

# Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

CATHOLIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

VOL. XV, No. 4

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1899.

\$2.00 per year.  
Single Copies, 5 cents.

## THE CORONATION OATH

### GUSH ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

A SCATHING SATIRE BY FATHER FALLON.

To the Editor.

Sir.—It will be universally admitted that the enthusiastic unanimity with which the Commons and Senate of Canada passed, on last Monday, their resolutions of sympathy with the British subjects in the Transvaal, presented a spectacle at once edifying and inspiring. Whether one regards the Outlanders as a glorious band of struggling, but oppressed, patriots, of purest aims and irreproachable motives, or considers them as a selfish gang of unprincipled fortune-seekers and hungry land-grabbers, bent on using the franchise to subvert the independence of the Boer Republic, it cannot be denied that the generous loyalty, the spirited indignation and the fervid eloquence of our Canadian Parliament in their behalf, will give to distant nations, unacquainted with our recent history, an exalted opinion of our love of liberty and our devotion to the doctrine of equal rights.

Not so, however, for those who know us well.

I pass over, as not pertinent to my present subject, the bitter and cruel comedy of an Administration which only yesterday perpetrated a monstrous injustice on the helpless Catholic minority in Manitoba, appealing to-day to "the conscience and judgment of mankind at large", declaiming about the "noble, moral and just cause" of the South African Outlanders, and condemning in terms of indignant anger what it is pleased to call "intolerant oppression".

But, sir, I submit that if the Canadian Cabinet is honestly in search of Outlanders to befriend, there is no sort of necessity to travel for them to South Africa. They may be found nearer home.

Some months ago public attention was drawn to a grievance under which the Roman Catholic subjects of the Empire have labored since the year 1702. Since that date every sovereign who has ascended the British throne has publicly, solemnly and wantonly insulted every Roman Catholic in the Empire in the following gross and outrageous terms:

"I, A. B., by the grace of God, King, (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are super-

stitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this Declaration and each and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

Now, sir, which Outlanders are the more deserving of sympathetic resolutions—those of the Transvaal who are denied the (if Canadian methods prevail there) doubtful and precarious privilege of marking a ballot, or those within the British Empire itself whose principal religious beliefs and sacred convictions are branded by their sovereign as "superstitious and idolatrous," and whose Spiritual Head is referred to in words that would not be applied to a Zulu chief?

It will not be contended that the Catholics of Canada have not asked for relief from this grievance. Numerous Catholic organizations in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario made known their discontent by public resolution and petition. The Catholic press unanimously seconded the movement. The NORTHWEST REVIEW, of St. Boniface, The Catholic Record, of London, The Catholic Register, of Toronto, The Canadian Freeman, of Kingston, The True Witness, of Montreal, and The Casket, of Antigonish, respectfully and repeatedly urged that some steps should be taken to prevent the declaration against Catholic doctrines from ever again being made by a British sovereign. Fortified by this support from so many quarters, a committee of the St. Joseph's Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa interviewed the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, who is supposed to officially represent in the House of Commons the English speaking Catholics of Canada, and requested him to introduce into Parliament a resolution embodying the views of his constituents. But the Hon. gentleman could not see his way clear to touch the question at all. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present champion of full freedom in Boerland, to whom the Catholic grievance was also referred, decided that any action in the matter would be inopportune.

But now, at the bidding of some mysterious emissary from South Africa, the Canadian Cabinet, which had refused to consider the petition of a considerable body of Canadian citizens, fathers a stilted resolution of sympathy with British citizens in the Transvaal, who, whatever may be their sufferings, can only come indirectly within the notice of our government.

It is difficult to suppress rather frank comment on the patent insincerity and picnic patriotism of the whole proceeding. The

chivalry of the Canadian government would not be more quixotic, and would certainly be less illogical, if it gave some attention to the well-founded complaints of its own citizens, and refrained from rushing off almost millions of miles to find objects for its legislative charity.

The day is coming, though we all sincerely pray it may be long deferred, when another British Monarch will be by law obliged to insult his Roman Catholic subjects.

Will our Cabinet, which displays so watchful a solicitude regarding the laws of a land where Her Majesty is only Suzerain, have no regard for the objectionable statutes of a realm where Her Majesty is the ruling Sovereign?

M. F. FALLON, O. M. I.  
Dunnville, Ont., August 5th, 1899.

## THE MONTREAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE FREE PRESS.

CALLED OVER THE COALS BY THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE.

Though the Free Press has prudently ignored our last week's remarks on the untrustworthiness of its Montreal correspondent, we have no doubt that our article, coinciding with one from a Protestant source, the "Quebec Chronicle," induced the Winnipeg editor to publish the latter with the following characteristic comment. It will be noticed that, in the Free Press vocabulary, to bear false witness, to be what the Chronicle calls "an untruthful scribe," is merely to "paint an idea too vividly."

We republish, says Mr. Magurn, in another column an article from the Quebec Chronicle of the 5th instant. Our Montreal correspondent has the French knack of being picturesque, and his love of color may sometimes lead him to paint an idea too vividly. We are very pleased to reproduce the article from the Chronicle, of which, perhaps, our correspondent may take notice when he returns from a holiday which he is at present taking.

He will probably lengthen out his holiday when he reads this from the Quebec Chronicle.

The Manitoba Free Press publishes two and a half columns from a Montreal correspondent who signs himself Onlooker. Among other topics of provincial gossip he finds room for a ridiculous attack on the city of Quebec. Says this untruthful scribe:

"For you must know that in Quebec the sole question of any moment is religion. You have dark-robed processions, the constant clang of bells that call to prayer; you have sacred theological discussions. . . . But having all this you have no business. Having all this the grass grows on the streets. Having all this, the great docks which cost the country five million dollars are as silent as death. Having all this every modern element which might have redeemed the city to work and effort and enterprise and modernity—has sadly taken its flight. . . . Indeed, the introduction of the trolley car has

been received with a chorus of disapproval. And yet if Quebec were other than it is, what a loss to the tired spirits which seek it for dreams and nenneth."

The fact that the writer of the above professes to be a Montrealer has to be taken into consideration. There may be a few people in the neighboring city who hold the views of Onlooker, but only very few. If he had been in Quebec lately he would know how utterly and entirely false are the statements he makes. In place of the grass he sees in imagination on our highways are up to date asphalt pavements. The alleged silence of the docks is broken by the bustle of hundreds of men loading ocean steamers with cargoes which they could not take on at Montreal and ever hope to reach the sea. The other day—Tuesday last—110 cars loaded with deals were on the tracks of the Louise Basin, and being rapidly transferred to the ocean liners in port. This does not look the desertion which the Montreal correspondent of the Winnipeg Free Press dreams of. The city of Quebec, with three established railways about to secure an entrance into it by means of a four million dollar bridge, with a new transcontinental highway nearly completed and the certainty that this port must soon be the head of deep water navigation, cannot be written down by those who dislike to see it prosper. The Winnipeg Free Press may not hold itself responsible for the opinions of its correspondent, but it should in justice to Quebec, explain that he is far astray from the truth. When pending arrangements are completed millions will be put into the pockets of western farmers by shipping grain through this route. The energy and the capital of the men of Quebec are doing much to bring this about. A great elevator has just been provided for, new docks are being constructed, the graving dock is to be lengthened, lines of steamers having Quebec for their terminus are now plying here, that never came before, and still more lines are under contract to do business here next year. The slander, for such it is, will do no harm if it draws the attention of Western Canada to Quebec, its present activity and future prospects.

## A LIE THAT DIES HARD.

Father Walworth in the Catholic World for August shows how the truth was suppressed. The same lie stills current among Protestants.

"The town of Hanley, and other towns and villages which clustered around the Malvern Hills, furnished us, however, with something besides converts. They gave us dangerous adversaries, both residents and visitors. They brought us into hostile contact with Anglicans who did not belong to the Oxford Movement, but were hostile to it. Many of these had minds well stored with scraps of learning gathered from Protestant sources. They carried about with them small-arms of controversy, which could be used with much effect in social life, where verification of authority could not readily be called for, but strong assertion could be made to supply the want of proof. My memory furnishes me with a good example to show what influence

this kind of brow-beating often has.

Among the visitors to Malvern Hills one summer was a French Catholic of noble family, a Breton count. One Sunday morning, after High Mass, he came into our convent parlor and asked to see some priest of the community. Father Lefevre and the author were sent to wait upon him. After introducing himself to us, he told us that he had been very much annoyed and his conscience disturbed by some Protestant acquaintances of his, with whom he had become very intimate at Malvern and who were very agreeable people to know. They had shown him some work of an Anglican divine in which a letter of one of the early fathers, St. Gregory the Great, himself a Roman Pontiff, was quoted, showing him to have abandoned all idea of Papal supremacy and to have claimed no higher authority in the church than any other bishop. This letter was addressed to John, surnamed the Faster, Patriarch of Constantinople. Fortunately the whole of this letter is still in existence and given at full length amongst the works of St. Gregory. This letter we had in Latin, and when the count said he understood Latin, we took the book down from a shelf in the parlor and asked him to read the letter through and through. In doing this the count found, to his astonishment, that it constantly asserts the superiority of the See of Rome to all other bishoprics. What St. Gregory objects to, is the form of the title (Ecumenical Bishop, which the Patriarch of Constantinople claimed for his patriarchate, and which the Emperor Phocas, himself a resident of Constantinople, would not allow to be used in his empire. The reason assigned by the emperor for forbidding it was, that such a title could only be used by the Bishop of Rome.

St. Gregory objected to the use of this title by any bishop, even by himself, as being equivocal. He claimed in preference a better and clearer title, namely, that of "Bishop of the Universal Church."

When our French visitor had finished reading the letter he was completely disgusted, and laying down the book, he said:

"That will do. I have had enough of this. I'll have no more discussion with these English friends of mine on points of controversy. I never knew of anything more unfair than such suppression of the truth. They use the Fathers as they use the Scriptures. It is only a new form of the old trick. I was foolish to let myself be worried by it."

Many years later, when living at Baltimore in Maryland, the same letter of St. Gregory was made use of in the same way to prevent a young lady of a distinguished family in that city from uniting herself to the ancient church. The chief agent of the deceit in this latter case was not a Protestant layman, but a prominent clergyman, and one who afterwards stood high amongst Episcopalians as a talented bishop. As the young lady in question did not understand Latin, I took the trouble to translate the whole letter into English and publish it in the "Baltimore Mirror." It had the same effect as before, and the young lady made her profession of Faith without any further anxiety of conscience."

**NORTHWEST REVIEW**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY

TUESDAY

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

REV. A. A. CHERRIER,  
Editor-in-Chief.Subscription, - - - - \$2.00 a year.  
Six months, - - - - \$1.00.The NORTHWEST REVIEW is on  
sale at R. Vendome, Stationer, 290  
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at The Winnipeg Stationery & Book  
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NORTHWEST REVIEW, St. Boniface, Man.**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1899

**CURRENT COMMENT**

The editor of the Providence Visitor, Rev. Thomas L. Kelly, is past master in the art of politely pulverizing an adversary. Scarcely have we read anything so delightful as his latest reply (Aug. 8th) to that strangely voluble person, Mr. Merwin-Marie Snell. There is no venom in Father Kelly. His satire is delicate and, though stingless, absolutely irresistible.

Although most of the money stolen from the Molson's Bank, Winnipeg, has been recovered by what is said to be very clever amateur detective work, the general feeling in the city is that the mystery is not by any means cleared up, and that J. W. Anderson is most probably innocent.

Father Fallon's most recent masterly letter on the Coronation oath reached us last week just too late for that issue. It has since appeared in the Montreal Star of the 7th inst. and in several other other papers. It ought to be given the widest possible circulation. Though glowing with honest indignation it does not contain one word that is not supported by facts. Unfortunately, so long as the hoi polloi prefer husks to solid food, the Transvaal resolution, being pure flummery, will be eagerly swallowed, while the Coronation oath protests, being too solid and wholesome to be digested by sickly stomachs, will be severely ignored.

Better late than never. La Presse of Montreal has discovered in our columns a letter from Monseigneur Clut, O.M.I., the "Bishop of the North Pole," which we published five or six months ago. It is duly credited, but of course without date.

One of the most soul-stirring articles we have seen for many a year is to be found in Donahoe's Magazine for August. It is "The Mystic Life," by Susan L. Emery. With an accurate and astonishingly wide knowledge of theology, this lady skilfully works out a proof of the exist-

ence of God from the spiritual experiences of the contemplative life as exemplified in the Carmelite order. She promises another article in which she will study the tremendous practical possibilities of the mystical life, and the glimpses she has here given us make us long for a fuller and more minute view.

One of the most valuable episodes in Father Walworth's interesting reminiscences of England fifty years ago is the well known garbling of a quotation from St. Gregory the Great. Father Walworth's experience with this "hardy annual" is to be found in another column. We have no doubt this lie is current among many Anglicans in this country, for we distinctly remember a prominent Anglican divine of Winnipeg doing his best to galvanize it a few years ago.

We read, in the Oblate's Missionary Record for August, that Bishop Jolivet, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Natal, has been keeping a triple jubilee: fifty years a priest and an Oblate and twenty-five years a bishop. The date was May 14 of this year; the place, St. Mary's Church, Pietermaritzburg. In an eloquent sermon at the celebration Bishop Gaughran, O.M.I., of Kimberley, said that, 25 years ago, in the old vicariate of Natal, there were six priests, now there are 114; then there were three religious brothers, now there are 284; then there were eight nuns, now there are 867; then there were five churches, now there are 81; then there was not a single Catholic boarding school, now there are 46; then there were but two or three Catholic schools, now there are 82. Bishop Gaughran "had no intention whatever of attributing to their beloved Bishop all the work that had been done, but this he would say, Bishop Jolivet had initiated the movement; he had called others to his aid, and helped them by his advice, and certainly by his example, giving them courage."

**THAT CATHOLIC PARTY.**

"Le Monde Canadien," which is a kind of weekly sequel to the defunct daily "Minerve," and is edited by Mr. G. A. Nantel, contains, in its issue of the 3rd inst., a deplorably flippant, shallow and ungentlemanly article entitled "A Centre or Catholic Party." It opens with these words: "The one member of the Catholic party of the province of Quebec, Mr. Tardivel, has just found at last, an ally in THE NORTHWEST REVIEW of Manitoba. We congratulate our amiable contemporary on this success, all the more enviable because the Manitoba journal relies, for the launching forth of its idea, not on a religious question, but on a purely human matter such as the administration of the Yukon district. This shows what sort of dressing the Catholic party would be willing to be served up in.

"This idea of founding a Catholic party in Canada is the acme of absurdity. What right has anybody to take the name of the Catholic religion and make it a wrap-rascal for a political party? "Nothing is or can be Catholic but the religion, the Church,

the hierarchy governed by the Sovereign Pontiff and made up of the bishops, the priests. The nature, the very essence of a political party will always prevent its being called Catholic.

"A maniac of Tardivel's stamp may, indeed, wrap in the misfit venture of this sacred name the vagaries of his mind. Here, in this country, he is known and people set no store by him. But a serious publication like THE NORTHWEST REVIEW ought to avoid falling into such an aberration.

"Besides, who in the world has granted leave, either to Mr. Tardivel or to THE NORTHWEST REVIEW to use the Catholic name as a cloak for a purely human association. Is it the Pope? Is it the bishops?"

Precisely, Mr. Nantel. You have been fearing this all along your senseless tirade, and it is time to answer you just here. Your conscience tells you it is the bishops, it is the Pope. We may add it is the most elementary use of reason—which you seem unable to use at all—that gives us leave to call into being a Catholic party.

The rest of your article is but a repetition of the groundless assertions and blackguardly insults of which the portion we have quoted is exclusively composed. There being no proofs we shall confine ourselves to your very strange affirmations.

If it is the acme of absurdity to found a Catholic party in Canada we share that pinnacle of folly with His Holiness Leo XIII. In his encyclical of Dec. 8, 1897, to the Bishops of Canada, the Pope said: "It is still more to be regretted that the Canadian Catholics themselves were not at all united, as they ought to have been, in the defence of a cause which so closely concerns them all, and the vast interest and importance of which ought to have silenced political partisanship, which is a matter of such inferior consequence." By these words the Sovereign Pontiff distinctly teaches that political partisanship ought to be silenced wherever matters of importance to Catholics are at stake, and that is all we mean by a Catholic party. The members of a Catholic party need be united only on strictly Catholic questions; on other questions they could vote with either Liberals or Conservatives.

If this idea is the acme of absurdity, we share it in company with our Right Rev. Father in God, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, who has over and over again publicly expressed his earnest advocacy of this view and who, quite lately, authorized us to state that he "would prefer candidates to come out as independent of either party." (NORTHWEST REVIEW, June 27, p. 2, col. 4.)

Mr. Nantel pretends that only the religion we profess and our priests can be called Catholic. What about the laity? What about himself? True, he subsequently contradicts himself and maintains that he is as good a Catholic as Tardivel; but he thereby forgets that he has called Tardivel a crank, a maniac and other choice names. Evidently, the editor of Le Monde Canadien is so hard hit that he loses his head and can do nothing but curse and shriek like a fishwife. The impression he

thus produces is that he must be defending a very bad case.

What underlies his vaporing is the rationalistic theory that religion must be relegated to the sacristy. On the contrary religion rules the entire life of a true Catholic. The error of religious Liberalism consists in divorcing a man's politics from his faith. In private he may be pious, but in public he must vote with his party even if that party antagonize the Church. This is a monstrosity, a stultification of reason enlightened by divine faith. And the only sure way of escaping from this unnatural, this monstrous bondage is that all Catholics should unite, as they have in Germany and Belgium with such splendid results.

Mr. Tardivel may safely be left to chastise Mr. Nantel as he deserves. The former wields a potent pen and knows how to argue; the latter has only a few tricks of style which he works more than they are worth. We would merely remark that Mr. Tardivel's paper, which admits no advertisements, could not exist unless he had at least several hundred earnest supporters, and that he has no ambition to be the leader of the growing Catholic party; all that he wants is to see it take shape and life, whoever may be the leader thereof.

One word more as to our instancing a purely human matter as a proof of the desirableness of a Catholic party. Mr. Nantel finds it strange that a Catholic party would interest itself in the administration of the Yukon.

Why not, pray? A Catholic party would make for truth in all questions. It would hold the balance tone between the exaggerated invectives of the Opposition and the exaggerated whitewashings of the Government. Wherever robbery and impurity were to be unmasked the Catholic party, seeking first the observance of God's commandments, would be fearless and incorruptible. Few indeed are the political questions which do not touch on morals. For instance, how could an independent Catholic vote for a railway subsidy that would present to two contractors fifteen hundred thousand dollars of the people's money over and above all the expenses of railway construction?

**NOTES BY THE WAY.**

The proceedings of the Church of England Synod would not under ordinary circumstances form a subject of discussion or consideration in these columns for nothing would be further from our desire than to intrude on the internal concerns of any of the sects. It happens, however, that frequently in gatherings of the kind something is brought up of public interest and we consider that the sermon of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle delivered at the opening of the Synod and published in full in last Saturday's issue of the Telegram contained some points to which we may without offence refer. The sermon was a labored but in some respects a manly effort to justify the existence of the Church of England and to outline its particular importance in view of the requirements of the present time, but what it pos-

sessed in manliness—and by this we mean that quality which an enlisted soldier will sometimes show who has attempted a rash undertaking in defence of his flag or for the honor of his cloth—it sadly lacked in logic, and therefore it was a truly typical Church of England deliverance. For instance it is an admirable thing to hear a bishop boldly declare that "the church has one, eternal universal message which never changes," but one may doubt the appropriateness of such a declaration when made on behalf of an establishment such as the Elizabethan invention which has almost as many forms of doctrine as it has bishops and when even those divines who were listening to the sermon are well known to hold a startling diversity of opinion and teaching on fundamental points. Again, in view of all that is known as to the real character of "the Reformers" who have been described by a leading light of the English Church as "a set of unredeemed villains," it was perhaps a plucky thing of the bishop in the desperation of his position to come to their rescue with the assertion that "they were men of sound common sense; judicious, true-hearted Englishmen," but such an assertion was under the circumstances no more convincing than the one that almost immediately followed it: "The Church of England is indeed Catholic, but yet she is Protestant," which is an absurdity and much as if the bishop had oracularly declared "Light is darkness" and expected people to believe him.

We cannot go sentence by sentence all through the discourse. The bishop spoke of "standing firm in the maintenance of the truth and freedom which the church conquered for herself at the Reformation," when everyone knows that all that was accomplished at that time was the creation of a new state department of so-called religion which has ever since remained the "Anglican Church as by law established," the slave and sport of politicians. Later on the bishop qualified his former statement regarding the "Church Catholic" by saying that "she occupies a unique position—a distinct and definite place in the church Catholic." Having previously tried in turn to please the Low churchman and the High churchman he here seems to be attempting to satisfy those amongst his hearers who hold to the branch theory. He speaks at great length in glowing terms of the past history and the future prospects of the church, but surely in these parts of his discourse he showed himself the possessor of a vivid imagination and can hardly have expected to be taken seriously by a public who know that the past history of the Anglican Church is a series of compromises and of unfaithfulness to the mission which she professed and that her prospects for the future are disruption and decay.

Before closing his sermon the bishop made some remarks which must have given Archdeacon Fortin a most uncomfortable quarter of an hour. It is hardly to be doubted that the bishop's references to the

controversial spirit were directly inspired by the recent conduct of the archdeacon, for the words used fitted his case exactly and could fit nothing else of recent occurrence. Without endorsing all that the Bishop said regarding controversy, which is often very necessary and salutary, we do congratulate him on having drawn a true word picture of controversy as conducted by the archdeacon, and as some of our readers no doubt did not read the sermon in the Telegram we give this portion of it in full. We wonder how the archdeacon felt when the bishop drew his picture and castigated him in the following terms:

"Again, we are living in a somewhat controversial age. It may be our duty sometimes to controvert false teaching. Controversy may then be necessary; but the controversial spirit is an unlovely thing. There can be no growth, but rather a counteraction and stoppage of growth, a dwarfing and stunting of spiritual life, in maintaining the truth in a spirit of controversial bitterness. Every one who has ever engaged in controversy, knows that the atmosphere of it is most ensnaring and damaging to the spiritual life. This is not a fault of the controversy—of the earnest contention of the faith, to which the hand of God calls us—but of the prejudice and narrowness of the human mind, which the controversy is the occasion of calling forth, and which makes us magnify the errors of opponents, question their motives, distrust their character and too often dislike their reasons. Our maintenance of the truth should be a large and loving maintenance of it, a maintenance which is Catholic in the breadth of its sympathies, no less than in the orthodoxy of its dogmas. But, alas! controversy is too often the grave of charity. We should carefully eschew the unguarded temper, the intolerant spirit—that "heresy of temper which is more deadly than the heresy of opinion."

The event of the past week locally was undoubtedly the sensational developments in the Molson's bank robbery case. At the time of writing this note the air is full of rumors, and if one believes all one hears on the streets and reads in the newspapers some astonishing features are yet to be brought to public notice. The only thing certain is that the bulk of the stolen money has been recovered and a young man who hitherto enjoyed the confidence of his employers and the esteem of all who knew him is in the provincial jail, to which he has been consigned as the alleged thief. We are not inclined, with the information before us, to join those who have been so free in their expressions of admiration at the astuteness and skill of the amateur "detective" through whom the present proceedings have been taken. We do not know what the evidence will reveal but just now it looks as if he blindly stumbled on the discoveries he made and that his success was more the result of chance than dexterity. It is, however, a matter for satisfaction to the whole business community that there is at least a prospect of this mysterious crime being cleared up and no matter how it has been done, all will hope that the charge will be brought home to the culprit whoever he or she may be and adequate punishment meted out. It would be most disastrous to

the business interests of the country if such crimes could be perpetrated with impunity.

We advise our readers to be very cautious about forming an opinion on the Dreyfus case before they have more information to go on than they have at present. Very little consideration is required to convince any reasonable man that the generals and others who still hold that Dreyfus is guilty must have some grounds for their belief, and it is utterly impossible to accept the cable dispatches which appear in the daily press as fair reports of the proceedings at the present court martial of the well known prisoner. These dispatches bear abundant evidence of being partial and one-sided, and we do not hesitate to say that they give and are interested to give an utterly false idea of the evidence that is being presented and of the method in which the case is being conducted. It is reasonable to believe that the prisoner will have a fair trial and will receive justice, and as the dispatches all tend to raise a suspicion to the contrary it is evident that they are altogether unreliable. "The cable liar" finds this a grand opportunity to get in some of his finest work and he is not missing the chance. Our advise is, therefore, to wait for fuller and more authentic information, and we are inclined to think that when that arrives quite a different complexion will be put on the matter to that which it now bears in the minds of the mass of the gullible public.

AN ANSWER FROM THE SADLER-ROWE CO.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 2, 1899. Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Editor Northwest Review, St. Boniface, Man.

Dear Sir—I have marked copy of the REVIEW for July 18, and notice your criticism. The pamphlet you refer to was hastily constructed, was entirely dictated to stenographer, and not written as you indicate.

The mistakes in spelling were pointed out, and why they were not corrected is beyond the writer. It is true that the compiler of that matter is not a Latin scholar in the sense of knowing all Latin, but his education has not been confined so narrowly as you seem to think.

Yours very truly, H. M. ROWE.

EDITORIAL NOTE: One of the fundamental axioms of all good education is: What is worth doing is worth doing well. Therefore that pamphlet ought to have been more carefully prepared, or not published at all. One who is not a Latin scholar should not use Latin terms. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or faste not of the Pierian spring.

SISTER FISETTE.

Justine Fisette, whose jubilee occurred last week, was born at Contrecoeur, Que., on Nov. 1st, 1829. After the usual two years of noviceship in the Grey Nuns' convent of that town, she took her vows as a religious on Aug. 7th, 1849. In 1850 Rev. Sister Valade, the Superior of the Grey Nuns who had then been six years at St. Boniface, went east to gather recruits for this pioneer mission. Finding that the Mother House in Mont-

real was then short of Sisters she called at other houses of the Order, and at St. Hyacinthe she found in young Sister Fisette a brave volunteer. Two others, Sister Lesperance, as yet only a postulant, and Sister Laurent, lately professed, had entered the Montreal convent with the understanding that they were to go to the Red River. Starting from Montreal on the 19th of June, these four Sisters did not reach St. Boniface till the 20th of September, thus spending three months in a journey which is now made in 45 hours. It took them 14 days to get to St. Paul. They crossed the State of Illinois in a horse railway. St. Paul was at that time a mere village, where Father, now Monsignor Ravoux, gave them the best accommodation his poor dwelling could afford. They had to wait a whole month at St. Paul for the yearly caravan of half-breeds from St. Boniface coming for provisions and merchandise. Finally, on the 3rd of August the Sisters began their great prairie drive of almost 500 miles. Mother Valade and Sister Fisette occupied the only wagon, drawn by one horse. The two other sisters travelled in Red River two-wheeled carts, of which there were about 60. These carts were drawn by oxen and contained, for the most part, the goods destined to the Red River settlement. From seven to nine men, well armed and mounted on excellent horses, accompanied the party to guard against Indian attacks. The Sioux were then greatly feared; but none were seen, though it was afterwards learnt that the caravan had been watched by Sioux scouts.

The caravan was delayed one week at Pembina, hoping that a barge would come to take them down the Red River, as the season was a very rainy one and the water on the trail was often up to the axles of the carts; but the barge did not come and the rest of the journey was made by land. While at Pembina, the Sisters witnessed a buffalo hunt and were treated to choice morsels of this royal game.

They brought to St. Boniface the first news of the choice of young Father Taché, then 27 years old, for Coadjutor to Bishop Provencher. In those days there were only two mails a year. Sir George Simpson was still Governor of the Hudson's Bay Co., residing in Montreal. Almost 20 years were yet to pass before Dr. Schultz was to give the name of Winnipeg to a few houses near Fort Garry. In 1850 there were only two houses there, one belonging to Mr. McDermott and the other to Mr. Drever.

Sister Fisette, assisted by Sister Lesperance, immediately opened the first girls' boarding school in the settlement. Their first pupil was Marie Bottineau, daughter of one of the famous Canadian Pioneers of Minnesota and the Dakotas. Julie Kittson, daughter of the great St. Paul millionaire, who died some ten years ago, came the next year. The "Pensionnat," as this convent was called for about 40 years, trained almost all the daughters of the most prominent settlers, Protestant as well as Catholic.

Afterwards Sister Fisette was Mistress of Novices 13 years, Superior at St. Francois Xavier 22 years at three different periods, Superior at St. Norbert three years, and Superior of the Industrial School three years. Now she, who is in her seventieth year, is Assistant to the Mother Vicar, who is just half her age, 35.

ORANGE BIGOTRY.

Universe (England). A perusal of the Orange 12th of July speeches delivered by gentlemen holding responsible positions will show who are real firebrands of the North of

Ireland. The Belfast mob who throw the stones, assault the police, and wreck Catholic houses are only dupes of such rabid orators as Lord Farnham (Grand Master of Orange Lodges), the Rev. Thomas Harrison, the Rev. Emerson-Doran, and other leading lights of Ulster Protestantism. Anathemas, hot and strong, were hurled at Home Rule, Rome Rule, and the Catholic university question, the latter coming in for special maledictions. The Rev. Emerson-Doran unloaded his over-charged soul of a cargo of abusive epithets. For His Holiness the Pope he reserved his fiercest onslaught. The Holy Father, according to this Christian minister, is the most powerful ally of the devil and the enemy of the whole human race. Irishmen are so long accustomed to this sort of thing they pass it by with a smile of contempt. And the Orange Lords and rev. gentlemen are the people who complain that the Catholics refuse to associate with Protestants in the universities, and decline to accept instruction from Protestant professors of the Emerson-Doran type.

COMMISSIONER LAIRD.

Word has been received in the city from Commissioner Laird stating that the Indian and halfbreed commissioners separated at the Lesser Slave lake, as the halfbreed commission had too much work to do to be able to keep up with the Indian commission. A treaty was arranged with the Lesser Slave Indians without any trouble whatever. The commission finding themselves about two weeks late when they arrived at the Peace River landing decided to separate, Mr. Ross and Mr. McKenzie doing the St. John district, and Commissioner Laird went to Fort Vermillion and Fort Chippewian. At the latter point the commission will reunite and proceed north. It is not expected they will be able to return before September 1. —Free Press.

Rev. Father Paquin, S. J., Rector of St. Boniface College, went to Rat Portage on business last Thursday.

The Clergy Retreat for the archdiocese of St. Boniface began yesterday under the able guidance of Rev. Father Godts, C. S. S. R.

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I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the advertised boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DAWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from... for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick children. He has had the dropsy and am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowler, Ph. G., 538 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WIDEMAN.

I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for earache of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

Advertisement for Ripans Tablets. ONE GIVES RELIEF. R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity. TRADE MARK

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, boys are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. R. W. FAUCI.

A new style packet containing ten tablets packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—see your chemist. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. —One of the best of the best (25 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Tablets Co., 114 N. 4th St., New York. —A single carton (10 tablets) will be sent for five cents. Ripans Tablets may be had of street grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and all some higher stores and barber shops. Their health, taste, indigestion and general life. —One gives relief.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- AUGUST.
- 20—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Joachim. Father of the Blessed Virgin. Solemnity of the Assumption.
  - 21, Monday—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Foundress of the Order of the Visitation.
  - 22, Tuesday—Octave of the Assumption.
  - 23, Wednesday—Vigil. St. Philip Beniti, Conf.
  - 24, Thursday—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
  - 25, Friday—St. Louis, King of France.
  - 26, Saturday—St. Bernard, Abbot (transferred from the 20th inst.)

BRIEFLETS.

We regret to learn that Msgr. Ritchot's health is visibly failing.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface arrived from the east last Saturday.

Brother Alarie, S.J., arrived at St. Boniface College yesterday morning from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

No official intimation of the date of the Delegate Apostolic's arrival in Ottawa has been received as yet.

A Winnipeg photographer was fined for taking pictures on Sunday, and yet if there were no sun-days how could the photographer live?

Rev. Father Grenier, S.J., left for the east via Chicago and Detroit yesterday. He will be employed in the novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet.

Rev. Father Marcoux, former Vice-Rector of Laval University and now pastor of Indian Orchard, Mass., arrived here on Friday on a visit to the Northwest.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., who is now making his annual retreat, will lecture in the Catholic Church at Rat Portage next Sunday evening in aid of a local charity.

This morning quite a number of the St. Boniface College students received Holy Communion in the college chapel and afterwards breakfasted in the college.

A new double hand-ball court is going up in the St. Boniface College playground. It will be further afield than the old one, though facing, as that one did, the northeast door.

Rev. Fathers Morin, Bélanger and the other priests, who stopped over from the west last Thursday, continued their eastward journey on Friday. Father Morin will be back with some more settlers about the middle of September.

This is the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. In this country it is not a holiday of obligation, but it is solemnized on the following Sunday. The eve of the solemnity, next Saturday, is a day of fast and abstinence.

Rev. Father St-Amand came in last week from Rainy River, where he leads the zealous life of a lonely missionary. He went out to see Rev. Father Giroux at Ste. Anne, and returned in time to begin his retreat with the rest of the clergy.

Dr. Lapponi, physician to Leo XIII., in a contribution to the "Vox Urbis" says it is fair to hope that the Holy Father, being completely restored to health, may reach the hundredth year of his life in the strength of age.

Mr. Charles Emilius Lamb, son of the Rev. Henry William Lamb, Rector of Marton-on-Dove, Derbyshire, and Mrs. Eleonora Schmitt, wife of Mr. Oscar

Schmitt, Professor of Lynn Grammar School, were both received into the Catholic Church on the feast of St. Anthony, June 13th, in the chapel at Islington Hall, King's Lynn, England, by the Very Rev. Canon Van Santem, of Spalding.

Early last week two workmen were severely injured in the Northern Pacific yards by cars backing up on them while they were breaking old rails. It was at first thought that one of them, Snyder Olafson, could not live many hours; but, thanks to the skill of the surgeons and the nursing of the Sisters, he has improved wonderfully and is likely to recover. The other, E. G. Lothman, had only a broken leg and will soon be quite well.

Rev. Father Morin and a party of representative clergy of Quebec returned to the city last Thursday evening from a trip to the Pacific coast which they took for the purpose of seeing the country in order to give information to those of their several parishes who wish to move to the west. Father Morin states that he has never seen the country looking better and that if the present crop prospects be realized immigration from the lower provinces will be very large.—Free Press.

NOTES FROM STE. ROSE.

"As old as Adam." What does that mean? The soul of Adam is as young as ours. It knows no time, its youth is immortal. What is it to be old? But a small matter. Age touches our soul's tabernacle, our earthly envelope, our material being, but our souls are equally and immortally young and will be through the ages.

I have seen the following reflections in a young girl's diary (it takes a young person to write these things, when we are older we try to forget them.) "I have been thinking of Old Age which Youbert has beautifully called the port of Eternity. How surely and sadly it creeps over all, and yet so gradually that we hardly feel it come, so stealthy are the years, so velvet-footed. We cannot but delight in being young; can after years restore the delicate fragrance of life's morning hours which resemble the morning hours of

early spring. Can any after time renew the dewy pearl of innocence, which gems life's opening blossoms? What a world of beautiful mysteries like, unexpanded rose-buds, lies folded in the virginal leaves of our souls! What a chorus of wonderful hopes and desires, like the voices of half-awakened birds, makes melody, in those dim dawning hours! But this song dies away in our ears when we near the ineffable borders where terminate Time and Space."

All the saying of philosophers notwithstanding, there is one thing quite sure; no woman would ever admit that she or any one she loved, was old, the mother-heart keeps all things young.

Although indeed time brings its compensations for age in the saints is like a beautiful sunset, the light from Eternity streams in through the half-open door and illumines their evenings. "The sins of my youth and my ignorance remember not, O Lord!" But the Psalmist asks no such mercy for the sins of his old age.

Recently, the ceremonies of the First Communion were beautifully carried out here, the Rev. Father Geelen gave of his best, in a touching sermon, which he preached to these happy little ones. We think he has learnt from his Divine Master the art of attracting little children; he gave of the best in the adornments for the altar and in the choir, where he sang some really lovely hymns, which we did not know before and which we think came from France where, you know, there is a monopoly of things celestial.

The Rev. Father McDonnell is here on a visit of some weeks, to our great joy, staying with his cousin Mr. D. McDonnell of Ste. Rose, so we can be quite grand and have two priests for the services on Sundays with a sermon in English thrown in by way of a treat.

THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT.

Harry Hurl, a farmer living five miles east of Stephen, Minn., reports that while two of his hired men were digging a well on his farm, and had got down a depth of 44 feet, the bottom suddenly fell in. One of the men was thrown into a whirl of water and disappeared, and has not been seen or heard of since. The other man, when he felt that the ground was giving away under him, caught on to the rope that was used in hoisting the dirt up, and was drawn to the top. Mr. Hurl then got a rope and chain about 100 feet long and attached a great weight to it and dropped it in the well; it did not touch bottom, but was washed rapidly west, showing that a large body of water was underneath.

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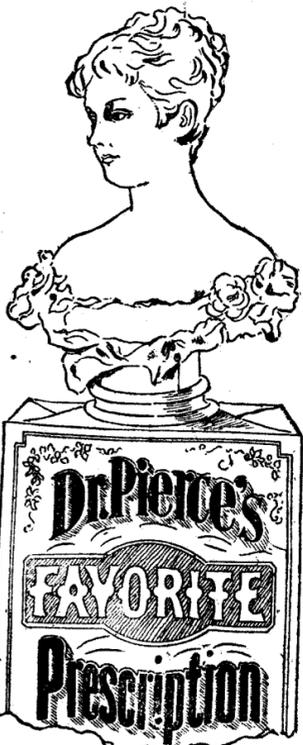
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