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CURRENT COMMENT

To those who might be inclined to believe that there was a grain of truth in the reproach of "Medievalism" made, in a moment of petulant pique, against St. Boniface College by a new and rather "fresh" member of the University Council last spring, we commend the following facts reported in the "Chicago Chronicle" of December 26th, last. Their bearing on the educational methods of St. Boniface College is evident from the well known fact that this college is conducted on the same lines as all the other colleges of the society of Jesus. Says the Chicago Chronicle:

"Work in the educational field carried on by the Jesuit order in this country and in the Philippine Islands is attracting much attention through the announcement yesterday that twenty-six prizes were awarded the Jesuit exhibits at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.

These exhibits were made by the Jesuit fathers at the St. Louis Exposition. One exhibit was in education, one in historical documents and one by the Jesuit observatory and educators in the Philippine Islands was in science and fourteen prizes were awarded to it.

The summary of the awards shows that there were seven grand prizes, twelve gold medals, four silver medals, two bronze medals and one honorable mention. Besides these a gold medal was awarded to Dr. Roman Lacson, curator of the Jesuit Manila observatory, and four silver medals to Filipinos.

In the exhibit of education the colleges which took part were the St. Ignatius College, of Chicago; the St. Louis University, the Creighton University, of Omaha; the Marquette College of Milwaukee; Detroit College, Detroit; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, and St. Mary's College, Kansas. The grand prize for general excellence of the educational exhibit is due to the work of all these colleges combined, although the St. Louis University, in whose name the exhibit was entered, is the one expressly mentioned in the award. Another grand prize was awarded for the special exhibit of topographical anatomy and another for special exhibit of embryological drawings.

Threesilver medals were awarded, one for collection of mounted pathological specimens, one for cabinet of chemical crystallography and one for books of original odes in Greek, Latin and English commemorative of the Louisiana purchase.

A gold medal was awarded specifically to the Creighton University of Omaha, Neb., for pathological and histological drawings by students of the medical department. A bronze medal was awarded to the St. Louis University for stenographic reports of lectures, recitations, etc., in the various departments of the university.

This is undoubtedly a very fine showing in the various departments of chemical, medical, astronomical and meteorological science, as well as in ancient and modern literature and in that very useful commercial and journalistic asset, shorthand. But there is another and a more valuable award bestowed on a Canadian connected with a Canadian college. "In historical exhibits," says the same number of the Chicago Chronicle, "the grand prize for excellence was awarded to the exhibit of the St. Mary's College archives of Montreal, Canada. A gold medal was awarded to Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J., Archivist of St. Mary's College, and a silver medal to Rev. John C. Burke, S.J., of St. Louis University." In its issue of Decem-

ber 29, the same paper published a large and well executed portrait of Father Jones, with the information that he "has been at St. Louis exhibiting a number of paintings, manuscripts, maps and books belonging to missionaries who invaded the districts of Illinois during the latter years of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth," and that he "now has his valuable collection on exhibition at the Chicago Historical Society." This collection of precious manuscripts and maps, many of them as yet but partially published, is acknowledged by experts in American history to be the most valuable on this continent, and is due to the keen historical insight and patient researches during thirty years and more, of Father Jones, who is the greatest living authority on such matters. The gentlemen who published some years ago a new and enlarged edition of the Jesuit Relations, continually deferred to Father Jones' judgment on texts and translations as to a court of final appeal. We see by the "Chicago Tribune" that he gave a lecture before the Chicago Historical Society, Dearborn avenue and Ontario street, on the collection of rare manuscripts shown at St. Louis and now on exhibition in the Historical Society's rooms. Father Jones, who is now in his sixty-seventh year, is a native of Brockville, Ont., and a descendent of a United Empire Loyalist family. He was one of the first students of St. Mary's College, Montreal, where he laid the foundation of that wide and varied culture which has since made him one of the glories of his Alma-Mater. His artistic skill in sketching and drawing adds much to the accuracy and charm of his historical monographs.

The typhoid epidemic is still growing in the fashionable south end of the city. While sympathizing with so many stricken families, we cannot help thinking what a howl would have gone up to the high heaven if such a record of widespread disease had been found in some poor quarter. What an outcry of denunciation there would then have been heard against the uncleanly habits of the poor, especially if those poor victims had been foreign Catholics. But the victims being well to do, being in the lap, as it were, of perfect plumbing, no blame is attached to them and strenuous efforts are making to discover and uproot the cause of the scourge. It looks very much as if physicians would have to come back to the old idea that typhoid is practically infectious.

The Catholic peerage must have sadly degenerated for the "Tablet," that staunch upholder of the aristocracy, to feel bound to write, as it did on Christmas Eve: "The Catholic vote in the House of Lords could now be counted on as thirty-four, instead of thirty-two a year ago, if it could be counted upon at all; but recent experience has shown that divisions affecting grave interests of large classes of the community have not been voted in by more than a devoted fraction of the Catholic peers. For all practical purposes of legislation the Catholic peers might as well have been left under the civil disabilities that their fathers were assisted by O'Connell to remove."

The Casket says: "The criminal statistics for 1903, just published, show that drunkenness is on the increase in Canada, as proved by the convictions in the courts. In Ontario the increase has been twenty-eight per cent.; in Manitoba, seventy-five per cent.; in Nova Scotia, one hundred per cent. Quebec is the only province in which there has been a decrease. [Of 22 per cent.—Ed. N. R.] Score another point for the benighted, priest-ridden French-Canadians." Moreover, the only anti-prohibition province is also, as the "Messenger Canadien

du Sacre Cœsur" points out, the one in which there are fewest drunkards in proportion to the population. "A goodly portion of this happy result," adds our Montreal contemporary, "may well be attributed to the Men's League of the Sacred Heart." Men's sodalities, as the Canadian and American experience of the best conducted parishes shows, are the strongest bulwarks of Catholic virtue.

Mr. Arthur Preuss has changed his weekly "Review" into "The Catholic Fortnightly Review." The number of pages per month will remain as before. Nothing, in fact, will be changed but the title and the date of appearance. The reason for the fortnightly innovation is thus given by the founder, editor and publisher, who, be it remembered, also edits a German daily paper:—"To one who, in frail health, is obliged to devote the major portion of his time to daily newspaper routine, the editing of a thought-provoking weekly magazine with some pretension to originality, necessarily involves a physical and mental strain which, in my case, has proved rather too severe. Fortnightly publication will somewhat ease the tension and give me leisure to treat contemporary events in that calm philosophic spirit, which it has been my constant endeavor to infuse into the pages of the Review. I am satisfied that those who oppose this journal and the causes it strives to serve will dislike and fear it none the less if it appear but twice a month; while its friends and supporters will probably relish its visits all the more keenly for their increased rarity." Although we gladly welcome any change that may ease Mr. Preuss's arduous labors, yet we do not fully endorse this last sentiment of his; we shall miss the weekly visit of his strong and brave Review.

As to the change of title, Mr. Preuss writes: "This journal was begun in the great metropolis of Lake Michigan, in 1893, as 'The Chicago Review.' When after issuing the first number in a large edition, I made application at the Post-Office for the second-class privilege, it turned out that another paper had already been entered under that name. The new venture having been advertised extensively, I did not like to drop the distinguishing title of 'Review' and simply therefore cut out the 'Chicago.' Thus my little journal acquired the broad name which has so often during the past eleven years, and I may say, so justly, been criticized as too indefinite and not sufficiently indicative of its true object and scope. The change from a weekly to a semi-monthly necessitates a new application for entry, and I have improved the opportunity to carry out a purpose long entertained—namely, to give the paper a more distinctive and appropriate title. I think the one I have chosen: 'Catholic Fortnightly Review,' will please my friends and silence a certain class of critics. I did not like to drop the 'Review' even now, because it has become so closely identified with my own name and is, so to speak, the badge of an international reputation." We confess that the old title, "The Review," did seem a trifle pretentious in its generality; but the founder's explanation of how that title came into being, is quite satisfactory. The new name being altogether unique, will save us from the necessity of adding, when referring to the "Review," the prefix "Preuss's" or the suffix, "of St. Louis."

We heartily congratulate Mr. Arthur Preuss on the beginning of his twelfth year as editor of a journal which has always been "constant and courageous" in its battles for integral Catholic truth and against the shallow minimizing of the liberalistic school, while eagerly accepting all the well established conclusions

of real science and of social, commercial and political economy.

Although most printers are ignorant of Latin, and therefore, weak on the derivation of many common English words, still they are generally careful in their spelling, so much so, indeed, as to have been credited with being the only class of men who spell correctly in all cases. It must, therefore, be a keen humiliation to them, or at least to the more scholarly among them, to read, in the resolution passed last Saturday by the Winnipeg Typographical Union, the impossible and non-existent word, "inimicable." "Inimical" all dictionaries admit; nay, it is a venerable word, about the sound of which orthoepists of the early nineteenth century used to wrangle, and which our grandfathers often pronounced with a strong accent on the third "i", making it rhyme with "Michael"; but "inimicable" is unknown, except to the genius of the W. T. U., who drew up that resolution against the City Council getting its printing done at Dayton, Ohio.

Persons and Facts

In connection with the newly organized Italian Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Mutual Benefit Society it is, asserted that there are nine hundred Italians in Winnipeg.

In the "Municipal Statistics of Manitoba," published last Saturday by the Free Press the 111 municipalities are credited with an aggregate population of 257,267. There are only two cities: Winnipeg with a population set down as 67,265, and Brandon with 7,006. The population of the towns is as follows: Birtle, 320; Dauphin, 1,176; Emerson, 882; Gladstone, 1,100; Minnedosa, 1,118; Morris, 457; Neepawa, 1,452; Portage la Prairie, 4,200; Rapid City, 716; Selkirk, 2,490; Souris, 925; St. Boniface, 3,428. The population of the places technically styled villages is: Boissevain, 900; Carberry, 1,034; Carman, 1,585; Deloraine, 750; Gretna, 800; Killarney, 900; Manitoba, 669; Melita, 490; Morden, 1,533; Pilot Mound, 550; Plum Coulee, 325; Virden, 1,200. Of the municipalities undistinguished by the adjunct, "city", "town", or "village", the most populous is Rhineland with 7,063; the least populous is Bolton with 297.

Five of the members of Parliament for Great Britain are Catholics: Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. James Fitzalan Hope, Colonel Lord, Edmond Talbot, and Sir John Austin.

Russians and Greeks, being thirteen days behind, celebrated Christmas last Saturday. So did our Ruthenian Uniate brethren. Their fine new church in Flora street was filled with devout worshippers. Their New Year begins on Saturday, January 14.

There are more than fifty Chinese laundries in Winnipeg; moreover, one Chinaman keeps a restaurant and another a shop for Japanese goods.

The first meeting of the new French congregation in St. Mary's Church last Sunday afternoon was most enthusiastic. Fully five hundred persons were present and highly appreciated Rev. Father Portance's eloquent inaugural discourse.

In striking a balance against Ireland recently, some critic discovered that that afflicted island never produced a Shakespeare, says the Denver Intermountain Catholic. It is as true of England to say she never produced a Burke, and in looking around for some equal for Burke, after his death, a critic of

some note places him, as regards imaginative powers, on a level with Shakespeare. Dr. Johnston, who was his uncompromising foe in politics, entertained as high an opinion of his oratory. One of his acquaintances asked him if Burke did not remind him of Cicero. "No, sir," was Dr. Johnston's reply, "but Cicero reminds me of Burke."

In a recent lecture in Dublin on "The Census (of Ireland) and Its Significance," the Irish Registrar-General gave some interesting facts. The total population of the country, according to the census referred to (that of 1901) is 4,458,775, of which 3,308,661 are Catholics, being 74.21 per cent. of the whole. In three of the four provinces the majority of the Catholics is overwhelming. In Leinster 85.2 per cent. are Catholics, in Munster 93.6 per cent. and in Connaught 95.8 per cent. The percentage of Catholics in the northern province—"Protestant Ulster," as it is sometimes called—is 44.2 per cent. On this last fact it may, however, be remarked that the Protestant majority in the province is due to the great preponderance of Protestants in Belfast. In Ulster outside this city the Catholics are in the majority, so that "Protestant Ulster" is a very incorrect and misleading designation, true only of one corner of the province.

Foster's latest forecast, dated January 7, says: "Soon after the date of this bulletin will come a great rise in temperature and a January thaw. A cold wave is due about the 7th and the reaction to warmer will be rapid. The 12 days, Jan. 9 to 20 inclusive, will average warmer than usual." There are no signs of that thaw here. On the contrary, we are just now (Jan. 10) enjoying the coldest weather yet experienced since winter set in. Fortunately, however, Foster manages to blow hot and cold in the same breath and thus can always explain himself away. In the same bulletin he had said, 23 lines before, that about January 12 "a cool wave is expected to cover the central valleys from Winnipeg to the Gulf of Mexico." Of course, a wave might be "cool" and yet "warmer than usual," if the usual temperature in January is very low. But he goes on to define his cool wave, so as to make it very cold. "From about the 15th"—which, be it remembered, is five days before the end of the "warmer than usual" period quoted by us above—"to the 30th the fall in temperature will be very great, at least 40 or 50 degrees, and the last days of January will be very cold." This last is an eminently safe guess, considering that the period between Jan. 18 and Feb. 22 (the two Chairs of St. Peter) has been proverbial, for nearly three hundred years, among French Canadians, as the period of great cold.

Last Sunday night a specially constructed thermometer registered 54 degrees below zero at Saskatoon. On Tuesday morning Brandon reported 40 below, Yorkton 45, Minnedosa 48, Winnipeg 31 below, clear calm.

Mr. and Mrs. Lepine, of 269 Maisonneuve street, Montreal, had, on January 2, their fourteenth child in twelve years. There were five pairs of twins. Of the fourteen, ten are living, the eldest being ten years old.

After noting the recent erection in St. Peter's at Rome of a colossal statue of the new saint, John Baptiste de la Salle, a Rome correspondent says that this event reminds us that St. Peter's is still far from being complete, although it is four centuries ago since it was begun—in fact, it is hardly likely that it will ever be completed while the Church Universal continues to put forth new forms of spiritual life. Many of the niches are already filled with

UNITY OUR GIFT TO CHRIST.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

In our keeping of Christmas, one thing above all others we must not forget, namely, the precise gift that God Himself wants of us on Christmas Day,—what he asks of the men for whose sake He came to earth.

What is this gift? Let us look over the so-called Christian world. Are these divided and disagreeing sects that compose it, are these His wish, His will? for this did He come? No. He asks for unity, for love. Yet we have, alas! only to take up our own daily papers to find what an astounding and singular variety of sects, under the name and guise of religion, invade our own land; and the worse than inutility of such discord and disunion is plainly seen in heathen countries where the Pagans themselves ask, scornfully, why and how they are to believe in a new creed that is divided against itself. If these warring and disunited sects are in fact Christendom, why should men desire to enter its fold.

The answer, for us, is plain. This chaotic conglomeration is not Christ's Church. Christ, the Head, is one. The Church, His body, is one. Jesus Christ has left, as His own gift to earth, His one, true, holy, visible Church, His Catholic Church; and it remains visible today, founded on rock and set on a hill, plain before the eyes of men.

Sects, divided against each other, unite in this one thing, namely they contravene, dispute, oppose this visible Church, with its visible centre, in a visible city, the old Roman city where Peter's see has stood throughout the Christian years. There she stands, however, Christ's Church; claiming to be His Church, and His Church alone; gathering into her embrace all nations of the world, claiming them, calling them, as sects, denominations, schismatical organizations, she can receive none as her sisters, or her equals, or ought else but antagonistic to the unity that Christ demands of His spotless Bride. The men and women in those sects, however, the souls Christ died for, these she loves, claims, calls; for them she hopes and prays.

And they, too, feel the vast attraction; they know the cry of the spouse of Christ; the desire for unity stirs within them; one day they will hear, and answer, and return. For this is Christ's desire in Bethlehem and on Calvary; this, the gift above all gifts for us to bring Him, next, to our own heart's holiness,—souls, souls, they are what Jesus wants. In a little settlement in New York State, what we might almost regard as a new sect is forming, but it is one whose central work is for unity, even though, with eyes still blinded, its members seek for unity in their own way. They labor, they suffer, they pray,—strange and almost incredible as it may seem,—to teach Catholic truth and the Pope's supremacy, while still determined to remain outside the fold to which He himself calls them, for they say they can not yet see their way. They say that arguments are to their ears "like far-off tinkling symbols;" yet they are themselves as loud bells ringing to attract men's eyes and ears to the one, visible, world-wide Church, with a visible centre and an infallible voice, that the Holy Spirit guides.

What, then, is left for us to do? What Christ did on Christmas night when first His mother saw His face—we must love souls, and we must plead with God. Let us beg of God to make all people one in His true fold—not Anglicans only, but souls everywhere, of whatever name, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, all who call themselves Christians, let us beg of God to show them that the one true God must have His one true Church, and that it can never fail.

Christ, the Head, has promised to be with "His body," the Church, "all days, even to the consummation of the world." But He has also said, in speaking of this flock so dear to His yearning Heart: "Not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their world shall believe in Me; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."—(St. John XVII. 20, 21.)

AN EAGLE ATTACKS A TURKEY.

A big turkey gobbler, owned by George Saams of Fairfield, Ill., held its own in a fight with an eagle on July 23rd. The eagle swooped down upon Saams' farmyard and got a hold on the gobbler without delay. It

started to lift the turkey and carry it off, but the gobbler balked. The great American bird was surprised to have the farmyard strutter attack it, and was so taken up with the fight that it did not see Saams approach, rifle in hand. When the farmer saw that his fowl would get the worst of it in the end, he laid the eagle out. From tip to tip it measured eight feet.

LEGEND REGARDING ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.

(By Nora Tynan O'Mahony, in Donahoe's for September.)

A pretty legend is told in the Book of Armagh (800 A.D.) regarding the site of the church first built there by St. Patrick—the site of the present Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick.

"Get thee northward," said God's angel to the saint, "to the height of Macha (Ard-Macha—Armagh): there shalt thou build to God the Fortress Temple and Great House of Christ." St. Patrick seemingly found the rulers of that time as grudging of a site as those of late days; but at length the Saint's force of character and the renown worked by his miracles succeeded in obtaining from King Daire, great-grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, the necessary plot of land. "Give him," said the grim old pagan king, "the Ridge of Willows, that he may build a church unto his God."

On the solemn foundation-day, as St. Patrick made a circuit of the ground, with bell, book and aspersory, marking out the sacred precincts, a frightened doe, with a fawn by her side, fled from out the willows, and after running a few paces, stood bewildered at the great throng of people. St. Patrick took this as a good opportunity of inculcating to his flock the virtue of kindness.

"Here," he said, pointing to the spot where the deer had lain, "shall God's altar stand," and taking up the fawn in his arms he carried it across the valley to an eminence on the northern side, and laid it gently down beside its dam. To-day, the spot where the deer had lain, and where St. Patrick built his first church, is the site of the Protestant Cathedral, while on the "northern eminence" stands the newly-finished and beautiful Catholic Cathedral dedicated to Ireland's patron Saint.

ANOTHER OF YEATS' PLAYS.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

In mentioning the plays of William Butler Yeats last week we said: "Yeats is a writer all of whose works we do not find it in our heart to praise or commend, but his 'Cathleen ni Houlihan' as given by Miss Margaret Wycherly and her company is deserving of all praise." Now another play by Mr. Yeats is being produced this week by the same company which was the subject of a great deal of criticism, particularly from Catholic priests, on its first presentation in Dublin. This is his "Countess Cathleen." Such a play as this it would be very difficult indeed to praise or commend. "Cathleen ni Houlihan" is a piece of Irish patriotism pure and simple, but "Countess Cathleen" is described as a mystery play, and it is indeed a mystery to know what the author is driving at. It is false historically and racially to Ireland and the Irish people. There is nothing essentially Irish in it. Its scene might have been laid anywhere else on earth. It is as far from Ireland and Irish ideas of Christianity as it is possible for anything to be. We deem it only fair to our readers to make this comment on this one of Yeats' plays in view of the praise which we bestowed—and it was well deserved—on "Cathleen ni Houlihan" last week. Not everything emanating from the "Irish Renaissance" can be taken on faith.

HOW THE PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES WORK IT.

A rare specimen of missionary charlatany was offered the public on the closing day of the St. Louis World's Fair, says Father Phelan in the Western Watchman. A small army of colporteurs invaded the Filipino villages and scattered Bibles and pamphlets in the greatest profusion. It was their last chance to make an impression on them before they returned to their distant homes. The Bibles were neatly bound, with a gilt cross ornamenting the cover, and printed in Spanish. The Visayans are reputed the most civilized among the people whom the government sent over to the Fair;

and they received the most attention from the tract and Bible distributors. These Filipinos received the proselytizers very courteously and accepted the present of books and pamphlets graciously, especially as the cross on the books satisfied them that the gifts were well meant. After they had received armfuls of this literature they were requested to stand in line to be photographed. This they willingly submitted to. A Catholic who had witnessed the whole proceeding stepped up to these people after they had been photographed, and asked them if they were not Catholics. They all said with quick reply that they certainly were. He then told them that those books were not Catholic; that the men who had given them were not Catholics and that they should throw them away. In a moment all the Bibles and the tracts were in the ash barrel, where they are still.

The object of the colporteurs was to get pictures of the Filipinos with Bibles in their hands to show the contributors to the missionary funds that work was actually done and their money was bearing good interest in the saving of souls from the slavery of Roman superstition. Such methods are beneath contempt and only show to what extremities the devil is reduced in his Filipino campaign.

FRENCH COMEDY AT ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

By special request the clever seventeenth century Comedy, "Le Groudeur" (The Grumbler), which was first presented on Dec. 22, was repeated last Monday evening by the students of St. Boniface College. The select audience, among which the clergy, local and provincial, was well represented, would have been much larger, had not the weather been so bitterly cold and the St. Boniface cars so uncomfortable and irregular.

The play, which is full of life, brilliant repartee and side-splitting situations, went off with a crispness that kept the spectators alternately laughing and applauding. Mr. Grichard, a wealthy physician and a widower, is always at cross purposes with everybody. He is angry with his son, Terignan, who wants to marry Clarice, because he himself, having noticed that she knows how to scold, wants her for his second wife. The son and the servants conspire to outwit the old man, of whom they are all the while terribly afraid. They pretend to desire the contrary of what they really wish, and he in his cantankerousness forces them to do what they secretly long for. Thus, when Terignan pretends that he is in love with the daughter of a rival physician whom Grichard despises, the latter, who has been turned against Clarice by false tales of her extravagance and gay tastes, obliges him to marry her.

All the actors were letter perfect, lively and, barring a few slight exaggerations of manner on the part of one or two, extremely easy and natural, and the French pronunciation of all was faultless. A Beaupre played Grichard to the life, a veritable hedgehog, bristling and snarling at everything, hectoring his inferiors and snubbing his brother, Ariste (J. Mondor), a prosy lawyer, who preached in season and out of season. The scene between Grichard and his valet, (A. Bernier) disguised as a dancing master, who suddenly draws a sword hidden in his doublet and drives the enraged and trembling tyrant into abject fear, was intensely dramatic and at the same time highly comic. Of the other actors, viz., A. Lambert, J. Bertrand, J. de Beaudrap, J. B. Tremblay, G. Lavack, D. Mansean and A. Jeannotte, the first three were especially remarkable.

Before the first act the college orchestra, directed by Father de Mangeleere, S.J., and Professor Couture, gave De Suppe's "Marche de Bocace," and after the first act, the singing choir, directed by Father G. Robichaud, S.J., sang Lavalée's "O Canada!" This was followed by the orchestra rendering Jehin's "Meditation". After the second act Harold Conway recited, with much tact and feeling, "The Auctioneer," after which the orchestra played Wellesley's "Fleurette." All the musical numbers were particularly good. Four youths in red Jerseys—J. B. Lanzon, J. Picard, A. Mansean and P. Descosses, went through, in perfect time to the accompaniment of soft music, complicated Indian exercises, which showed their skill and grace.

Next came one of the most charming features of the evening. Some twenty lads in Chinese costume, one half of them dressed in yellow, the other in white, with celestial caps and pig tails, performed a series of evolutions, singing a simple, wordless lilt as they bowed and twisted and flopped with the childlike blandness of the "Heathen Chinese." The audience went wild with sheer glee and recalled them enthusiastically.

After the third act of the comedy, Ed. McReown, Jr., dressed as a solemn negro, speaking with pretentious correctness, delivered a bombastic oration aptly styled "Much ado about nothing," although not exactly in the Shakespearian sense. The absurdity of his sonorous nonsense and the earnestness with which he emphasized that nonsense, coupled with the fact that there was no vulgarity in the piece, delighted the audience, and the stalwart Ed. was twice recalled. The entertainment closed soon after ten with "God Save the King."

BURNING OF MGR. RITCHOT'S HOUSE.

Early on Monday morning the residence of the venerable parish priest of St. Norbert, Monsignor Ritchot, P.A., V.G., caught fire from an over-heated furnace pipe and was burned to the ground in a very short time. Mgr. Ritchot, who is eighty years old and was then confined to his bed by serious illness, was with difficulty rescued, and is now under the care of the Grey Nuns in their convent on the opposite side of the church. The church itself would also have fallen a prey to the devouring element, had it not been about a hundred feet away from the presbytery. From the burning house was saved nearly all the furniture, though much of it was sadly battered in the hasty removal. It was at first feared that some important documents had perished in the flames, but it is now known that all Mgr. Ritchot's papers were conveyed safely to the Trappist monastery a mile off. Father Cherrier hastened to St. Norbert on Monday. On Tuesday His Grace the Archbishop and the Very Rev. J. A. Dugas, V.G., visited the afflicted prelate and found him most edifyingly resigned to God's holy will. It must be a terrible blow for him to see himself burned out of the home where he had spent more than forty years, some of them most eventful. To all old timers who ever travelled that way and enjoyed Father Ritchot's generous hospitality and curiously original and instructive conversation the wiping out of that large and commodious presbytery will come with the sense of personal loss.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14 1906.

Calendar for Next Week.

JANUARY.

- 15—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.
St. Paul, first hermit.
- 16—Monday—St. Marcellus, Pope, Martyr.
- 17—Tuesday—St. Anthony, Abbot.
- 18—Wednesday—The Chair of St. Peter in Rome.
- 19—Thursday—St. Canute, Martyr.
- 20—Friday—Saints Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.
- 21—Saturday—St. Agnes, Virgin, Martyr.

EVOLUTIONIST LOGIC.

Our city contemporary, the "Free Press," of last Saturday, had an editorial article entitled "Evolution by leaps," which is a very curious specimen of the illogical reasoning of many evolutionists. Their besetting sin is the tendency to draw very wide and large conclusions from very narrow and small premisses. The article begins thus:

"In Harper's Magazine for January Professor De Vries, of Amsterdam, tells an interesting story. In a long series of experiments with the evening primrose, an American plant, he has produced two wholly new types, one with broad leaves, the other a dwarf. These sprang from their parents as do the familiar "sports" of the gardener, without intermediates or any seeming preparation whatever, and not merely each in a single specimen, but in many examples. What is more, when seeds were grown from these plants, the types remained unchanged, generation after generation. Professor De Vries argues that these results must broaden current notions regarding development. It is usually believed that evolution is due to the gradual accumulation of slight and nearly invisible variations, such as may be observed in two roses blooming on the same bush. This view, he says, must be modified by recognizing that now and then a leap takes place which, quite unheralded, gives us a new type not united to its parents by any links we are able to detect."

Here, from a few abnormal developments that have no connection with change of species but are merely differences in size, Professor De Vries leaps to the absolutely unwarranted conclusion that these leaps he admires so much give a new type "not united to its parents by any links we are able to detect." But these new types are united to their parents by a whole chain of links which Professor De Vries implicitly detects when he calls them both primroses. The only difference is that one of these two types has broader leaves than the ordinary primrose and that the other is a dwarf primrose. Had these evening primroses suddenly developed into cowslips or daisies, Professor De Vries would have been justified in concluding that evolution occasionally proceeds by leaps. But he nowhere pretends that his new types have ceased to be primroses. Their divergence in size from the common type is not more wonderful than the birth of a giant or a dwarf from human parents of average size, an occasional phenomenon which is as old as the history of the human race.

That the seeds sown from these abnormally developed plants should, under careful artificial selection, retain the same characteristics during several generations, is again nothing newer than the artificial breeding of the toy poodle or the huge mastiff within the impassable limits of the single species, dog. But how does this prove that natural, as contradistinguished from artificial, selection would have brought about the same result? And even if it did, what bearing would that fact have on the origin of new species, which is the fundamental postulate of the evolutionary theory? The only absolutely

certain result of the great stimulus imparted to scientific research by the theory of evolution is the proof of the wonderful variability of types within the limits of one species, and in this respect evolution has rendered real service to the scriptural doctrine of the substantial unity of the human species, for it has shown that vast differences in types, or race, as we call it when applied to man, are quite compatible with specific unity. This result is confirmed by Professor De Vries's experiments; that is all.

Upon a still more slender basis does Mr. George Iles build what the Free Press calls "a parallel argument." He is quoted as saying in "Flame, Electricity and the Camera."

"It is commonly imagined that the progress of humanity has been at a tolerably uniform pace. Our review of that progress will show that here and there in its course have been leaps, as radically new forces have been brought under the dominion of man. We of the electric revolution are sharply marked off from our great grandfathers, who looked upon the cell of Volta as a curious toy. They, in their turn, were profoundly differenced from the men of the seventeenth century, who had not learned that flame could outvie the horse as a carrier, and grind wheat better than the mill urged by the breeze. And nothing short of an abyss stretches between these men and their remote ancestors, who had not found a way to warm their frosted fingers, or lengthen with lamp or candle the short, dark days of winter."

In a note to Mr. Iles written by Professor De Vries last month, he says:

"I am very much gratified to find that you have come to results which are so nearly related to mine, and this in the field of physics. I am quite convinced that Darwin took the evolution of animals and plants to have been much more rapid than has been supposed by his followers."

Touching no doubt is the affliction with which these kind gentlemen pat each other on the back and praise their common discoveries. But where have they unearthed a shred of proof that "their remote ancestors had not found a way to warm their frosted fingers, or lengthen with lamp or candle the short, dark days of winter?" The theory of our savage ancestry has not a leg to stand on. Savagery is a degenerate, not a primeval condition. The only proof of the theory that it is the latter is either fabulous heathen myth or nebulous evolutionist conjecture.

The Free Press calls that quotation from Mr. George Iles an "argument." Strictly speaking an argument is a chain of reasoning by which one proposition is deduced from the comparison between two others. No such reasoning does Mr. Iles employ. He merely makes three brilliant assertions to prove that the progress of humanity has proceeded here and there by leaps, and one of these assertions, the very climax of the three, is based on the altogether imaginary and unproved brutishness of our "remote ancestors." Moreover, what sort of progress does he attempt to prove? If his so-called argument is to be in any way parallel to the evolution of new species, it must tend to show that the progress of humanity is in the direction of a new and higher species of men or man-like beings. Now the specific excellence of man, what differentiates him essentially from the most perfect of brutes, is the power of forming abstract ideas. If, then, Mr. Iles wished to prove the specific progress of humanity by leaps, he ought to have brought forward some cases in which men had suddenly revealed a new and higher power of abstraction, such, for instance, as the power of immediately understanding the conclusion of a complicated mathematical argument without passing through the intermediate stages of reasoning. Had such a new faculty suddenly become universal among men, then indeed might we begin to speak, in sweeping terms, as Mr. Iles does, of the progress of humanity by leaps. But all he really gives us is a glimpse of one little corner, and that the least abstract and consequently the least human, of man's achievements. He confines himself to the lowest order of intellectual effort, that which deals exclusively in the concrete and has nothing to do with pure abstraction. He is concerned only with discoveries in the realm of matter, with mechanical inventions. Doubtless a certain kind of reasoning was needed to discover the possibilities of steam and electricity, but it is reasoning that partakes more of the imagination than of the intellect.

What particular intellectual benefit has the human race derived from the material triumphs of steam and electricity? Speaking broadly, these most convenient inventions have distinctly lowered the intellectual status of the majority of mankind by filling their imaginations with a sort of adoring worship of the forces of nature and of inventive genius in particular. The untinking multitude, egged on by such shallow reasoners as Professor De Vries and Mr. George Iles, easily mistake these material inventions for manifestations of high intellectual power, and forget that the one great Hebrew and Christian idea of a pure spirit, omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent, Creator of all things outside of himself, and in whom all other things live and move and have their being, is indefinitely loftier than any possible achievements of physical science. And yet this idea originated many thousand years ago.

Even Mr. Iles's leaps are not historical. In the two modern instances he chooses of steam and electricity more than three hundred years of patient research and slowly progressive experiments were needed to bring these two forces into the effective harness they now wear. Compared to Professor De Vries' few years of personal experiments on primroses the three centuries required for the harnessing of steam and electricity are very slow leaps indeed; step by step advance would be the proper name for them.

MUCH LIKE DEMOSTHENES.

"Woman," he said, "really ought to be a better orator than man."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because," he replied, "to a certain extent at least she follows the methods of that famed orator, Demosthenes."

"In what way?" she inquired, still busy with the finishing touches of her toilet.

"You remember," he answered, "that Demosthenes used to practice talking with his mouth full of pebbles."

She hastily took the hairpins from out her mouth and informed him that he was a mean old thing.

LARGEST TREE ON EARTH.

W. H. Hart, a well known lumber mill man, claims to have found a giant sequoia measuring thirty-six feet in diameter and 100 feet around the base. This is said to be the largest tree on earth. Hart says the tree is in Eshom Valley, Tulare county, California, in a secluded gulch near one of the mills. The mammoth, he figures, is 400 feet in height.

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THE CURE D'ARS.

SHORT SKETCH OF HIS LIFE
BY DR. McSWEENEY.

A very interesting event will take place in Rome on the 8th of January next. Pius X., the first Pope in three hundred years chosen from the ranks of labor to this the first dignity in the world, is going to beatify, that is, to raise to the honors of the altar, another laborer, the Cure d'Ars, the first parish priest who, remaining in this office till the end and dying a natural death, obtains official recognition of sainthood.

This enrolment among the saints is a legal act requiring long, careful and expensive preliminaries, such as taking of testimony regarding the life of the party, salaries of clerks, printing, correspondence, fees of counsel, honoraria of judges, etc. No one can be beatified, no matter how holy his life may seem to have been, unless miracles are performed through his intercession after his death, and those miracles must stand the closest scrutiny, made with the aid of medical and other specialists, as to their exceeding the powers of nature and being referable to God alone, who thus testifies to the present holiness and entrance into glory of His servant and friend.

The process, in fact, is so long, so complicated and so costly, that it is usually only organizations such as the Jesuits, the Franciscans, etc., that can afford to pay for it; and it is only they, as a rule, who preserve the records and traditions of those of their members who have been remarkable for exceptional holiness. Nay, even some of those "orders," as they are called, seem to object to the distraction incidental to promoting the canonization of their heroes; and so the rigid Carthusian monks, though belonging, as Cardinal Vaughan says, "to the highest state of Contemplatives, have but few canonized saints," and the great Benedictine Order has had no saint canonized for 500 years, nor the Sisters of Charity during their glorious existence of two and a half centuries.

Be it as it may, the poor, lonely parish priest of a village has evidently slight chance of reaching this summit of earthly glory (indeed, some of us priests are now striving to raise enough to give our colleague a decent send-off), and this, with the fact that another parish priest, the first in many centuries raised to the throne of Peter, is the instrument in the case, will, I trust, make a sketch of his career interesting to your readers.

John Baptist Vianney, as he was called, was of peasant birth and upbringing. His character was excellent and he was admitted to study for the ministry, but his talents were so inferior that he was thrice rejected by the examiners. His moral qualities however, were so highly spoken of that at last the Bishop consented to ordain him, and sent him as assistant to the pastor who had strongly recommended his elevation to the priesthood. His life was one of the most heroic kind. For forty years after assuming spiritual charge of the little French village, he entered the small, poor and ill furnished church every morning at 2 o'clock and remained there—with necessary interruptions for outside duties—praying, preaching and ministering to the spiritual wants of his people and of the multitude that in the course of time came to him from all parts, until 11 o'clock at night. The ceiling of the little edifice is about 15 feet high; the width of the nave about 20, with some 10 or 15 feet extra on either side under the clerestories, where are four side chapels; the length from door to sanctuary rail about 40 feet. A little pulpit rises at the side of the sanctuary about 6 feet from the floor. This always attracts the attention of priests and makes them realize the extreme mortification of the Cure, who of course, suffered more from the thick atmosphere the higher he was raised in the crowded and ill ventilated building.

The sacrifice of the left of the altar is a little room about 8 feet square, and it was here that every day for 40 years, from before dawn to near midnight, he heard confessions. The confessional is still to be seen, and he must have made it himself, for a plainer and more uncomfortable stool of repentance cannot well be imagined. Those who knelt there verily began penance before confessing their sins, and the holy man himself suffered as they did and more. Yet the highest intellects of Europe knelt here before the shepherd's son; the beauty and culture of France, Italy, Ireland, England, Spain, Germany,

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When the grinders—separators—sifters—air-filters, have ground and re-ground—purified and repurified the

flour again and again, all down through the seven floors of the big "Royal Household" mill until it is nearer perfection than flour ever was before—electricity says—

"I can do more than that" and sending its mysterious charge of

Electrified Air

through the flour, removes the last, least trace of impurity—gives it new life and greater energy—makes a flour that is

pure enough,
sweet enough,
white enough,

to be worthy the name and fame of "Royal Household"—the flour that is more delicious—more healthful—more satisfying than any other flour in the world.

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Every day hundreds of testimonials are coming to the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Ltd., Montreal, from women who are using Royal Household Flour, according to the "Royal Household" recipes and say they are delighted with it.

The recipes will be sent free for the asking

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"FLOURFAX."

Poland, prostrated themselves here after hours or even days of waiting to obtain the boon of telling their sins and pouring their troubles into the sympathetic, merciful ear of the humble village pastor.

Listen to the testimony that some of the visitors to Ars give of their experiences. It is taken from the life of the Cure by Father Monnin, one of his assistants when the increase work made it necessary for him to have them. "We once heard," writes the abbe, "a distinguished but somewhat skeptical philosopher exclaim in his enthusiasm: 'I do not believe that anything like this has been seen since the stable at Bethlehem.' A celebrated poet was so overcome with emotion at the Cure's presence that the words escaped him unawares: 'I have never seen God so near.' Another distinguished pilgrim said: 'The Cure of Ars is the very model of the childhood which Jesus loved; therefore is it that God is with him.'"

One of the most famous painters of France stayed about several days trying to get a perfect sketch of his features. "It has been one of the greatest blessings of my life," he said afterwards, "to know the Cure of Ars; we must have seen the saints to be able to paint them." "What did I see at Ars?" replied a prominent author to one who inquired of him. "I saw John in the wilderness! I was one of the eighty thousand or so that went there last year. People tell me of marvellous things that go on at Ars. I doubt not the power of God. It is as great in the nineteenth century as in the first days of Christianity. I am convinced that the prayers of the priest can obtain surprising and even miraculous cures; but to recognize the presence of the supernatural there I have no need of all this. The great miracle of Ars is the laborious and penitential life of its Cure. That a man can do what he does and do it every day without growing weary or sinking under it is what surpasses my comprehension; this is to me the miracle of miracles."

The Cure was born in 1786 and died in 1859. He was declared venerable in 1872, and now 45 years after his death, when all danger of undue influence has been removed by the deaths of those who knew and might be disposed to favor him excessively, he is to be raised to the altar on the cold record only of his virtues. In spite of all his ascetic habits in what regards eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise in open air, he lived in constant, almost uninterrupted, mental and bodily activity to the age of 73, and full of days and works departed to the Lord. His life has been written by Father Monnin, as I have said, and also by an English Protestant lady, Geraldine. Both the books make delightful reading. Indeed, there is

no reading more delightful than the lives of those real heroes and admirable men and women, friends and favored children of God, the saints.

I will not anticipate further the profit and pleasure in store for those who procure one of the lives of the Cure with its account of his plain food, poor lodging and attire and utter simplicity, nay, hard poverty; of his long career, of his wondrous influence for good and the marvels that God worked in his favor; but will close my letter with this statement: I visited the house in which the Cure lived and died, and saw some of his blood preserved in a small vial. It was perfectly liquid, as one perceives when the vessel was moved, and had the rich dark look, with the bubbles, I noticed in that which St. Januarius shed fifteen hundred years ago for the truth and which liquefies annually in Naples on the 29th of September. My visit to Ars was on the first Sunday of October, 1880, twenty-one years after the Cure's death.

CATHOLIC PARTS OF GERMANY.

The quality of the Catholicity of Catholics in Germany and the good results therefrom were described as follows by Father Hughes in an address recently at the distribution of prizes in a Catholic school at Ince Blundell, in Lancashire, England. "When travelling in Germany I noticed the intense devotion of the ordinary country people to the Holy Mass. At 6 o'clock every morning Mass is said in the village, and you will often see it packed with men and women. The people never think of going to work until they have heard Mass. You will often find a daily High Mass also, and every child is in his or her place in front, and the parents are there kneeling behind. The prosperity of the Catholic parts of Germany is remarkable, and the province of Rhine-Hessen is the most prosperous in Europe. I have been across the Grand Duchy of Baden ten or thirteen times, and I never remember having seen a barefooted child. I never saw a beggar or drunkard. There are no rich men, no millionaires, but there are comfort and prosperity, ordinary, reasonable prosperity. These are people who start the day with God's blessing."

HEART PALPITATION AT NIGHT

Rattles even the strongest man, but to the average woman it is a taste of general purgatory. Take a little Nerviline in sweetened water and away goes the palpitation. You'll be saved lots of worry by keeping Nerviline on hand, which is a treasure for all sorts of pains and aches. Nerviline cures headache, stomach and bowel troubles quickly. Costs 25c. for a large bottle.

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO NURSING SISTERS.

The South Side Hospital, Pittsburgh, is not the only institution of its kind against whose lay nurses charges have been made. An official inquiry into the management of the City Hospital of Hamilton, Ont., is at present going on. Amongst those who have made charges against the hospital is the Rev. Mr. Bonny, an Anglican clergyman who had been a patient in the institution. "God pity a man who spends a night in the City Hospital," he writes in one of the local daily papers. "The majority of the nurses are haughty and supercilious. I'm a strong Protestant, but I'm not a fool, and I think the nurses of the City Hospital should be sent in detachments to St. Joseph's Hospital to see the saintly nuns. Everything about the nuns is kindness and goodness." Similar tributes from Protestants to our "saintly nuns" are frequently made. Nor should they occasion any surprise to Catholics. Our zealous and self-sacrificing Sisters labor in the hospitals, not for hire, but for the love of God. The lay nurse works for her salary.—Pittsburg Observer.

EVIDENCE AND PROOF FROM RELIABLE SOURCES AS TO THE BEST METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

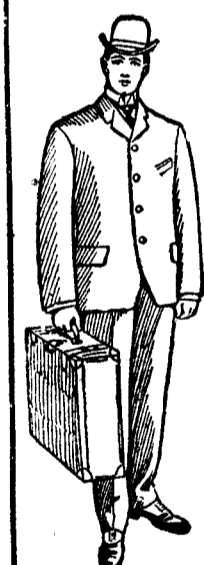
Marysville, Ohio.
I heartily endorse Rev. A. B. O'Neill's C. S. C. paper on the Keeley treatment. My intercourse for five or more years with men of standing—bankers, lawyers, physicians, and even clergymen, both in Ohio and at Dwight—has convinced me beyond a doubt that the Keeley Treatment is effective and lasting.

I maintain that anyone who goes or is induced to go for treatment, being candid with the physician in charge, leaves with no hankering or craving for drink and will be a sober and happy man the rest of his life.
JOHN G. VENNEMAN,
Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The Keeley Treatment is administered only at the Institute itself, where each patient is carefully examined by experienced physicians and individually treated as the symptoms demand. Those interested can obtain further information by addressing the Manager, 133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

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If you want a good thing that will establish you in business, and can satisfy you as you are reliable, we will start you at once.

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Do You Realize That a Neglected Cough May Result in Consumption.

If you have a Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, what you want is a harmless and certain remedy that will cure you at once.

There is nothing so healing, soothing, and invigorating to the lungs as the balsamic properties of the pine tree.

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TIME TABLES

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| Imp. Lim. | Selkirk, Rat Portage, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax.....daily | Imp. Lim. |
| 6 45 | Molson, Buchan, Milner, Lac du Bonnet.....Wed. | 21 10 |
| 7 00 | Selkirk, Molson, Rat Portage and intermediate points.....daily except Sunday | 19 30 |
| 8 00 | Keewatin, Rat Portage, during July and August.....Sat. only.....Mon. only | 18 30 |
| 13 30 | Keewatin, Rat Portage, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax, and all points east.....daily | 12 00 |
| Tr'ns Pass. | Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax, and all points east.....daily | Tr'ns Pass. |
| 20 00 | | 8 30 |
| | WEST | |
| 7 45 | Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Yorkton, and intermediate points.....daily except Sun. Morris, Winkler, Morden, Manitou, Pilot Mound, Crystal City, Killarney, Boissevain, Deloraine, and intermediate points.....daily ex Sun. | 18 40 |
| 8 50 | Portage la Prairie, MacGregor, Carberry, Brandon, Oak Lake, Virden, Elkhorn, Moosomin, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke, and all points on Pacific Coast; Lethbridge, McLeod, Fernie, and all points in East and West Kootenay.....daily | 17 00 |
| Tr'ns Pass. | Headingley, Carman, Holland, Cypress River, Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points.....daily except Sun. | Tr'ns Pass. |
| 9 20 | Portage la Prairie, Carberry, Brandon, and intermediate points.....daily ex Sun | 19 00 |
| 9 40 | Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Broadview, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke, and all points on Pacific Coast and in East and West Kootenay.....daily | 15 20 |
| 16 40 | | 12 20 |
| Imp. Lim. | | Imp. Lim. |
| 22 00 | | 5 55 |
| | NORTH | |
| 16 00 | Stony Mountain, Stonewall, Balmoral, Teulon.....daily except Sunday | 10 20 |
| 16 15 | Middlechurch, Parkdale, Victoria Park, Lower Fort Garry, West Selkirk, Clendinning, Nettley, and Winnipeg Beach.....Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri..... | 9 45 |
| 17 15 | Winnipeg Beach.....Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat..... | 8 45 |
| | SOUTH | |
| 14 00 | Morris, Gretna, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Fargo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Chicago, and all points south.....daily | 13 40 |
| 15 45 | St. Norbert, Carey, Arnaud, Dominion City, Emerson.....daily except Sunday | 10 45 |

Canadian Northern

| Lv. | EAST | Ar. |
|-------|--|-------|
| 10 20 | "Winnipeg to Fort Frances." St. Anne, Giroux, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Pinewood, Emo, Fort Frances.....daily except Sun..... | 16 25 |
| 8 05 | "Fort Frances to Port Arthur." Mine Centre, Atikokan, Stanley Jct., Fort William, Port Arthur.....Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat..... | 21 05 |
| | SOUTH | |
| 17 20 | Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14 hrs. 20 min., via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Crookston, Fergus Falls, Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Elk River, Minneapolis, St. Paul.....daily | 10 10 |
| 13 45 | Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. and Nor. Pac. Rys. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, The Superiors.....daily | 13 30 |
| | WEST | |
| 10 45 | Headingley, Eli, Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Dauphin, and all intermediate points.....Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri..... | 16 15 |
| 10 45 | Headingley, Eli, Portage la Prairie, Neepawa, Dauphin, and all intermediate points.....Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat..... | 16 15 |
| 10 45 | Gilbert Plains, Grand View, Kamsack, and intermediate points.....Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri..... | 16 15 |
| 10 45 | Sifton, Minitonas, Swan River, and all intermediate points.....Wed., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri..... | 16 15 |
| 10 45 | Bowman, Birch River, Erwood and intermediate points.....Wed. Mon. | 16 15 |
| 7 00 | Fork River, Winnipegosis, Oak Bluff, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.....Mon., Wed., Fri..... | 17 50 |
| 11 05 | St. Norbert, Morris, Roland, Wawanesa, Brandon, Hartney, and intermediate points.....daily except Sun..... | 16 30 |

EARN \$10,000,000 FOR STATE.

The state of Iowa has been paying \$5,000 a year for two years to a man who in the last twelve months has earned \$10,000,000. His name is Prof. P. G. Holden and he is agronomist.

Iowa farmers laughed at the idea of a man with such a title trying to teach them, the best corn growers in the world, anything about the art of raising corn. But they do not laugh now. Instead, they flock by hundreds to hear Prof. Holden talk, and they go away and do as he tells them. As a result, in large part, of following his advice, they have raised about 100,000,000 bushels more corn this year than in any year before, and they expect to add another 100,000,000 bushels to their crop next year.

Prof. Holden became an agronomist—an expert in grain raising—by accident. When he taught school in Michigan he proposed a corn growing contest among his pupils. He induced the boys to pick out the earliest, biggest and finest ears from the fields, save them and plant from them the best kernels. The result, aided by scientific methods of cultivation, was that the boys raised more corn in their little patches than anybody had dreamed of.

Prof. Holden worked on this system until it was perfected. His fame spread, and Funk Bros., who own a 25,000-acre farm in Illinois, offered him a large salary to run it. He raised 20,000 acres of corn a year for them, and added to their yield more than 100,000 bushels the first year.

The state of Iowa thought he was worth having, and engaged him to occupy the chair of agronomy in the agricultural college in Ames. The place was created for him.

The results are read in the corn crop this year. The average crop of Iowa corn for 1904 is 40 bushels to the acre. For nine years it has been 27½ bushels to the acre. This year's crop will aggregate 350,000,000 bushels, about 125,000,000 more than last year's yield. The crop is worth about \$30,000,000 more than a year ago, and Prof. Holden is universally credited with a third interest in the extra yield.

EXTREME UNCTION.

Conditions Under Which It May Be Administered—Its Benefits.

From the Church Progress.

Sickness and the likelihood of death resulting therefrom are the two conditions which must exist to entitle one to the sacrament of Extreme Unction.

Some, however, not sufficiently informed may imagine the above definition at variance with the practice prevailing in the Church. They observe the sacrament being administered to those who have met with an accident which is pronounced fatal. There has been no previous sickness, hence the absence of one of the necessary conditions. But they should remember that the accident itself, not producing instant death, results in a sickness which may terminate in death. Both conditions are, therefore, present, and the injured person is consequently entitled to the sacrament.

While we believe that almost all Catholics have a proper knowledge of the occasions on which the sacrament may be administered, yet there can be no mistake that some are seriously at fault touching its benefits. Their conduct would indicate that they believe the administering of the sacrament means certain death. Hence they defer sending for the priest until the very last moment, risking the death of the sick person before the priest's arrival.

There are no grounds for such conclusions, neither is there justification for such action. On the contrary, there should be great anxiety to have the sacrament administered as early as possible. We have it on the authority of St. James that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick man." We have it on the authority of the Council of Trent that health is also restored to the body when that is expedient for the salvation of the soul. We have it also on the authority of the priest, confirmed by the observation of even non-Catholic physicians, that immediate change for the better in the condition of the sick frequently follows the reception of the sacrament. Many of us, also, have been convinced of the same fact from personal knowledge.

IRISH SCULPTOR DEAD.

John O'Brien, once well known as a sculptor, is dead in Galveston, Tex. He was a native of Ireland, and 70 years old. He served in the Crimean

war, and at its close enlisted in the Papal guards, and during the period of his enlistment studied sculpture under Cattini in Rome. After seven years he came to New York, where he opened a studio. In 1860 he was commissioned by Ohio to produce the monumental statue of Commodore Euclid avenue, of that city. During the civil war he served in the First Ohio. At Perry, which ornaments Euclid avenue, of that city. During the civil war he settled in Washington, where his most notable works are life size statues of Chief Justices Taney and Chase. His masterpiece is his Winchester Soldier, erected upon the famous battlefield in Virginia. Twenty-two years ago he went to Galveston. Aside from the busts of Houston and Austin, he produced nothing of note in that State. He leaves no relatives.

AN INCIDENT OF A MISSION.

By the Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., in Donohoe's for January.

On the day after our departure from the scene of our memorable mission, the Earl of Leitrim drove to the door of the chapel in company with his agent and one of those unfortunates whom he always took about with him. He sent his agent into the chapel to summon the priest. "Well, Priest Kain," says he, "What's this I see here before the chapel door?" "It's a mission cross, your Lordship. Some priests from Dublin have lately preached a mission here for our people, and according to custom they have erected this cross as a memorial of what has taken place here." "Have it removed at once," said his Lordship, "you know I don't allow anything of that sort to be erected without my sanction, so don't let me see it here, if I pass this way tomorrow. And I hear you have built two rooms over the sacristy at the other end of the chapel, without asking my leave, so have them pulled down at once. You know well that I am the master here." Father Kain answered: "Your Lordship's orders shall be obeyed at once about the two little rooms, but I make bold to tell you that if that cross be pulled down there will be a rebellion amongst the people, for they will never stand that." The agent then whispered something to the earl who said, before driving away, "Well, let that infernal cross stop till I see you again, but take down the rooms at once. You know well that if you thwart me I can take your chapel from you and change it into a Methodist meeting-house." I received this authentic account of all that transpired after our departure from a respected parish priest who rendered us valuable services during the mission. It must afford us a pretty clear conception of what the Catholic renantry and their clergy had to suffer during those days at the hands of bigoted landlords or their agents. Thank God those days are past. There are but a few left of the stamp of the Adairs, the Leitrim, and the Clanricards. I must here thank those who have accompanied me in this imperfect history of my missionary career.

"OUR TAINTED NATURE'S SOLITARY BOAST."

For the Immaculate Conception means the absence of original sin. It means this, that at the moment when Mary was conceived, that is, at the moment when God created her soul and infused that soul into her body and she became thereby a living thing, a human being, a person—at that self-same indivisible instant she was sanctified by the habitual grace of God. By the future redemption of her Son, Mary was preserved from original sin. Mary was redeemed by Christ, just as we are. But while in us redemption blots out original sin, in Mary redemption preserved her from its stain. As the first Eve was created, so Mary, the second Eve, was conceived into the supernatural order. Never, therefore, for one instant did Mary exist out of the grace of God. Never for one instant was her will turned away from God. Sin never touched Mary—Adam's fall never stained Mary. The trail of the serpent was never over Mary. All the rest of Adam's posterity are conceived in sin, are conceived "filii irae—children of wrath," serfs of Satan, heirs of hell (Ephes. II., 3). Mary alone was conceived the adopted child of God. Others have been born immaculate, because sanctified in their mother's womb. The prophet Jeremiah was born immaculate. John the Baptist was born immaculate. But Mary's privilege is unique. For she alone was conceived immaculate.—Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.

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Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and am effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers, or DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

POPE'S SANDALS AMERICAN.

The sandals worn by the Pope in the great ceremony of crowning the Blessed Virgin at St. Peter's on Dec. 8, were made in America, and were presented to the Pope by the thousand or more pupils of a Jesuit school in New Orleans, the children of the Mary sodality of the Jesuit church. They raised the money necessary for the making of the sandals, over \$2,500.

The sandals are marvels of workmanship and decorative skill. They are lined with white satin and finished without in silver leaf work raised etched with gold embroidery. The leaf work is studded generously with diamonds, rubies and sapphires.

A LENGTHY SERIAL.

When Lieut. Colonel Lynam founded the "Shamrock," thirty-eight years ago, in Dublin, he wrote a serial story for it, entitled "Mick McQuad's Adventures," and from that day to this the serial has done duty in the pages of the same periodical. For thirty-eight years Mick McQuad has been amusing the readers of the "Shamrock"—surely a record run for a serial story. A comparison between the Mick McQuad of the sixties and the Mick McQuad of 1904 reveals the extraordinary fact that he has not altered in appearance in the slightest degree. He is still a young man.

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The two pictures to be given are typical bits of child life. The prevailing note in each is—as it should be—bubbling enjoyment of the moment, with just a touch of one of the evanescent shadows of childhood to throw the gay colors into relief. They will please and charm upon any wall where they may hang, bringing to one an inner smile of the soul even on the darkest day. For what can shed more happiness abroad than the happiness of children?

One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

Quick Reference Map of The Dominion of Canada

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Northwest Review

DION AND THE SIBYLS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

are more to be esteemed, and valued, and loved than my sister and my mother, or it is not true that the mere power of Tiberius, combined with the brutish inclination to do a thing, terminates the question whether it is right to do it. The moment I like to do anything, if I can do it, is it necessarily right that I should do it? The moment two persons have a difference, is it right for either of them, and equally right for each of them, to murder the other? But if it was the intention of this great being, this god who is expected to appear immediately among us, that we should be dependent upon each other, each doing for the other what the other cannot do for himself—and I am sure of it—then it will please him, Dion, if I consider what is helpful and just and generous. Or am I wrong? Is virtue a dream? Are contrary things in the same cases equally good? Are contrary things in the same cases equally beautiful?

"Are my brutish instincts or inclinations, which vary as things vary round me, my only law? Is each of us intended by this great being to be at war with the rest? to regard the positive power each of us may have as our sole restriction? to destroy and injure all the others by whom we could be served, if we would for our parts also serve and help? And must women, for instance, being the weaker, be brutally used? Tell me, Dion, will it please this great being if I try to renderservice to my fellowmen, who must have the same natural claims to his consideration as I have? or does he wish me to hurt them and them to hurt me, according as we may each have the power? Is there nothing higher in a man than his external power of action? Answer—you are a philosopher."

The countenance of Dion blazed for one instant, as if the light of a passing torch had been shed upon a mirror, and then resumed the less vivid effulgence of that permanent intellectual beauty which was its ordinary characteristic. He replied:

"All the philosophy that ever was taught or thought could not lead you to truer conclusions."

"Then," returned Paulus, "come back with me to the other end of the room."

"Benigna," said Paulus, "your kindness to my sister and mother, and your natural probity, had something, I think, to do with beginning this trouble in which you and your intended find yourselves. As you were not unmindful of us, it is but right that we should not be unmindful of you. Tiberius permits any friend of Claudius the slave to be a substitute in breaking the horse Sejanus; and Claudius is to have his freedom and fifty thousand sesterces, and to marry you, whom I see to be a good, honorable-hearted girl, all the same as if he had complied with the terms in person. This was thoughtful, and, I suppose, generous of Tiberius Caesar."

"Would any of these youths who hear me," added he, turning round, "like to break the fine-looking steed at the games, before all the people, instead of Claudius?"

No one replied.

"It will be a distinguished act," persisted he.

Dead silence still.

"Then I will do it myself," he said. "Magister, make a formal note of the matter in your tablets and be so good as to inform the Caesar of it, in order that I, on my side, may learn place and time."

The magister, with a low bow and a face expressing the most generous and boundless astonishment, grasped his prettily-mounted stylus, and taking the pengillar from his girdle drew a long breath, and requested Paulus to favor him with his name and address.

"I am," replied he, "the knight Paulus Lepidus Aemilius, son of one of the victors at Philippin, nephew of the ex-triumvir. I reside at Crispus's inn, and am at pres-

ent a promised prisoner of Velleius Paterculus, the military tribune."

While the steward wrote in his tablets, Benigna uttered one or two little gasps and fairly fainted away. The slave Claudius saved her from falling, and he now placed her on a bench against the wall.

Paulus, intimating that he would like to return to Crispus's hostelry before dark, and having learnt, in reply to a question, that Claudius could procure from Thellus, the gladiator, a vehicle for Benigna, and that he would request Thellus himself to convey her home, turned to take leave of Dion.

The Athenian, however, said he would show him the way out of the palace. They went silent and thoughtful. In the impluvium they found a little crowd surrounding Augustus, who had returned from his promenade to the calp, and who was throwing crumbs of bread among some pigeons near the central fountain.

Two ladies were of the company, one of whom, in advanced age, was evidently the Empress Livia, but for whose influence and management Germanicus—certainly not her ungrateful son Tiberius—would have been the next master of the world. The other lady, who was past her prime, had still abundant vestiges of a beauty which must once have been very remarkable.

She was painted red and plastered white, with immense care, to look some fifteen years younger than she truly was.

Her countenance betrayed to a good physiognomist, at first glance, the horrible life she had led. Paulus, whose experience was little, and, although she fastened upon him a flaming glance, which she intended to be full both of condescension and fascination, thought that he had seldom seen a woman either more repulsive or more insanely haughty.

It was Julia, the new and abhorred wife of Tiberius. Not long before, at the request of Augustus, who was always planning to dispose of Julia, Tiberius had given up for her the only woman he ever loved, Agrippina Marcella.

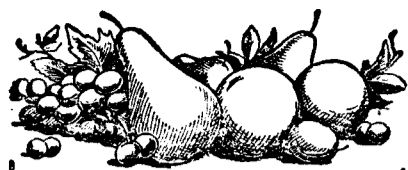
Tiberius so loved her, if it deserves to be termed love, that when, being thus deserted, she took another husband, (Asinius Gallus,) he, mad with jealousy, threw him into a dungeon and kept him there till he died, as Suetonius and Tacitus record.

"Ah my Athenian!" said the emperor to Dionysius, placing a hand affectionately on the youth's shoulder, "could you satisfy me that those splendid theories of yours are more than dreams and fancies; that really there is one eternal, all-wise, and omnipotent spirit, who made this universal frame of things, and governs it as an absolute monarch; that he made us; that in us he made a spirit, a soul, a ghost, a thinking principle, which will never die; and that I, who am going down to the tomb, am only to change my mode of existence; that I shall not wholly descend thither; that an urn will not contain every thing which will remain of me; and all this is a very different sense from that which poor Horace meant. But why speak of it? Has not Plato failed?"

"Plato," replied Dionysius, "neither quite failed nor is quite understood, illustrious emperor. But you were saying, if I could satisfy you. Be pleased to finish. Grant I could satisfy you; what then?"

"Satisfy me that one eternal sovereign of the universe lives, and that what now thinks in me," returned the emperor, while the courtly group made a circle, "will never cease to think; that what is now conscious within me will be conscious for ever; that now, in more than a mere poetical allusion to my fame—and on the word of Augustus Caesar, there is no reasonable request within the entire reach and compass of my power which I will refuse you."

"And what sort of a hearing, emperor," inquired Dion, "and under what circumstances, and upon what conditions, will you be pleas-



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ed to give me? and when? and where?"

"In this palace, before the games end," replied Augustus. "The hearing shall form an evenings entertainment for our whole circle and attendance. You shall sustain your doctrines, while our celebrated advocates and orators, Antistius Labio and Domitius Afer, who disagree with them, I know, shall oppose you. Let me see. The Caesars, Tiberius and Germanicus, with their ladies, and our host Mamurra and his family, and all our circle, shall be present. Titus Livy, Lucius Varius, Velleius Paterculus, and the greatest orator Rome ever produced, except Cicero" (the old man mentioned with watery eyes the incomparable genius to whose murder he had consented in his youth)—"I mean Quintus Haterius—shall form a judicial jury. Haterius shall pronounce the sentence. Dare you face such an ordeal?"

"I will accept it," replied the Athenian, blushing; "I will accept the ordeal with fear. Daring is contrasted with trembling; but, although my daring trembles, yet my trepidation dares."

"Oh! how enchanting!" cried the august Julia; "we shall hear the eloquent Athenian." And she clasped her hands and sent an unutterable glance toward Dion, who saw it not.

"It will be very interesting indeed," added the aged empress, "Better for once than even the mighty comedy of the palace," said Lucius Varius.

"Better than the gladiators," added Velleius Paterculus.

"An idea worthy of the time of Virgil and Maecenas," said Titus Livy.

"Worthy of Augustus's time," subjoined Tiberius, who was leaning against one of the pillars which supported the gallery of the impluvium.

"Worthy of his dotage," muttered Cneius Piso to Tiberius, with a scowl.

(To be continued)

Obituary

The funeral of Nora Christina Halliwell, aged 6 years, took place at 2.30 Thursday afternoon from the parlors of Clark Bros. & Hughes to St. Mary's church and thence to St. Mary's cemetery.

The funeral of the late Owen Murphy, who died on Sunday last from pneumonia, took place from his late residence, 164 Austin street, on Wednesday. The remains were taken to the Church of the Immaculate Conception and thence to St. Mary's cemetery. The pallbearers were Messrs. P. Maron, T. Jobin, J. Tomlison, T. Gingras, C. Gingras and E. Gingras.

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Pastor, Rev. A. A. CHERRIER.

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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—Masses at 7 and 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.

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 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.

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Vice-Chief Ranger—R. Murphy.
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President Hon.-Secretary

Regina Notes.

A bright and prosperous New Year to you dear Review, and to all your readers. May 1905 increase your subscribers and bring you more punctual correspondents.

On Dec. 20 Regina was favored with a short visit from our dearly beloved Archbishop who was en route to Duck Lake to perform an ordination. He arrived on the evening train from Winnipeg and said the eight o'clock Mass next morning. His Grace addressed a few words to the children for whom the Mass is said every week morning. He spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to see so many of them there, and of the gratification he felt in seeing Gratten school in such a flourishing state. His Grace also gave an especial blessing to the teachers and children.

On December 15, the Annual Bazaar was held. It certainly was a decided success and some nine hundred dollars were realized. The St. Mary's Altar Society is certainly to be congratulated.

Among our new citizens we now number Dr. Seymour and family of Qu'Appelle. The doctor has established quite a practice already and Mrs. Seymour and family are valuable assistants in church work.

Christmas night Rev. Father Sufia, O. M. I., celebrated Midnight Mass and preached. A very handsome crib was placed inside the altar railing. It certainly is very fine. Rev. Father Kasper O. M. I., celebrated Midnight Mass at Moose Jaw.

Miss Meagher who has just finished her Normal School has accepted a position in the Gratten school staff. There will now be four teachers. Miss Meagher comes highly recommended from Prince Edward Island, and we bespeak for her a successful term. Miss Lannon who also took a Normal training is teaching in the country near here.

The weather at Christmas was very cold but for the past few days has been fine. New Year's day it snowed but was not very cold. We trust that the predictions of a fine winter may be realized.

Miss O'Connor who had a temporary studio in J. Murphy's Piano rooms has a very large class of pupils. She passed Christmas at Moose Jaw where she played for the services. She reports a most enjoyable visit. Miss O'Connor is an excellent musician and we predict success for her in her teaching. Miss Julia McCaithy passed a few days visiting old friends in the city en route to British Columbia where she now resides. Miss McCarthy was one of Regina's pioneers and one not easily forgotten, for wherever there was an opportunity to render assistance or do a kindly act she was to be found. Her many kindly acts are still gratefully remembered in Regina, and we hope to again welcome her in our midst.

Mr. Laughlin, brother of Mrs D. Murphy, passed Christmas, visiting his sister in the city. Mr. Laughlin expressed himself as much surprised with the appearance of our city. He considers Regina a very live city and predicts for it great growth and prosperity; he returned to Winnipeg Tuesday evening. Come again!

Mrs. Acaster's fine new residence "Hillcrest" on Angus street has been completed and the family now reside there. It is one of the finest in the city.

GENA MACFARLANE.

AN APPEAL.

As an Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart for the scandal caused among a number of poor, ignorant Catholics on St. Joseph's Island, (through the residence there of the notorious so called "Old Catholic Archbishop" Villatte), a well known and prominent Catholic woman has undertaken to collect for and erect a chapel on the Island for the many Catholics there who are too poor to do anything for themselves. With the approbation of His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, Ont., an appeal is now made for funds. Donations, however small, will be gratefully received.

Every person sending 25 cents or more, will have one chance, for every 25 cents sent, of becoming the owner of a beautiful half acre building lot, overlooking the lake, well-wooded, and with a spring of delicious water, and contiguous to the village. Steamers stop daily in both directions at the island, which

is becoming an important summer resort, close to the famous Hiawatha Drama Grounds.

Donations should be sent to Rev. J. Richard, "S. J., Indian Mission of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Garden River, Ont., mentioning that the offering is for the Chapel of Reparation at Hilton, St. Joseph's Island. Catholic papers please copy.

AFRAID TO TELL THE TRUTH.

The London Tablet, speaking of the Masonic scandals in France, has the following to say about the silence of the secular press:

In a little pamphlet recently issued by the Catholic Truth society, under the title "Catholics and Freemasonry," occur the following words: "No daily newspaper in England dare publish the faintest criticism of the Craft, still less expose a Masonic scandal; it is hopeless to attempt to produce proper evidence of the abuses concealed behind the veil of Masonic 'light' and their extent must necessarily remain a matter of conjecture." The truth of this statement has been abundantly witnessed to during the past month by the extraordinary reticence which has marked the attitude of the English press towards the delation scandals in the French army, for which, admittedly, the Freemasons of France are responsible. A still more curious instance of this unwillingness to publish anything which might seem to reflect on Masonry is supplied by the fact that the following passage from the Archbishop of Westminster's address at Liverpool was omitted even by the local papers, which published what were practically verbatim reports:

Even when, a few days ago, all the horror of the machinations of the French Masonic Sects broke upon us, few words of reprobation were uttered here in England, though I venture to say that had the Church been guilty of less than a tenth part of what that Government had done, no words would have been considered too scathing in her regard, on the part of those who are silent now. It is your duty, gentlemen, to make men feel and understand that a great conspiracy of evil is at work against the Church of France.

YOUNG GIRLS ON THE STREETS.

Young girls with trim little tailored suits and natty hats, with snooded hair and fresh round faces, girls who ought to be home with their mother and father, are to be seen upon the streets without escort or in groups of twos and threes at hours long past curfew time on any night of the week. There is something in the round faces that grips a little at the heart, however, and there's too often a swagger to the light-footed walk that seems out of harmony with sweet girlhood.

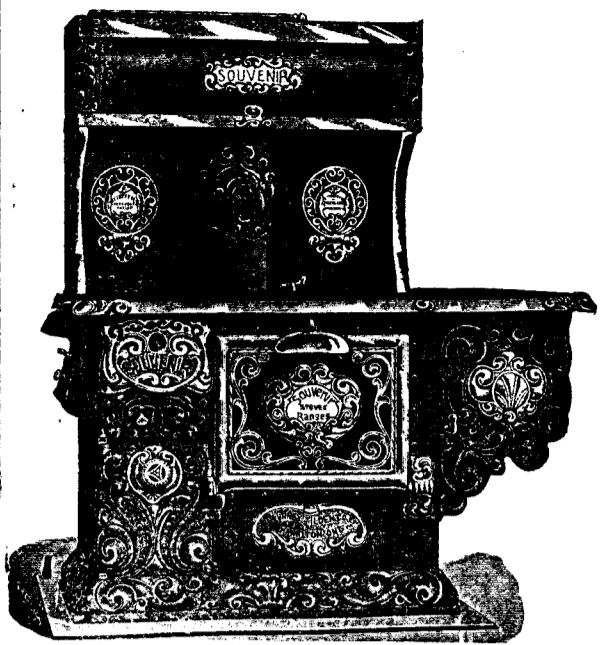
There's a quick retort and a flip-pant jest from lips that should be repeating the multiplication table at home, and a bold glance of brazen stare from the eyes that should be veiled in maiden modesty. Poor little girls, not to know how much more precious than all things born they are, when they properly estimate their own worth and prize themselves at it! Victor Hugo once said that he was one of those who "fall speechless in the presence of young girls and flowers," deeming them holy. And still they come to be unprized by themselves, neglected by their proper protectors and taken at their own estimate by the world.

And it isn't their fault. Most of them have mothers and fathers who can tell them of the pitfalls that lie in the path of vanity and disobedience. Most of them have homes that should be their shelter after the sun goes down, and most of them would listen to advice properly given—and in time. The mother and father who think their duty done in sending the young daughter out to school dressed as well as the neighbor's little girl, will have a lot to answer for some day.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE GERMS OF CATARRH

Not only attack the passages of the head and throat but finally reach the lungs and cause consumption. Nothing destroys catarrh so quickly as fragrant healing Catarrhzone which relieves the cough, stops the discharge, takes all soreness from the throat. "I consider Catarrhzone has no equal as a cure for catarrh and lung trouble" writes Jas. E. Wetherell of Brighton. "It cured me after many good doctors failed to even relieve my trouble." Catarrhzone can't fail to cure—it's guaranteed. Two months treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

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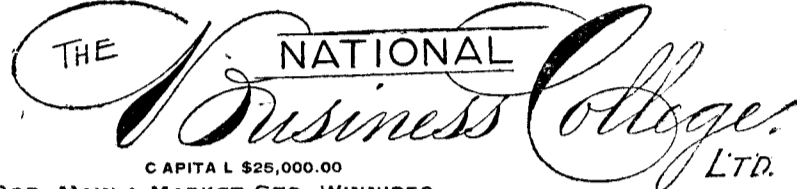
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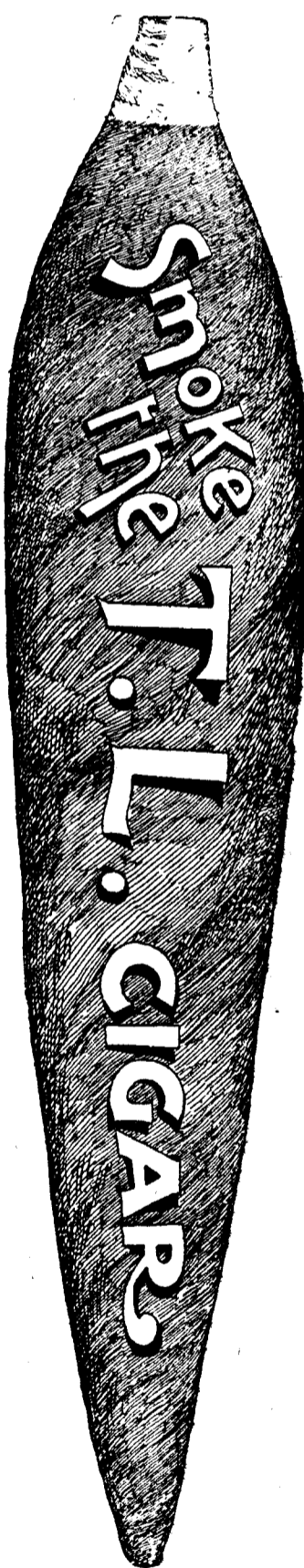
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WANTED.—A Boy of fifteen or more to learn tailoring and help the doorkeeper of St. Boniface College; must be well recommended; could easily learn French. Apply to The College, St. Boniface.



WANTED.—A Lady or Gentleman in every town to represent the Northwest Review. To send in local items weekly, canvas subscriptions and represent the paper in their locality. Liberal commission. Apply to Northwest Review, P.O. Box 617.

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