Trudel, Rev. Father Louis, Prior of the Trappists and a Trappist Brother, Rev. E. Proulx, S.J., Rev. Father Antoine, C.R.I.C., Rev. Fathers Gendreau, Guillet and J. A. Magnan, O.M.I., Rev. Fathers Fillion, Jutras, Noret, Rocan, Bastien, Lavigne, Lalonde, Sauve, Perrault, Hella, Vicar of St. Pierre and now acting pastor during the absence of Father Jolys.

SAGASTA SEEKING THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

So, Senor Sagasta, ex-Prime Minister of Spain, although he was Grand Master of Masons, in his country, called upon the Archbishop of Toledo to administer to him the last Sacraments, and let us hope, died penitently and in the peace of God. What woe he and men like him have wrought in Spain no tongue may tell, but the

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good he did found merciful dispensation, at the eleventh hour, and may he rest in peace! He at least was not barred from the Sacraments as Victor Hugo was, by fellow Masons, and this is a great satisfaction to his pious relations, who survive him and can pray for the repose of his soul. Many men similarly placed, either by their own act or the malice of others, do not have the privilege of dying in reconciliation with Mother Church. But how can some of them, hoping for a return to God, at the last moments, continue presumptuously to live on that perilously slender expectation? If Spain were rid of the forbidden secret societies along with France, Italy and South America, how grandly would the Latin nations redeem themselves and, even in this world, go to the front in all concerns of life!—James R. Randall in the Catholic Columbian.

If the heart cannot have a truth it will take a counterfeit of truth. There is nothing steadfast in life but our memories. We are sure of keeping intact only that which we have lost.

O harbinger of the day, O guide of the pilgrim, lead us, as thou wast led in the dark night across the bleak wilderness; guide us unto Jesus, guide us home.

A terrible compound is the pious scandal-monger who, under a strange infatuation, regularly approaches the Sacraments and yet daily pursues his deadly work.

The man who stands above his fellows must expect to be the target for the envious arrows of their inferiority. It is part of the price he must pay for his advance.

The prayer that begins with trustfulness and passes on into waiting, even while in sorrow and sore need, will always end in thankfulness and triumph and praise.